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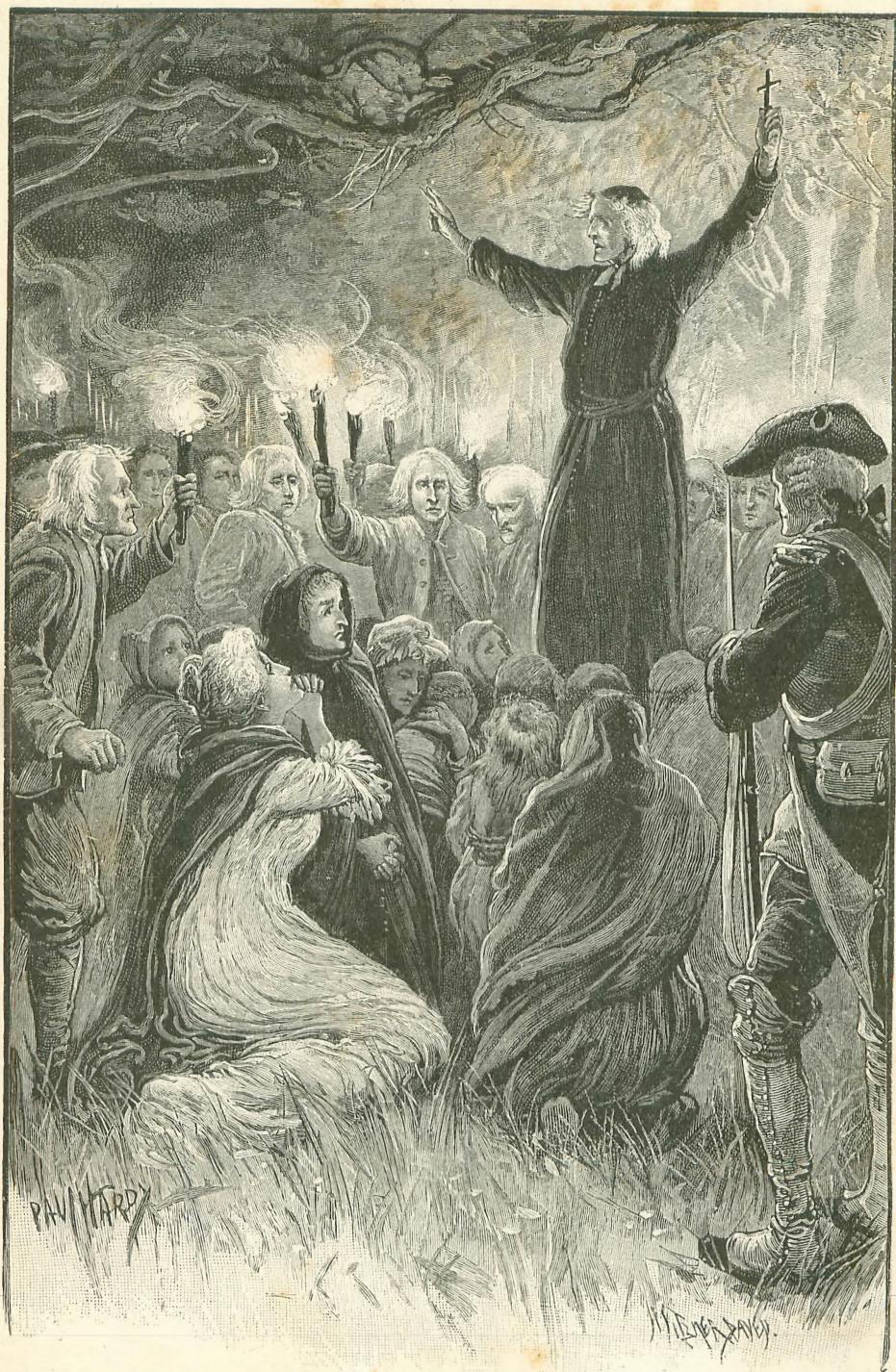
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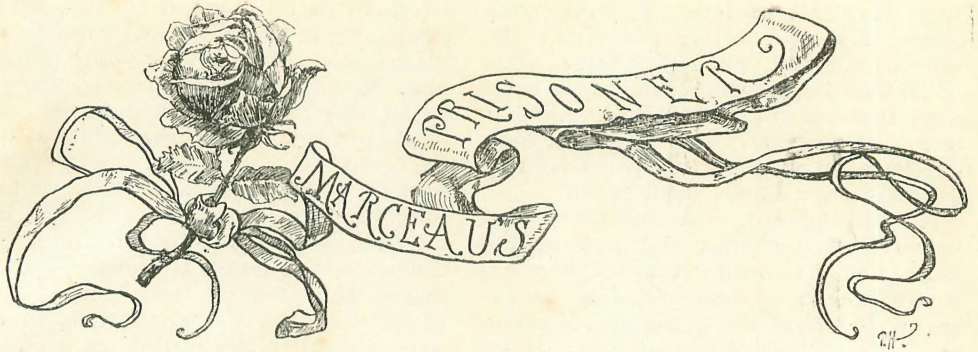
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1892



THE MASS IN THE WOOD.

(Marceau's Prisoner.)



FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

CHAPTER I.



ON the evening of the 15th of December, 1793, a traveller, pausing on the summit of the mountain at the foot of which rolls the river Moine, near the village of Saint-Crépin, would have looked down upon a strange spectacle.

He would have perceived thick volumes of smoke rising from the roofs and windows of cottages, succeeded by fierce tongues of flame, and in the crimson glare of the increasing conflagration the glitter of arms. A Republican brigade of twelve or fifteen hundred men had found the village of Saint-Crépin abandoned, and had set it in a blaze. Apart from the rest stood a cottage, which had been left untouched by the flames. At the door were stationed two sentinels. Inside, sitting at a table, was a young man, who appeared to be from twenty to twenty-two years old. His long, fair hair waved round his clear-cut features, and his blue mantle, but half concealing his figure, left revealed the epaulettes of a general. He was tracing on a map by the light of a lamp the route his soldiers must follow. This man was General Marceau.

"Alexandre," he said, turning to his sleeping companion, "wake up; an order has arrived from General Westermann," and he handed the despatch to his colleague.

"Who brought the order?"

"Delmar, the people's representative."

"Very good. Where do these poor devils assemble?"

"In a wood a league and a half from this place. It is here upon the map."

Then orders, given in a low voice, broke up the group of soldiers extended round

the ashes which had once been a village. The line of soldiers descended the roadway which separates Saint-Crépin from Mont-faucon, and when, some seconds after, the moon shone forth between two clouds upon the long lines of bayonets, they seemed to resemble a great black serpent with scales of steel gliding away into the darkness.

They marched thus for half an hour, Marceau at their head. The study he had made of the localities prevented him from missing the route, and after a quarter of an hour's further march they perceived before them the black mass of the forest. According to their instructions, it was there that the inhabitants of some villages and the remnants of several armies were to assemble to hear mass; altogether about eighteen hundred Royalists.

The two generals separated their little troop into several parties, with orders to surround the forest. As they advanced thus in a circle, it seemed that the glade which formed the centre of the forest was lighted up. Still approaching, they could distinguish the glare of torches, and soon, as objects became more distinct, a strange scene burst upon their sight.

Upon an altar, roughly represented by some piles of stones, stood the *curé* of the village of Sainte-Marie-de-Rhé, chanting the mass; grouped round him was a circle of old men grasping torches, and, upon their knees, women and children were praying. Between the Republicans and this group a wall of soldiers was placed. It was evident that the Royalists had been warned.

They did not wait to be attacked, but opened fire at once upon their assailants, who advanced without firing a single shot. The priest still continued chanting the mass. When the Republicans were thirty paces from their enemies the first rank

knelt down; three lines of barrels were lowered like corn before the wind; the volley burst forth. The light gleamed upon the lines of the Royalists, and some shots struck the women and children kneeling at the foot of the altar. For an instant wails of distress arose. Then the priest held up his crucifix, and all was silent again.

The Republicans, still advancing, fired their second discharge, and now neither side had time to load; it was a hand-to-hand fight with bayonets, and all advantage was on the side of the well-armed Republicans. The Royalists gave way; entire ranks fell. The priest, perceiving this, made a sign. The torches were extinguished, and all was darkness. Then followed a scene of disorder and carnage, where each man struck with blind fury, and died without asking for pity.

"Mercy! mercy!" cried a heartrending voice, suddenly, at Marceau's feet, as he was about to strike. It was a young boy without weapons. "Save me, in the name of Heaven!" he cried.

The general stooped and dragged him some paces from the affray, but as he did so the youth fainted. Such excess of terror in a soldier astonished Marceau; but, notwithstanding, he loosened his collar to give him air. His captive was a girl!

There was not an instant to lose. The Convention's orders were imperative; all Royalists taken with or without weapons, whatever their age or sex, must perish upon the scaffold. He placed the young girl at the foot of a tree, and ran towards the skirmish. Amongst the dead he perceived a young Republican officer, whose figure appeared to him about the same as that of his prisoner. He stripped him quickly of his coat and hat, and returned with them to the girl. The freshness of the night had revived her.

"My father! my father!" were her first words. "I have abandoned him; he will be killed!"

"Mademoiselle Blanche!" suddenly whispered a voice behind the tree, "the Marquis de Beaulieu lives; he is saved." And he who had said these words disappeared like a shadow.

"Tinguy, Tinguy!" cried the girl, extending her arms towards the spot where he had stood.

"Silence! a word will denounce you," said Marceau; "and I wish to save you. Put on this coat and hat and wait here."

He returned to his soldiers, gave orders

for them to retire upon Chollet, left his companion in command, and came back to his prisoner. Finding her ready to follow him, he directed their steps to the road where his servant waited with horses. The young girl sprang into the saddle with all the grace of a practised rider. Three-quarters of an hour after they galloped into Chollet. Marceau, with his little escort, took his way to the *Hôtel Sans Culotte*. He engaged two rooms, and conducted the young girl to one of them, advising her, at the same time, to take some rest after the fearful night she had endured. Whilst she slept, Marceau determined on the course he would take to save her. He would take her himself to Nantes, where his mother lived. He had not seen her for three years, and it would be natural enough for him to ask permission for leave of absence. As dawn began to break he entered General Westermann's house. His demand was accorded at once, but it was necessary that his permission should be signed by Delmar. The General promised to send him with the certificate, and Marceau returned to the hotel to snatch a few moments of repose.

Marceau and Blanche were about to sit down to breakfast when Delmar appeared in the doorway. He was one of Robespierre's agents, in whose hands the guillotine was more active than intelligent.

"Ah!" he said to Marceau, "you wish to leave us already, citizen, but you have done this night's work so well I can refuse you nothing. My only regret is that the Marquis de Beaulieu escaped. I had promised the Convention to send them his head."

Blanche stood erect and pale like a statue of terror. Marceau placed himself before her.

"But we will follow his track. Here is your permission," he added; "you can start when you choose. But I cannot quit you without drinking to the health of the Republic." And he sat down at the table by the side of Blanche.

They were beginning to feel more at ease, when a discharge of musketry burst upon their ears. The General leapt to his feet and rushed to his arms, but Delmar stopped him.

"What noise is that?" asked Marceau.

"Oh, nothing!" replied Delmar. "Last night's prisoners being shot." Blanche uttered a cry of terror. Delmar turned slowly and looked at her,

"Here is a fine thing," he said. "If soldiers tremble like women, we shall have to dress up our women as soldiers. It is

"Let us start, in the name of Heaven!" she cried; "there is blood in the air we breathe here."

"Yes, let us go," replied Marceau, and they descended together.

CHAPTER II.

MARCEAU found at the door a troop of thirty men whom the General-in-Chief had ordered to escort them to Nantes.

As they galloped along the high-road, Blanche told him her history; how, her mother being dead, she had been brought up by her father; how her education, given by a man, had accustomed her to exercises which, on the insurrection breaking out, had become so useful to her in following her father.

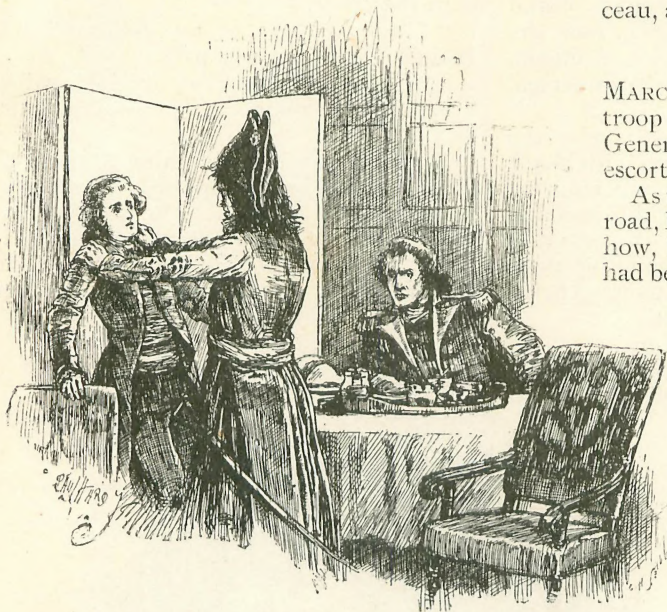
As she finished her story, they saw twinkling before them in the mist the lights of Nantes. The little troop crossed the Loire, and some seconds after Marceau

was in the arms of his mother. A few words sufficed to interest his mother and sisters in his young companion. No sooner had Blanche manifested a desire to change her dress than the two young girls led her away, each disputing which should have the pleasure of serving her as lady's-maid. When Blanche re-entered, Marceau stared in astonishment. In her first costume he had hardly noticed her extreme beauty and gracefulness, which she had now resumed with her woman's dress. It is true, she had taken the greatest pains to make herself as pretty as possible; for one instant before her glass she had forgotten war, insurrection, and carnage. The most innocent soul has its coquetry when it first begins to love.

Marceau could not utter a word, and Blanche smiled joyously, for she saw that she appeared as beautiful to him as she had desired.

In the evening the young *fiancé* of Marceau's sister came, and there was one house in Nantes—one only, perhaps—where all was happiness and love, surrounded, as it was, by tears and sorrow.

And now, from this time forth, a new life began for Marceau and Blanche. Marceau saw a happier future before him, and it was not strange that Blanche should



"HE SCANNED HER CLOSELY."

true you are very young," he continued, catching hold of her and scanning her closely, "you will get used to it in time."

"Never, never!" cried Blanche, without dreaming how dangerous it was for her to manifest her feelings before such a witness. "I could never get used to such horrors."

"Boy," he replied, loosing her, "do you think a nation can be regenerated without spilling blood? Listen to my advice; keep your reflections to yourself. If ever you fall into the hands of the Royalists they will give you no more mercy than I have done to their soldiers." And saying these words he went out.

"Blanche," said Marceau, "do you know, if that man had given one gesture, one sign, that he recognised you, I would have blown his brains out?"

"My God!" she said, hiding her face in her hands, "when I think that my father might fall into the hands of this tiger, that if he had been made a prisoner, this night, before my eyes—it is atrocious. Is there no longer pity in this world? Oh! pardon, pardon," she said, turning to Marceau, "who should know that better than I?"

At this instant a servant entered and announced that the horses were ready.

desire the presence of the man who had saved her life. Only from time to time as she thought of her father tears would pour from her eyes, and Marceau would reassure her, and to distract her thoughts would tell her of his first campaign; how the school-boy had become a soldier at fifteen, an officer at seventeen, a colonel at nineteen, and a general at twenty-one.

Nantes at this time writhed under the yoke of Carrier. Its streets ran with blood, and Carrier, who was to Robespierre what the hyæna is to the tiger, and the jackal to the lion, gorged himself with the purest of this blood. No one bore a reputation more blameless than that of the young general, Marceau, and no suspicion had as yet attacked his mother or sisters. And now the day fixed for the marriage of one of these young girls arrived.

Amongst the jewels that Marceau had sent for, he chose a necklace of precious stones, which he offered to Blanche.

She looked at it first with all the coquetry of a young girl; then she closed the box.

"Jewels are out of place in my situation," she said. "I cannot accept it, whilst my father, hunted from place to place, perhaps begs a morsel of bread for his food, and a granary for his shelter."

Marceau pressed her in vain. She would accept nothing but an artificial red rose which was amongst the jewels.

The churches being closed, the ceremony took place at the village hotel. At the door of the hotel a deputation of sailors awaited the young couple. One of these men, whose face

appeared familiar to Marceau, held in his hand two bouquets. One he gave to the young bride, and, advancing toward Blanche, who regarded him fixedly, he presented her with the other.

"Tinguy, where is my father?" said Blanche, growing very pale.

"At Saint-Florent," replied the sailor. "Take this bouquet. There is a letter inside."

Blanche wished to stop him, to speak to him, but he had disappeared. She read the letter with anxiety. The Royalists had suffered defeat after defeat, giving way before devastation and famine. The Marquis had learnt everything through



"SHE WOULD ACCEPT NOTHING BUT AN ARTIFICIAL RED ROSE."

the watchfulness of Tinguy. Blanche was sad. This letter had cast her back again into all the horrors of war. During the ceremony a stranger who had, he said,

affairs of the utmost importance to communicate to Marceau had been ushered into the saloon. As Marceau entered the room, his head bent towards Blanche, who leant upon his arm, he did not perceive him. Suddenly he felt her tremble. He looked up. Blanche and he were face to face with Delmar. He approached them slowly, his eyes fixed on Blanche, a smile upon his lips. With his forehead beaded with cold sweat, Marceau regarded him advance as Don Juan regarded the statue of the commandant.

"You have a brother, citizeness?" he said to Blanche. She stammered. Delmar continued—

"If my memory and your face do not deceive me, we breakfasted together at Chollet. How is it I have not seen you since in the ranks of the Republican army?"

Blanche felt as if she were going to fall, for the eye of Delmar pierced her through and through. Then he turned to Marceau; it was Delmar's turn to tremble. The young general had his hand upon the hilt of his sword, which he gripped convulsively. Delmar's face resumed its habitual expression; he appeared to have totally forgotten what he was about to say, and taking Marceau by the arm he drew him into the niche of a window, and talked to him a few minutes about the situation in La Vendée, and told him he had come to consult with Carrier on certain rigorous measures about to be inflicted on the Royalists. Then he quitted the room, passing Blanche, who had fallen cold and white into a chair, with a bow and a smile.

Two hours after Marceau received orders to rejoin his army, though his leave of absence did not expire for fifteen days. He believed this to have some connection with the scene which had just passed. He must obey, however; to hesitate were to be lost.

Marceau presented the order to Blanche. He regarded her sadly. Two tears rolled down her pale cheeks, but she was silent.

"Blanche," he said, "war makes us murderous and cruel; it is possible that we shall see each other no more." He took her hand. "Promise me, if I fall, that you will remember me sometimes, and I promise you, Blanche, that if between my life and death I have the time to pronounce one name—one alone—it shall be yours." Blanche was speechless for tears, but in her eyes were a thousand promises more tender than that which Marceau demanded. With one hand she pressed Marceau's, and

pointed with the other to his rose, which she wore in her hair.

"It shall never leave me," she said.

An hour after he was on the road to rejoin his army. Each step he took on the road they had journeyed together recalled her to his mind, and the danger she ran appeared more menacing now that he was away from her side. Each instant he felt ready to rein in his horse and gallop back to Nantes. If Marceau had not been so intent upon his own thoughts he would have perceived at the extremity of the road and coming towards him, a horseman who, after stopping an instant to assure himself he was not mistaken, had put his horse at a gallop and joined him. He recognised General Dumas. The two friends leapt from their horses and cast themselves into each other's arms. At the same instant a man, his hair streaming with perspiration, his face bleeding, his clothing rent, sprang over the hedge and, half fainting, fell at the feet of the two friends, exclaiming—

"She is arrested!"

It was Tinguy.

"Arrested! Who? Blanche!" cried Marceau.

The peasant made an affirmative sign. He could no longer speak. He had run five leagues, crossing fields and hedges in his flight to join Marceau.

Marceau stared at him stupidly.

"Arrested! Blanche arrested!" he repeated continually, whilst his friend applied his gourd full of wine to the clenched teeth of the peasant.

"Alexandre," cried Marceau, "I shall return to Nantes; I must follow her, for my life, my future, my happiness, all is with her!" His teeth chattered violently, and his body trembled convulsively.

"Let him beware who has dared to put his hand on Blanche. I love her with all the strength of my soul; existence is no longer possible for me without her. Oh, fool that I was to leave her! Blanche arrested! And where has she been taken?"

Tinguy, to whom this question was addressed, commenced to recover. "To the prison of Bouffays," he answered.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when the two friends were galloping back to Nantes.

Marceau knew he had not an instant to lose: he directed his steps at once to Carrier's house. But neither menaces nor prayers could obtain an interview from the deputy of the "Mountain."



"SHE IS ARRESTED."

Marceau turned away quietly; he appeared in the interval to have adopted a new project, and he prayed his companion to await him at the gate of the prison with horses and a carriage.

Before Marceau's name and rank the prison gates were soon opened, and he commanded the gaoler to conduct him to the cell where Blanche was enclosed. The man hesitated; but, on Marceau repeating his desire in a more imperative tone, he obeyed, making him a sign to follow him.

"She is not alone," said his guide, as he unlocked the low-arched door of a cell whose sombre gloom made Marceau shudder, "but she will not be troubled long with her companion; he is to be guillotined to-day." Saying these words he closed the door on Marceau, and determined to keep as quiet as possible concerning an interview which would be so compromising to him.

Still dazzled from his sudden passage from day to darkness, Marceau groped his way into the cell like a man in a dream. Then he heard a cry, and the young girl flung herself into his arms. She clung to him with inarticulate sobs and convulsive embraces.

"You have not abandoned me, then,"

she cried. "They arrested me, dragged me here; in the crowd which followed I recognised Tinguy. I cried out 'Marceau! Marceau!' and he disappeared. Now you have come, you will take me away, you will not leave me here?"

"I wish I could tear you away this moment, if it were at the price of my life; but it is impossible. Give me two days, Blanche, but two days. Now I wish you to answer me a question on which your life and mine depend. Answer me as you would answer to God. Blanche, do you love me?"

"Is this the time and place for such a question? Do you think these walls are used to vows of love?"

"This is the moment, for we are between life and death. Blanche, be quick and answer me; each instant robs us of a day, each hour, of a year. Do you love me?"

"Oh! yes, yes!" These words escaped from the young girl's heart, who, forgetting that no one could see her blushes, hid her head upon his breast.

"Well! Blanche, you must accept me at once for your husband."

The young girl trembled.

"What can be your design?"

"My motive is to tear you from death; we will see if they will send to the scaffold the wife of a Republican general."

Then Blanche understood it all; but she trembled at the danger to which he must expose himself to save her. Her love for him increased, and with it her courage rose.

"It is impossible," she said, firmly.

"Impossible!" interrupted Marceau, "what can rise between us and happiness, since you have avowed you love me? Listen, then, to the reason which has made you reject your only way of escape. Listen, Blanche! I saw you and loved you; that love has become a passion. My life is yours, your fate is mine; happiness or death, I will share either with you; no

human power can separate us, and if I quitted you, I have only to cry '*Vive le roi!*' and your prison gates will reopen, and we will come out no more except together. Death upon the same scaffold, that will be enough for me."

"Oh, no, no; leave me, in the name of Heaven, leave me!"

"Leave you! Take heed what you say, for if I quit this prison without having the right to defend you, I shall seek out your father—your father whom you have forgotten, and who weeps for you—and I shall say to him: 'Old man, she could have saved herself, but she has not done so; she has wished your last days to be passed in mourning, and her blood to be upon your white hair. Weep, old man, not because your daughter is dead, but because she did not love you well enough to live.'"

Marceau had repulsed her, and she had fallen on her knees beside him, and he, with his teeth clenched, strode to and fro with a bitter laugh; then he heard her sob, the tears leapt to his eyes, and he fell at her feet.

"Blanche, by all that is most sacred in the world, consent to become my wife!"

"You must, young girl," interrupted a strange voice, which made them tremble and rise together. "It is the only way to preserve your life. Religion commands you, and I am ready to bless your union." Marceau turned astonished, and recognised the *curé* of Sainte-Marie-de-Rhé, who had made part of the gathering which he had attacked on the night when Blanche became his prisoner.

"Oh, my father," he cried, seizing his hand, "obtain her consent!"

"Blanche de Beaulieu," replied the priest, with solemn accents, "in the name of your father, whom my age and friendship give me the right of representing, I command you to obey this young man."

Blanche seemed agitated with a thousand different emotions; at last she threw herself into Marceau's arms.

"I cannot resist any longer," she said. "Marceau, I love you, and I will be your wife." Their lips joined; Marceau was at the height of joy; he

seemed to have forgotten everything. The priest's voice broke in upon their ecstasy.

"We must be quick," he said, "for my moments are numbered."

The two lovers trembled; this voice recalled them to earth. Blanche glanced around the cell with apprehension.

"What a moment," she said, "to unite our destinies! Can you think a union consecrated under vaults so sombre and lugubrious can be fortunate and happy?"

Marceau shuddered, for he himself was touched with superstitious terror. He drew Blanche to that part of the cell where the daylight struggling through the crossed bars of a narrow air-hole rendered the shadows less thick, and there, falling on their knees, they awaited the priest's blessing. As he extended his arms above them and pronounced the sacred words, the clash of arms and the tread of soldiers was heard in the corridor.

Blanche cast herself in terror into Marceau's arms.

"Can they have come to seek me already?" she cried. "Oh, my love, how frightful death is at this moment!" The young General threw himself before the door, a pistol in each hand. The astonished soldiers drew back.



"BLANCHE CAST HERSELF IN TERROR INTO MARCEAU'S ARMS."

"Reassure yourselves," said the priest ; "it is I whom they seek. It is I who must die."

The soldiers surrounded him.

"My children," he cried, in a loud voice, addressing himself to the young pair. "On your knees ; for with one foot in the tomb I give you my last benediction, and that of a dying person is sacred." He drew, as he spoke, a crucifix from his breast, and extended it towards them ; himself about to die, it was for them he prayed.

There was a solemn silence.

Then the soldiers surrounded him, the door closed, and all disappeared.

Blanche threw her arms about Marceau's neck.

"Oh, if you leave me, and they come to seek me, and you are not here to aid me ! Oh, Marceau, think of me upon the scaffold far from you, weeping, and calling you, without response ! Oh, do not go ! do not go ! I will cast myself at their feet ; I will tell them I am not guilty, that, if they will leave me in prison with you all my life, I will bless them !"

"I am sure to save you, Blanche ; I answer for your life. In less than two days I shall be here with your pardon, and then, instead of a prison and a cell, a life of happiness, a life of liberty and love !"

The door opened, the gaoler appeared. Blanche clung more closely to her lover's breast, but each instant was precious, and he gently unwound her arms from about him, and promised to return before the close of the second day.

"Love me for ever," he said, rushing out of the cell.

"For ever," said Blanche, half fainting, and showing him in her hair the red rose that he had given her. Then the door closed upon him like the gate of the Inferno.

CHAPTER III.

MARCEAU found his companion waiting for him at the porter's lodge. He called for ink and paper.

"What are you about to do ?" asked his friend.

"I am going to write to Carrier, to demand a respite of two days, and to tell him his own life depends on Blanche's."

"Wretched man !" cried his friend, snatching the unfinished letter away from him. "You threaten him, you who are in his power, you who have set his orders to rejoice your army at defiance. Before an

hour passes you will be arrested, and what then can you do for yourself or her ?"

Marceau let his head fall between his hands, and appeared to reflect deeply.

"You are right," he cried, rising suddenly ; and he drew his friend into the street.

A group of people were gathered round a post-chaise.

"If this evening is lazy," whispered a voice at Marceau's ear, "I do not know what would prevent twenty strong fellows from entering the town and freeing the prisoners. It is a pity that Nantes is so badly guarded."

Marceau trembled, turned, and recognised Tinguay, darted a glance of intelligence at him, and sprang into the carriage.

"Paris !" he called to the postillion, and the horses darted forward with the rapidity of lightning. At eight o'clock the carriage entered Paris.

Marceau and his friend separated at the square of the Palais-Egalité, and Marceau took his way alone on foot through the Rue Saint-Honoré, descended at the side of Saint-Roch, stopped at No. 366, and asked for Robespierre. He was informed that he had gone to the Théâtre de la Nation. Marceau proceeded there, astonished to have to seek in such a place the austere member of the Committee of Public Welfare. He entered, and recognised Robespierre half hidden in the shadow of a box. As he arrived outside the door he met him coming out. Marceau presented himself, and gave him his name.

"What can I do for you ?" said Robespierre.

"I desire an interview with you."

"Here, or at my house ?"

"At your house."

"Come, then."

And these two men, moved by feelings so opposite, walked along side by side, Robespierre indifferent and calm, Marceau passionate and excited. This was the man who held within his hands the fate of Blanche.

They arrived at Robespierre's house, entered, and ascended a narrow staircase, which led them to a chamber on the third floor. A bust of Rousseau, a table, on which lay open the "Contrat Social" and "Emile," a chest of drawers, and some chairs, completed the furniture of the apartment.

"Here is Cæsar's palace," said Robespierre, smiling ; "what have you to demand from its president ?"

"The pardon of my wife, who is condemned to death by Carrier."

"Your wife condemned to death by Carrier! The wife of Marceau, the well-known Republican! the Spartan soldier! What is Carrier then doing at Nantes?"

Marceau gave him an account of the atrocities which Carrier was superintending at Nantes.

"See how I am always misunderstood," cried Robespierre, with a hoarse voice, broken by emotion. "Above all, where my eyes cannot see, nor my hand arrest. There is enough blood being spilt that we cannot avoid, and we are not at the end of it yet."

"Then give me my wife's pardon."

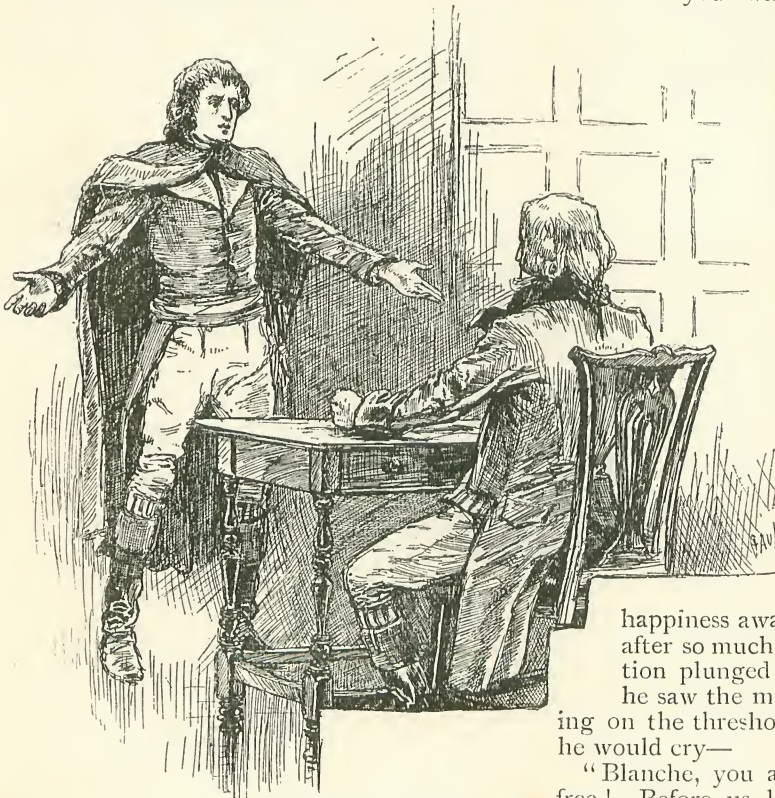
Robespierre took a leaf of white paper.

"What was her name?"

"Why do you wish to know that?"

"It is necessary in cases of identity."

"Blanche de Beaulieu."



"GIVE ME MY WIFE'S PARDON."

Robespierre let his pen fall.

"What? The daughter of the Marquis de Beaulieu, the chief of the Royalists of La Vendée. How is it that she is *your* wife?"

Marceau told him all.

"Young fool and madman!" he said. "Must you ——" Marceau interrupted him.

"I ask from you neither insults nor abuse. I ask for her life. Will you give it me?"

"Will family ties, love's influence, never lead you to betray the Republic?"

"Never."

"If you find yourself armed, face to face with the Marquis de Beaulieu?"

"I will fight against him as I have already done."

"And if he falls into your hands?"

Marceau reflected an instant:

"I will bring him to you, and you shall be his judge."

"You swear it to me?"

"Upon my honour."

Robespierre took up his pen and finished writing.

"There is your wife's pardon," he said.

"You can depart."

Marceau took his hand and wrung it with force. He wished to speak, but tears choked his utterance; and it was Robespierre who said to him—

"Go! there is not an instant to lose. *Au revoir!*"

Marceau sprang down the stairs and into the street, and ran toward the Palais-Egalité, where his carriage waited.

From what a weight his heart was freed! What

happiness awaited him! What joy after so much grief! His imagination plunged into the future, and he saw the moment when, appearing on the threshold of the prison-cell, he would cry—

"Blanche, you are saved! You are free! Before us lies a life of love and happiness."

Yet from time to time a vague uneasiness tormented him; a sudden chill struck cold upon his heart. He spurred on the postillions by lavish promises of gold, and the horses flew along the road. Everything

seemed to partake of the feverish agitation of his blood. In a few hours he had left Versailles, Chartes, Le Mans, La Flèche behind him. They were nearing Angers, when suddenly, with a terrible crash, the carriage heeled over on its side, and he fell. He rose hurt and bleeding, separated with his sabre the traces which bound one of the horses, and, leaping on its back, reached the next post ; and, taking a fresh horse, rapidly continued his course.

And now he has crossed Angers, he perceives Nigrande, reaches Varade, passes Ancenis ; his horse streams with foam and blood. He gains Saint - Donatien, then Nantes—Nantes, which encloses his life, his happiness ! Some seconds after he passes the gates, he is in the town, he reins in his horse before the prison of Bouffays. He has arrived. What matters all their troubles now ? He calls—

“Blanche, Blanche !”

The gaoler appears and replies—

“Two carts have just left the prison. Mademoiselle de Beaulieu was in the first.”

With a curse upon his lips, Marceau springs to the ground, and rushes with the hustling crowd towards the great square. He comes up with the last of the two carts ; one of the prisoners inside recognises him. It is Tinguy.

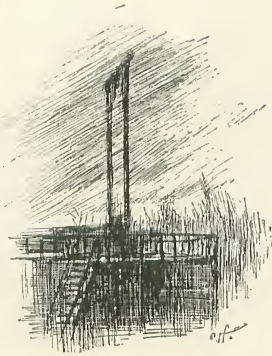
“Save her ! save her !” he cries out, “for I have failed !”

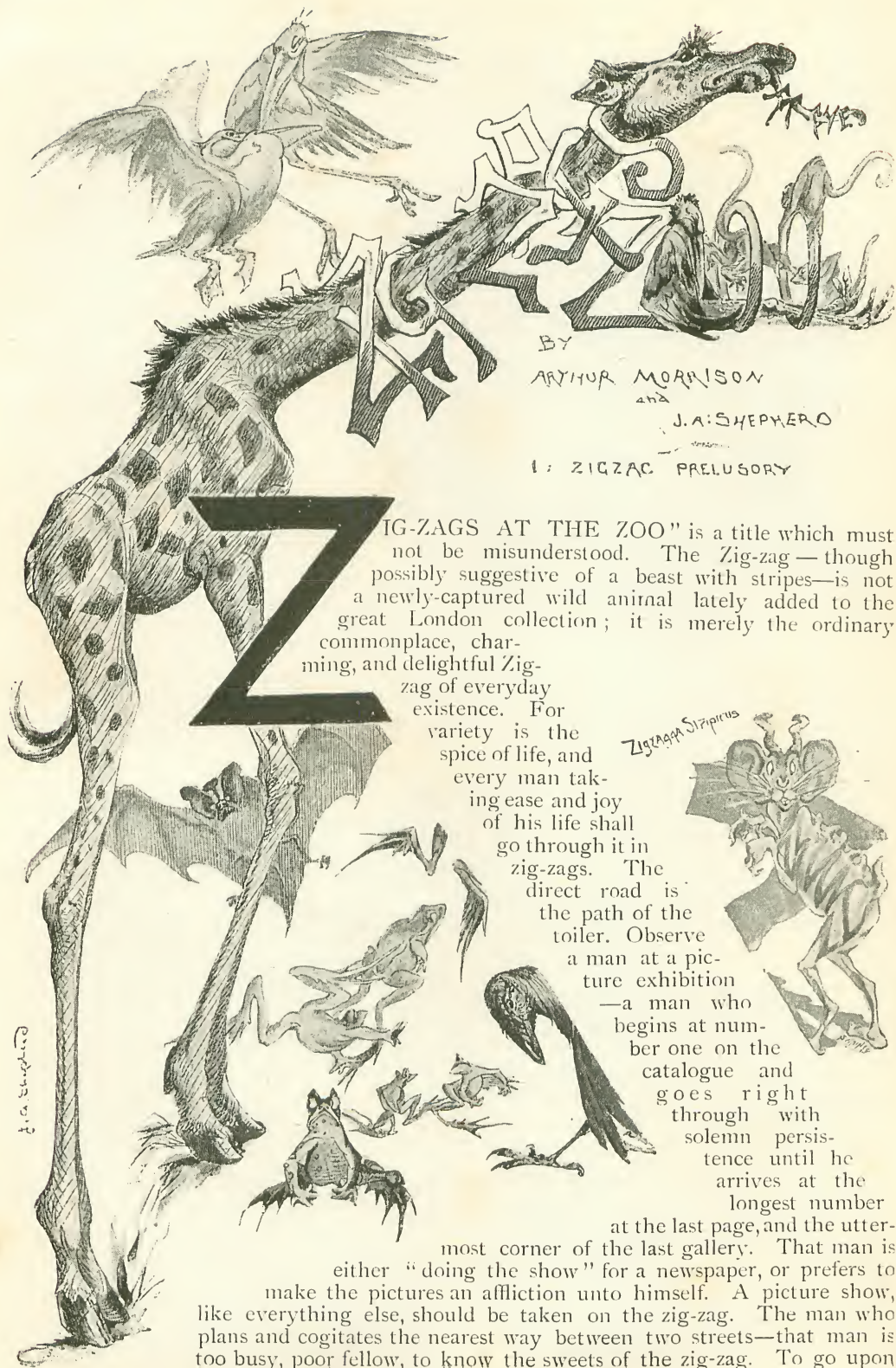
Marceau pushes on through the crowd ; they hustle him, they press around him, but he hurls them out of his path. He arrives upon the place of execution. Before him is the scaffold. He flourishes aloft the scrap of paper, crying—

“A pardon ! a pardon !”

At that instant the executioner, seizing by its long, fair hair the head of a young girl, held it up before the terrified crowd.

Suddenly from the midst of that silent crowd a cry was heard—a cry of anguish, in which there seemed to have been gathered all the forces of human agony. Marceau had recognised between the teeth of this uplifted head the red rose which he had given to his young bride.





BY
ARTHUR MORRISON
AND
J.A. SHEPHERD

I: ZIGZAG PRELUSORY

"ZIG-ZAGS AT THE ZOO" is a title which must not be misunderstood. The Zig-zag — though possibly suggestive of a beast with stripes—is not a newly-captured wild animal lately added to the great London collection; it is merely the ordinary commonplace, charming, and delightful Zig-zag of everyday existence. For

variety is the spice of life, and every man taking ease and joy of his life shall go through it in zig-zags. The

direct road is the path of the toiler. Observe a man at a picture exhibition—a man who begins at number one on the catalogue and goes right through with solemn persistence until he arrives at the longest number

at the last page, and the uttermost corner of the last gallery. That man is either "doing the show" for a newspaper, or prefers to make the pictures an affliction unto himself. A picture show, like everything else, should be taken on the zig-zag. The man who plans and cogitates the nearest way between two streets—that man is too busy, poor fellow, to know the sweets of the zig-zag. To go upon

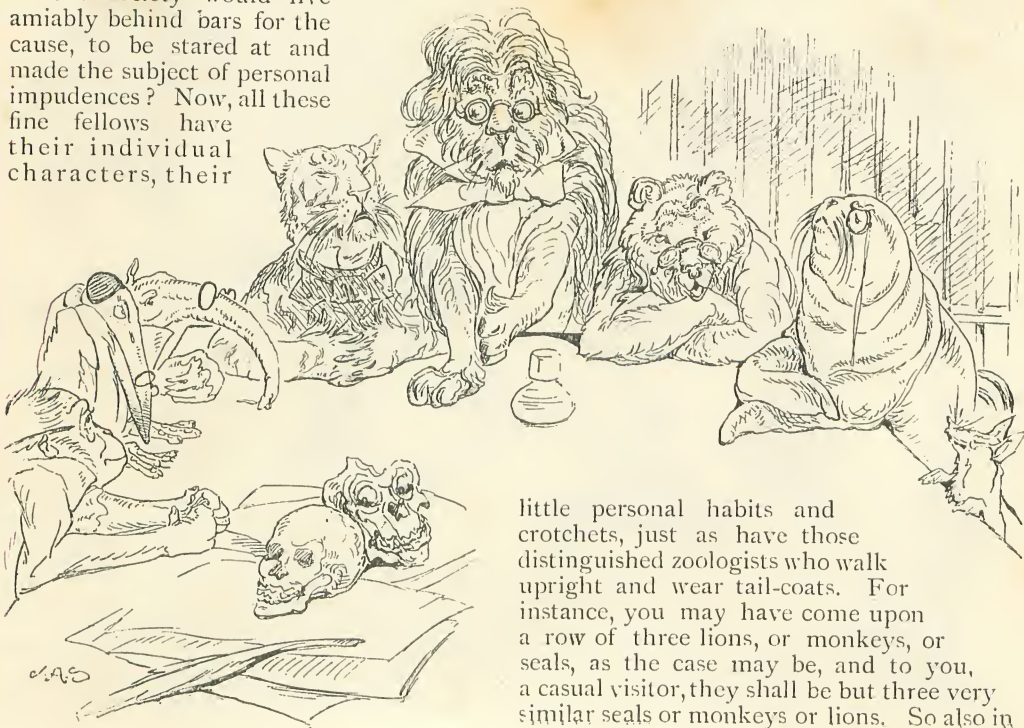
HOME
PAGE
ZIGZAG



the zig-zag is to see more, and with greater entertainment. Who sees more stars, more lamp-posts, front-doors, and keyholes than other men—yea, even unto tenfold?

He who goes home on the zig-zag. The zig-zag is the token, the mystic sign, of contentful ease and good fellowship the world over; the very word is passed to us, like a loving-cup, by the French, who have taken it in all good amity from the Germans, as Littré himself testifieth, and what greater sign of universal brotherhood shall you want than that? The zig-zag, too, is necessary; for the soberest citizen may not walk home through many streets in a straight line, lest he break his nose. "Zig-zag: something with short sharp turns," says the respectable Webster. Let us, therefore, take here a sharp turn, lest we run our noses against the wall of brown speculation.

Many good friends have I in the gardens of the Zoological Society of London. These good friends devote their entire lives to the furtherance of a popular taste for zoology, and are, or should be at once elected, most distinguished active members of the society. To pay certain gold guineas a year is a good thing; but what human member



little personal habits and crotchets, just as have those distinguished zoologists who walk upright and wear tail-coats. For instance, you may have come upon a row of three lions, or monkeys, or seals, as the case may be, and to you, a casual visitor, they shall be but three very similar seals or monkeys or lions. So also in

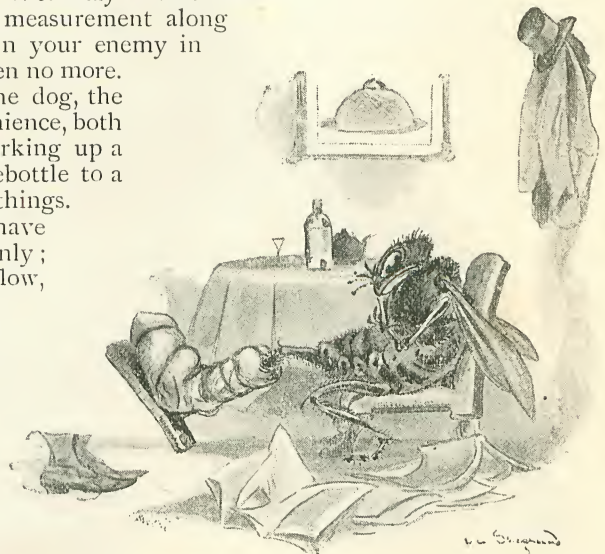
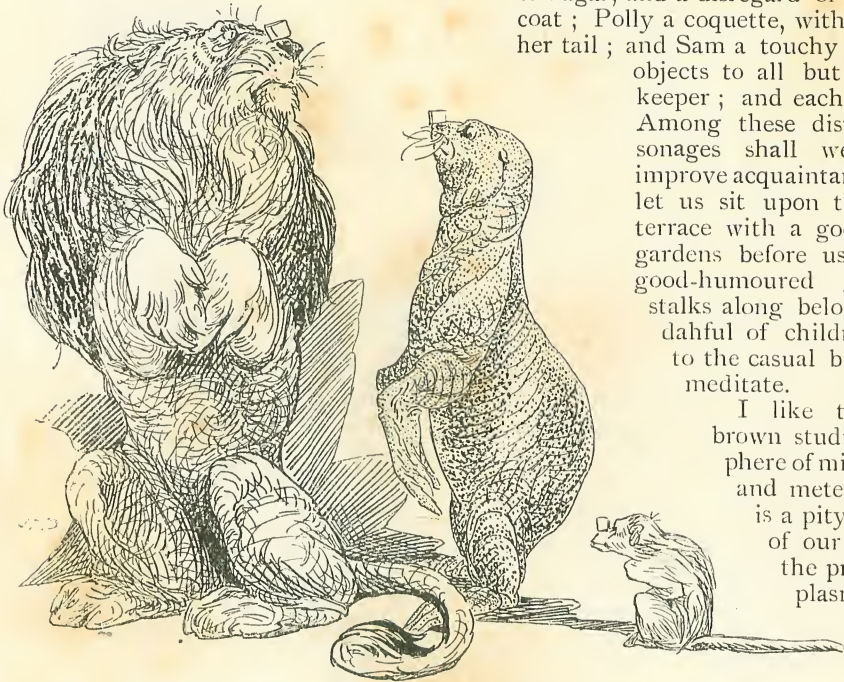
the official guide-book, for a guide-book which is sober and official can say no other. But scrape close acquaintance with those creatures and talk to their keepers, and you shall find them Bill, Polly, and Sam : Bill, perhaps, being an easy-going lion (or seal or monkey), with a weakness for a lump

of sugar, and a disregard of the state of his coat ; Polly a coquette, with a vast pride in her tail ; and Sam a touchy old fellow who objects to all but one particular keeper ; and each with a history. Among these distinguished personages shall we zig-zag, and improve acquaintance. Meantime, let us sit upon this seat on the terrace with a good view of the gardens before us, while the big good-humoured Jung Perchad stalks along below with a howdahful of children and an eye to the casual bun ; and let us meditate.

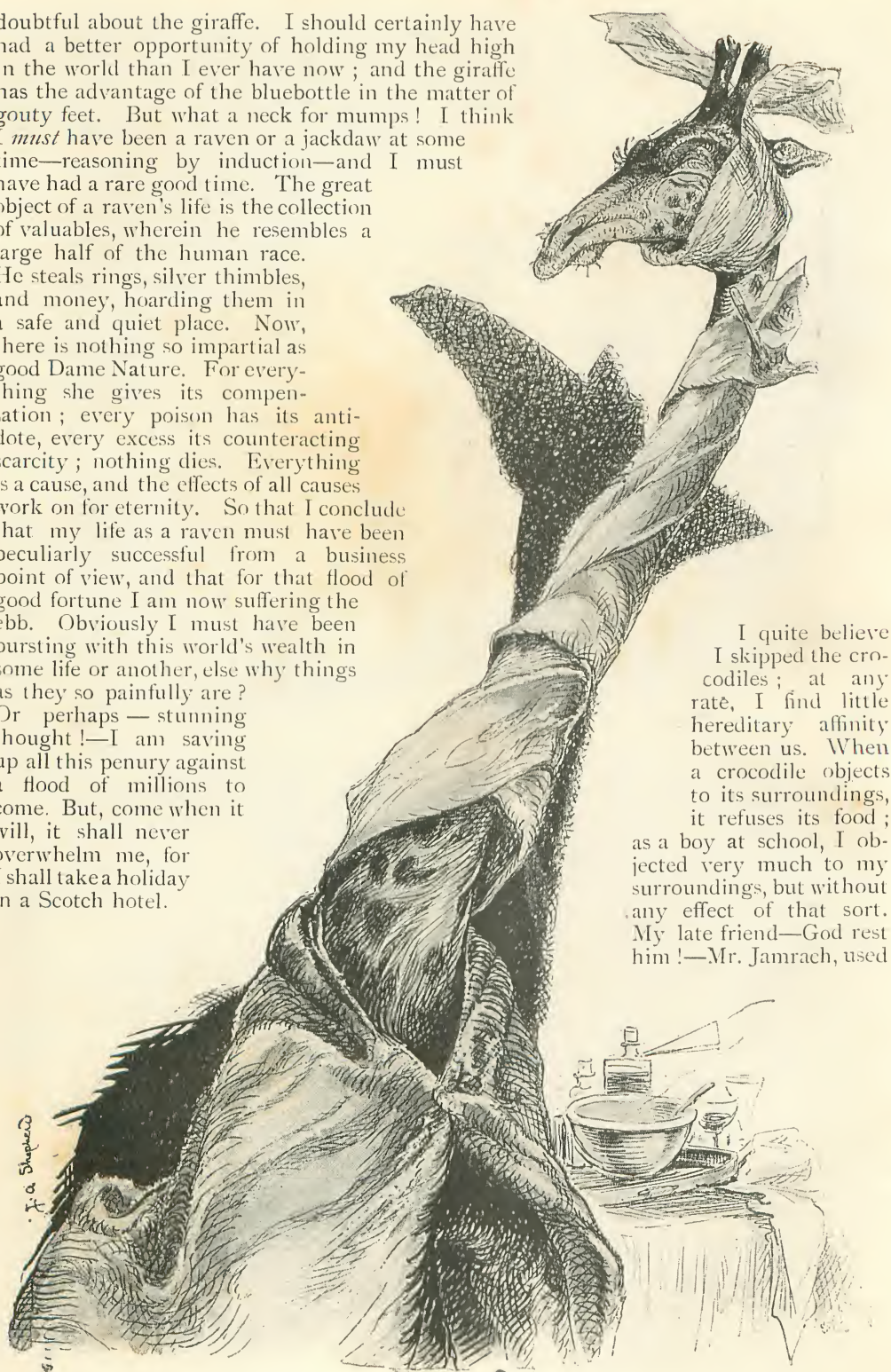
I like to conduct my brown studies in an atmosphere of mingled evolution and metempsychosis. It is a pity that the theory of our evolution from the primordial protoplasm in an inclusive line through every living species should now be con-

sidered old-fashioned. I like to imagine that among my remote ancestors every living thing is represented—it gives them a family interest. And if, further, I can persuade myself that *I* have been everything, at one time or another, from a bluebottle to a giraffe—why, then I can brown-study for ever. The imaginative mind can compass all things. Well may I remember the comfort of a mouth six feet by measurement along the lips, in a crocodile. You take in your enemy in one large generous smile, and he is seen no more. And a tail for others—the cow, the dog, the horse, the lion, the tiger—is a convenience, both as a fly-whisk and as a help to working up a tantrum. In evolution from a bluebottle to a giraffe one learns the value of these things.

As a bluebottle, I think I should have enjoyed life—as a young one certainly ; an elderly bluebottle gets bloated, slow, and gouty, losing his sense of humour. He grows infirm of purpose, too, and forgets to return to the same spot on a bald head after the eighteenth time of chasing off—the eighteenth time being really just when the fun begins. Sometimes he passes over a red nose altogether, probably from a fear of aggravating the gout in his feet. I am a little more



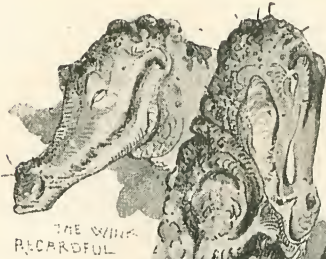
doubtful about the giraffe. I should certainly have had a better opportunity of holding my head high in the world than I ever have now ; and the giraffe has the advantage of the bluebottle in the matter of gouty feet. But what a neck for mumps ! I think I *must* have been a raven or a jackdaw at some time—reasoning by induction—and I must have had a rare good time. The great object of a raven's life is the collection of valuables, wherein he resembles a large half of the human race. He steals rings, silver thimbles, and money, hoarding them in a safe and quiet place. Now, there is nothing so impartial as good Dame Nature. For everything she gives its compensation ; every poison has its antidote, every excess its counteracting scarcity ; nothing dies. Everything is a cause, and the effects of all causes work on for eternity. So that I conclude that my life as a raven must have been peculiarly successful from a business point of view, and that for that flood of good fortune I am now suffering the ebb. Obviously I must have been bursting with this world's wealth in some life or another, else why things as they so painfully are ? Or perhaps — stunning thought !—I am saving up all this penury against a flood of millions to come. But, come when it will, it shall never overwhelm me, for I shall take a holiday in a Scotch hotel.



I quite believe I skipped the crocodiles ; at any rate, I find little hereditary affinity between us. When a crocodile objects to its surroundings, it refuses its food ; as a boy at school, I objected very much to my surroundings, but without any effect of that sort. My late friend—God rest him !—Mr. Jamrach, used

to have rare tussles with his crocodiles. They were valuable as property, and when, out of spite, they took to attempting suicide by starvation, he had them tied up firmly and fed forcibly with a long pole *à la* ramrod. I never remember being so obstinate about my dinner as that ; and if I had, from what I recollect of him, I don't believe my worthy preceptor would have done as Mr. Jamrach did. I

never heard of his using any stick in that way. Beyond all this, too, it should be observed that the crocodile has three distinct lids to each eye, whereby he is equipped for the performance of six separate and entirely distinct winks of the single variety, and an incalculable number of the more complicated sort by combination. Now the wink is the infallible sign of a frivolous and larky nature, and in dis-



THE WINK SANCTIONED

THE WINK SCRUTINIOUS

THE WINK EXPECTANT

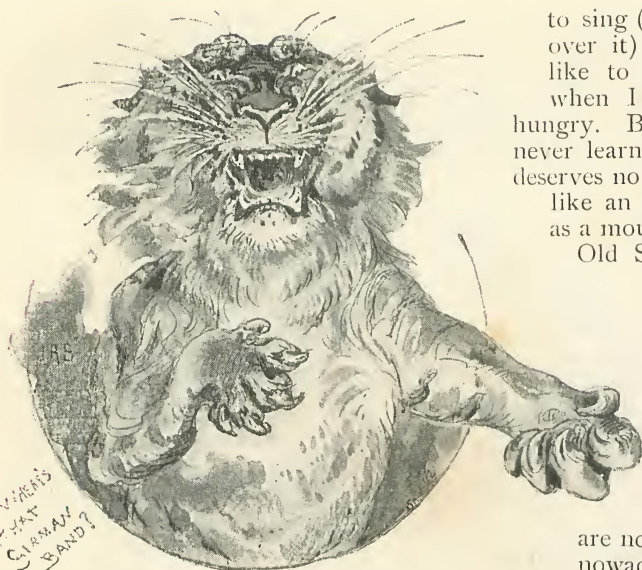
NO EXTRA SIZE

THE WINK SATISFACTORY

claiming all relationship with the crocodile I need say no more than this.

I often wonder what all these animals think of the band which plays here in the summer. The coming of the warm season is a time of joy, at any rate to the more tropical varieties, and it seems a pity to make it sad with a band. Perhaps it is done on the great principle of universal compensation already spoken of. Not that the band isn't a good one, you should understand, but a band of any sort before dinner is an infliction. Music is rather a nuisance to a hungry man, and its proper occasion arrives after a good dinner. Lions and tigers have ten times the capacity for hunger granted to man, and should be considered accordingly. Herein do I speak with feeling ; for on several days of the week a German band plays near the corner of my street in the hungriest hour of the twenty-four, and on all the other afternoons the young lady next door, who is learning





to sing (and taking a very long time over it) practises her scales. I should like to have met that German band when I was—say a tiger, and very hungry. But the young lady who will never learn to sing is infinitely worse, and deserves no consideration at all. I should like an opportunity of attacking her as a mouse.

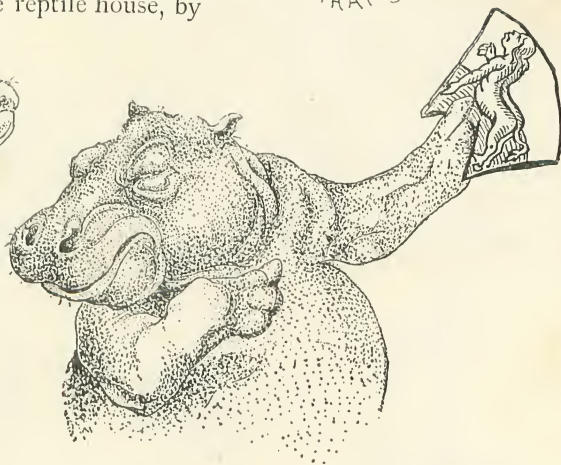
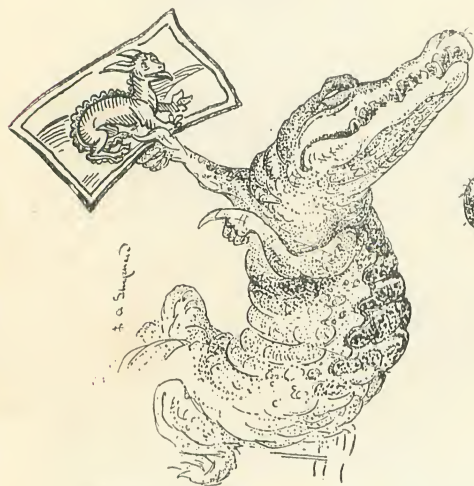
Old Sir John Maundevile is a man one would like to have met.

I would do a great deal—even unto paying at the gate—to inspect a zoological garden furnished with a good selection of Sir John's discoveries. I should like, for instance, to see his "wylde Gees, that han 2 Hedes." They

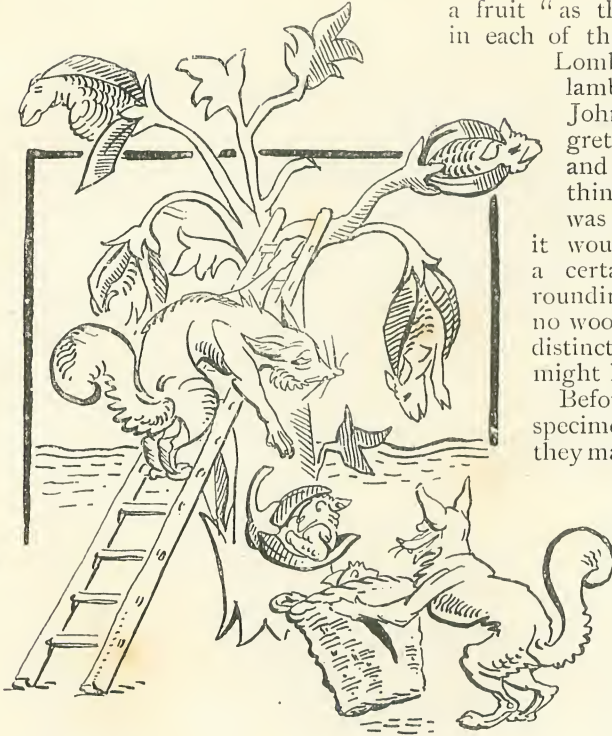
are not found in many poultry-yards nowadays, and have become swans on

inn signs. I should like, too, to see that "fulle felonous Best" with a black head and three

long horns, "trenchant in front, sharpe as a Sword," with which he "sleethe the Olifaunt." Again, I think I should like to see those "Ipotaynes, that dwellen sometyne in the Watre and sometyne on the Lond; and thei ben half Man and half Hors," and compare them with the blithesome hippopotamus as we now see him in our own Zoo. I should like to have the opinion of the man end on his equine hinder half, and to see how he walked; for, unlike the centaur, the "ipotayne" had only two legs. I should like to get a "cokadrille" as Maundevile's book pictures him, with long legs and ears like a donkey's, and show him to the sleepy alligators in the reptile house, by



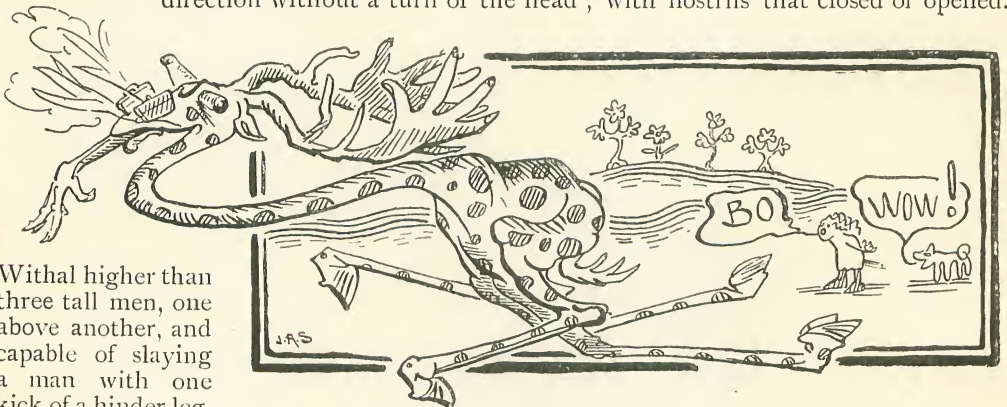
way of reconciling long-sundered relatives. But most I should like to get my mutton from a tree in the way Sir John did in a kingdom "that men clepen Caldilhe"—somewhere, it would seem, between India and China. On the tree, says our good friend, grows



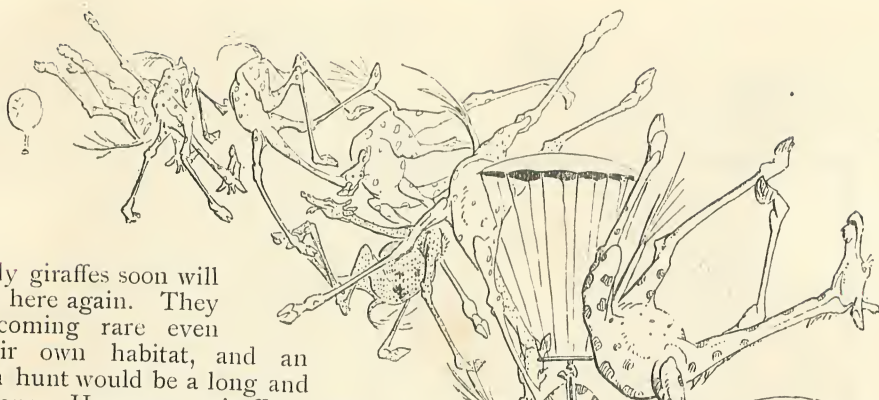
a fruit "as though it were Gourdes"; and in each of these gourds grows a "lyttlyle Lomb, withouten Wolle," which lamb, as well as the fruit, Sir John has eaten. "And that is a gret Marveylle," quoth Sir John; and so it is, when you come to think of it. It is a pity that there was no wool on those "Lombs"; it would have given the narrative a certain artistic completeness, a rounding off. But, since there was no wool, it is fortunate that Sir John distinctly said so, otherwise people might have called him a liar.

Before the Zoological Society find specimens of these rarities, perhaps they may come upon another giraffe or two. Sir John Maundeville really plays light with the giraffe. He might have made something much more startling of it than "a Best pomelee or spotted; that is but a litylle more highe than is a Stede; but he hathe the Necke a 20 Cubytes long; and his Croup and his Tayl is as of an Hert; and he may

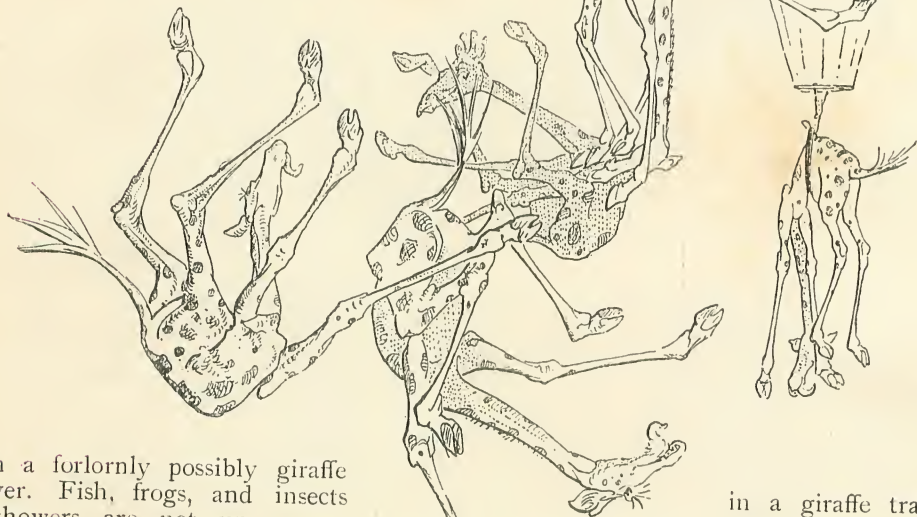
loken over a gret highe Hous." Moreover, the illustrative woodcut in my copy actually under-represents the neck by full two-thirds: but that is for the very best of all reasons—there is no room on the block for any more. Perhaps it was because Sir John vouched for the giraffe that up to the present century most people in this country disbelieved in its existence. But just consider how he might have put it, and with truth; and how that heavy-handed artist might have put it—without truth. An animal with a deer's head, a leopard's skin, a swan's neck; a tongue that was used as a man's hand to grasp things a foot from its nose. With eyes that saw in every direction without a turn of the head; with nostrils that closed or opened.



Withal higher than three tall men, one above another, and capable of slaying a man with one kick of a hinder leg, yet so timid as to fly before a child or a little dog! One feels rather ashamed of Sir John, after all, for neglecting his opportunities. There is difficulty in the capture of a giraffe, and there is expense. These obstacles, however, and greater ones, have been overcome again and again in time past by the Zoological Society of London, and



probably giraffes soon will be seen here again. They are becoming rare even in their own habitat, and an African hunt would be a long and trying one. However, a giraffe is still to be had, and the time is distant when we shall become dependent for the supply



upon a forlornly possibly giraffe shower. Fish, frogs, and insects in showers are not unknown, while cats and dogs are proverbial. Water-spouts cause these fish and frog showers;



C. G. S. 1894

in a giraffe transaction it would be necessary to charter rather a strong waterspout, and to stay indoors awhile; all a serious possibility considered from a Maundevillian standpoint.

Shafts from an Eastern Quiver.

I.—THE DIAMONDS OF SHOMAR'S QUEEN.

BY CHARLES J. MANSFORD, B.A.

I.



FANCY that Hassan has been drawing on his imagination again, old fellow," said my companion, Frank Denviers, as we sat con-

versing one evening at the door of our tent.

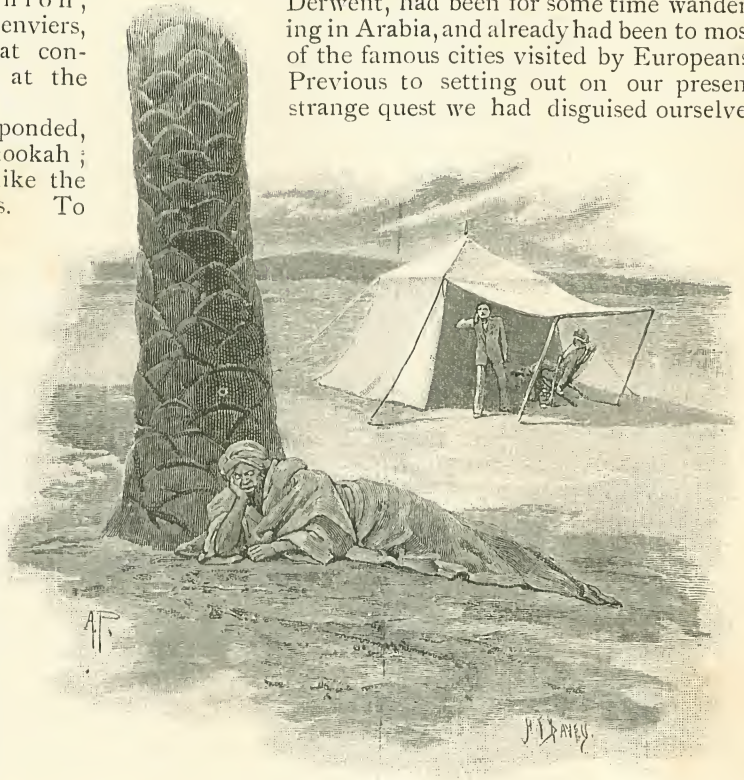
"Perhaps so," I responded, puffing away at a hookah; "he has his faults, like the rest of these Arabs. To appropriate every-

thing that he can lay his brown paws on is, to him, a cardinal virtue; still, he hasn't told us anything untrue so far, why should he do so now?" "You have far too much faith in that nigger," replied Frank; "he pitches yarns to us that no one could possibly believe. We certainly expected him to steal, and, so far, he has come well up to the standard we measured him by. I own that his knowledge of the various ruins to which he has led us is decidedly good; no doubt this wonderful city that we are bound for does exist, but, as to the diamonds—don't you wish you may get them!" And he shouted to Hassan, who was a little distance off reclining under the shade of a palm tree—

"Coffee, and hurry about it too!" for the Arab was accustomed to take his time when disturbed from his siesta, although usually he was agile enough.

Our Arab servant, or "nigger" as my companion sometimes termed him, had been

engaged as a runner or letter carrier, until it chanced that we took him into our service on the recommendation of an Arab sheik. Frank Denviers and I, Harold Derwent, had been for some time wandering in Arabia, and already had been to most of the famous cities visited by Europeans. Previous to setting out on our present strange quest we had disguised ourselves



"HASSAN."

as sheiks and secretly visited Mecca just as the *haj*, or annual pilgrimage, was commencing. For the whole time through which the fair lasted we found thousands of pilgrims who poured into Mecca from Persia, Arabia, Egypt, and Syria well worthy of observation, as they came to be blessed at the birthplace of Mahomet.

Hassan had been of great service to us in the sacred city, and his desire to continue with us probably induced him to tell us the legend of the "Diamonds of Sho-

mar's Queen," when he received an intimation that we thought of returning to England, when his employment as our guide would, of course, cease. His features were bronzed with sun and exposure to the wind, so that he seemed even more swarthy than the rest of his tribe, while the spotless white turban which he invariably wore served to heighten the effect still further. Besides his experience, which had benefited us considerably in our travels, he was a man upon whom we could depend in time of danger, for his bravery had more than once been put to the test when our course lay through unsettled districts. Added to these qualities he had an admirable way of relating in his own language the various legends which are connected with many of the singular ruins which we visited. It was chiefly owing to this power that Frank came to the conclusion that the Arab was accustomed to mix fables and facts together until he was unable to distinguish between them.

It was our custom when the day had declined to sit before our tent and listen to Hassan as he recounted some one of his numerous legends. While we drank our coffee the Arab would throw himself at full length upon the ground, and, resting his chin upon his crossed arms, look away dreamily into the distance. His voice then assumed a different tone; he was no longer the servant of two Englishmen but a child of the East, and one who sometimes seemed to forget that we were present at all.

It happened that one evening during our stay in Mecca, where, for the time being, we enjoyed the luxury of a roof other than that of our tent, a pilgrim passed by who differed considerably from any of those we had already seen. We were sitting at the door, and summoned Hassan to tell, if he could, the district from which the stranger came. Eyeing him closely, the Arab described him as one living in the neighbourhood of Metra, a city of ruins, but which still possessed an absorbing interest for those who knew its history and what it contained.

When Hassan had excited our curiosity sufficiently, he suddenly stopped, and asked when we intended to return to England. Hearing the time fixed upon, he made an expressive gesture, and replied—

"Then the great secret of Metra will not be known to you. The city is twenty leagues from here, yet it is worth a visit; aye, and more, it has that in it which would astonish the sahibs to see."

"Very likely," responded Frank; "all these places you have taken us to have been surprising in their way, but one gets tired even of wonders."

"The sahib is speaking true," responded Hassan, "but this wonder is the greatest of them all. The stranger, whom you have just noticed, knows well what is hidden in Metra, but he dare not venture thither for his life——"

"And you, Hassan," I interrupted, "have you seen this wonder of which you speak?" He gave a gesture of assent as he answered—

"I have seen the city, but have not viewed its treasure; no Arab could look upon it and live, for, by the beard of Mahomet, if he ventured there, surely kismet would follow him in Shomar's name."

"Well," said Frank, "if you want to persuade us to travel there, you had better tell us what the city does contain if you know; I daresay, like all your yarns, it is strictly genuine, considered from the standard of an Arab code of morals."

That same evening Hassan related to us the legend, and the result of it was that we agreed not only to visit the city, but to give him a sum of gold if our enterprise proved successful, for he would not accept our offer of a share in the treasure.

So matters stood, and our tent was at this time within a few miles of the city to which we were bound when the conversation between Frank and myself took place as narrated. Hassan, when called, came slowly forward and disappeared within the tent, soon afterwards reappearing with the beverage which he had been ordered to prepare.

"When will the sahibs be ready to visit the city of Metra?" Hassan asked, as he stood before us.

"You say it is but three miles hence," said Frank, "and it now wants two hours to sunset; I think we might venture there to-day." Then, eyeing the Arab, he asked—

"Do you still declare that this treasure is to be found there, or is it, after all, one existing only in your own imagination?"

"The sahib is not ready of belief," replied the Arab, "but he will soon learn that I have spoken the truth."

"Rest there," said Frank, pointing to the ground just before our feet, "and repeat this story, that we may be able to judge of your sincerity."

Hassan posed his body in the usual attitude which he assumed on such occasions,

and, while Frank and I listened to his narrative, to detect if possible any discrepancies, the Arab half spoke, half chanted to us the legend of "The Diamonds of Shomar's Queen," as he had heard it from the inhabitants of the district around Metra.

II.

"In Arabia the Happy," began Hassan, "there ruled, more than two thousand years ago, a famous king named Shomar—"

"A legend of the good old times, evidently," interrupted Frank, as he looked at the Arab with an incredulous air.

"Shomar," continued the narrator, "was powerful but he was not happy, for among the princes of his court was one who had great wealth and influence. He did not address the king in the humble tones which the rest of the courtiers adopted, and soon grew into disfavour. The ambassadors, who came at this time from the court of Persia, paid such marked deference to the prince that Shomar's jealousy was aroused, and he sought for some opportunity to free himself from this subject, whom he feared might one day seize upon his throne. Then arose a rumour that, in a distant part of Arabia, a revolt had arisen, and Shomar accused the prince of having instigated it. The latter hotly denied the charge, and, as

the king persisted in it, drew his sword as if about to attack the monarch as he sat on his throne. There was a cry of 'treason!' which rang through the palace, and in another minute the prince was vainly struggling with his monarch's bodyguard.

"Shomar looked triumphantly at his subject as the latter stood bound before him, a few days afterwards, to listen to the sentence which his offence was to receive. The king would gladly have ordered the executioner to bowstring the hateful subject, but he feared the effect of this upon the people. So the prince was sentenced to perpetual exile in a remote district, and threatened with death if he returned. Setting out with his wife and young daughter, together with a few faithful servants, the prince reached the place of his banishment, and for several years nothing more was heard of him.

"One day a band of pilgrims passed through the king's territory, and one of them craved an audience of the monarch. He conveyed strange tidings to the king, for the exiled prince had founded a wonderful city, Metra, to which we are bound;" and the Arab paused for a moment.

"Go on," said Frank; "we are waiting to hear about these diamonds which you mentioned before."

"Patience!" replied Hassan, "you shall hear. The prince, after wandering about for a year or so, determined to build a city, but feared lest his monarch, hearing of it, should send a body of soldiers afterwards to demolish the edifices. During his journeys he had passed more than once through a mighty ravine in the rocks, and a strange thought occurred to him. He communicated his views to his companions in exile, and they agreed to his proposal. The rocks on each side of the ravine were com-



"THERE WAS A CRY OF 'TREASON!'"

posed of a stone which resembled marble in its colour and hardness, yet they began to excavate it, and before long had hollowed out several caves for themselves. Then the prince—who was still wealthy—promised an enormous diamond to whoever would carve best a palace for him. Skilful men came, and, eager for the promised reward, laboured incessantly; before long the ravine became a pathway on either side of which magnificent marble palaces stretched one after another for over three miles, and the inhospitable place now became a city more beautiful than poets have dreamed of. To own a palace in Metra became the height of a prince's ambition, and over them all the exiled one ruled. When he died his daughter, who had grown to be a beautiful woman, took her father's place and ruled as the Princess Idaliah—"

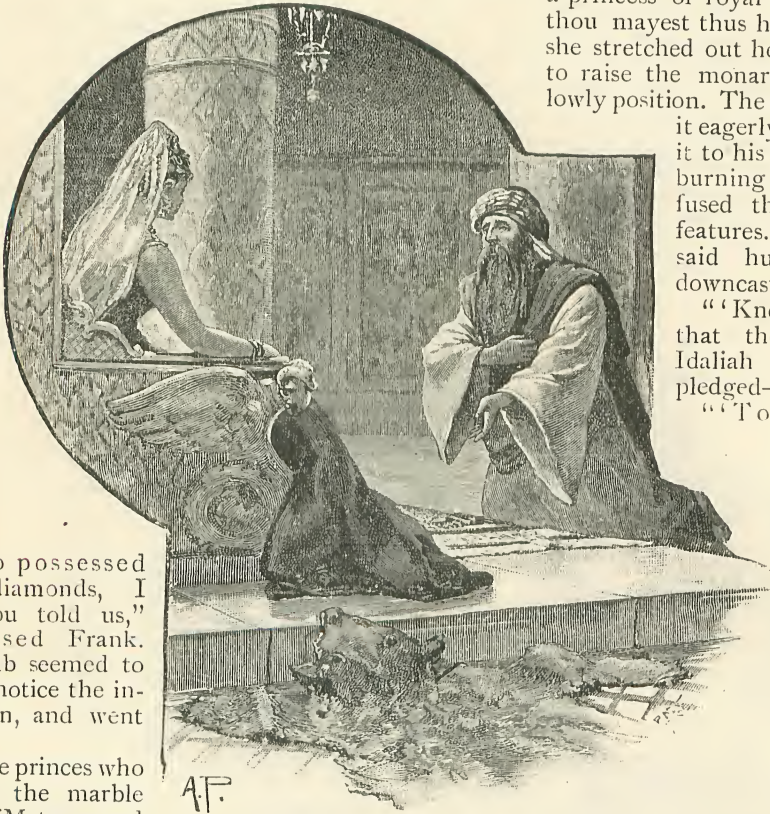
grew deeper and stronger as they became older. Her suitors hated the mountaineer, but were afraid to show this, so they planned how they might rid themselves of him. The pilgrim who conveyed the information to Shomar of the wonderful city arisen was sent by them. The king, on hearing of the beauty of Idaliah, determined to see her, and shortly afterwards visited her palace in disguise. If the princes admired her, the king did more; he was infatuated, and, after trying in vain to win her love, made known his real rank. Then said the princess, as she sat on her throne while the monarch flung himself in entreaty before her—

"Rise, I am but thy inferior; it is not fitting that the great Shomar should wed with a subject. There are dark-eyed maidens at the Courts of Persia and the other neighbouring realms, there wilt thou find a princess of royal blood whom thou mayest thus honour; and she stretched out her hand as if to raise the monarch from his lowly position. The latter caught

it eagerly and pressed it to his lips, while a burning blush suffused the princess's features. Then she said humbly, with downcast eyes—

"Know, O King, that the love of Idaliah is already pledged—"

"To whom?"



"Who possessed these diamonds, I think you told us," interposed Frank. The Arab seemed to scarcely notice the interruption, and went on—

"So the princes who dwelt in the marble palaces of Metra wooed the princess, but without success, for she secretly despised them. During her childhood, while her father was still a wandering exile, she had come to know a young and hardy mountaineer, and the friendship of childhood

asked the monarch, rising and standing before the princess, furious at his own want of success. Then Idaliah told, with many a becoming blush and sigh, of the young mountaineer. Shomar's face grew

"THE MONARCH FLUNG HIMSELF IN ENTREATY BEFORE HER."

dark as the story was concluded, then he asked—

“‘And, if he lived not, wouldst thou accept the half of my throne?’ The princess shook her head negatively as she replied—

“‘I could not, for I would lament him many years; my heart even tells me that, if evil befell him, I should die.’

So the king departed from her presence, and plotted with the princes to take the mountaineer's life. Although Haifiz, as he was called, dared not pass through the ravine, because of his rivals, yet by stealth he would visit Idaliah. Lithe and active, he climbed down the rocky slope between two of the palaces; a jutting piece of stone, the slight support of a young tree, anything that he could grasp was sufficient for him, for was not this perilous pathway that which led to the palace where the light of love shone for him alone in the eyes of Idaliah.” Hassan paused for a moment; then his voice grew softer and his eyes moist as he sorrowfully continued—

“Now the princess used to place a light in the window of the highest apartment of her palace, and the rivals of Haifiz discovered this signal to the lover that all was safe for his venture. They observed the way in which he had hitherto escaped their ambushes, and at last had him in their power. One night Idaliah had placed the signal as usual, and, sitting on her throne adorned with a magnificent diamond necklace, which had been given to her by her father, she waited for the well-known footsteps of her

lover. He did not come, and an uneasy feeling filled the maiden's breast as she waited; then a noise was heard of steps resounding on the marble palace floor.

Four men entered, bearing a heavy burden, which they placed at the feet of the unhappy princess. A tree by which the lover was accustomed to swing himself from one ledge to another had been partly uprooted,

for, on taking it in his hands, it gave way, and he fell headlong down the steep ravine, bruised and lifeless! So the body was sent for the princess to view, for the enemies of her lover rejoiced in the success of their foul stratagem.

“Idaliah looked at the mangled form for a moment, then, sighing deeply, was silent. So still she sat, that at last the bearers of the burden attempted to arouse her. They started back in horror, for the princess was as pale and lifeless as her lover! She seemed to have been turned to stone by the terrible shock.

“When Shomar heard this, he was struck with sorrow at the effect of his

callous plot. He commanded that the city should be deserted by its inhabitants, and vowed that the princess should bear his name in death, for although he lived many years after people spake of the dead princess alone as Shomar's queen. The palace was left untouched; no one dared to move the bodies of the dead lovers. The strangest part of the narrative is, that for all the time which has ensued the forms have not changed. Idaliah sits there to-day, and her lover lies at her feet, as if the two figures had been carved out of marble. When



“HE FELL HEADLONG DOWN THE STEEP RAVINE.”

Shomar, years after, learnt this, he gave the palace into the charge of an old crone, upon whose death the duty passed into the hands of the oldest living female in her tribe—the same as that of the man concerning whose country you questioned me. Although this event happened, as you have been told, more than two thousand years ago, there is still an old crone who fulfils Shomar's command, and only opens the palace gate on receiving a certain signal. Sitting there is Idaliah, still wearing the necklace of diamonds, which no Arab may touch, for Shomar, although dead, yet haunts the palace, and prays the maiden's pardon for his crime. His curse would blight the one of my race who touched the sparkling stones: will ye, then, dare to venture thither to obtain them?"

Hassan rose and stood before us as he finished the legend.

"Do you know this signal?" I asked, endeavouring to speak calmly. The Arab answered in the affirmative, whereupon Frank remarked—

"I will believe that the lovers still occupy the palace, and that the diamonds are there, when I see them;" and he smiled at my faith in the truth of the Arab's story.

III.

At sunset we left our tent, and, following Hassan, journeyed in the direction of Metra. At last our guide stopped, and when we had joined him, he observed:

"We are just about to enter the ravine. What plan is to be adopted in order that you may enter the palace we are seeking?"

"You say that the gates are kept by one person only," I replied; "surely if they are opened upon your giving the signal, we should have no difficulty in passing into the palace."

"The sahib is mistaken," responded Hassan, "for the gates are solid stone, and move by touching a spring within. It will be difficult for you: the crone will not suspect an Arab, but, on seeing two men of an unknown nation, she will have little confidence in you."

"Then," interposed Frank, turning to me, "our plan is easily settled. On arriving at these stone gates, Hassan may give the signal, and enter alone. He can learn from within the secret of the hidden spring; this done he must find some way to escape the crone's observation, and so let us into the palace."

"The crone is exceedingly aged," said

Hassan; "if once we are all within there should be no difficulty in keeping her from doing harm; but I would rather not remain in the palace while you obtain the treasure."

"Yet," said Frank to me aside, "he has no objection to lead us to this place where the diamonds are said to be! It is a strange scruple; still, if he objects to remain with us, we will leave him outside, where he may be useful as a guard should anyone learn that we are plundering the palace."

We plunged through a dense thicket; on emerging we observed that the ravine then began and sloped gently. On we went, our faith in Hassan being strengthened each minute as we saw the wonderful palaces carved out of the solid rock, and standing almost unaffected apparently by the length of time that had elapsed. Casually resting my hand for a moment upon one of the chiselled doorways, I observed that it crumbled into dust as I did so. Hassan informed me that something which exhaled from the rock gave it an outward appearance of being hard and highly polished, although in reality the substance was decomposed.

Passing along we at last reached a magnificent palace, and before it loomed gigantic marble gates. My hope that these were also decayed by age vanished, for, on striking one of them with the hilt of my dagger, it gave forth a dull sound. We looked well to the condition of the pistols which were worn in our belts, and then motioned to Hassan to give the signal. Crouching behind a pillar, so that we could not be observed, we waited anxiously to see what would be the result. The Arab had evidently learned the right signal to give, for suddenly the marble gates were raised like a portcullis, and a strange-looking being screamed rather than said to him:

"Can ye not let Shomar's queen reign over the dead one in peace?" She was indeed aged; her form was nearly doubled, her eyes, like small black beads, looked forth from a yellow shrunken face, while the hand which she raised almost threateningly at Hassan bore nails that seemed like the talons of some bird of prey.

"I come from where once dwelt Shomar," said the Arab, then he stooped forward, and whispered something to her. The crone allowed him to pass, and before we could see more the gates fell instantaneously into their former position. It was fully ten minutes before they lifted again. In a second Frank and I darted through the

entry. Hassan was barely outside before the gates once more descended with a dull thud, and we were shut within the palace.

"We are in for it, I expect," said Frank; "there was no time to ask Hassan how these gates unfasten. Look at the old crone, she has discovered the trick!"

It was an evil-looking face that peered into ours, and for a moment my hand wandered to where my dagger was placed. Frank pushed her aside, and strode on in the direction of the main apartment, according to the information which Hassan had given us of its whereabouts. I followed closely, the crone raising wild howls of rage as we went along, even throwing herself several times before us, and trying to bar our way with her distorted body. The palace seemed perfect;



"IT WAS AN EVIL-LOOKING FACE."

not a stone nor a carving showed marks of age. There was an immense curtain of a material resembling purple velvet before us. We dragged it back upon the golden rods which supported it, and then stood still for a minute, completely astonished at what we saw,

Sumptuous furniture of the East filled the apartment. There were magnificent burnished mirrors hanging upon the walls, which themselves were a mass of minute carvings representing battle scenes and other events of those bygone years. The skins of many animals lay about the apartment, and in the centre of it stood the throne of the one who is known in the Arabic legends as Shomar's queen.

A ray of light seemed to enter from above, and fell upon the throne. There, seated upon it, was a form whose loveliness seemed more than human. Her face, and bust, and snowy arms seemed as if carved out of the material of which the palace was constructed.

Her robes were fitting for the rank which she had occupied in life, while at her feet lay the murdered form of her lover! My heart beat violently and I turned to my companion, as I said excitedly—

"Hassan has told us the truth! Do you see them?" and I pointed to the diamonds that flashed like stars around the neck of the princess.

Frank was silent for a moment, then he answered—

"Who could have expected such a story to be true? It seems like robbery to remove the diamonds, but they are useless to the dead, and to us mean an immense fortune."

We passed up to the centre figures in the palace chamber. The crone

guessed our intention, and, flinging herself upon Frank, vented her fury upon him. He seized her, and, despite her struggles, held her fast as he called to me:—

"Quick! get the diamonds, while I keep this hag away from you."

I stretched forth my hand nervously and clasped the diamonds. As I did so the form which wore them seemed to change, then suddenly it disappeared, and nothing but a small heap of dust was to be seen! The perspiration stood in beads upon my forehead; I turned to Frank to see if he had observed what had hap-

escaping. At last I managed to scrape a hole in the side of the entry near the gates, and into this we thrust as many cartridges as we could spare. Breaking some of them open, I laid a small train, and, keeping as far away as possible, managed to make a spark and thus to fire it.

There was a tremendous explosion, which resounded through the empty palace, and to our joy a hole was blasted sufficiently large for a man to creep through. I passed through it first, then Frank hurled the crone from him and followed me. We could hear her howls of disappointment at our escape, as Hassan rejoined us, who was elated at our success, and the knowledge that the reward which we had promised him would soon be his.

The diamonds were bought from us eventually by a syndicate of London merchants, the largest one of the stones alone being of more value than we had anticipated the entire necklace of seventeen to be worth. The wearers of them, as they see the light sparkling from the gems, little suppose that they are adorned with the diamonds of Shomar's queen.

We did not part with Hassan after all, for we decided to extend our travels eastward, owing to the success of this strange adventure.



"QUICK! GET THE DIAMONDS."

pened, but he was still engaged in keeping the hag from attacking me. I drew off the silken sash which I wore and rolled the diamonds within it, as I said:

"I have obtained them—quick! to the gates! I am nearly suffocated in this close atmosphere."

He lifted the crone bodily into the air, and, holding her thus, passed with me to the entrance. Here she sullenly refused to show us the hidden spring, and, in spite of our threats, remained obdurate. It was some time before we could devise a way of

The Evolution of the Cycle.



LO speak of the wonderful strides made in cycle construction within twenty years or so, to compare the modern racing, air-tyred, ball-bearing, tubular racing safety with the boneshaker of 1868, or the hobby-horse of 1820; to rhapsodise upon the heights to which the mechanism of the cycle has now been carried, to speculate upon its future development—these things are common-places. Let us, while touching lightly upon the descent of the modern cycle in a direct line, chiefly amuse ourselves by contemplating the various extinct species—those developments of the original germ which have somehow taken the wrong turning in the course of evolution, have then stopped, and, as rare fossils, are now only looked at as rarities and curiosities.

The records of the Patent Offices, both here and in America, contain drawings of many hundreds of these quaint articles, many—perhaps most—of which probably never grew beyond existence on paper. Also, there were gathered together last year, by the Stanley Bicycle Club, a quaint collection of actual existing fossils—masses of machinery actually constructed and now forgotten. Of members of this collection, now dispersed, and never to come together again, we shall reproduce a number of photographs; also we shall reproduce many of the outline drawings buried in the Patent Office, with all their garnishment of indicator letters and figures, whether we allude to those wonderful signs or not.

When the idea first took form of enabling a man to travel by his own leg power, assisted by wheels, none can say; nor is it known who first attempted to put the notion into practice. Certain it is that, in 1761, a description of a machine to travel

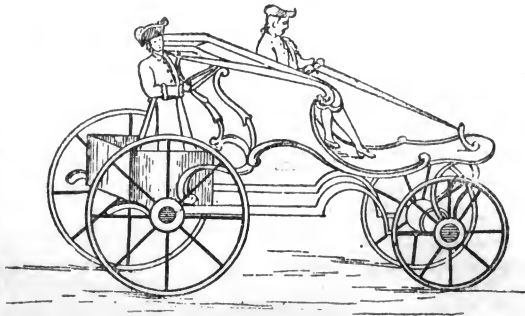
without horses appeared in *The Universal Magazine*; and since this machine—invented by one Ovenden—is alluded to as “the best that has hitherto been invented,” it is pretty obvious that Mr. Ovenden had his predecessors in this particular department of design, though of them we know

little. Here is Mr. Ovenden's machine.

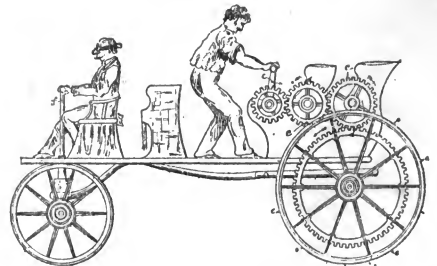
The unfortunate footman (whose overworked legs are mercifully hidden from sight in a sort of tank), supporting himself by a strap, was expected to drive that immense wooden carriage and its contents “with ease” six miles an hour, and with “a peculiar

exertion” (quite so) nine or ten miles an hour. The owner of the equipage, meantime, gaily steered with a pair of reins. We hear nothing further of Mr. Ovenden and his machine. Can he have fallen a victim to a secret assassination committee of footmen?

In 1804 a genius of the name of Bolton turned up in America, and invented another quaint engine. We reproduce his own drawing from the patent specification, indicator letters and all, so that his representatives may not accuse us of doing his work an injustice. We can justly admire the



OVENDEN'S MACHINE.



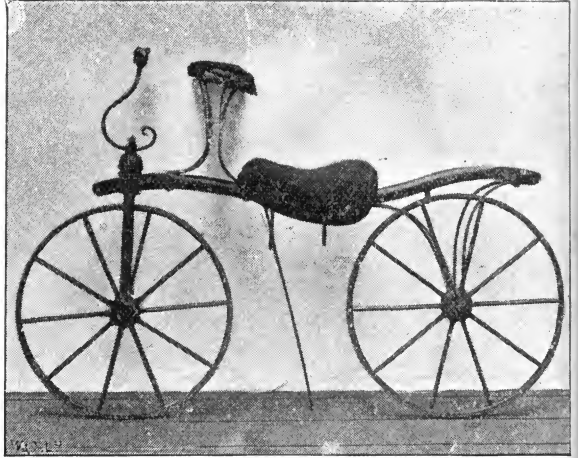
BOLTON'S MACHINE.

foresight of the inventor in representing the unhappy operator in rolled-up shirt-

sleeves, for verily elbow grease would be called for in wholesale quantities. The knowing person who does the steering smiles furtively at the reflection that he is coming out very much ahead in the matter of division of labour. But even with that, it will be observed, he has pulled his hat over his eyes as though rather ashamed of himself for so using a fellow-creature. As well he may be.

After this came the hobby-horse. In 1808 this strange machine—two wheels, tandem fashion, connected by a bar—made its appearance in Paris. There were no means of steering this thing, so that presumably, when the rider, after straddling across the seat placed midway on the connecting-bar, and paddling furiously with his feet against the ground, arrived at a corner, he had to lift up the whole thing and dump it down again in a new direction. After

the machines in his club's historical collection are used.



DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S DANDY-HORSE.

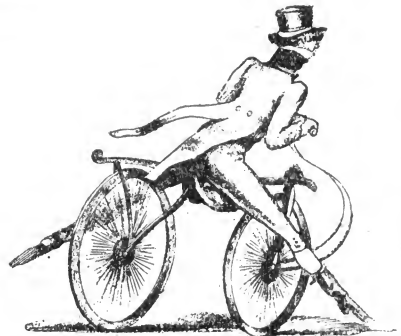
These dandy-horses became all the rage, the coat-tails of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers fluttered bravely over the roads, and the striding legs of the same gentlemen beat up the dust north, south, east, and west. It became fashionable, as well as popular, and at the exhibition of the Stanley Club one was shown which had been the property of the great-grandfather of the present Duke of Marlborough.

This ducal vehicle is appropriately rather a swell. It has an ornamented brass fitting at the top of the steering-socket, and an extra large cushion (albeit now burst out) upon which rested the ducal elbows. This was the production of a maker and patentee of the name of Parker. Being fashionable, of course the craze was caricatured, and many



JOHNSON'S DANDY-HORSE.

some few years, this seems to have struck a genius as an inconvenience; whereupon said genius proceeded to mount the front wheel, so that it might be turned, and, behold! there emerged the dandy-horse. A Mr. Dennis Johnson, who was a coach-maker, at 75 Long-acre, took out a patent for this dandy or hobby-horse in 1818, and we here reproduce a photograph of one of these very machines of Johnson's—still in existence, and represented as bestridden by Mr. J. Dring, of the Stanley Club, by which gentleman's permission the photographs of

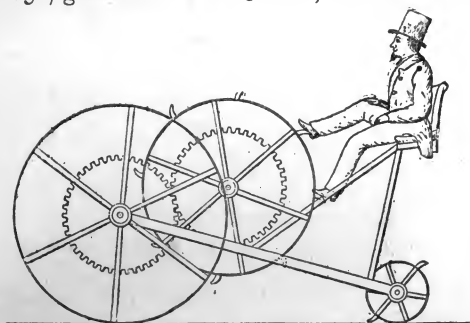


From a Drawing by "AT FULL SPEED."

[Cruikshank]

spirited drawings by Rowlandson and the Cruickshanks are now regarded as prized relics by cyclists of historical tastes. One of these drawings, which we reproduce, gives a good, although exaggerated, idea of the action of a rider of a dandy-horse at full speed. A Continental inventor, one Gompertz, came out with an improvement upon the ordinary hobby-horse, providing an auxiliary driving-power for the front wheel. A cogged wheel was fixed to the side of the front hub, and a sextant-shaped rack gearing with this and moved by a lever which was also used as a steering-handle, served to drive the wheel forward.

The hobby-horse mania seems to have died out almost as suddenly as it came into being, and a period of blankness in cycle invention followed. A French patent of 1830, granted to a M. Julien, relates to an

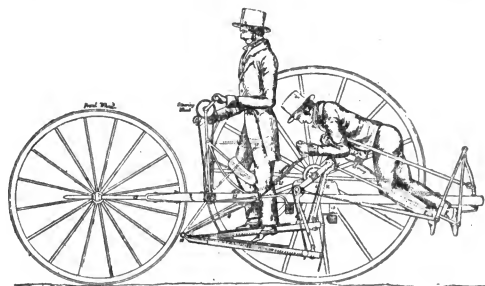


JULIEN'S MACHINE.

invention not very easy to comprehend. In the drawing it will be observed that the gentle soul in the chimney-pot hat works a sort of "everlasting staircase" (this being a slang term for the treadmill), by that means turning an immense wheel in front. A thing herein difficult to understand (although it really may be a hidden beauty) is the balancing and steering of this elegant instrument, the inventor having carefully refrained from finding anything, mischief or otherwise, for his victim's idle hands to do. Another difficulty is suggested by the back wheel. We quite appreciate M. Julien's good intentions in providing a couple of spikes to prevent the whole arrangement running backward when proceeding uphill, but he seems to have forgotten that some retarding effect to forward motion might be involved therein. Perhaps he found the thing so tremendously speedy that something of a check was necessary; or the con-

trivance may have been intended to plough with.

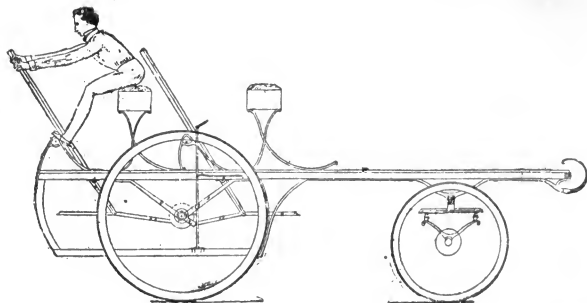
Later in the same year Messrs. Bramley and Parker, in England, went in for some-



BRAMLEY AND PARKER'S MACHINE.

thing comprehensive and elaborate. They have, at any rate, the honour of inventing the first tandem tricycle. In their drawing they omit the nearer hind wheel, whereby we have the advantage of a clear view of Mr. Parker (or is it Mr. Bramley?) working his best in a sort of swimming attitude. The more favoured partner (whose hat is really too large) steers by an arrangement obviously suggested by the rudder wheel of a ship, and drives by an arrangement more humbly derived from the travelling knife-grinder. The hinder gentleman obviously has not come out to admire the landscape, and it is to be hoped that his hat may never fall among all that mechanism, for its own sake.

In 1831 Mr. Alexander Cochrane invented the first recorded road machine in which the rowing motion was used. Several inventors since this time have devoted their ingenuity to adapting this motion to cycles, without any particular success. Why it is considered desirable to go out of the way to use an action obviously foreign to and unsuitable for the road, is one of those

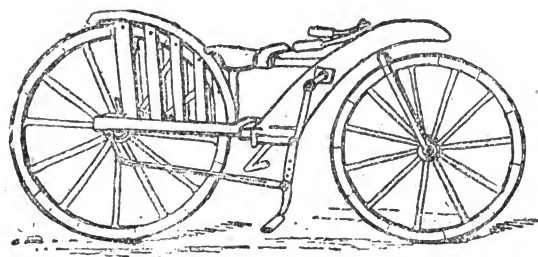


COCHRANE'S MACHINE.

things which perhaps will never be explained. Cochrane's notion, however, was

not so insane as many put forward in the early days, and it may be seen that, with his long levers, he at least provides a great deal more effective power than other inventors of manumotors thought necessary.

Some years after this (exactly how many is uncertain) Gavin Dalzell made his bicycle at Lesmahagow, in Scotland. This machine has long been considered the first two-wheeled one-track vehicle in which the rider was placed clear of the ground and provided with a satisfactory driving and steering apparatus; in fact, the first practicable bicycle, as we now know it, and, stranger still, the almost exact prototype of the latest pattern of rear-driving safety. But of late it has been found that another machine, on precisely the same principle, was made by Peter McMillan, also a Scotsman and a blacksmith, a little before Dalzell made his. Still, there seems no reason to suppose other

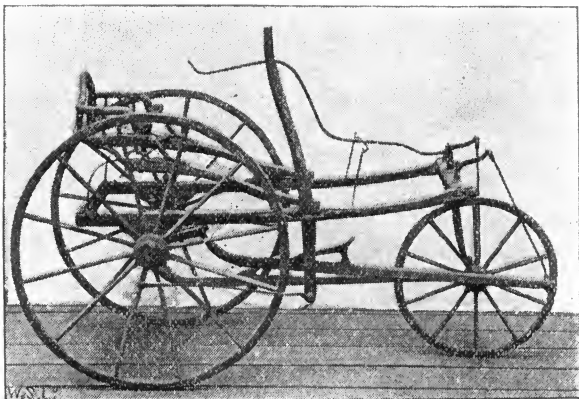


DALZELL'S MACHINE.

than that these were separate inventions of the same thing, and that the whole business was a curious coincidence. Dalzell's original machine is yet in existence, much time-worn and worm-eaten, but in working order still. The machine is chiefly of wood, with iron fittings and tyres. The rear wheel is 40 inches in diameter and the steerer 30 inches. It will be seen that the front fork slopes back just as does the front fork of a modern machine, and that the handles are curved back quite in the fashionable mode of to-day. The rear wheel is driven by cranks and levers from single-barred pedals. The frame, heavy and clumsy as it is, is not unlike that of a lady's safety. The rabbit-hutch arrangement over the back wheel is a dress guard. This again, of another sort, is used on the lady's bicycle of to-day.

One of the first of the crank-driven tricycles was shown in the Stanley collec-

tion, and is here represented. It was of wood, with a Bath-chair steering apparatus, and the cranks were driven by levers hung from the fore part of the frame, by the



THE FIRST CRANK-DRIVEN TRICYCLE.

steering-wheel. The pedals were of the shape of a boot-sole, like unto those of a sewing machine, and a hand lever was provided at the side to start the machine, and to supply extra power when necessary. The maker of this tricycle is not known, but it dates from about 1840.

In 1861 an American, Mr. Landis, patented what seems to have been intended rather as a toy than as a vehicle. It consisted of a rocking-horse mounted upon a carriage set on wheels, the hinder end of the rocker being cranked to the back wheels in such a way that the rocking motion might turn the wheels. It is, however, described as a "velocipede"—

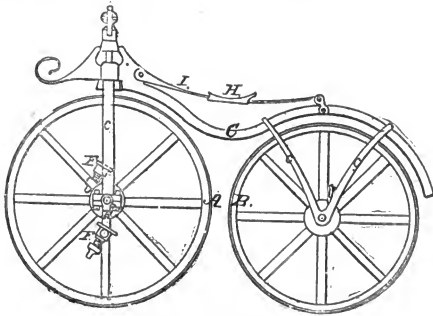


LANDIS' MACHINE.

the name at that time applied generally to any human-driven vehicle.

Now we arrive at the era of the Bone-

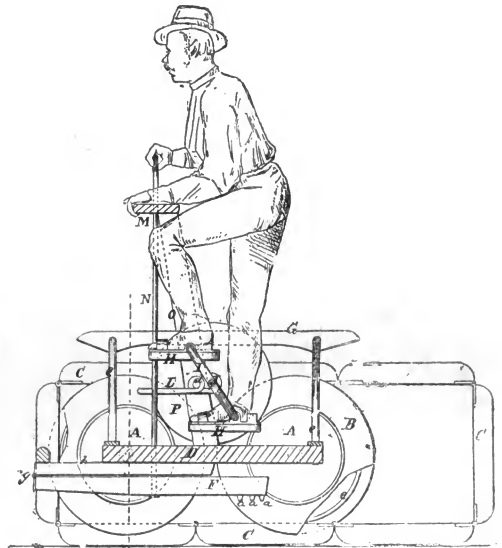
shaker—that clamorous, rattling, wobbling two-wheeled truck which astonished the



LALLEMENT'S MACHINE.

world in the sixties. Pierre Lallement, a French mechanic, is considered to be the inventor of this, and, indeed, until the discovery of Dalzell's machine, was given the credit of inventing the balanced and crank-driven bicycle altogether. Lallement was in the employ of M. Michaux, who made three-wheeled velocipedes and perambulators in Paris. Somewhere before 1864 the design of the boneshaker sprang into being in the brain of the ingenious Lallement, and the concrete result in solid wood and iron is familiar to most of us. There is another claim to having invented and ridden the cranked bicycle about this time on behalf of an Englishman named Phillips, but the evidence is weaker than that supporting the pretension of Lallement, of whose first dozen machines two were bought by residents in Ireland. Lallement was able to take out a patent for some part of his machine in America, and his drawing then presented we reproduce. The pedals, it will be seen, are weighted, to keep them

right side up. One of these machines was shown at the Paris Exhibition of 1865, and in 1869 their use was taught at Spencer's Gymnasium, in Goswell-road, London, Charles Dickens being for a short time one of Spencer's pupils. English makers at once sprang up, and Beck, Stanley, Parfrey, Keen, and the Coventry Machinists' Company were some of the first. The machine made by Beck in 1870, which we illustrate, was greatly improved, and considered at the time to represent the high-water mark of cycular invention. It was one of the first two or three bicycles fitted with india-

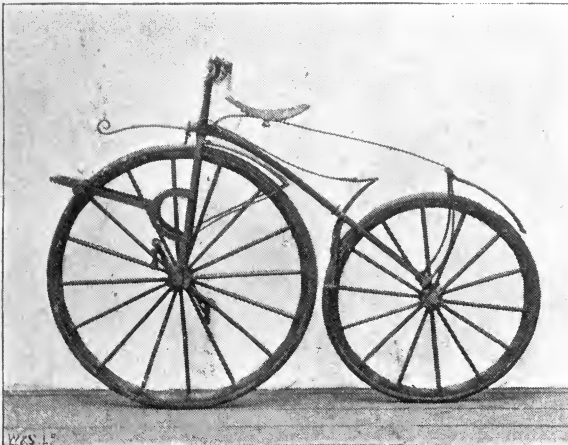


GLEASON'S MACHINE.

rubber tyres, had an improved brake (worked by a string) and leg rest, and weighed—what do you think? One hundred and fifty pounds!

Harking back a little, however, we find a delightful invention in America, 1868. To describe it would be an impossibility, wherefore we reproduce the inventor, Gleason's, drawing. Here is an independent cyclist who carries with him not only his machine, but the road to ride on. Here is Mr. Gleason's own description:—

“The object of this invention is to obtain locomotion by the direct application of the weight of the operator. An endless track, composed of the hinged parts C, C, C, as shown, loosely close each of the two wheels on a side, and are kept



BECK'S MACHINE.

in proper position by means of the flanges *B* of the rolling wheels as shown. By this means the track is laid in front of the wheels, and passes over from the rear of the same in an endless belt, as shown. The guide rails *G* are supported above the traction wheels by means of arms *c*, as shown, and prevent the jointed track from leaving the flanges." It is a great thing to be able to have a smooth road everywhere, carrying it as a part of the baggage, but perhaps most of us will be contented to take the road as it comes on our bicycles

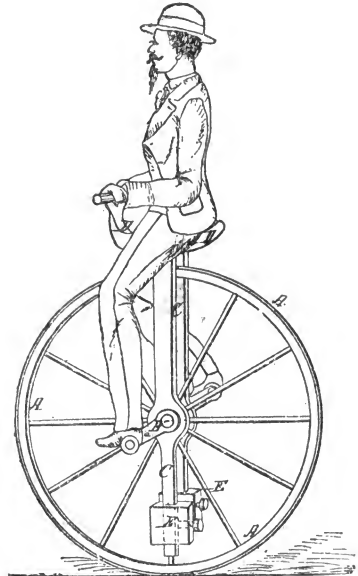


HEMMINGS' MACHINE.

as they are, thanking Mr. Gleason all the same.

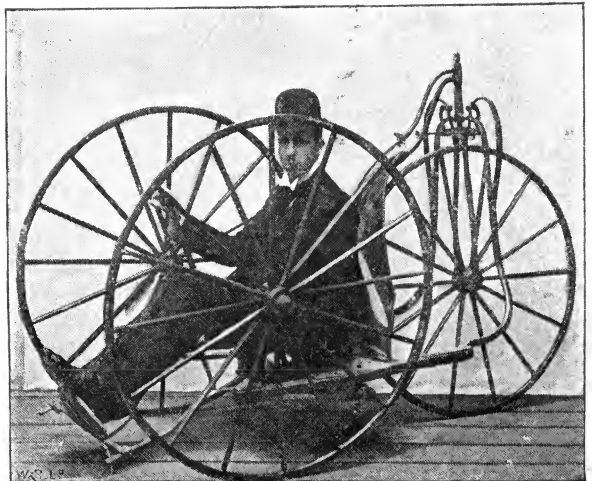
In 1869 another American, Mr. Richard Hemmings, made an attempt in which he had both predecessors and followers. Many people have been struck with the notion of using one big wheel only, the centre being made open to contain the rider. It would be rash to guess at the number of patents taken out with this central idea, but all have been failures—few of the inventors even taking the trouble to provide a means of steering. Mr. Hemmings' is one of these. His outer wheel, it will be seen, runs loosely upon the rollers of his inner framework. His feet hang in stirrups, and as he turns the wheel *c* the band *G* drives the wheel *B'*. Whether the latter wheel drives the outer by friction or cogs, or whether it is intended

to move the machine by continually impelling the weight forward is not quite clear, but there sits Mr. Hemmings in the picture, and if it never became his fate so to sit in the actual machine—well, perhaps it saved him a lot of trouble after all.



WARD'S MACHINE

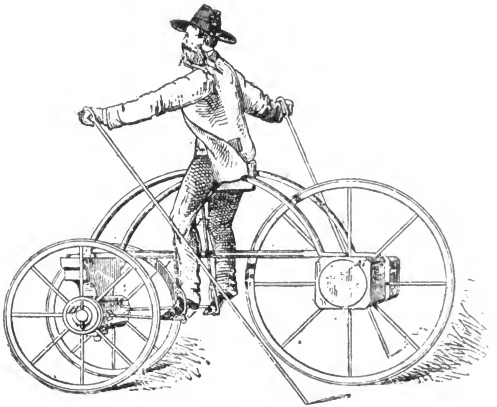
But Mr. T. W. Ward, of New York, preferred to sit astride his one wheel. His ingenious dodge was to carry the forks below the bearings, and then to fasten weights whereby he might retain a dignified perpendicular. But, in his enthusiasm, Mr. Ward omitted to consider what sort of



CHARSLEY'S FIRST MACHINE.

weights he would require, and what amount of them. If Mr. Ward weighed twelve stones he would want about a quarter of a ton, with the forks of the proportions shown. In these circumstances it is difficult to know whom less to envy, Mr. Ward or any unlucky person he might run against.

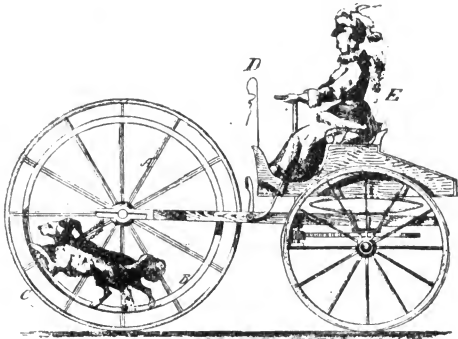
The first tricycle ever made to the design of the Rev. Mr. Charsley, who has given great attention to designing tricycles for the use of the lame, was made in 1869, and was hand-driven by cranks. "He that is down need fear no fall," might have been Mr. Charsley's watchword in placing his rider. Still, quaint as the machine looks, it was the forerunner of the most successful hand-



CROFT'S MACHINE.

for anything) could perpetrate such a thing as late as 1877. The rider, as the gentle reader may see for himself, was to punt himself along with a pair of poles—literally to punt along the public highway, steering meanwhile by means of his feet in stirrups. An idea of the fiery pace of this contrivance is skilfully expressed by the fluttering beard in the inventor's picture; but, notwithstanding his liberal use of the alphabet in the diagram, we fear that Mr. Croft flatters himself. We would almost back the dogs against him, or M. Julien.

Soon the boneshaker became a bicycle with a tall front and a small back wheel, and the first effective attempt to cope with the danger from headers thereupon consequent was comprised in Singer's Safety, the invention of Mr. Lawson in 1878. The identical machine here represented was

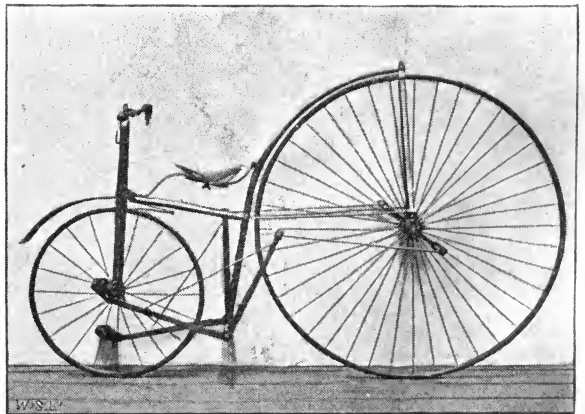


MEY'S MACHINE.

driven tricycle ever produced. It was steered by a movement of the back against the broad guard before the steering wheel.

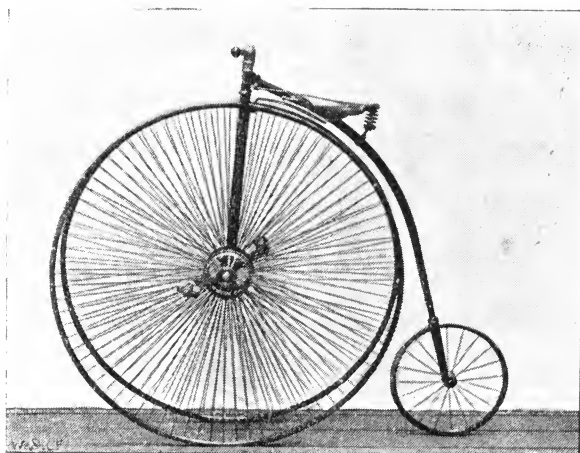
Another American distinguished himself in 1870—Mr. Mey, of Buffalo. An idea of his invention is best conveyed by his own drawing. Here we see, doubtless, one of the original "Buffalo gals" in a smart trap, the motive power of which is a sort of magnified squirrel-cage, in which two wretched dogs are expected to gallop, and, in the inventor's words, "will impart motion to the wheel and to the vehicle, as will be clearly understood." Mr. Mey thoughtfully provides a whip, and marks it with a big, big D, although a means of reaching the dogs with it when they are encased in the wheel A B C must form the subject of another invention—and a clever one.

Still another American, a Mr. Croft, invented a fearful and wonderful engine in 1877. Really, it is not easy to believe that even a cycle inventor (and some of them are mad enough



LAWSON'S SAFETY MACHINE (MADE FOR VISCOUNT SHERBROOKE.)

made for Viscount Sherbrooke—then Mr. Robert Lowe—who, as a rider of the



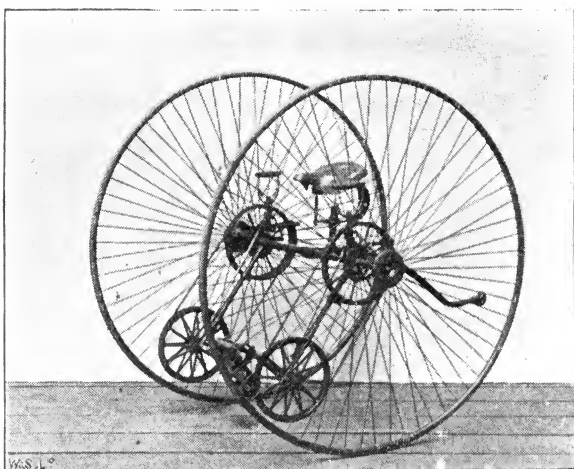
THE BI-TRICYCLE.

original dandy-horse, is perhaps the oldest cyclist now alive. It was driven by cranks upon the hind wheel, actuated by pedals, bent levers, and connecting rods. With its great flopping back wheel and its small, sensitive steerer, the machine might have been more handy, but it was a sound machine in its safety principle, and well built. Its stable companion was the Challenge tricycle, almost identical in design, except that two steering wheels were used, turned by Blood's patent gear. This was the first tricycle made with wire wheels and rubber tyres. More than one inventor has built a bi-tricycle, a machine combining the faults of the two- and three-wheeler, with the advantages of neither.

In 1880 a very novel bicycle—or dicycle, as some called it—was invented. This was the Otto, wherein two large wheels were placed side by side, both driven by cranks through endless metal bands. The rider sat *above* the centre of gravity, and his chief business in life was to guard his nose and the back of his head from the assault of the roadway. Steering was done by either hand, the driving

band being loosened upon the inner side, whereupon the outer (driven) wheel turned upon the inner one. The Otto was a pretty invention, but it never succeeded as a machine for pace.

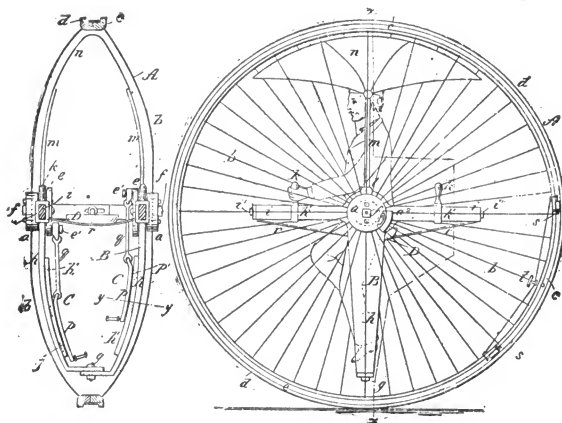
One more American invention, and we have done. It is Schaffer's monocyclus, and looks a terrible thing. The victim is entirely caged up inside the wheel, and what means of escape he could avail himself of in case of collision or bolting nobody but the inventor could tell us, and he doesn't. A large flap of the wheel and spokes, it seems, was to be removable to enable the victim to be inserted. It is a charming



THE OTTO.

thing, and with all its index letters (which seem to have been sprinkled in from a pepper-box) has quite a learned and scientific appearance; notwithstanding which, there is no record of its use upon the high-road. So that the high-road is a less dangerous place than it might be, after all.

With the highly finished machine of the present day our business does not lie.



SCHAFFER'S MONOCYCLUS.

A Garden of Roses.

BY HARRY HOW.

IT was a settled thing in the minds of the villagers of Bracebridge that old Holloway was "all alone in the world." None came to visit him, and during the two years he had lived at Bracebridge he had never been absent from home for a day. His declining years—for he was well past the sixties—denied him recreation, though on wet days he would occasionally put his mackintosh over his shoulders and perch himself beside the pool—for which Bracebridge was famous—and patiently watch the float for hours at a time. It is probable, however, that had it been sunshine every day of the year the fish would have been minus one enemy. For the sunshine brought the children out to play, the sunshine allowed him to walk in the paths of his garden and watch the growth of his roses. On wet days he had neither children nor flowers, so he went to the fish for consolation.

Old Holloway had two sources of happiness. His tiny cottage was known as "Rose Glen." If you ever went to Bracebridge you would never dream of going away without looking over the wicket gate and inhaling the sweet perfume of the old man's roses. They lined the gravel pathway, for all the world like floral sentries, as their owner passed between them to the porch. Rose-trees were everywhere, and every single blossom was as familiar to him as the seals on his watch chain, and he patiently followed the progress of each petal and the unfolding of every bud with as much pride and care as he would that of the growth of his own child. Yes, the flowers brought old Holloway happiness.

But he loved the children more. He once said that, when their tiny faces were looking up at him and smiling, they, too, were flowers. Every child in Bracebridge knew old Holloway. They called him grand-

father. You never met him in the lanes without a child hanging to his hand or his coat-tails. Why, the dear old fellow would make a point of passing by the school just when the children were coming out. Then he would let them play on the grass of his garden. Let them? Nay, he would play with them, and his laughter seemed as free as theirs, his shouts of merriment as joyously innocent. Then when the sun began to edge the hills with gold and



"HE WOULD WATCH THE FLOAT FOR HOURS."

crimson, he would merrily drive them out of his floral domains, and watch them wave their hands as they turned the pathway at the top of the hill which led to the village. As he retraced his steps to the porch he would sometimes stand beside a tree of roses—great crimson blossoms—more beautiful than all the others. Their colour was richer than the sweetest of the blossoms on the neighbouring bushes, their perfume more fragrant. It grew apart from them, too, on the lawn. He would look at the name on the wooden tablet and read the simple word, "Marion." That was the name he had given to his favourite tree—"Marion"; and murmuring the word he would enter the house very quietly.

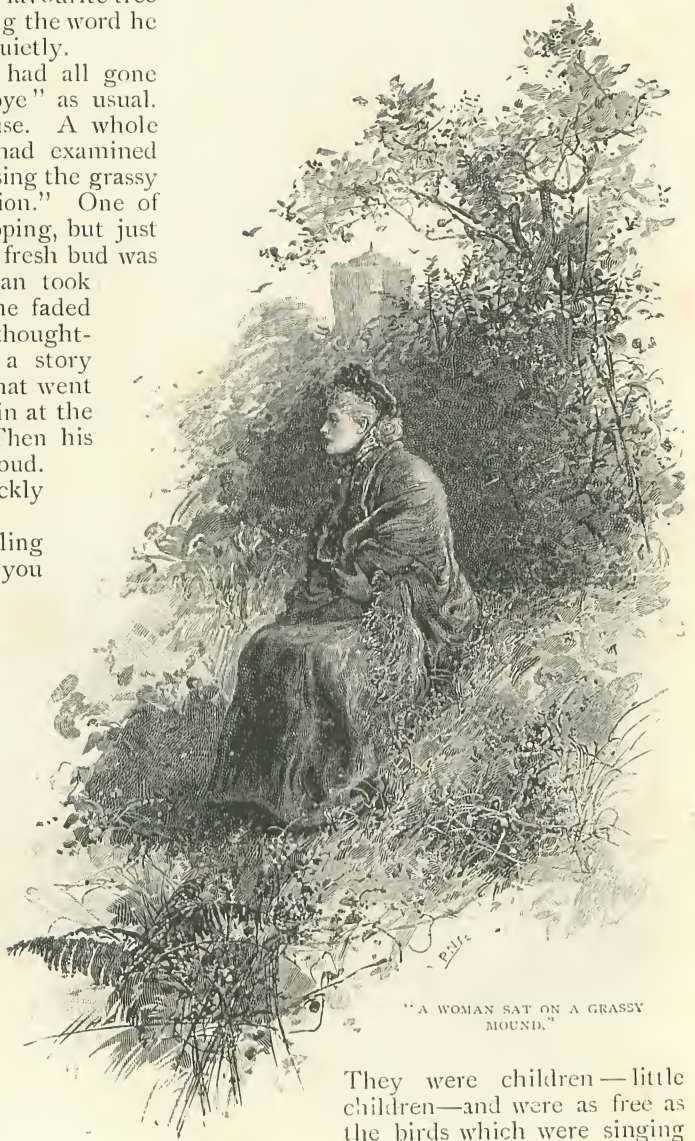
One evening the children had all gone—he had bid them "good-bye" as usual. He turned to enter the house. A whole week had passed since he had examined his favourite rose-tree. Crossing the grassy lawn he came to "the Marion." One of the great blossoms was drooping, but just from the same green stalk a fresh bud was shooting forth. The old man took out his knife and cut off the faded flower. He looked at the bud thoughtfully. He seemed to read a story amongst the roses—a story that went to his heart. He looked again at the dead blossom in his hand. Then his eye wandered towards the bud. He burst into tears, and quickly turned away.

"My daughter, my darling Marion! I was cruel to send you away, very cruel. A father's love for you made me think it impossible for even a husband to love you as I did. Shall I ever see you again, or shall I see you dead—dead as this once beautiful blossom, which can never again help to sweeten my days and brighten an old man's life? Oh, come back to life again, and bring your little one with you. Come—come—come!"

He entered the house weeping.

It was the morning of the next day, and the children were on their way to school. They always passed

"Rose Glen," and old Holloway would invariably be at the gate. But this morning the children seemed more excited than usual; something had evidently happened, or was about to happen, which made their little hearts beat faster than ever. They had started earlier than was their wont, for somehow they had got to know that it was "Grandfather's" birthday, and each wanted to be there first. On, on they went, laughing, shouting, and clapping their hands in delight. What was there to stop the happy ripple of their little tongues? It would seem—nothing.



"A WOMAN SAT ON A GRASSY MOUND."

They were children—little children—and were as free as the birds which were singing

in the trees and on the hedgerows about them. But, as they turned the road at the top of the hill which led down to the home of the roses, their laughter became silent, and their lips ceased to move. They gathered together in a bunch, not in affright, but more in childish sympathy at the sight before them. A woman sat on a grassy mound. Her face was pale, her cheeks pinched, her eyes looked as though they had shed many tears; but yet how pretty she was! She was dressed all in black—there was crape on her cloak and bonnet. She held something muffled up in her arms. The children looked, and guessed it was a baby. The woman smiled, and seemed to invite them to come nearer. Then one of the children gave the woman some flowers, and a flush of happiness came into her poor wan face.

"Would you like to see my little boy?" she asked. And all the children gathered round whilst the mother drew aside the scarf from round her baby's neck, so that they might see it the better. It, too, had tiny black bows on its little hat.

"Oh, how grandfather would love to see him!" cried one of the children.

"May we take him to grandfather? It's his birthday to-day. It would make him so happy."

"And who is grandfather?" she asked.

"You don't live here, do you?" questioned one of the youngsters.

"No," the woman answered. "I am quite a stranger here. But why do you ask?"

"Because you don't know grandfather," came the logical reply.

"Well, tell me who he is."

Then one of the children took the woman by the hand, and led her to the corner from whence the hill started towards the spot where the roses grew. The cottage was pointed out to her.

"That's Rose Glen," the child said.

"Yes, I can smell the roses here. Oh, how sweet!" the woman murmured, looking at the cottage.

"That's where he lives," the little one went on.

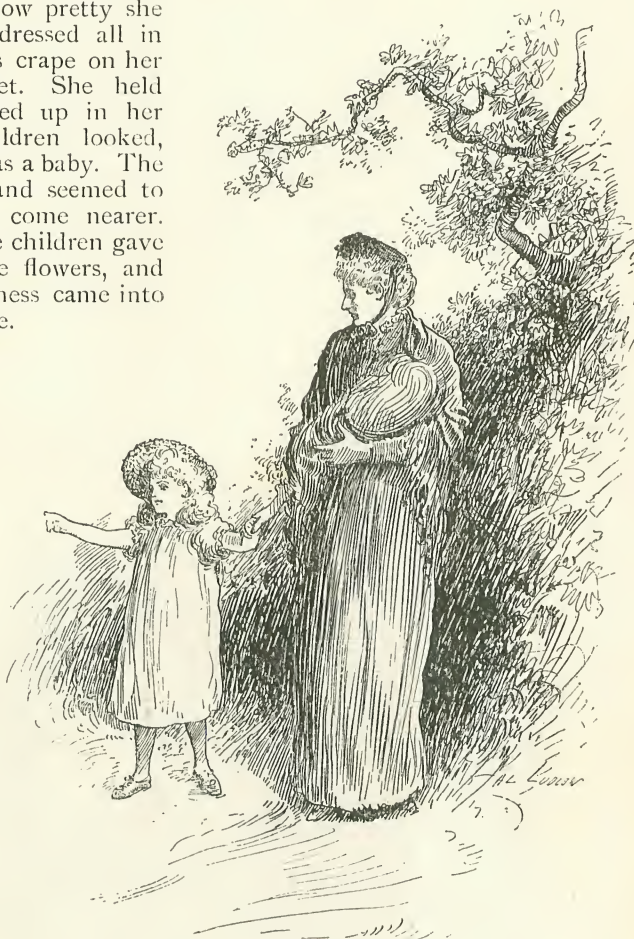
"Yes," said a child older than the others, "Mr. Holloway—"

The woman gave a wild scream, which almost made the children run from her in dismay. She had nearly fallen to the ground. But she was herself in a moment.

"Oh! my children, my children," she cried pitifully, "don't turn from me—don't be frightened—don't be afraid of me! I love you every one. Come nearer to me. Oh! come nearer to me. That's right. I love you every one."

I know—I know it is his birthday to-day. And would he—would he love to see my little one, would it make him happy? Do you think he would kiss it just as he does you, and give it a smile the same as he gives you? Would he take it in his arms like the tiniest of you?"

She had won the sympathy of the children



"THAT'S ROSE GLEN."

about her, and they all cried out, "Yes, yes, let us take it to him."

A wild gladness overspread her face. Her lips quivered, her eyes sparkled. Some sudden resolve had come to her. She drew her hand nervously across her eyes; then, turning to the little ones about her quickly, she asked—

"And if I let you take my child, to him—what will you do?"

They were quiet for a moment. Then the elder child, who had spoken before, said:

"I will carry him ever so careful. You can come too."

"I can come, too," she murmured; "I can come, too!"

Silently she placed her baby in the little girl's arms. The children trooped down the hill towards the house, the woman following them with hesitating steps. The children had reached the cottage gate, and the woman stayed without, looking through the hedge-row, and watching her little one with anxious care. One of the children, carrying the baby in her arms, crossed the lawn towards old Holloway's favourite rose-tree, "Marion." There was just room for the child to stand beneath the great covering of green leaves and flowers. Then the other children ran to the porch. They cried out, "Grandfather! grandfather! Many happy returns of the day! many happy returns of the day!"

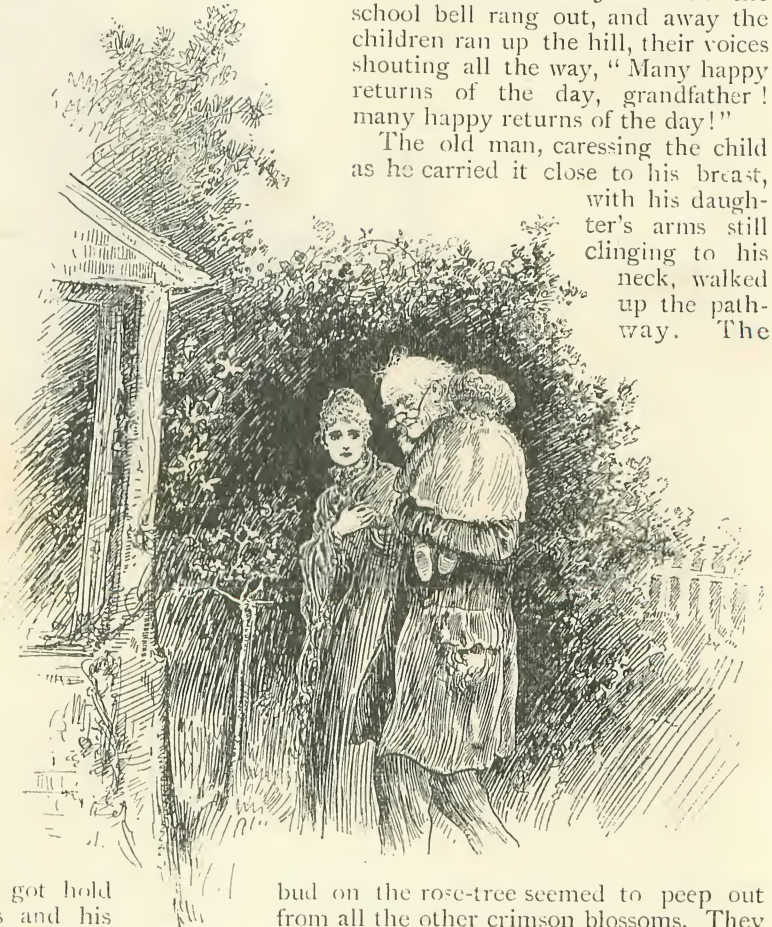
The old man heard their voices and came to the door. How those children danced and shouted! They got hold of both of his hands and his coat, and, with merry laughter,

pulled him across the lawn to his favourite tree. Then every little tongue became still, as though waiting for him to speak. He looked at the picture before him. There, beneath the cover of blossoms, stood a little girl, looking up at him with a face lit up with smiles. She held out to him a baby. Scarcely knowing what he did he took the child from her arms into his own, and covered its tiny face with kisses. He looked round about him, not knowing what to do or whither to turn, but his lips were muttering one name.

Again the children took hold of him and pulled him along the path towards the wicket gate. They opened it, and the woman was still standing there, her pale face now flushed, her once dim eyes brighter still.

"Marion! Marion!" the old man cried. She fell on his shoulder, with her arms about his neck. Just then the school bell rang out, and away the children ran up the hill, their voices shouting all the way, "Many happy returns of the day, grandfather! many happy returns of the day!"

The old man, caressing the child as he carried it close to his breast, with his daughter's arms still clinging to his neck, walked up the pathway. The



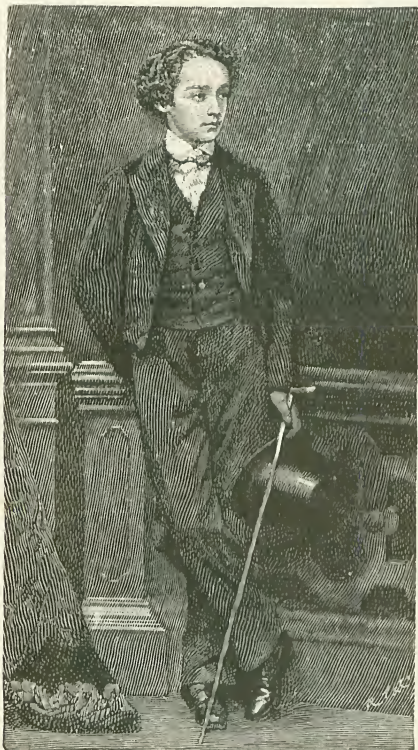
bud on the rose-tree seemed to peep out from all the other crimson blossoms. They entered the house together.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

KYRLE BELLEW.

MR. HAROLD KYRLE BELLEW, son of the late Rev. J. C. M. Bellew, was born whilst his father was chaplain of the cathedral in Calcutta, and first came to England as an infant during the great Indian Mutiny. His childhood was spent in London, when his father was appointed Rector of St. Mark's Church, St. John's Wood. He was educated for the army, but subsequently chose the sea as a profession,

paid off from the ship and joined a provincial company, with which he stayed three months, playing the light comedy and juvenile lead. A performance of his in "Lod Astray" induced the author, Dion Boucicault, to telegraph to Mr. Bellew to come to London, which he did, and was at



From a Photo, by

AGE 14.

[Meyall.]

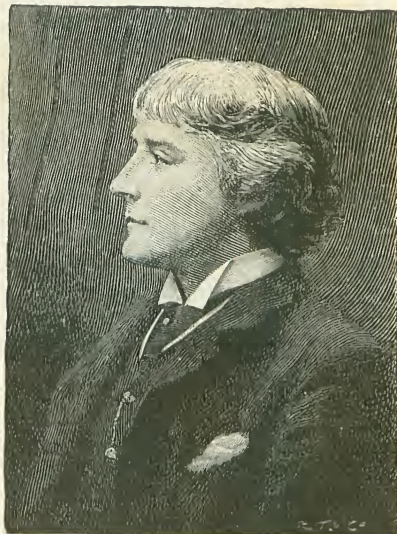


From a

AGE 27.

[Photograph.]

once engaged by Mr. Buckstone for the Haymarket Theatre, since which time his brilliant career is known to every playgoer. Mr. Bellew is one of a family of four children, and is unmarried.



From a

PRESENT DAY.

[Photograph.]

and was duly entered on board H.M.S. *Conway*. His advancement was rapid, but the prospects for the future not seeming sufficiently remunerative, Mr. Bellew left the sea and sought fortune in Australia, where, for four years, he enjoyed varying luck as a gold digger, a cattle drover, a journalist, and various other vocations. Mr. Bellew's first appearance in public took place in Melbourne as the reader of a lecture on the Franco-Prussian War. At his father's death he determined to revisit England, and shipped as second officer of a large passenger liner for London, when he was



From a] AGE 3. [Daguerreotype.

WILLIAM GUNN.

BORN 1858.

WILLIAM GUNN, who has now been for more than ten years one of the most conspicuous figures in the world of cricket, was born at Nottingham, and first played for his county on June 3, 1880, against



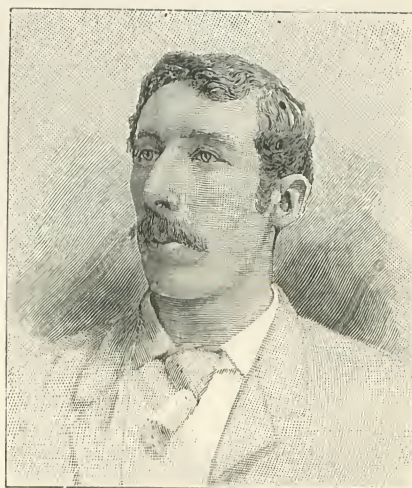
From a Photo, by] AGE 21. [A. W. Cox, Nottingham.



From a Photo, by] AGE 14. [Byron & Son, Nottingham.

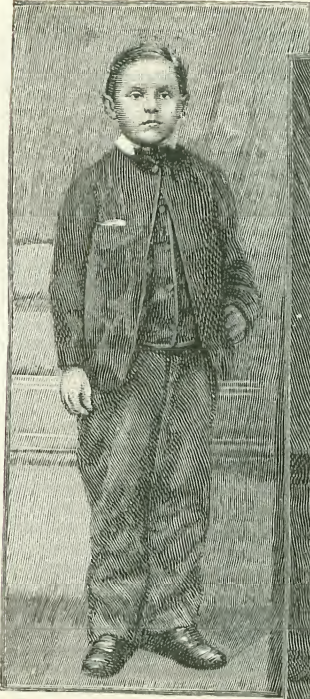
Surrey, on which occasion he displayed a promise which has since been wonderfully fulfilled. Since that time he has risen to the proud position of being one of the two best professional bats in England. Last year he took the prize offered by *Tit-Bits*

for the highest batting average. Gunn is 6 ft. 2½ in. in height, and his great reach is, of course, of considerable advantage to him. His hitting, especially on the off-side, is very



From a Photo, by] AGE 33. [Bradshaw, Hastings.

clean, and, when once set, he scores fast, and he is an excellent field. He has also attained International honours in Association football.



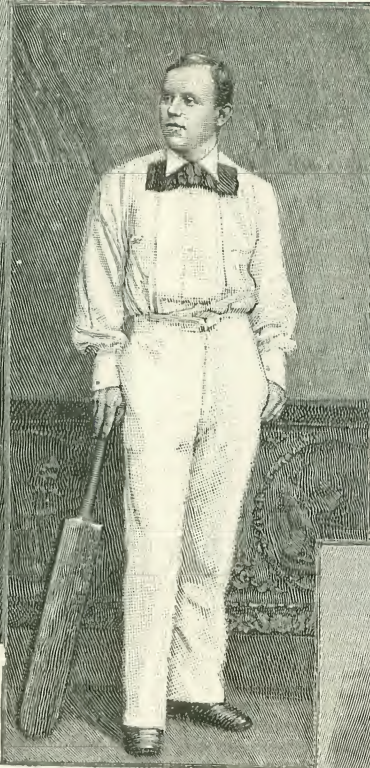
From a] AGE 10. [Photograph.

ARTHUR SHREWS-
BURY.

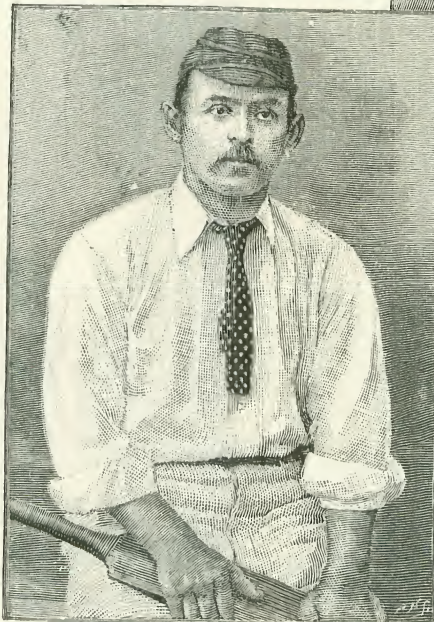
BORN 1856.



ARTHUR SHREWSBURY was born at New Linton, near Nottingham, where his father was then engaged in business. Some of his first cricket was played with the Nottingham Meadow Willow Club, but his progress was so rapid that he was only sixteen when selected to play for the Colts against the County, in which he came out with the top score of 35, made against some of the best bowling in England, for which feat he received a prize bat. He first played



AGE 19.
From a Photo. by Cox & Son, Nottingham.



From a Photo. by] AGE 36. [Hawkins & Co., Brighton.

for the County at nineteen, the age at which he is represented in the second of our portraits, and the year following represented the Players *v.* Gentlemen, and scored his first century (118) for his county, against Yorkshire. To speak in detail of his great achievements since that date would require many pages. It must here suffice to mention his enormous score of 224, not out, against Middlesex in 1885; his 267 against the same county in 1887 (when he was of the age at which he is depicted in the third



AGE 31.
From a Photo. taken in Australia.

of our portraits), for which he was at the wickets 10½ hours without giving a chance; and his unrivalled scoring against Australian elevens on many well-remembered fields. It is almost superfluous to add that in brilliancy of style Shrewsbury has very few equals, and no superior. He is in partnership with Alfred Shaw, as a cricket outfitter, at Nottingham,



From a

AGE 19.

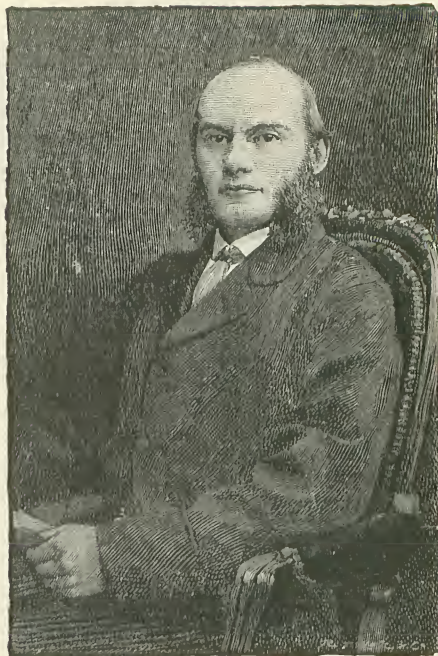
[Photograph.]

LORD HERSCHELL.

BORN 1837.



ORD HERSCHELL, whose great abilities gained for him the unique honour of being a Q.C. at thirty-five and Lord Chancellor at forty-eight, is the son of the late Rev. Ridley Herschell, and was educated at Bonn and at University College, London. After a most brilliant career at the bar, Lord Herschell, then Mr. Farrer Herschell, was elected for Durham, was Solicitor-General from 1880 to 1885, and in



From a Photo. by]

AGE 35.

[Widow & Grove.

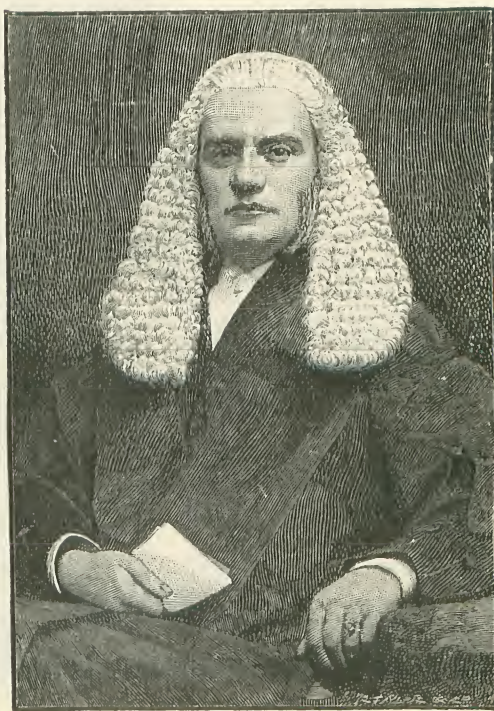
1886 was raised to the Woolsack, and created Baron Herschell. He is an ardent supporter of Mr. Gladstone.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 23.

[Lombard, Brighton.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 48.

[Alex. Bassano.



From a Photo. by] AGE 18. [Adamson, Rothesay.

very early age, but simply for the joy of writing, everything she wrote before the age of twenty being burnt as soon as written, unseen by any eye except her own. It was not until four years after her marriage, in 1869, to Mr. Alfred Saunders Walford that "Mr. Smith" was written. The beauty of the book—and, indeed, "Mr. Smith" is quite unique in its own line—struck the public strongly, and its writer started on the long career of popularity which has ever since continued

to increase. Her home, Cranbrooke Hall, in Essex, is one of those delightful old places which combine the rest and retirement of the country with every facility for taking part in the busy life of the metropolis.



AGE 21.
From a Photo. by White, Glasgow

AGE 35.
From a Photo. by G. W. Webster, Chester.



From a] AGE 3. [Drawing.



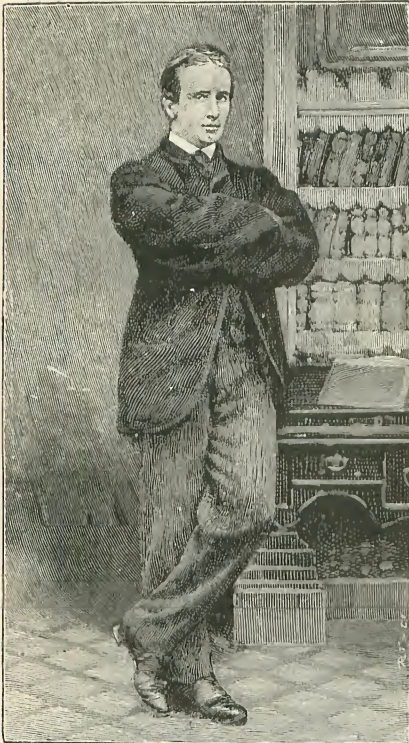
PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons, Baker-street, W.

MRS. WALFORD.

MRS. WALFORD, whose full name is Lucy Bethia Walford, the popular author of "Mr. Smith," "The Baby's Grandmother," "The Mischief of Monica," and many other novels known to every reader, is the daughter of the second son of Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, tenth Baronet of the name and author of a book well known to sportsmen, "The Moor and the Loch," who married Miss Frances Fuller-Maitland, a lady of marked literary gifts. Mrs. Walford began to write at a



From a Painting] AGE 6. *[by his Father.*

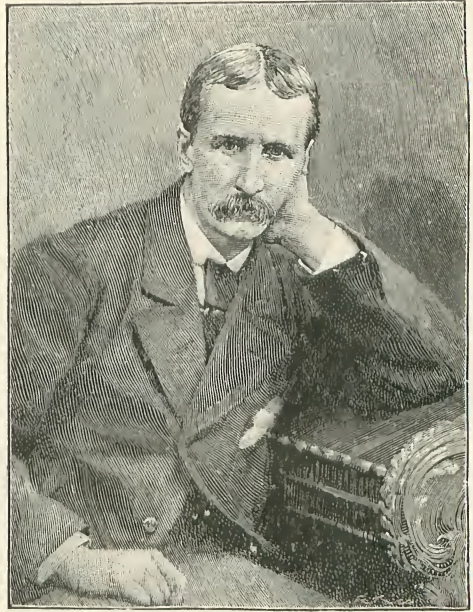


From a Photo, by] AGE 27. *[A. R. Moubray, Oxford.*

BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.
BORN 1840.

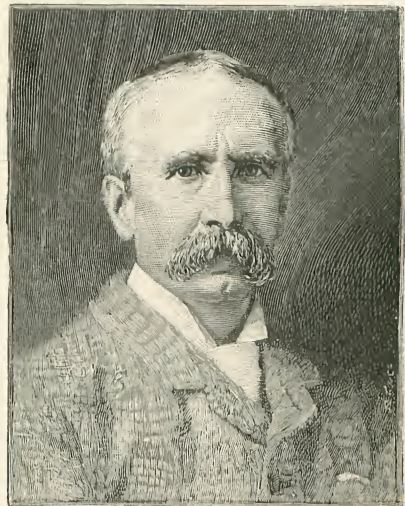
MR. BRITON RIVIERE was born in London of French descent, his father being Mr. W. Riviere, who was for nine years head of the drawing school at Cheltenham, and after-

wards a teacher of drawing at Oxford, and who gave his son a careful and able training. While living at Oxford Mr. Briton Riviere entered as an undergraduate, and took his B.A. degree in 1867. But he was



From a Photo by] AGE 33. *[Pradelle & Marshall.*

only eighteen when his first picture, "Sheep on the Cotswolds," was hung in the Royal Academy; since which time his pictures, dramatic and impressive, sometimes humorous and sometimes pathetic, and especially strong in the treatment of wild animals, have become known to all the world.



From a Photo, by] PRESENT DAY. *[W. & D. Downey.*

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

BORN 1803 ; DIED 1870.



ALEXANDRE DUMAS, *père*, to whose works we are indebted for a striking story in our last number, and for another in the present issue, was, if we except Sir

Walter Scott, the greatest writer of romance who ever lived. And his life was as romantic as his books. His grandmother was a negress, and his father, General Dumas—a dashing officer whom Napoleon left to die in prison—had the appearance of a negro. Alexandre was born at Villers-Cotterets, but at twenty came to Paris to seek his fortune, and began life as a copying-clerk ;



From a Painting by] AGE 30. [Eugene Giraud.

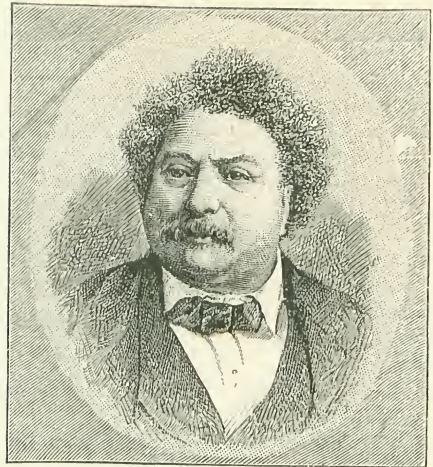
but in 1828 his play, "Henry III.," took the town by storm. He threw himself with ardour into the Revolution of July, made an expedition to Soissons, and captured, almost single-handed, a powder-magazine, a general, and several officers. In 1844 "Monte Cristo" appeared in the columns of a newspaper, and caused more universal interest than any romance since "Robinson Crusoe" or "Waverley." Then followed "The Three Mousqueteers," which, with its sequels, contained his best work, except "La Reine Margot," the finest of them all. With the help of assistants, Dumas then began to put forth novels at the rate of fifty or sixty in one year—his works are said to reach 2,000 volumes—and he made large sums of money, which he spent as fast as he earned them ; so

that in his old age he was reduced to the strangest devices to maintain himself, writing puffs for tradesmen, and even exhi-



From a Painting by] AGE 51. [Geoffroy.

biting himself in shop-windows. Even in the little stories which we have adapted there are manifested many of the charac-



From a Photo. by] AGE 65. [Reutlinger.

teristics in which Dumas never had a superior—the never-flagging spirit of the narrative, the dramatic situations, the air of nature, and the colour of romance



The Raising of the "Utopia."



ON the black and stormy night of March 17, 1891, Her Majesty's armour-clad warship *Anson* came into collision with the Anchor liner *Utopia* in the Bay of Gibraltar, the latter vessel passing too close to the warship's bows, and receiving her ram almost amidships. The horrible sights and sounds of that night have already been the matter of many newspaper reports, and our present business is to show how the fabric of the sunken vessel was recovered. Suffice it, then, to say that nearly one thousand persons, including many Italian emigrants, were on the *Utopia* at the time of the disaster, and that of these some six hundred met their deaths. The remainder owed their rescue to the prompt devotion of the crews of the ships of the Mediterranean squadron fortunately near.

The *Utopia* was struck rather aft of amidships, and consequently sank stern first. Our illustration is from a sketch by an eyewitness. In the position shown she remained for a very few minutes after the collision, and then sank entirely with her six hundred.

The morning of the next day broke on a serene calm, and the masts and funnel of the *Utopia* were all to be seen of that vessel above the water of the Bay of Gibraltar.

Divers descended, and the greater number of the dead bodies were recovered and buried ashore. It was then discovered that the ship lay in full 56 ft. of water at stern and

in 43 ft. at bows, and the problem of raising her began to be considered. Many schemes and suggestions were submitted to the owners, and a famous Continental salvage company offered to undertake the work—the remainder of the year to be occupied in preparations, and the wreck to be raised in 1892, no guarantee, at any rate, being given that the business would be completed before. Ultimately the matter was placed in the hands of Mr. Thomas Napier Armit, manager of the East Coast Salvage Company, of Leith, a salvage engineer with a reputation at the time second to none, and now considerably enhanced by his perfect success in this case. Mr. Armit performed the entire business in two months.

Here was his plan; not a wholly original plan, be it understood; nevertheless a plan first successfully applied by Mr. Armit in 1875 in the Bay of Panama, and subsequently used in the case of the Orient steamer *Austral*, which sank in Sydney harbour; moreover, a plan much modified and improved in many important particulars for this particular case; so much modified and improved, in fact, as to become a new departure in wreck-raising.

A great superstructure was erected upon the hull of the sunken ship, in a manner clearly shown in the accompanying sketches. Practically speaking, a false bulwark was built above the bulwarks of the ship, so high as to rise above the surface of the water. This, of course, had to be strongly and scientifically stayed, to resist the sea



THE SUNKEN "UTOPIA."

currents and the wind. The broadside view gives an idea of this superstructure seen sideways (as well as of the position of the hole made by the *Anson*), and the section clearly explains the system of internal struts and shores. The method of attaching this superstructure was new, simple, quick, and ingenious, rendering unnecessary all boring and drilling by the divers. In the case of the *Austral*, boring and drilling was avoided by taking advantage of the side-light holes to fix the first of the raising framework. This, however, was a far more laborious and clumsy expedient than that here adopted, in which the gunwale logs, as the foundation timbers of the superstructure were called, having been lowered into position, were *clamped* to the vessel's bulwarks with just such clamps—much larger and stouter, of course—as are used by joiners. Thus a little screwing-up was all the work necessary for the divers in fixing the gunwale logs.

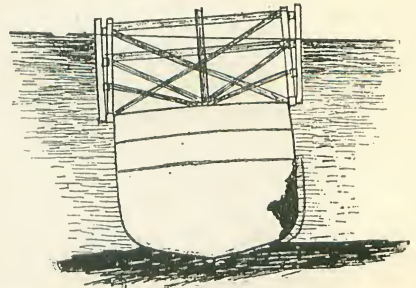
The superstructure itself had been planned and prepared by Mr. Armit, at Glasgow, in ten days, and this without a sight of the wreck, and entirely upon telegraphic information. The strain imposed upon this superstructure during its erection by the various sea-currents and the strong south-westerly winds setting directly into the Bay, may readily be imagined. It is sufficiently wonderful that such strains should be resisted by the completed fabric, but that they should do no damage to it while

Next, the great breach made by the ram of the *Anson* had to be dealt with. This was an appalling hole, 26 ft. long by 15 ft. wide, torn through iron plates, frames, parts of the engines, and a transverse iron bulkhead—and all without the slightest damage to the ram which caused it! Truly a great illustration of the power of the ram, that old weapon of our fathers, the Vikings, now made modern.

The lower edge of this great breach was in 52 ft. of water, and the divers set to work to cover up the hole with oak planks secured with screw bolts. This they did so efficiently that the patch was not only perfectly watertight for the remainder of the time spent in the operations, but was left without docking or any further attention during the voyage to the Clyde shipbuilding

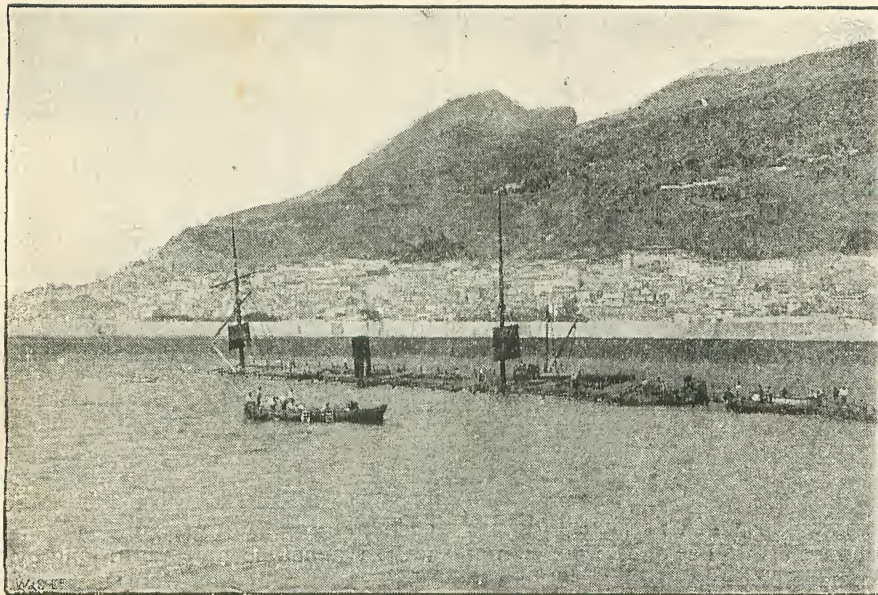


BROADSIDE.



SECTION.

yard! The divers who accomplished this feat were Messrs. Stirrat and Templeton.

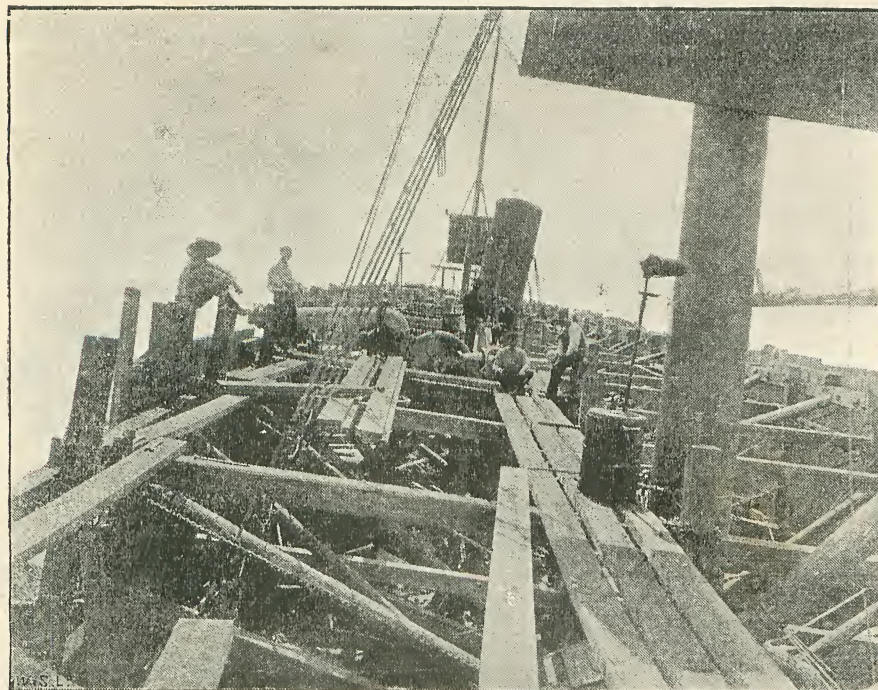


THE "UTOPIA," WITH SUPERSTRUCTURE COMPLETE.

The sides of the great superstructure, it must be understood, were covered with vertical oak planks 6 in. thick. These were now covered with canvas to prevent leakage, and the actual raising was ready to begin.

Now, consider the position of affairs.

Here was the vessel, sunk, in the lowest part, in nearly 57 ft. of water and with a slight list (of twenty degrees) to one side. The breach in her hull had been stopped, and a great temporary bulwark, 24 ft. high at the stern and 13 ft. high at the bow, had



ON THE SUPERSTRUCTURE; VESSEL RISING.

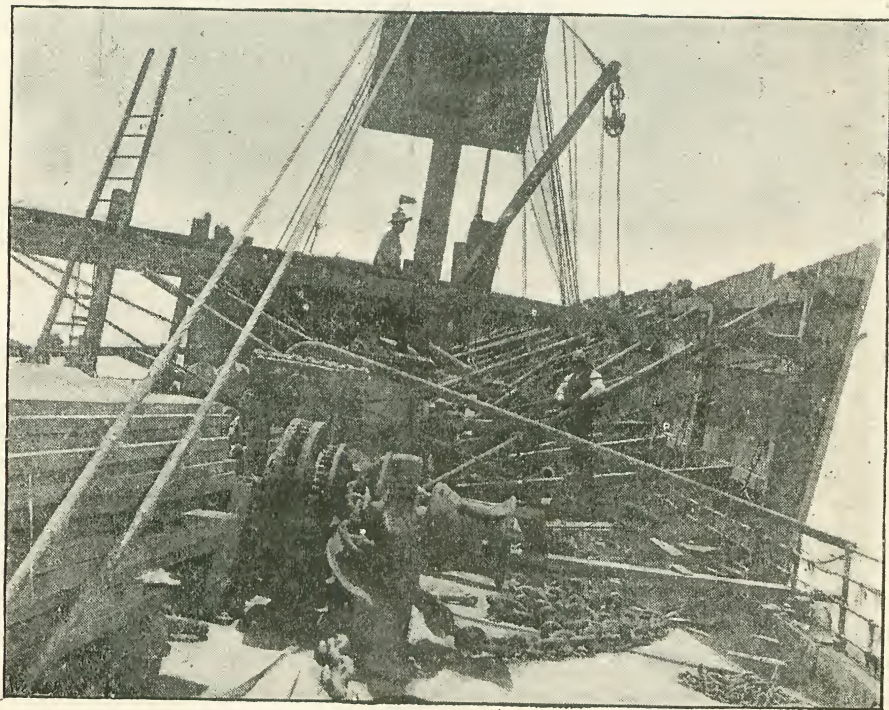
been erected upon her, thus making the hull so much higher, and bringing the level of the scaffolding and false deck above the water. Upon this superstructure pumps were erected, capable of pumping 70 tons a minute.

All being ready, the pumps were set to work, pumping the water out of the area enclosed by the ship and its superstructure and casting it over into the sea. This was begun at seven in the morning of July 8, and the pumps had been going fully an hour before any movement was observable. The morning was a fine one, and the bay was

became visible from the scaffolding, the ship was slowly towed in toward the shore. A view of some parts of the superstructure at about this time is represented in the photograph reproduced.

At eleven o'clock a strong wind sprang up, and pumping had to be suspended for a while. It was resumed, however, and by the end of the day the *Utopia* had been raised from a depth of 57 ft. of water to one of 38 ft. only.

After this the superstructure (which was 310 ft. long) was taken down, and the pumps were transferred to the deck. A



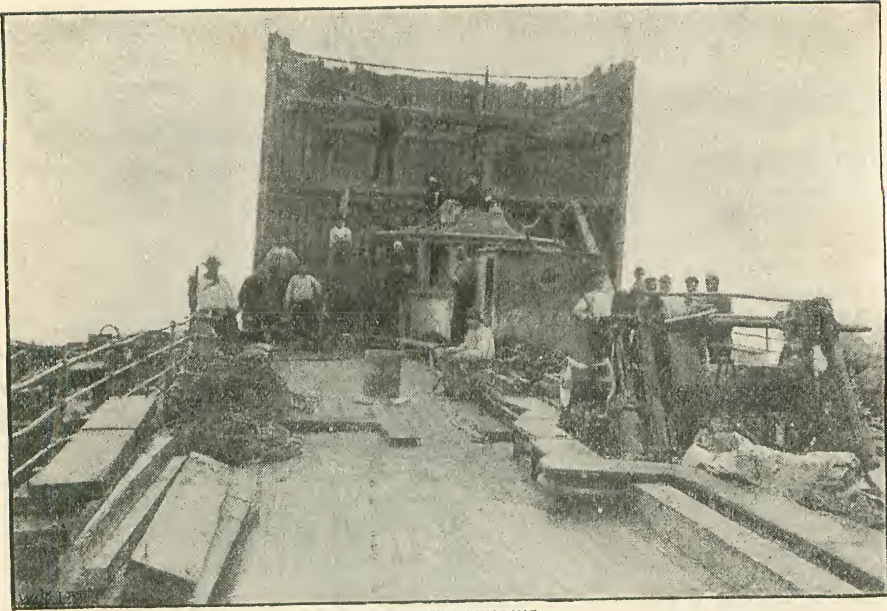
VIEW OF DECK.

crowded by all sorts of craft filled with sightseers, crowds of whom also occupied every available view-point on shore. When, soon after eight o'clock, it was seen that the vessel had righted from her list, and that her masts were upright once more, much enthusiasm was manifested. Then after some 3,500 tons displacement had been effected by the pumps, the ship, with its great superstructure, slowly began to rise.

The stern lifted first, and, by ten o'clock was 9 ft. above the water. Then the bows began to rise, being slowly dragged from the soft bottom in which they were imbedded. Now, as the water left the interior, and, with the rise of the vessel, the decks

photograph, which we reproduce, well represents a scene on the deck at this stage of the operations, a winch and cable-chain clogged with weed and rust, and the temporary structure in course of taking down.

With the pumps on the deck then, the *Utopia* was entirely pumped out, and was towed into shallow water and beached on a suitable shoal for clearing out. The decks, and such of the inside of the vessel as was visible from them, presented an extraordinary and weird spectacle. It was at first impossible to descend into the lower parts, where lay many dead bodies, on account of the deadly gas generated by these and the decomposed cargo. To get rid of this,



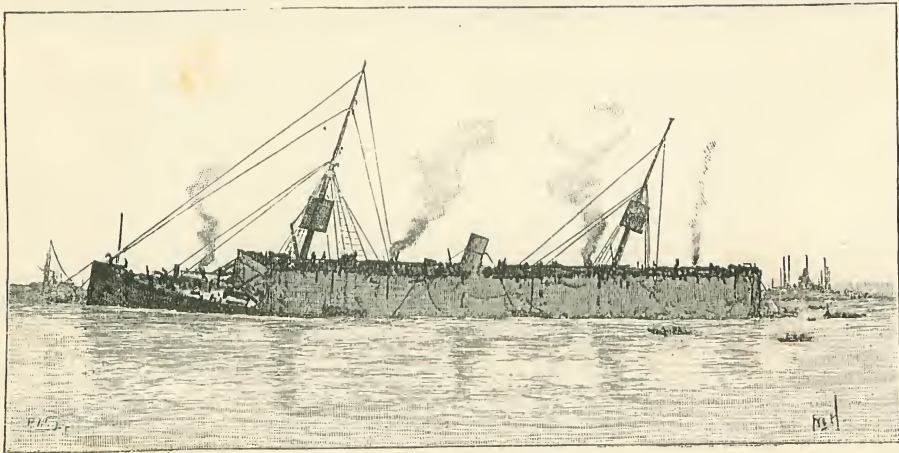
THE STERN BUILDING.

water was again admitted, and the interior thoroughly flushed out. Then the dead bodies and the putrid cargo were removed—a dangerous as well as an unutterably repulsive task. Thirty-three bodies in all were found below, presenting many sights too hideous for description. These were buried in the middle of the Straits.

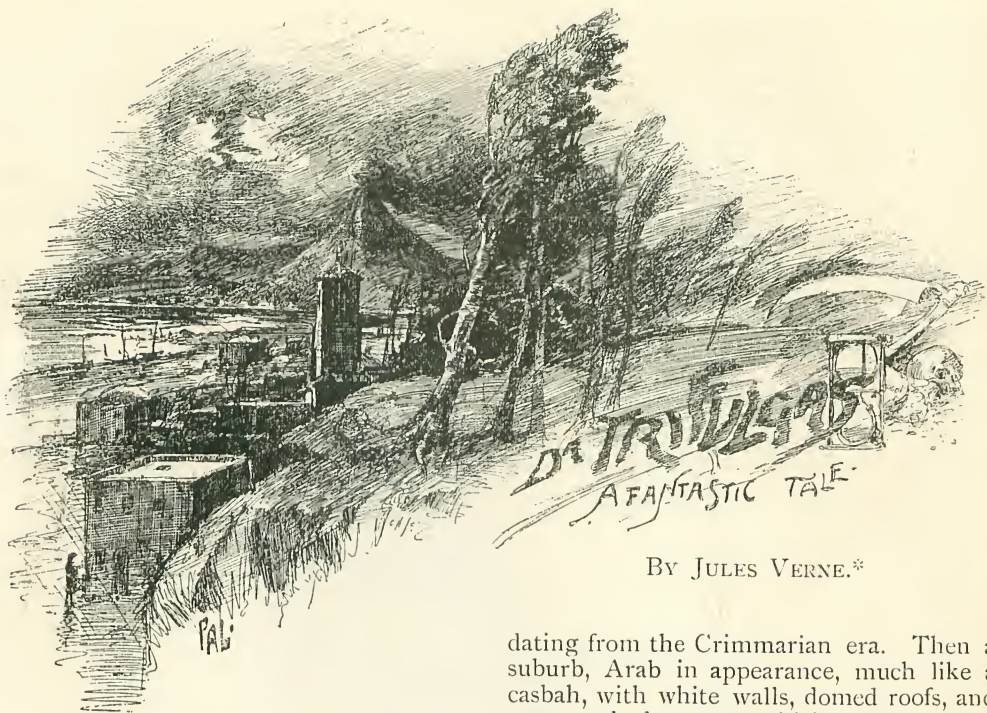
The last piece of the superstructure taken down was that about the stern, the highest and strongest built of the whole erection. A photograph representing this portion just before removal gives a good idea of the general construction of this great caisson—for that is what it practically was. The

upright timbers were half-checked oak planks, and were seven inches thick—as against the six inches employed on the rest of the construction. They were joined by horizontal angle-iron framings shaped to the vessel's stern. The foot of the planking was stepped into a gutter way of double angle-irons, shaped to the taffrail. From the height of this planking the eye may judge the depth below the surface to which the deck sank.

So was raised the *Utopia*—a wreck recovered probably in the shortest time and with the least expense on record for a vessel of her size.



TOWING THE WRECK INSHORE.



BY JULES VERNE.*

I.



WISH! It is the wind, let loose.

Swash! It is the rain, falling in torrents.

This shrieking squall bends down the trees of the Volsinian coast, and hurries on, flinging itself against the sides of the mountains of Crimma. Along the whole length of the littoral are high rocks, gnawed by the billows of the vast Sea of Megalocrida.

Swish! swash!

Down by the harbour nestles the little town of Luktrop*; perhaps a hundred houses, with green palings, which defend them indifferently from the wild wind; four or five hilly streets—ravines rather than streets—paved with pebbles and strewn with ashes thrown from the active cones in the background. The volcano is not far distant; it is called the Vauglor. During the day it sends forth sulphurous vapours; at night, from time to time, great outpourings of flame. Like a lighthouse carrying a hundred and fifty kertzies, the Vauglor indicates the port of Luktrop to the coasters, felzans, verliches, and balanzes, whose keels furrow the waters of Megalocrida.

On the other side of the town are ruins

dating from the Crimmarian era. Then a suburb, Arab in appearance, much like a casbah, with white walls, domed roofs, and sun-scorched terraces, which are all nothing but accumulations of square stones thrown together at random. Veritable dice are these, whose numbers will never be effaced by the rust of Time.

Among others we notice the Six-four, a name given to a curious erection, having six openings on one side and four on the other.

A belfry overlooks the town, the square belfry of Saint Philfena, with bells hung in the thickness of the walls, which sometimes a hurricane will set in motion. That is a bad sign; the people tremble when they hear it.

Such is Luktrop. Then come the scattered habitations in the country, set amid heath and broom, as in Brittany. But this is not Brittany. Is it in France? I do not know. Is it in Europe? I cannot tell. At all events, do not look for Luktrop on any map.

II.

RAT-TAT! A discreet knock is struck upon the narrow door of Six-four, at the left corner of the Rue Messaglière. This is one of the most *comfortable* houses in Luktrop—if such a word is known there—one of the richest, if gaining some millions of

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fretzers, by hook or by crook, constitutes riches.

The rat-tat is answered by a savage bark, in which is much of lupine howl, as if a wolf should bark. Then a window is opened above the door of Six-four, and an ill-tempered voice says, "Deuce take people who come bothering here!"

A young girl, shivering in the rain wrapped in a thin cloak, asks if Dr. Trifulgas is at home.

"He is, or he is not, according to circumstances."

"I want him to come to my father, who is dying."

"Where is he dying?"

"At Val Karnion, four kertztes from here."

"And his name?"

"Vort Kartif."

"Vort Kartif, the herring-salter?"

"Yes; and if Dr. Trifulgas——"

"Dr. Trifulgas is not at home."

And the window is closed with a slam, while the swishes of the wind and the washes of the rain mingle in a deafening uproar.

III.

A HARD man, this Dr. Trifulgas, with little compassion, and attending no one unless paid cash in advance. His old Hurzof, a mongrel of bulldog and spaniel, would have had more feeling than he. The house called Six - four admitted no poor, and opened only to the rich. Further, it had a regular tariff: so much for a typhoid fever, so much for a fit, so much for a pericarditis, and for other complaints which doctors invent by the dozen. Now, Vort Kartif, the herring-salter, was a poor man, and of low degree. Why should Dr. Trifulgas have taken any trouble, and on such a night?

"Is it nothing that I should have had to get up?" he murmured, as he went back to bed; "that alone is worth ten fretzers."

Hardly twenty minutes had passed, when the iron hammer was again struck on the door of Six-four.

Much against his inclination the doctor left his bed, and leaned out of his window.

"Who is there?" he cried.

"I am the wife of Vort Kartif."

"The herring-salter of Val Karnion?"

"Yes; and, if you refuse to come, he will die."

"All right; you will be a widow."

"Here are twenty fretzers."

"Twenty fretzers for going to Val Karnion, four kertztes from here! Thank you! Be off with you!"

And the window was closed again. Twenty fretzers! A grand fee! Risk a cold or lumbago for twenty fretzers, especially when to-morrow one has to go to Kiltreno to visit the rich Edzingov, laid up with gout,

which is valued at fifty fretzers the visit! With this agreeable prospect before him, Dr. Trifulgas slept more soundly than before.

Swish! Swash! and then rat-tat! rat-tat! rat-tat! To the noises of the squall were now added three blows of the

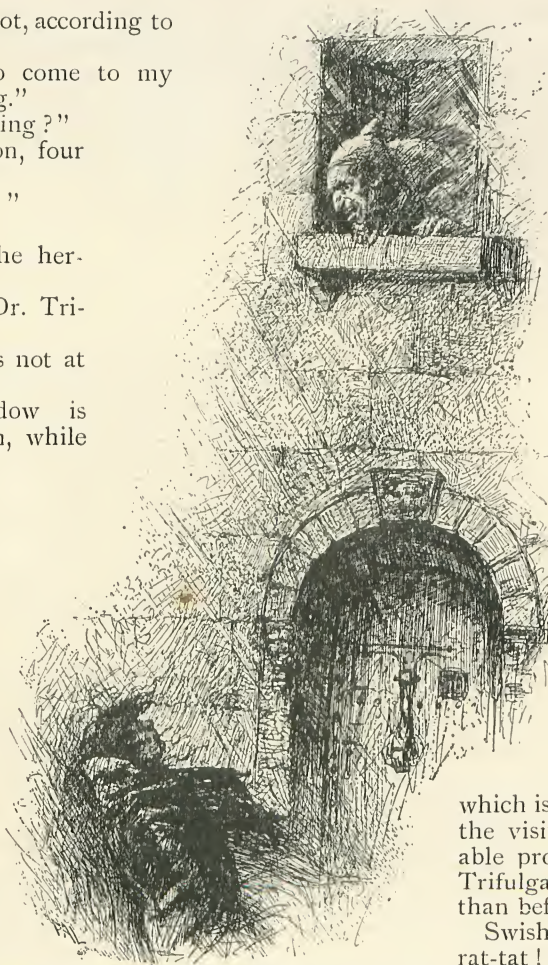
knocker, struck by a more decided hand. The doctor slept. He woke, but in a fearful humour. When he opened the window the storm came in like a charge of shot.

"I am come about the herring-salter."

"That wretched herring-salter again!"

"I am his mother."

"May his mother, his wife, and his daughter perish with him!"



"DEUCE TAKE PEOPLE WHO COME BOTHERING HERE!"

"He has had an attack——"

"Let him defend himself."

"Some money has been paid us," continued the old woman, "an instalment on the house sold to the camondeur Doutrup, of the Rue Messaglière. If you do not come, my granddaughter will no longer have a father, my daughter-in-law a husband, myself a son."

It was piteous and terrible to hear the old woman's voice—to know that the wind was freezing the blood in her veins, that the rain was soaking her very bones beneath her thin flesh.

"A fit! why, that would be two hundred fretzers!" replied the heartless Trifulgus.

"We have only a hundred and twenty."

"Good-night," and the window was again closed. But, after due reflection, it appeared that a hundred and twenty fretzers for an hour and a half on the road, *plus* half an hour of visit, made a fretzer a minute. A small profit, but still, not to be despised.

Instead of going to bed again, the doctor slipped into his coat of valveter, went down in his wading boots, stowed himself away in his great coat of lurtaine, with his *sourouët* on his head, and his mufflers on his hands. He left his lamp lighted close to his pharmacopœia, open at page 197. Then, pulling the door of Sixty-four, he paused on the threshold. The old woman was there, leaning on her stick, bowed down by her eighty years of misery.

"The hundred and twenty fretzers."

"Here is the money; and may God multiply it for you a hundredfold!"

"God! Who ever saw the colour of *His* money?"

The doctor whistled for Hurzof, gave him a small lantern to carry, and took the road towards the sea. The old woman followed.

V.

WHAT swishy-swashy weather! The bells of St. Philfilena are all swinging by reason of the gale. A bad sign! But Dr. Trifulgus is not superstitious. He believes in nothing—not even in his own science, except for what it brings him in. What weather, and also what a road! Pebbles

and ashes; the pebbles slippery with seaweed, the ashes crackling with iron refuse. No other light than that from Hurzof's lantern, vague and uncertain. At times jets of flame from Vauglor uprear themselves, and in the midst of them appear great comical silhouettes. In truth no one knows what is in the depths of those unfathomable craters. Perhaps spirits of the other world, which volatilise themselves as they come forth.

The doctor and the old woman follow the curves of the little bays of the littoral.

The sea is white with a livid whiteness—a mourning white. It sparkles as it throws off the crests of the surf, which seem like outpourings of glow-worms.

These two persons go on thus as far as the turn in the road between sandhills, where the brooms and the reeds clash together with a shock like that of bayonets.

The dog had drawn near to his master, and seemed to say to him, "Come, come! a hundred and twenty fretzers for the strong box! That is the way to make a fortune. Another rood added to the vineyard; another dish added to our supper; another meat pie for the faithful Hurzof.



"HERE IS THE MONEY."

Let us look after the rich invalids, and look after them—according to their purses !”

At that spot the old woman pauses. With her trembling finger she points out among the shadows a reddish light. There is the house of Vort Kartif, the herring-salter.

“There ?” said the doctor.

“Yes,” said the old woman.

“Hurrah !” cries the dog Hurzof.

A sudden explosion from the Vauglor, shaken to its very base. A sheaf of lurid flame springs up to the zenith, forcing its way through the clouds. Dr. Trifulgas is hurled to the ground. He swears roundly, picks himself up, and looks about him.

The old woman is no longer there. Has she disappeared through some fissure of the earth, or has she flown away on the wings of the mist ? As for the dog, he is there still, standing on his hind legs, his jaws apart, his lantern extinguished.

“Nevertheless, we will go on,” mutters Dr. Trifulgas. The honest man has been paid his hundred and twenty fretzers, and he must earn them.

herring-salter’s house ; the old woman pointed to it with her finger ; no mistake is possible. Through the whistling swishes and the dashing swashes, through the uproar of the tempest, Dr. Trifulgas tramps on with hurried steps. As he advances, the house becomes more distinct, being isolated in the midst of the landscape.

It is very remarkable how much it resembles that of Dr. Trifulgas, the Six-four of Luktrop. The same arrangement of windows, the same little arched door. Dr. Trifulgas hastens on as fast as the gale allows him. The door is ajar ; he has but to push it. He pushes it, he enters, and the wind roughly closes it behind him. The dog Hurzof, left outside, howls, with intervals of silence.

Strange ! One would have said that Dr. Trifulgas had come back to his own house. And yet he has not wandered ; he has not even taken a turning. He is at Val Karnion, not at Luktrop. And yet, here is the same low, vaulted passage, the same wooden staircase, with high banisters, worn away by the constant rubbing of hands.

He ascends. He reaches the landing. Beneath the door a faint light filters through, as in Six-four. Is it a delusion ? In the dimness he recognises his room—the yellow sofa, on the right the old chest of pear-wood, on the left the brass-bound strong box, in which he intended to deposit his hundred and twenty fretzers. There is his arm-chair, with the leathern cushions ;

there is his table, with its twisted legs, and on it, close to the expiring lamp, his pharmacopœia, open at page 197.

“What is the matter with me ?” he murmurs.

What is the matter with him ? Fear ! His pupils are dilated ; his body is contracted, shrivelled ; an icy perspiration freezes his skin—every hair stands on end.

But hasten ! For want of oil, the lamp



“SHE POINTED OUT A REDDISH LIGHT.”

VI.

ONLY a luminous speck at the distance of half a kertz. It is the lamp of the dying—perhaps of the dead. Of course, it is the

expires; and also the dying man! Yes, there is the bed—his own bed—with posts and canopy; as wide as it is long, shut in by heavy curtains. Is it possible that this is the pallet of a wretched herring-salter? With a quaking hand Dr. Trifulgas seizes the curtains; he opens them; he looks in.

The dying man, his head uncovered, is motionless, as if at his last breath. The doctor leans over him——

Ah! what a cry, to which, outside, responds an unearthly howl from the dog.

The dying man is not the herring-salter, Vort Kartif—it is Dr. Trifulgas; it is *he*, whom congestion has attacked—he himself! Cerebral apoplexy, with sudden accumulation of serosity in the cavities of the brain, with paralysis of the body on the side opposite that of the seat of the lesion.

Yes, it is *he*, who was sent for, and for whom a hundred and twenty fretzers have been paid. *He* who, from hardness of heart, refused to attend the herring-salter—*he* who is dying.

Dr. Trifulgas is like a madman, he knows himself lost. At each moment the symptoms increase. Not only all the functions of the organs slacken, but the lungs and the heart cease to act. And yet he has not quite lost consciousness. What can be done? Bleed! If he hesitates, Dr. Tri-

fulgas is dead. In those days they stilled; and then, as now, medical men cured all those apoplectic patients who were not going to die.

Dr. Trifulgas seizes his case, takes out his lancet, opens a vein in the arm of his double. The blood does not flow. He rubs his chest violently—his own breathing grows slower. He warms his feet with hot bricks—his own grow cold.

Then his double lifts himself, falls back, and draws one last breath. Dr. Trifulgas, notwithstanding all that his science has taught him to do, *dies beneath his own hands.*

VII.

In the morning a corpse was found in the house Six-four—that of Dr.

Trifulgas. They put him in a coffin, and carried him with much pomp to the cemetery of Luktrop, whither he had sent so many others—in a professional manner.

As to old Hurzof, it is said that, to this day, he haunts the country with his lantern alight, and howling like a lost dog. I do not know if that be true; but strange things happen in Volsinia, especially in the neighbourhood of Luktrop.

And, again, I warn you not to hunt for that town

on the map. The best geographers have not yet agreed as to its latitude—nor even as to its longitude.



"DR. TRIFULGAS SEIZES THE CURTAINS."

Illustrated Interviews.

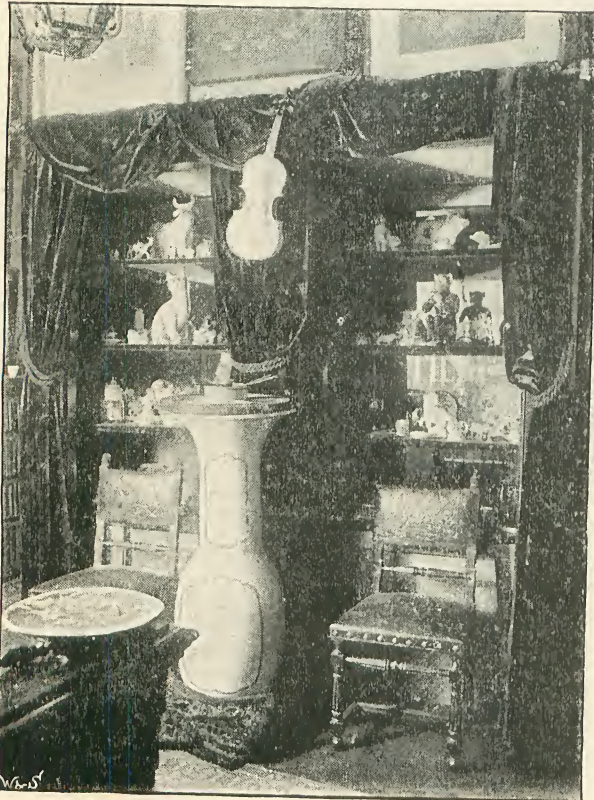
NO. XIII.—GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.



GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA—or, as popularity has abbreviated him, "G.A.S."—is one of the merriest men of the nineteenth century. He is literally loaded with fun and

good humour. Touch the veteran journalist on his anecdotal trigger and you will live all the happier after receiving a volley. Ask him a question and his answer is—an anecdote. It is his only hobby—to gather them up—and he is a past-master in the art of dispensing them in any sized quantities to meet the requirements of the most susceptible constitution. Mr. Sala and his wife are not favourably inclined towards flats, and infinitely prefer to live at Brighton,

where they have a little house, and never lose an opportunity of leaving the darkness and blackness of Victoria-street for the welcome breezes of the Marine Metropolis; yet their little flat is pleasantness itself, and in order to reach it, you are welcome to enter the front door—always conveniently



From a Photo. by

ENTRANCE HALL.

[Elliott & Fry.]



From a Photo. by MRS. SALA'S CAT. *[Elliott & Fry.]*

open—of No. 125, ring the bell of the passenger lift, and an obliging youth will immediately elevate you to the third floor. For such is the whereabouts of Sala's flat.

His pictures are so many that he has positively had to fall back on the kitchen walls whereon to hang many a proof engraving and etching, whilst the lower part of the dresser in the same culinary department actually provides a resting-place for china and other ware of rare worth, in place of the customary pots and pans.

The entrance hall is a perfect little menagerie. Here, on shelves artistically draped with crimson



MR. SALA'S MONKEY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

plush, are china cows and horses, deer, canaries, and even a rhinoceros. The pig predominates. Mr. Sala believes in pigs for luck, and purchases one wherever he goes. The two places of honour, however, are given up to a large-sized cat and monkey. Let it be told in a whisper that Mrs. Sala confesses to the cat as her guardian angel, because it is most like a woman; whilst Mr. Sala leans towards the monkey, because it most resembles a —. A grandfather's clock is ticking in the corner.

Here hangs a silver violin. It was made in Cawnpore, and

was the property of some Rajah of India.

"I bought it in Leicester-square," said its owner. "It was marked £35. I went inside and offered a ten-pound note for it."

"Oh!" exclaimed the proprietor, 'you're Mr. Sailor, you are! Well, look here, you can have it for £13.'

"Right," I said.

"Going to pay now?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then, take it out of the shop; for it's been hanging here for twenty-five years."

There are many fine engravings about, and just by the dining-room door is a stick given to Mr. Sala by Lord Wolseley, after his great campaign in South Africa.

The dining-room overlooks Victoria-street. It is a little room, suggestive of comfortable meals and excellent company. G. A. S.'s personal dining-table is not very big—one and a half feet square. He always uses it, seldom sitting at the larger board, and sits in an easy-chair. The bronzes on the mantelboard are as exquisite as the china and Hanoverian ware set out on the bookshelves, and it would be difficult to find more works of art crowded into so small a space. Examples of Sir John Gilbert, Montalba, Copley Fielding, A. Vanduyck, Gerard Dhow, Gustave Doré—represented by a grand scene in the High-



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

lands—the original sketch in oils for Luke Fildes' "Betty," and a very clever painting by Miss Genevieve Ward, the actress, of a monk enjoying an after-dinner pipe.



From a Photo. by]

MRS. SALA'S STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.

Two dogs are from the brush of George Earle.

Mrs. Sala's study adjoins this room. On the mantelpiece is a small bust of Henry Irving as *Hamlet*, and near the window is a safe of strong proportions. On a silver shield is the following inscription: "George Augustus Sala, from Henry Irving, 1881. Safe Bind — Safe Find." Mr. Irving was once dining with Mr. Sala, when the latter brought out his common-place book, which was commenced in 1859, and is full of notes of delightful interest.

"Aren't you afraid of losing this?" the actor asked. "This wants taking into custody."

A few days afterwards the safe came.

On my way to the drawing-room and study—which is down a passage full of pictures and

crowded with nick-nacks—I look in at the library, with its highly decorative stained glass windows. The famous cookery library is in a corner of the bedroom. It comprises over 500 volumes, dating from 1578 to the present day, of every country and in every language. Here is a cookery book in Greek, and a first edition of "Mrs. Glasse," worth £100. Even today dishes are prepared at the Victoria-street flat from an old cook-

ery volume of Henry V.'s reign. It contains a receipt for a delicious oyster pattie. These old-time books are useful when you know how to leave out the peacocks' tongues and swans' livers from Elizabethan dishes.

The drawing-room is now reached. Drawing back the curtains, one enters Mr. Sala's



From a Photo. by]

THE LIBRARY.

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

study. In the first apartment—the doors of which are inlaid with panels of fruit and flowers painted on satin—more artistic treasures are to be met with, from the brush and pencil of many a master hand. A large picture—finished by Millais—of the late Mrs. Sala, rests on an easel draped with blue plush.

It was whilst standing here that Mr. Sala paid a tribute of great tenderness to the memory of his late wife, and spoke as only a real man and true husband could of the woman who is his helpmate to-day. Journalists are the very worst of business men, and the veteran declares that he is no exception to the rule. Happy the journalist who possesses a wife of business instincts—a woman who can relieve him of all these worries, and leave him a free course to run his pen.

"My wife," says Mr. Sala, "is my man of business. She opens my letters, reads, and answers them, looks after contracts, and keeps my accounts. Therein lies one of my little secrets, you see. My wife takes upon herself all the worries of business, so I am enabled to work with an easy mind and a freedom of heart unattainable by any other means."

This small cabinet was made for the

little Dauphin of France. Mr. Sala saw it in a pawnbroker's window in his early days, and paid £2 a month for it until he had purchased it outright for £15. He tells how, as a young man, when first married, the height of his ambition was to possess a silver soup-tureen. Again he patronised the pawnbroker's, and selected one "to be put by" at £35. Unfortunately, after paying £8 his subscription lapsed,

and the pawnbroker profited to that extent. A bust of a baby reveals Mr. Sala's ability with the clay. Once, at Brighton, when ill and unable to write, he sent for some clay, and modelled it.

A very remarkable example of the sculptor's art rests on a table. Originally the Saint was in a semi-nude state. Ewing, a wonderfully clever Scotch sculptor, who modelled the children of the Prince of Wales, saw it one day. He took out his



BUST BY MR. SALA, AND THE DAUPHIN'S CABINET.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

pocket-handkerchief and asked for some warm starch. Dipping the linen in this, his ingenious fingers wrapped it round



SAINT DRAPE IN A HANDKERCHIEF.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

the tiny statuette, as now seen, and, as the starch dried, the fabric stiffened, still retaining its most delicately natural folds. Poor Ewing! He died in poverty, and was buried in New York. A great actor, whose name has already been mentioned, stood by him till the last.

It is impossible to catalogue the curiosities in the study; every one of them has a history. A little stuffed canary was a present from the late Lady Rosebery. It died; it almost sang itself to death, so loud and sweet and frequent were its notes. These ostrich eggs hanging from the ceiling were stolen from a mosque in Morocco. Mr. Sala was the receiver, and he revels in his crime. This picture is curious. It is executed on a common fourpenny dish, purchased in the Tottenham Court-road. It was held over the smoke of a candle, and, after the artist had worked on it with his nails and penknife, a charming Italian landscape was the result. A table of eighteen different kinds of wood was presented to Mr. Sala by the New Zealand Government. A glass case contains presentation silver, including a massive service from the pro-

prietors of *The Daily Telegraph* on Mr. Sala's fiftieth birthday. The pictures, too, are striking—dozens of Millais' engravings, Munkacski, Caton Woodville, Boughton, Story, and paintings by De Witt, Stothardt, Montalba, another Doré, a Keeley Halswelle, and numerous others from notable artists. Amongst the pictorial curiosities being some studies by E. M. Ward for his great picture of "Napoleon and Queen Louisa of Prussia at Tilsit, 1808"; "Ape," aped by himself," which means the late Carlo Pellegrini caricaturing himself; and a pictorially addressed envelope, which was done by Augustus Mayhew, one of the brothers Mayhew of *Punch*, the dog being a portrait of a pug belonging to the artist's wife, who was, and still is, a great breeder of pugs. On the top of a shelf is the bust of Beaconsfield. It will be remembered that Mr. Sala gave important evidence at the famous Belt trial, and stated how he saw the sculptor take a piece of clay and make the curl which was wont to be seen on the great statesman's forehead. This is the first cast for the statue in question.

Now it was that we settled down to talk.



"APE," APED BY HIMSELF.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

years to 8½ years of age. Every oculist had a go at my eyes. I have still signs of the holes in my ears where I wore earrings, but all to no avail. During this time my sister read the Bible to me, and

the clay, for at school in Paris he gained the first prize for modelling a map of South America.

"Every hill and mountain top, every river and valley was modelled in clay," said Mr. Sala.

"That's what I call practical geography—that's what I should like to see in our schools to-day. We want practical lessons. I was sent to a school where lectures were object-lessons. We found something to learn in the green fields

St. Michael went when the repressive system of the Second Empire was at its height used to say that he came to England now and then to enjoy a bath of Constitutional liberty. If you stand in need of a nice cool bath of cynicism you might do worse than read Dean Swift's "Character of the Court of Queen Anne" marginally annexed to a further book full of fulsome praises of great folks compiled by one Macky. Then you would be able to appreciate the delicious humour of a "character of the Marquis of Blandford" drawn up by a Mr. Leicester and communicated to the Times of Aug 5 by Mr W. Radcliffe Cook M.P.

SPECIMEN OF MR. SALA'S HANDWRITING.

told me childish fairy tales. When, at last, I recovered my sight, I had a yearning to read all that my sister had told me, and I taught myself out of a big history of England."

He learned to write as well—practised calligraphy from a black-letter Chaucer. This will account for Mr. Sala's peculiar print-like handwriting. What a happy picture—the little fellow on his knees, with the great volume against the back of the chair, tracing out letter by letter on a piece of paper. His parents' house was

and flowers, knowledge in every article of furniture in the house, from the piano to the fire-irons. Why, I read my Greek Testament in a laurel grove! And whenever I had a spare moment, so surely was I to be found drawing and modelling."

So his childhood's days were passed, and eventually at fourteen he was apprenticed to Carl Schiller—a miniature painter. He also became a pupil at Leigh's Art School in Maddox-street. At sixteen he became assistant screen-painter to Beverley, at the Princess's Theatre. Beverley was a warm-



St. Michael's, St. Dunstan's, Delegates from the Metropolitan Parishes, Bishops, Priests, &c.

SKETCH BY MR. SALA.

the resort of many foreigners of distinction. At ten years of age he could not speak a word of English, and after passing a few years at a school in France, came back to a school here for the purpose of learning the English language. He found it more difficult than Greek. As a child he wrote short stories—a notable one was a story of travel. But his childish fingers seemed destined for

hearted man. Without taking a halfpenny premium he was virtually young Sala's instructor in architectural drawing and perspective.

"Then my eyes began to trouble me again," said Mr. Sala. "You see, when a figure had to be introduced into a scene I was called in to do it. I was almost colour-blind. I put black into everything. In-

deed, they called me the 'gentleman in black.' Even to this day the ink I use is a Japanese fluid of the deepest and darkest dye, such as music is copied with. My old skill in modelling stood me in good stead at the Princess's Theatre. I used to model masks for the pantomime and to paint "props." As a linguist I translated French farces, as a calligraphist used to copy out parts; from my early mathematical training I was put on to keep the accounts, stock books, wardrobe—you know the sort of thing—two pairs tights, seventeen dancers' dresses, three pairs of trunks, &c., and all for—*fifteen shillings a week!* Yet I was never so happy in my life; and at the end of

Arcade, who made a big profit out of them.

"At last I threw up the engagement at fifteen shillings a week, and years afterwards I remember the old manager at the Princess's saying to a friend, 'Look at him. I brought him out at fifteen bob a week, and now he is riding in his carriage!'"

Soon after this, young Sala got connected with the publishing firm of Ackerman & Co., doing all kinds of humorous productions for them, mainly etching on stone. Adolphe Ackerman—a man of great principle—insisted, however, that the young engraver should learn the whole process of engraving on copper and steel; and, having



From a Photo. by

THE STUDY.

(Elliott & Fry.)

every week I always had 2s. left to lay out during the week ensuing in tea and toast at Mr. Porter's coffee-shop in Long-acre. Porter was a greasy man who was the proud possessor of a still greasier library. There was streaky bacon and shilling butter on every page. But, as I ate my toast and swallowed my tea, I devoured that library. I read *Fraser*, *John Bull* in Theodore Hook's time, *The Quarterly*, *Blackwood's Magazine* from the commencement, and I know not what. I was unconsciously fitting myself for a leader-writer. I still kept up my painting, though, and well remember doing fifty illustrations of Jenny Lind at 1s. 6d. each for a man in the Burlington

saved a little money, and being helped by Mr. Ackerman, he apprenticed himself to Henry Alkin for three years. He also illustrated many books—some written by Albert Smith, and others for Mr. Edward Lloyd, who founded *Lloyd's News*. Mr. Sala characterises these last pictures as being very ghastly. One in particular was for a small novel called "Heads of the Headless," but the picture block was not "strong" enough for Mr. Lloyd. He sent it back with the note: "More blood, and eyes larger!" So skilful did the young artist become in his new calling, that, at the age of twenty-four, he and Mr. Alkin were commissioned to execute an immense pano-

rama of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. Alkin did the horses, and Sala the hundreds of figures. They worked at it for six months, but the fumes of the acid acting on the steel plates so injured Sala's normally weak eyes that he was compelled in infinite degradation of spirit to give up the craft he so dearly loved—otherwise he would have gone blind. He still retains the needles he worked with, and the very paper-weight to be seen on his study table is a copperplate on which he had worked more than forty years ago.

"In 1850," continued the journalist, "I renewed my acquaintance with Dickens. I had written an article called 'The Key of the Street' for *Household Words*. From 1850 to 1856 I made £300 a year out of Dickens's paper. I did a little in the dramatic line with a dear, dead brother of mine, Charles. I wrote a panto. called 'Harlequin Billie Taylor,' under Charles Kean's management, receiving £100 for the opening and £5 a piece for the comic scenes. Then I did a translation of 'The Corsican Brothers' for the Surrey Theatre, and got a guinea a night for it. It ran

150 nights. Many other pieces followed, one of which was a burlesque in 1869 at the Gaiety, called 'Watt Tyler, M.P.,' in which Toole played the titular part. I was successful enough, though the late John Oxenford, in a criticism in *The Times*, said that my plays were 'evidently the production of a novice in theatrical matters!' Possibly Oxenford had never heard of the 15s. a week engagement at the Princess's.

"In 1856 I went to Russia for Dickens. We had a row about the travelling expenses, so I went on to *The Illustrated Times*. On the staff were James Hannay, Fred and James Greenwood, Sutherland Edwards, Edmund Yates, Edward Draper—a solicitor, who did the law and crime—and

Old White, the doorkeeper of the House of Commons, who used to divulge the secrets of the House! My turning-point, however, came a year later, when the proprietors of *The Daily Telegraph*, then a young paper, sent for me. I was paid two guineas a leader, often writing two for three guineas. Since then I have been all over the world—in times of peace, war, and revolution. I have often been chaffed because I once said, in the preface of a book, that the proprietors of *The Daily Telegraph* gave me 'the wages of an ambassador and the treatment of a gentleman.' That which I stated was the precise and literal fact. Litigating journalists often have proposed to subpoena me



From a Photo. by]

MR. SALA'S WRITING TABLE.

[Elliott & Fry.

with a view to testifying as to the custom and law in journalism. My answer invariably is, 'I can give no kind of testimony as to law or custom, inasmuch as I have never had any written engagement with *The Daily Telegraph*, who can dismiss me, or I could leave them, to-morrow. Their arrangements with me, both as regards home service and foreign missions, have always been of the friendliest and happiest character.'

A fresh sample from a box of the choicest Havanahs having been lit, the clouds of smoke from the weed gave rise to many a merry recollection, both of a personal character and also associated with people whom Mr. Sala has met. The day I spent

with Mr. Sala was very near to the opening of the Royal Academy. He protested strongly against the practice of Show-Sunday at artists' studios.

"If I go to a man's studio," he said, "how can I, whilst accepting his hospitality, condemn his picture to his face? If I praised it to him to-day, I should only have to slate it the next morning in my notice. It is not fair either to the critic or the artist."

But a cloud from the Havanah takes him back to the early days again.

"When Alexander II. was assassinated, I was dining at the Duke of Fife's, at Cavendish-square. It was a Sunday. The Russian Ambassador sent a messenger saying that he would be unable to be present, as an attempt had been made on the Czar's life, and he was gravely wounded. Later in the evening came another despatch saying that his Imperial Majesty was dead. I knew well enough that *The D.T.* people would be down on me that very night to go off to St. Petersburg, and I particularly wanted the next day in London. I roved about from club to club till three o'clock in the morning, but they ran me down the same day with a note from the editor saying, 'Please write leading article on the "Price of Fish at Billingsgate Market," and start for St. Petersburg by the night mail!' I went. I was compensated at the rate of £100 a week and all travelling expenses. I was present at the coronation of Alexander III., and some of my telegrams cost £300 to send. I was forwarding something like seven columns a day.

"I have never had to disguise myself in my calling, as some of my brother journalists have. I well remember an amusing instance of this at the Czar's coronation. The Court choir there on such occasions consists of men arrayed in long crimson cassocks, and wearing very long beards, who march along chanting very loudly. The representative of a Parisian paper whom I knew was much upset at not getting a pass to go in to the ceremony. He said he meant to go, however. The great day arrived. I

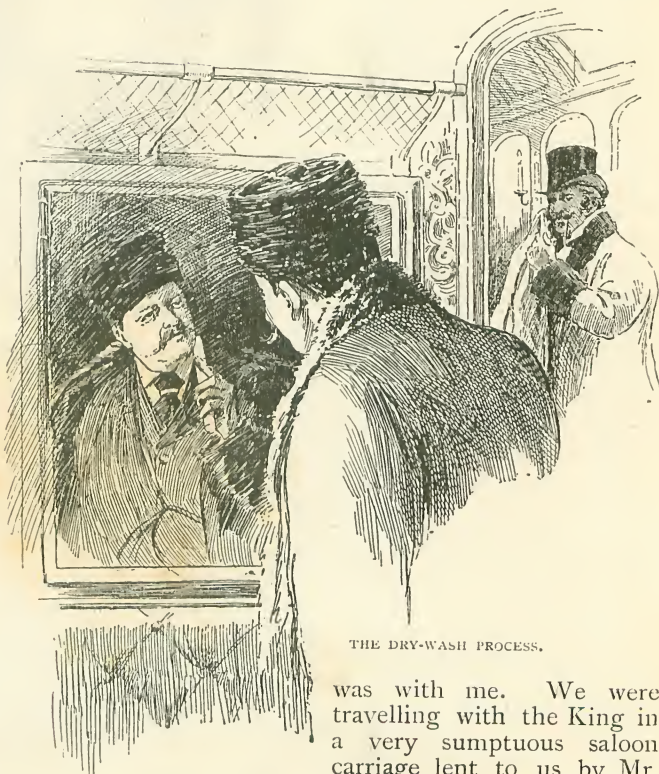
was standing in my allotted seat, so to speak, when the choir approached. They were all chanting loudly, but one of their number, fully arrayed and bearded, seemed as though singing for dear life. He caught my eye and winked. It was my friend!

Everything in Russia is done by bribery. Still, bribery is not always successful, as the following will prove.

"I was present at the Jubilee garden-party given by Her Majesty at Buckingham Palace. My flower dropped out of my button-hole. A very pretty young servant—presumably there for the purpose of looking after our wearing apparel, sticks, and umbrellas—picked it up. Whilst in the act of putting it in my coat again, with a view to obtaining a peep into the Queen's rooms, I asked her if there was a chance of seeing them, at the same time endeavouring to slip a sovereign into her hand. She shrunk back.

"'I wish I could, sir,' she whispered, 'but there's a heye on me!'

"Talking of queens naturally reminds me of kings. I have lunched with Alphonso XII. of Spain under most distressing circumstances. My friend Antonio Gallenga



THE DRY-WASH PROCESS.

was with me. We were travelling with the King in a very sumptuous saloon carriage lent to us by Mr.

Salamanaca, the great Madrid financier, which the authorities permitted to be attached to the Royal train from Madrid to Saragossa. After travelling all night in terribly cold weather, early in the morning one of His Majesty's aides-de-camp appeared and commanded us to 'join the Royal luncheon party at 11 a.m.' Alas! there is no rose without its thorn. The bitter weather had frozen all the water, and our faces were as black as sweeps! We stared at one another—we were both black in the face. What was to be done? Good gracious! we could not sit before a king with such dark expressions as these!

"Gallenga was a man of infinite resource, and was apparently undismayed by this almost insurmountable obstacle.

"'Ever try candles?' he asked. 'The dry wash process. See,' and he took down some of the wax candles with which the carriage was lighted, and commenced rubbing his face with one of them. With infinite trust in Gallenga's wisdom I did likewise, and really, after some ten minutes' persistent rubbing, our faces certainly looked more respectable, though somewhat waxy and ghastly. The aide-de-camp entered, and we went forth to eat with the King. Now, the King's saloon was uncomfortably warm—very uncomfortably warm—and as the lunch proceeded it became inconveniently hot. When the coffee and cigarette stage arrived our faces were converted into a series of small streams—tears, sir, tears, such as tender fathers shed! In vain I tried to hide them, my pocket handkerchief was useless, and I left the Royal presence with a countenance like—but we will draw a veil over my features!"

I suggested that perhaps Mr. Sala knew Sothern—"Dundreary" Sothern.

"Knew him, yes," came the reply. "Sothern and I went to the Derby together once. I was very elaborately got up, and as neat and trim as a new pin. Now,

I don't think I was in a frame of mind to get out of temper easily—I was in a capital humour, and never in a jollier mood.

"'Look here, Sala,' said Sothern, 'I'll bet you a new hat that you'll lose your temper before the Derby is run.'

"'Done!' I cried, and I felt another twenty-five shillings rattling in my trousers' pocket. Away went Sothern.

"Five minutes after a red-jacketed fellow came up and commenced brushing me down. I didn't want it, but I gave him a shilling. Then another came up—similar process, another shilling. At last altogether



"AT THE DERBY."

five 'brushes' had been up, and at the sixth I seized the fellow and brushed *him* down.

"'I'll trouble you for a new hat,' said somebody, quietly tapping me on the shoulder. It was Sothern.

Then we "remembered" some of the famous men the great journalist has come in contact with during his career. To begin with, there was Lord Brougham. It was Brougham who really taught Mr. Sala to speak in public. Before Mr. Sala made his first important public speech, Brougham had him round at his house and walked up and down his dining-room for an hour and more,

giving him many a good hint. He wound up his advice by saying : " Always think in semicolons whilst speaking ; by adhering to this rule you will never come to a full stop unless you wish it."

Then came Cruickshank—dear old George Cruickshank.

" I knew him well," said Mr. Sala, " and was one of the pall bearers at his funeral. When the old fellow was hard up he would go and sit in his publisher's office with a card round his neck on which was written : ' I am starving ! ' With such a suggestive appeal he never had to wait long without a cheque, but he always kept the card handy ! Once Prince Albert—the Prince Consort—sent for him for the purpose of seeing his drawings. He arrived at Buckingham Palace, and was marched down countless corridors by a couple of footmen bearing long wands, Cruickshank following them in the rear, imitating them in a very exaggerated style. On they went—wand and imitation, imitation and wand. Suddenly a door opened from behind them, and a voice cried out : ' This is the room, Mr. Cruickshank.'

" Prince Consort had been watching Cruickshank's performance in infinite appreciation."

Mr. Sala has a great admiration for the genius, and a love for the memory, of Thackeray.

He first saw Thackeray at a

small club held on the first floor of a little old-fashioned tavern in Dean-street, Soho, kept by one Dicky Moreland, supposed to have been the last landlord in London who wore a pigtail and top-boots. Thackeray that night sang " The Mahogany Tree." His hair was not white then, but he wore the gold-rimmed spectacles, and stood as he always did, with his hands in his pockets.

A M. Alexis Soyer had constructed a place he called " The Symposium " on the site of the Albert Hall, where Mr. Sala was for a short period secretary. Soyer was very proud of the huge dining-tent he had put up, capable of dining 300 persons. It was made of blue and white canvas.

When taking Thackeray round the grounds one day, Soyer remarked, pointing out the huge tent : " This, Mr. Thackeray, is the baronial hall."

" Oh ! Bar-
onial hall, is it ! " said Thackeray ; " it's more like a marquee ! "

" And your photo, Mr. Sala ? " I asked.

" Oh ! yes—certainly. Had it specially taken in Rome for you. Notice the smile ? " Then he added in a whisper, as he followed me on to the stairs, " The Roman photographer specially turned on a young man to tell me funny stories in Italian to make me laugh. That's the secret of it ! "

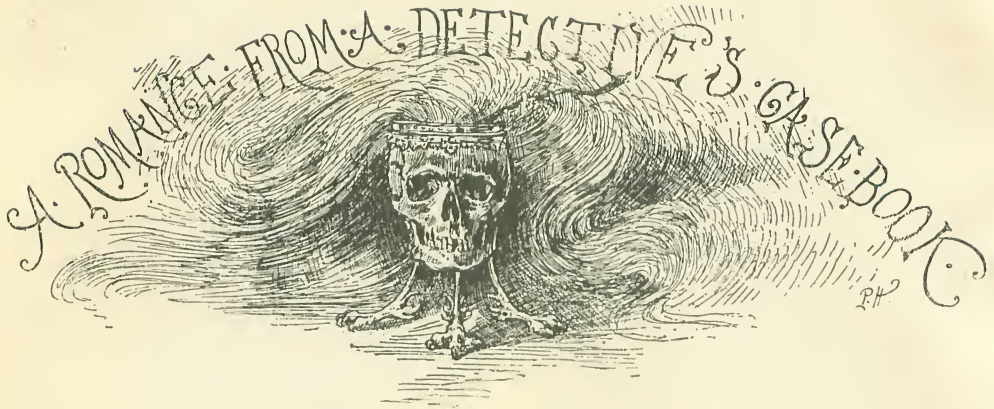
HARRY HOW.



From a Photo. by]

MR. SALA.

[Le Lisure, Rome.



THE JEWELLED SKULL.

BY DICK DONOVAN,

Author of "The Man from Manchester," "Tracked to Doom," "Caught at Last," "Who Poisoned Hetty Duncan," "A Detective's Triumphs," "In the Grip of the Law," &c., &c."

BUSILY engaged one morning in my office in trying to solve some knotty problems that called for my earnest attention, I was suddenly disturbed by a knock at the door, and, in answer to my "Come in!" one of my assistants entered, although I had given strict orders that I was not to be disturbed for two hours.

"Excuse me, sir," said my man, "but a gentleman wishes to see you, and will take no denial."

"I thought I told you not to disturb me under any circumstances," I replied, somewhat tartly.

"Yes, so you did. But the gentleman insists upon seeing you. He says his business is most urgent."

"Who is he?"

"Here is his card, sir."

I glanced at the card the assistant handed to me. It bore the name—

COLONEL MAURICE ODELL.

The Star and Garter Club.

Colonel Maurice Odell was an utter stranger to me. I had never heard his name before; but I knew that the Star and Garter Club was a club of the highest rank, and that its members were men of position and eminence. I therefore considered it probable that the Colonel's business was likely, as he said, to be urgent, and I told my assistant to show him in.

A few minutes later the door opened, and there entered a tall, thin, wiry-looking man, with an unmistakable military bearing. His face, clean shaved save for a heavy grey moustache, was tanned with exposure to sun and rain. His hair, which was cropped close, was iron grey, as were his eyebrows, and as they were very bushy, and there were two deep vertical furrows between the eyes, he had the appearance of being a stern, determined, unyielding man. And as I glanced at his well-marked face, with its powerful jaw, I came to the conclusion that he was a martinet of the old-fashioned type, who, in the name of discipline, could perpetrate almost any cruelty; and yet, on the other hand, when not under military influence, was capable of the most generous acts and deeds. He was faultlessly dressed, from his patent leather boots to his canary-coloured kid gloves. But though, judging from his dress, he was somewhat of a coxcomb, a glance at the hard, stern features and the keen, deep-set grey eyes, was sufficient to dispel any idea that he was a mere carpet soldier.

"Pardon me for intruding upon you, Mr. Donovan," he said, bowing stiffly and formally, "but I wish to consult you about a very important matter, and, as I leave for Egypt to-morrow, I have very little time at my disposal."

"I am at your service, Colonel," I replied, as I pointed to a seat, and began to feel a

deep interest in the man, for there was an individuality about him that stamped him at once as a somewhat remarkable person. His voice was in keeping with his looks. It was firm, decisive, and full of volume, and attracted one by its resonance. I felt at once that such a man was not likely to give himself much concern about trifles, and, therefore, the business he had come about must be of considerable importance. So, pushing the papers I had been engaged upon on one side, I turned my revolving chair so that I might face him and have my back to the light, and telling him that I was prepared to listen to anything he had to say, I half closed my eyes, and began to make a study of him.

"I will be as brief as possible," he began, as he placed his highly polished hat and his umbrella on the table.

"I am a military man, and have spent much of my time in India, but two years ago I returned home, and took up my residence at the Manor, Esher. Twice since I went to live there the place has been robbed in a somewhat mysterious manner. The first occasion was a little over a year ago, when a number of antique silver cups were stolen. The Scotland Yard authorities endeavoured to trace the thieves, but failed."

"I think I remember hearing something about that robbery," I remarked, as I tried to recall the details. "But in what way was it a mysterious one?"

"Because it was impossible to determine how the thieves gained access to the house. The place had not been broken into."

"How about your servants?" I asked.

"Oh, I haven't a servant who isn't honesty itself,"

"Pray proceed. What about the second robbery?"

"That is what I have come to you about. It is a very serious business indeed, and has been carried out in the mysterious way that characterised the first one."

"You mean it is serious as regards the value of the property stolen?"

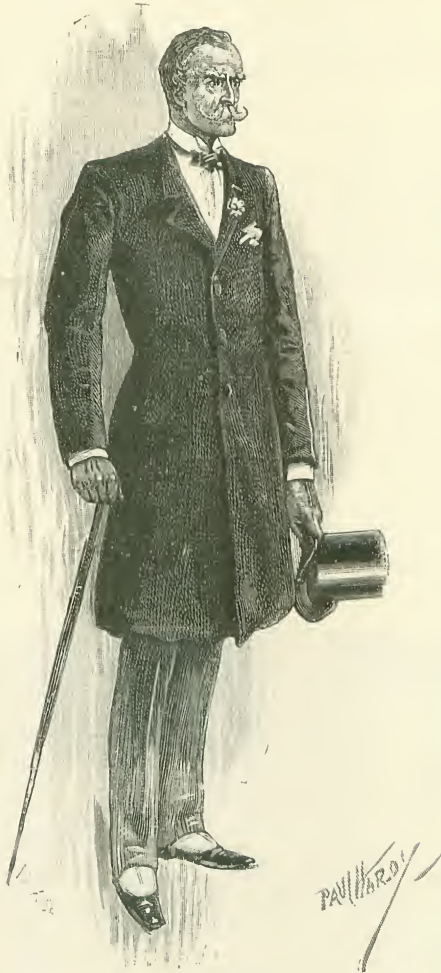
"In one sense, yes; but it is something more than that. During my stay in India I rendered very considerable service indeed to the Rajah of Mooltan, a man of great wealth. Before I left India he presented me with a souvenir of a very extraordinary character. It was nothing more nor less than the skull of one of his ancestors."

As it seemed to me a somewhat frivolous matter for the Colonel to take up my time because he had lost the mouldy old skull of a dead and gone Rajah, I said, "Excuse me, Colonel, but you can hardly expect me to devote my energies to tracing this somewhat gruesome souvenir of yours, which probably the thief will hasten to bury as speedily as possible, unless he happens to be of a very morbid turn of mind."

"You are a little premature," said the Colonel, with a suspicion of sternness. "That skull has been valued at upwards of twelve thousand pounds."

"Twelve thousand pounds!" I echoed, as my interest in my visitor deepened.

"Yes, sir; twelve thousand pounds. It is fashioned into a drinking goblet, bound with solid gold bands, and encrusted with precious stones. In the bottom of the goblet, inside, is a diamond of the purest water, and which alone is said to be worth two thousand pounds. Now, quite apart



"THE COLONEL."

from the intrinsic value of this relic, it has associations for me which are beyond price, and further than that, my friend the Rajah told me that if ever I parted with it, or it was stolen, ill fortune would ever afterwards pursue me. Now, Mr. Donovan, I am not a superstitious man, but I confess that in this instance I am weak enough to believe that the Rajah's words will come true, and that some strange calamity will befall either me or mine."

"Without attaching any importance to that," I answered, "I confess that it is a serious business, and I will do what I can to recover this extraordinary goblet. But you say you leave for Egypt to-morrow?"

"Yes. I am going out on a Government commission, and shall probably be absent six months."

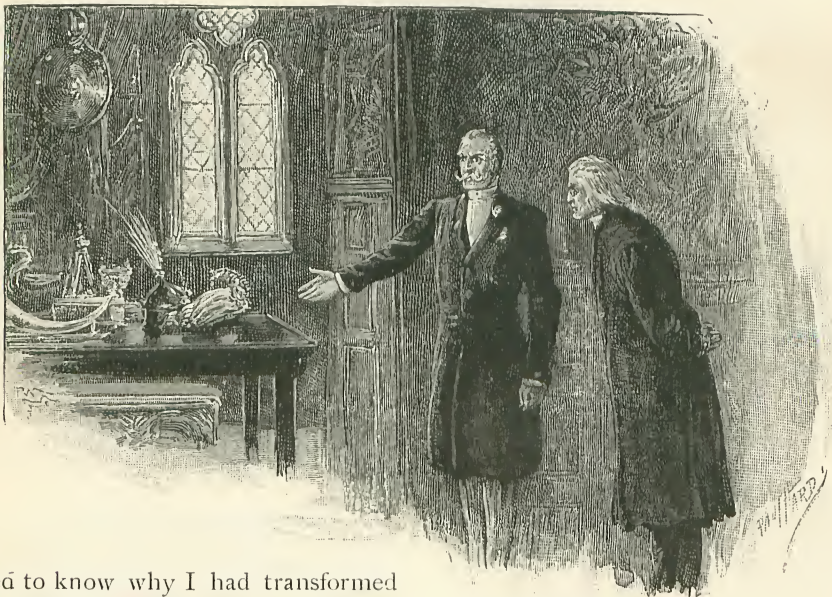
"Then I had better travel down to Esher with you at once, as I like to start at the fountain head in such matters."

The Colonel was most anxious that I should do this, and, requesting him to wait for a few minutes, I retired to my inner sanctum, and when I reappeared it was in the character of a venerable parson, with flowing grey hair, spectacles, and the orthodox white choker. My visitor did not recognise me until I spoke, and then he

I had assumed, for I considered it important that none of his household should know that I was a detective. I begged that he would introduce me as the Rev. John Marshall, from the Midland Counties. He promised to do this, and we took the next train down to Esher.

The Manor was a quaint old mansion, and dated back to the commencement of Queen Elizabeth's reign. The Colonel had bought the property, and being somewhat of an antiquarian, he had allowed it to remain in its original state, so far as the actual building was concerned. But he had had it done up inside a little, and furnished in great taste in the Elizabethan style, and instead of the walls being papered they were hung with tapestry.

I found that besides the goblet some antique rings and a few pieces of gold and silver had been carried off. But these things were of comparatively small value, and the Colonel's great concern was about the lost skull, which had been kept under a glass shade in what he called his "Treasure Chamber." It was a small room, lighted by an oriel window. The walls were wainscoted half way up, and the upper part was hung with tapestry. In this room there was a most extraordinary



THE TREASURE CHAMBER.

requested to know why I had transformed myself in such a manner.

I told him I had a particular reason for it, but felt it was advisable not to reveal the reason then, and I enjoined on him the necessity of supporting me in the character

and miscellaneous collection of things, including all kinds of Indian weapons; elephant trappings; specimens of clothing

as worn by the Indian nobility ; jewellery, including rings, bracelets, anklets ; in fact, it was a veritable museum of very great interest and value.

The Colonel assured me that the door of this room was always kept locked, and the key was never out of his possession. The lower part of the chimney of the old-fashioned fireplace I noticed was protected by iron bars let into the masonry, so that the thief, I was sure, did not come down the chimney ; nor did he come in at the window, for it only opened at each side, and the apertures were so small that a child could not have squeezed through. Having noted these things, I hinted to the Colonel that the thief had probably gained access to the room by means of a duplicate key. But he hastened to assure me that the lock was of singular construction, having been specially made. There were only two keys to it. One he always carried about with him, the other he kept in a secret drawer in an old *escritoire* in his library, and he was convinced that nobody knew of its existence. He explained the working of the lock, and also showed me the key, which was the most remarkable key I ever saw ; and, after examining the lock, I came to the conclusion that it could not be opened by any means apart from the special key. Nevertheless the thief had succeeded in getting into the room. How did he manage it ? That was the problem I had to solve, and that done I felt that I should be able to get a clue to the robber. I told the Colonel that before leaving the house I should like to see every member of his household, and he said I should be able to see the major portion of them at luncheon, which he invited me to partake of.

I found that his family consisted of his wife—an Anglo-Indian lady—three charming daughters, his eldest son, Ronald Odell, a young man about four-and-twenty, and a younger son, a youth of twelve. The family were waited upon at table by two parlour-maids, the butler, and a page-boy. The butler was an elderly, sedate, gentlemanly-looking man ; the boy had an open, frank face, and the same remark applied to the two girls. As I studied them I saw nothing calculated to raise my suspicions in any way. Indeed, I felt instinctively that I could safely pledge myself for their honesty.

When the luncheon was over the Colonel produced cigars, and the ladies and the youngest boy having retired, the host, his

son Ronald and I ensconced ourselves in comfortable chairs, and proceeded to smoke. Ronald Odell was a most extraordinary looking young fellow. He had been born and brought up in India, and seemed to suffer from an unconquerable lassitude that gave him a lifeless, insipid appearance. He was very dark, with dreamy, languid eyes, and an expressionless face of a peculiar sallowness. He was tall and thin, with hands that were most noticeable, owing to the length, flexibility, and thinness of the fingers. He sat in the chair with his body huddled up as it were ; his long legs stretched straight out before him ; his pointed chin resting on his chest, while he seemed to smoke his cigar as if unconscious of what he was doing.

It was natural that the robbery should form a topic of conversation as we smoked and sipped some excellent claret, and at last I turned to the Colonel, and said :—

“It seems to me that there is a certain mystery about this robbery which is very puzzling. But, now, don't you think it's probable that somebody living under your roof holds the key to the mystery ?”

“God bless my life, no !” answered the Colonel, with emphatic earnestness. “I haven't a servant in the house but that I would trust with my life !”

“What is your view of the case, Mr. Ronald ?” I said, turning to the son.

Without raising his head, he answered in a lisping, drawling, dreamy way :—

“It's a queer business ; and I don't think the governor will ever get his skull back.”

“I hope you will prove incorrect in that,” I said. “My impression is that, if the Colonel puts the matter into the hands of some clever detective, the mystery will be solved.”

“No,” drawled the young fellow, “there isn't a detective fellow in London capable of finding out how that skull was stolen, and where it has been taken to. Not even Dick Donovan, who is said to have no rival in his line.”

I think my face coloured a little as he unwittingly paid me this compliment. Though my character for the nonce was that of a clergyman I did not enter into any argument with him ; but merely remarked that I thought he was wrong. At any rate, I hoped so, for his father's sake.

Master Ronald made no further remark, but remained silent for some time, and seemingly so absorbed in his own reflections that he took no notice of the con-

versation carried on by me and his father ; and presently, having finished his cigar, he rose, stretched his long, flexible body, and without a word left the room.

"You mustn't take any notice of my son," said the Colonel, apologetically. "He is very queer in his manners, for he is constitutionally weak, and has peculiar ideas about things in general. He dislikes clergymen, for one thing, and that is the reason, no doubt, why he has been so boorish towards you. For, of course, he is deceived by your garb, as all in the house are, excepting myself and wife. I felt it advisable to tell her who you are, in order to prevent her asking you any awkward questions that you might not be prepared to answer."

I smiled as I told him I had made a study of the various characters I was called upon to assume in pursuit of my calling, and that I was generally able to talk the character as well as dress it.

A little later he conducted me downstairs, in order that I might see the rest of the servants, consisting of a most amiable cook, whose duties appeared to agree with her remarkably well, and three other women, including a scullery-maid ; while in connection with the stables were a coachman, a groom, and a boy.

Having thus passed the household in review, as it were, I next requested that I might be allowed to spend a quarter of an hour or so alone in the room from whence the skull and other things had been stolen. Whilst in the room with the Colonel I had formed an opinion which I felt it desirable to keep to myself, and my object in asking to visit the room alone was to put this opinion to the test,

The floor was of dark old oak, polished and waxed, and there was not a single board that was movable. Having satisfied myself of that fact, I next proceeded to examine the wainscoting with the greatest care, and after going over every inch of it, I came to a part that gave back a hollow sound to my raps. I experienced a strange sense of delight as I discovered this, for it, so far, confirmed me in my opinion that the room had been entered by a secret door, and here was evidence of a door. The antiquity of the house and the oak panelling had had something to do with this opinion, for I knew that in old houses of the kind secret doors were by no means uncommon.

Although I was convinced that the panel which gave back a hollow sound when rapped was a door, I could detect no means of opening it. Save that it sounded hollow, it was exactly like the other panels, and there was no appearance of any lock or spring, and as the time I had stipulated for had expired, I rejoined the Colonel, and remarked to him incidentally—

"I suppose there is no way of entering that room except by the doorway from the landing?"

"Oh no, certainly not. The window is too small, and the chimney is barred,

as you know, for I saw you examining it."

My object in asking the question was to see if he suspected in any way the existence of a secret door ; but it was now very obvious that he did nothing of the kind, and I did not deem it advisable to tell him of my own suspicions.

"You say you are obliged to depart for Egypt to-morrow, Colonel?" I asked.

"Yes. I start to-morrow night."



"I CAME TO A PART THAT GAVE BACK A HOLLOW SOUND."

"Then I must ask you to give me *carte blanche* in this matter."

"Oh, certainly."

"And in order to facilitate my plans it would be as well to make a confidante of Mrs. Odell. The rest you must leave to me."

"What do you think the chances are of discovering the thief?" he asked, with a dubious expression.

"I *shall* discover him," I answered emphatically. Whereupon the Colonel looked more than surprised, and proceeded to rattle off a string of questions with the object of learning why I spoke so decisively. But I was compelled to tell him that I could give him no reason, for though I had worked out a theory which intuitively I believed to be right, I had not at that moment a shred of acceptable proof in support of my theory, and that therefore I could not commit myself to raising suspicions against anyone until I was prepared to do something more than justify them.

He seemed rather disappointed, although he admitted the soundness of my argument.

"By the way, Colonel," I said, as I was about to take my departure, after having had a talk with his wife, "does it so happen that there is anything the matter with the roof of your house?"

"Not that I am aware of," he answered, opening his eyes wide with amazement at what no doubt seemed to him an absurd question. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I want to go on the roof without attracting the attention of anyone."

"Let us go at once, then," he said eagerly.

"No, not now. But I see that the greater part of the roof is flat, and leaded. Now, in the course of two or three days I shall present myself here in the guise of a plumber, and I shall be obliged by your giving orders that I am to be allowed to ascend to the roof without let or hindrance, as the lawyers say."

"Oh, certainly I will; but it seems to me an extraordinary proceeding," he exclaimed.

I told him that many things necessarily seemed extraordinary when the reasons for them were not understood, and with that remark I took my departure, having promised the Colonel to do everything mortal man could do to recover the lost skull.

Three days later I went down to the Manor disguised as a working plumber, and was admitted without any difficulty, as the Colonel had left word that a man was coming down from London to examine the

roof. As a servant was showing me upstairs to the top landing, where a trap-door in the ceiling gave access to the leads, I passed Ronald Odell on the stairs. He was attired in a long dressing-gown, had Turkish slippers on his feet, a fez on his head, and a cigar in his mouth, from which he was puffing great volumes of smoke. His face was almost ghastly in its pallor, and his eyes had the same dreamy look which I had noticed on my first visit. His hands were thrust deep in his pockets, and his movements and manner were suggestive of a person walking in his sleep, rather than a waking conscious man. This suggestion was heightened by the fact that before I could avoid him he ran full butt against me. That, however, seemed to partially arouse him from his lethargic condition, and turning round, with a fierceness of expression that I scarcely deemed him capable of, he exclaimed—

"You stupid fool, why don't you look where you are going to?"

I muttered out an apology, and he strode down the stairs growling to himself.

"Who is that?" I asked of the servant.

"That's the master's eldest son."

"He is a queer-looking fellow."

"I should think he was," answered the girl with a sniggering laugh. "I should say he has a slate off."

"Well, upon my word I should be inclined to agree with you," I remarked.

"What does he do?"

"Nothing but smoke the greater part of the day."

"Does he follow no business or profession?"

"Not that I know of; though he generally goes out between six and seven in the evening, and does not come back till late."

"Where does he go to?"

"Oh, I don't know. He doesn't tell us servants his affairs. But there's something very queer about him. I don't like his looks at all."

"Doesn't his father exercise any control over him?"

"Not a bit of it. Why, his father dotes on him, and would try and get the moon for him if he wanted it."

"And what about his mother?"

"Well, her favourite is young Master Tom. He's a nice lad, now, as different again to his brother. In fact, I think the missus is afraid of Mr. Ronald. He doesn't treat his mother at all well. And now that the Colonel has gone away we shall all

have a pretty time of it. He's a perfect demon in the house when his father is not here."

As we had now reached the ladder that gave access to the trap door in the roof, I requested the maid to wait while I went outside.

My object in going on to the roof was to see if there was any communication between there and the "Treasure Chamber." But the only thing I noticed was a trap door on a flat part of the roof between two chimney stalks. I tried to lift the door, but found it fastened. So after a time I went back to where I had left the servant, and inquired of her where the communication with the other trap door was, and she answered—

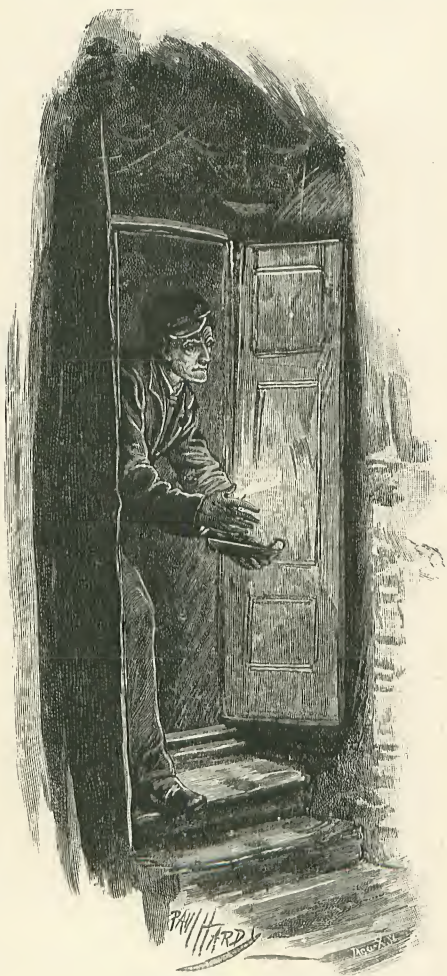
"Oh, I think that's in the lumber room; but nobody ever goes in there. They say it's haunted." I laughed, and she added, with a toss of her head, "Well, I tell you, I've heard some very queer noises there myself. Me and Jane, the upper housemaid, sleep in a room adjoining it, and we've sometimes been frightened out of our wits."

I requested her to show me where the room was, as I was anxious to see if there was any leakage from the roof. This she did, and in order to reach the room we had to mount up a back staircase, and traverse a long passage. At the end of the passage she pushed open a door, saying, "There you are, but I ain't a-going in."

As the room was in total darkness I requested her to procure me a candle, which she at once got, and then she left me to explore the room alone. It was filled up with a miscellaneous collection of lumber, boxes and packing cases predominating. There

was a small window, but it was closely shuttered, and a flight of wooden steps led to the trap door I had noticed on the roof. I examined these steps very carefully, and found that they were thickly encrusted with dirt and dust, and had not been trodden upon for a very long time. The door was fastened down by means of a chain that was padlocked to a staple in the wall; and chain and padlock were very rusty. The walls of the room were wainscoted, and the wainscot in places was decayed and worm-eaten.

Going down on my knees, I minutely examined the floor through a magnifying glass and detected foot-marks made with slippered feet, and I found they led to one particular corner of the room where a sort of gangway had been formed by the boxes and other lumber being moved on one side. This was very suggestive, and rapping on the wainscot I found that it was hollow. For some time I searched for a means of opening it, but without result, until with almost startling suddenness, as I passed my hand up and down the side of the woodwork, the door swung back. I had unconsciously touched the spring, and peering into the black void, thus disclosed by the opening of the door, I was enabled to discern by the flickering light of the candle, the head of a flight of stone steps, that were obviously built in the



"THE DOOR SWUNG BACK."

thickness of the wall.

At this discovery I almost exclaimed "Eureka!" for I now felt that I had the key to the mystery. As I did not wish the servant to know what I was doing, I went to the passage to satisfy myself that she was not observing my movements; but a dread of the ghost-haunted lumber-room

had caused her to take herself off altogether.

Closing the door of the room, I returned to the aperture in the wainscot, and minutely examined the head of the steps, where I saw unmistakable traces of the slippered feet which were so noticeable in the dust that covered the floor of the room. Descending the steps, which were very narrow, I reached the bottom, and found further progress barred by a door that was without handle or lock; but, after some time, I discovered a small wooden knob sunk in the woodwork at the side, and, pressing this, the door, with almost absolute noiselessness, slid back, and lo! the "Treasure Chamber" was revealed. In the face of this discovery, I no longer entertained a doubt that the thief had entered the room by means of this secret passage. And there was no one in the whole household upon whom my suspicions fixed with the exception of Ronald Odell. If my assumption that he was the thief was correct, the mystery was so far explained; and my next step was to discover why he had robbed his father, and what he had done with the property. He was so strange and peculiar that somehow I could not imagine that he had stolen the things merely for the sake of vulgar gain, my impression being that in carrying off the jewelled skull he was actuated by some extraordinary motive, quite apart from the mere question of theft, and this determined me to shadow him for a time in the hope that I should succeed in soon obtaining distinct evidence that my theory was correct.

Before leaving the house, I sought an interview with Mrs. Odell, who was anxious to know what the result was of my investigation; but I considered it advisable, in the then state of matters, to withhold from her the discovery I had made. But, as her curiosity to learn what I had been doing on the roof was very great, I informed her that my theory was at first that there was some connection between the roof and the "Treasure Chamber"; but, though I had not proved that to be correct, I nevertheless was of opinion that the purloiner of the articles resided in the house. Whereupon she very naturally asked me if I suspected any particular person. I answered her candidly that I did; but that, in the absence of anything like proof, I should not be justified in naming anyone. I assured her, however, that I would use the most

strenuous efforts to obtain the proof I wanted. Before leaving her, I remarked in a casual sort of way—

"I suppose Mr. Ronald is at the head of affairs during his father's absence?"

"Well," she began, with evident reluctance to say anything against her son, "Ronald is of a very peculiar disposition. He seems to live quite within himself, as it were, and takes no interest in anything. As a matter of fact, I see very little of him, for he usually spends his evenings from home, and does not return until late. The greater part of the day he keeps to his rooms. I am sure I am quite concerned about him at times."

The confidential way in which she told me this, and the anxious expression of her face, sufficiently indicated that Ronald was a source of great trouble to her. But I refrained, from motives of delicacy, from pursuing the subject, and was about to take my departure, when she said, with great emphasis—

"I do hope, Mr. Donovan, that you will be successful in recovering the goblet; for, quite apart from its intrinsic value, my husband sets great store upon it, and his distress when he found it had been stolen was really pitiable."

I assured her that it would not be my fault if I failed, and I said that, unless the goblet had been destroyed for the sake of the jewels and the gold, I thought it was very probable that it would be recovered. I spoke thus confidently because I was convinced that I had got the key to the puzzle, and that it would be relatively easy to fit in the rest of the pieces, particularly if I could find out where Ronald Odell spent his evenings; for to me there was something singularly suggestive in his going away from home at nights. That fact was clearly a source of grief to his mother, and she had made it evident to me that she did not know where he went to, nor why he went. But it fell to my lot to solve this mystery a week later. I shadowed him to a house situated in a *cul de sac* in the very heart of the city of London. The houses in this place were tall, imposing looking buildings, and had once been the homes of gentry and people of position. Their day of glory, however, had passed, and they were now for the most part utilised as offices, and were occupied by solicitors, agents, &c. It was a quiet, gloomy sort of region, although it led out of one of the busiest thoroughfares of the great metro-

polis ; but at the bottom of the *cul* was a wall, and beyond that again an ancient burial-place, where the dust of many generations of men reposed. The wall was overtopped by the branches of a few stunted trees that were rooted in the graveyard ; and these trees looked mournful and melancholy, with their blackened branches and soot-darkened leaves.

The house to which I traced Ronald Odell was the last one in the *cul* on the left-hand side, and consequently it abutted on the graveyard. It was the one house not utilised as offices, and I ascertained that it was in the occupation of a club consisting of Anglo-Indians. But what they did, or why they met, no one seemed able to tell. The premises were in charge of a Hindoo and his wife, and the members of the club met on an average five nights a week. All this was so much more mystery, but it was precisely in accord with the theory I had been working out in my own mind.

The next afternoon I went to the house, and the door was opened to my knock by the Hindoo woman, who was a mild-eyed, sad-looking little creature ; I asked her if she could give me some particulars of the club that was held there, and she informed me that it was known as "The Indian Dreamers' Club." But beyond that scrap of information she did not seem disposed to go.

"You had better come when my husband is here," she said, thereby giving me to understand that her husband was absent. But as I deemed it probable that she might prove more susceptible to my persuasive influences than her husband, I asked her if she would allow me to see over the premises. She declined to do this until I displayed before her greedy eyes certain gold coins of the realm, which proved too much for her cupidity, and she consented to let me go inside. The entrance-hall was carpeted with a thick, massive carpet, that deadened every footfall, and the walls were hung with black velvet. A broad flight of stairs led up from the end of the passage, but they were masked by heavy curtains. The gloom and sombreness of the place were most depressing, and a strange, sickening odour pervaded the air. Led by the dusky woman I passed through a curtained doorway, and found myself in a most extensive apartment, that ran the whole depth of the building. From this apartment all daylight was excluded, the light being obtained from a large lamp of

blood-coloured glass, and which depended from the centre of the ceiling. There was also a niche at each end of the room, where a lamp of the old Roman pattern burnt. The walls of the room were hung with purple velvet curtains, and the ceiling was also draped with the same material, while the floor was covered with a rich Indian carpet into which the feet sank. In the centre of the room was a table also covered with velvet, and all round the room were most luxurious couches, with velvet cushions and costly Indian rugs. The same sickly odour that I had already noticed pervaded this remarkable chamber, which was like a tomb in its silence ; for no sound reached one from the busy world without.

Although all the lamps were lighted it took me some time to accustom my eyes to the gloom and to observe all the details of the extraordinary apartment. Then I noted that on the velvet on one side of the room was inscribed in letters of gold, that were strikingly conspicuous against the sombre background, this sentence :

"TO DREAM IS TO LIVE ! DREAM ON,
FOR TO AWAKEN IS TO DIE !"

The dim light and the sombre upholstery of the room gave it a most weird and uncanny appearance, and I could not help associating with the Indian Dreamers' Club, rites and ceremonies that were far from orthodox ; while the sentence on the velvet, and which I took to be the club's motto, was like the handwriting on the wall at Belshazzar's feast. It was pregnant with a terrible meaning.

While I was still engaged in examining the room a bell rang, and instantly the Hindoo woman became greatly excited, for she said it was her husband, and that he would be so fiercely angry if he found me there that she would not be responsible for the consequences. She therefore thrust me into a recess where a statue had formerly stood, but the statue had been removed, and a velvet curtain hung before the recess. Nothing could have happened more in accord with my desire than this. For I was resolved, whatever the consequences were, to remain in my place of concealment until I had solved the mystery of the club. There was an outer and an inner door, both of them being thickly padded with felt and covered with velvet. When the woman had retired and closed these doors the silence was absolute. Not a sound came to my ears. The atmosphere

was heavy, and I experienced a sense of languor that was altogether unusual.

I ventured from my place of concealment to still further explore the apartment.

But I gave her to understand that nothing would turn me from my resolve ; and if she chose to aid me in carrying out my purpose, she might look for ample reward. Recogn-



“COME, WHILE THERE IS YET A CHANCE !

I found that the lounges were all of the most delightful and seductive softness, and the tapestries, the cushions, and the curtains were of the richest possible description. It certainly was a place to lie and dream in, shut off from the noise and fret of the busy world. At one end of the room was a large chest of some sort of carved Indian wood. It was bound round with iron bands and fastened with a huge brass padlock. While I was wondering to myself what this chest contained, the door opened and the Indian woman glided in. Seizing me by the arm, she whispered—

“Come, while there is yet a chance. My husband has gone upstairs, but he will return in a few minutes.”

“When do the members of the club meet ?” I asked.

“At seven o’clock.”

“Then I shall remain in that place of concealment until they meet !” I answered firmly.

She wrung her hands in distress, and turned her dark eyes on me imploringly.

nising that argument would be of no avail, and evidently in great dread of her husband, she muttered :

“The peril then be on your own head !” and without another word she left the room.

The peril she hinted at did not concern me. In fact, I did not even trouble myself to think what the peril might be. I was too much interested for that, feeling as I did that I was about to witness a revelation.

The hours passed slowly by, and as seven drew on I concealed myself once more in the recess, and by slightly moving the curtain back at the edge, I was enabled to command a full view of the room. Presently the door opened, and the husband of the woman came in. He was a tall, powerful, fierce-looking man, wearing a large turban, and dressed in Indian costume. He placed three or four small lamps, already lighted, and enclosed in ruby glass, on the table ; and also a number of quaint Indian drinking cups made of silver, which I

recognised from the description as those that had been stolen from the Manor a year or so previously, together with twelve magnificent hookahs. These preparations completed, he retired, and a quarter of an hour later he returned and wound up a large musical box which I had not noticed, owing to its being concealed behind a curtain. The box began to play muffled and plaintive music. The sounds were so softened, the music was so dreamy and sweet, and seemed so far off, that the effect was unlike anything I had ever before heard. A few minutes later, and the Indian once more appeared. This time he wore a sort of dressing-gown of some rich material braided with gold. He walked backwards, and following him in single file were twelve men, the first being Ronald Odell. Five of them were men of colour; three of the others were half-castes, the rest were whites. But they all had the languid, dreamy appearance which characterised Odell, who, as I was to subsequently learn, was their leader and president.

They ranged themselves round the table silently as ghosts; and, without a word, Ronald Odell handed a key to the Indian, who proceeded to unlock the chest I have referred to, and he took therefrom the skull goblet which had been carried off from Colonel Odell's "Treasure Chamber" by—could there any longer be a doubt?—his own son. The skull, which was provided with two gold handles, and rested on gold claws, was placed on the table before the president, who poured into it the contents of two small bottles which were given to him by the attendant, who took them from the chest. He then stirred the decoction up with a long-handled silver spoon of very rich design and workmanship, and which I recognised, from the description that had been given to me, as one that had been taken from the Colonel's collection. As this strange mixture was stirred, the sickening, overpowering odour that I had noticed on first entering the place became so strong as to almost overcome me, and I felt as if I should suffocate. But I struggled against the feeling as well as I could. The president next poured a small portion of the liquor into each of the twelve cups that had been provided, and as he raised his own to his lips he said—

"Brother dreamers, success to our club! May your dreams be sweet and long!"

The others bowed, but made no response, and each man drained the draught, which

I guessed to be some potent herbal decoction for producing sleep. Then each man rose and went to a couch, and the attendant handed him a hookah, applied a light to the bowl, and from the smell that arose it was evident the pipes were charged with opium. As these drugged opium smokers leaned back on the luxurious couches, the concealed musical-box continued to play its plaintive melodies. A drowsy languor pervaded the room, and affected me to such extent that I felt as if I must be dreaming, and that the remarkable scene before my eyes was a dream vision that would speedily fade away.

One by one the pipes fell from the nerveless grasp of the smokers, and were removed by the attendant. And when the last man had sunk into insensibility, the Indian filled a small cup with some of the liquor from the skull goblet, and drained it off. Then he charged a pipe with opium, and, coiling himself up on an ottoman, he began to smoke, until he, like the others, yielded to the soporific influences of the drug and the opium and went to sleep.

My hour of triumph had come. I stepped from my place of concealment, feeling faint and strange, and all but overcome by an irresistible desire to sleep. The potent fumes that filled the air begot a sensation in me that was not unlike drunkenness. But I managed to stagger to the table, seize the goblet and the spoon, and make my way to the door. As I gained the passage the Hindoo woman confronted me, for she was about to enter the room.

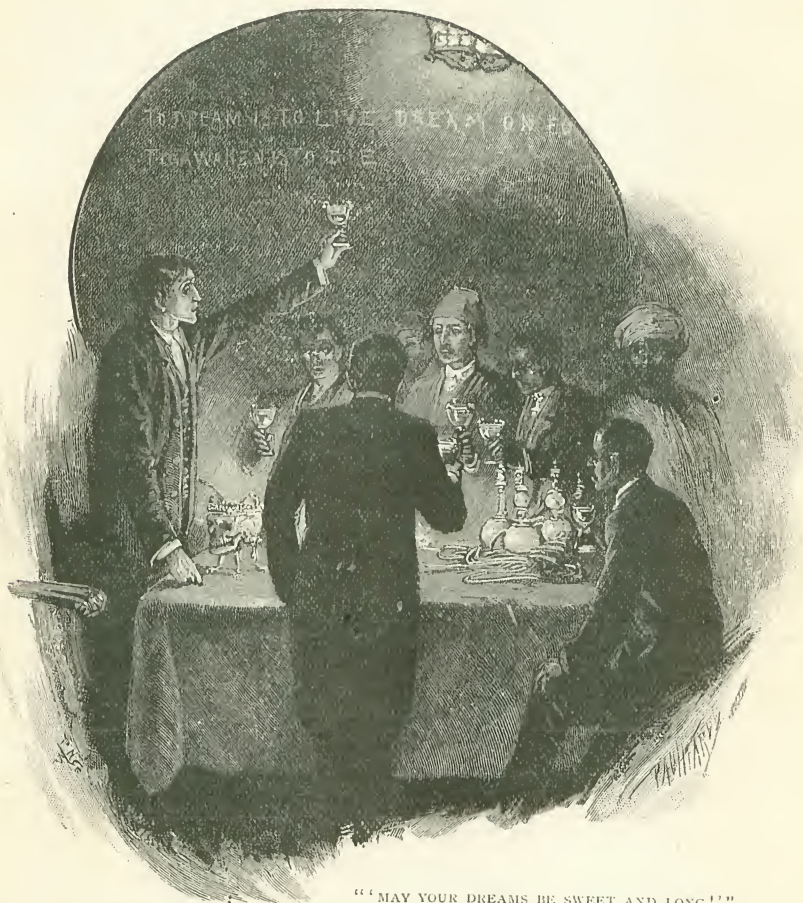
"What is the meaning of this?" she cried, as she endeavoured to bar my passage.

"Stand back!" I said, sternly. "I am a detective officer. These things have been stolen, and I am about to restore them to their rightful owner."

She manifested supreme distress, but recognised her powerlessness. She dared not raise an alarm, and she might as well have tried to awaken the dead in the adjoining churchyard as those heavily drugged sleepers. And so I gained the street; and the intense sense of relief I experienced as I sucked in draughts of the cold, fresh air cannot be described. Getting to the thoroughfare I hailed a cab, and drove home with my prizes, and the following morning I telegraphed to Egypt to an address the Colonel had given me, informing him that I had recovered the goblet.

The same day I went down to the Manor at Esher, and had an interview with Mrs. Odell. I felt, in the interest of her son, that it was my duty to tell her all I had

nounced it to be a very powerful and peculiar narcotic, made from a combination of Indian herbs with which he was not familiar.



"MAY YOUR DREAMS BE SWEET AND LONG!"

learnt the previous night. She was terribly distressed, but stated that she had suspected for some time that her son was given to opium smoking, though she had no idea he carried the habit to such a remarkable extreme. She requested me to retain possession of the goblet and the spoon until her husband's return, and, in the meantime, she promised to take her weak and misguided son to task, and to have the secret passage in the wall effectually stopped up.

I should mention that I had managed to save a small quantity of the liquor that was in the goblet when I removed it from the club table; and I sent this to a celebrated analytical chemist for analysis, who pro-

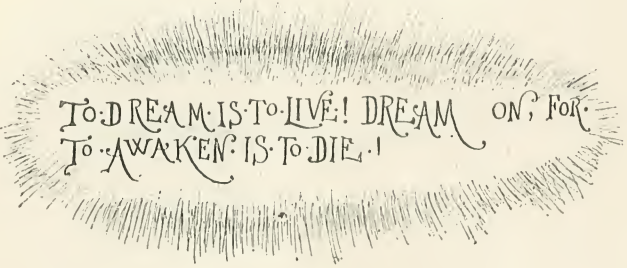
The *dénouement* has yet to be recorded. A few days later Ronald Odell, after drugging himself as usual, was found dead on one of the couches at the club. This necessitated an inquest, and the verdict was that he had died from a narcotic, but whether taken with the intention of destroying life or merely to produce sleep there was no evidence to show. Although I had no evidence to offer, I was firmly convinced in my own mind that the poor weak fellow had committed suicide, from a sense of shame at the discovery I had made.

Of course, after this tragic affair, and the exposure it entailed, the Indian Dreamers' Club was broken up, and all its luxurious

appointments were sold by auction, and its members dispersed. It appeared that one of the rules was that the members of the club should never exceed twelve in number. What became of the remaining eleven I never knew; but it was hardly likely they would abandon the pernicious habits they had acquired.

In the course of six months Colonel Odell returned from Egypt, and though he was much cut up by the death of his son, he was exceedingly gratified at the recovery

of the peculiar goblet, which the misguided youth had no doubt purloined under the impression that it was useless in his father's treasure room, but that it would more fittingly adorn the table of the Dreamers' Club, of which he was the president. I could not help thinking that part of the motto of the club was singularly appropriate in his case: "Dream on, for to awaken is to die." He had awakened from his dream, and passed into that state where dreams perplex not.



TO DREAM IS TO LIVE! DREAM ON, FOR
TO AWAKEN IS TO DIE!

[It will be observed that this month there is no detective story by Mr. Conan Doyle relating the adventures of the celebrated Mr. Sherlock Holmes. We are glad to be able to announce that there is to be only a temporary interval in the publication of these stories. Mr. Conan Doyle is now engaged upon writing a second series, which will be commenced in an early number. During this short interval powerful detective stories by other eminent writers will be published. Next month will appear an interview with Mr. Conan Doyle, containing amongst other interesting matter some particulars concerning Mr. Sherlock Holmes.]

Popular Composers.

SIGNOR TOSTI.



IGNOR TOSTI was born at Ortona al Mare, in the province of Abbruzzi, Italy, and commenced his studies in the Conservatoire at Naples. At that time the violin was his chosen instrument, and he succeeded in gaining first prize for it, which entitled him to a free scholarship in the Conservatoire. He continued studying until the age of twenty, singing and harmony being his chief objects. His first songs were "Non M'ama Piu" and "Lamento d'Amore." Curiously enough, both of these songs were refused by three Italian publishers, but eventually became his most popular Italian songs, and Riccordi, one of the Italian publishers who refused to buy them or publish them, paid a large sum for them a year after. Ever since this transaction Riccordi has continued to publish his Italian songs. In consequence of the success of his songs in Italy, he was appointed teacher to Queen Marguerite. In the year 1876 Signor Tosti first came to London, and with his very first song caught the public's fancy with "For Ever and for Ever." His most popular songs are "For Ever and for Ever" and "Good-bye"; of the later ones "Beauties' Eyes," "Venetian Song," and "My Heart's Delight." Like many

other composers, the melodies he himself liked best failed to become popular. In Signor Tosti's opinion, the real success of a popular song lies sometimes in the prelude, sometimes in a happy interval, or a happy cadence, but always in having something that reminds the ear of something else. His rich passionate Southern melodies have won their way to our English hearts, and Tosti is a name that has long since shed its foreign garb, and has become to our music-loving folk a household word. Signor Tosti intends to remain in England for many years to come, it being, as he remarks, "his second home."



From a]

SIGNOR TOSTI.

Photograph.]

FRANK LEWIS MOIR.

Mr. Moir was born at Market Harborough, and, having lost his father, who was an artist, before he was three years old, received his first musical teaching from his mother, but was educated at the South Kensington School of Art to follow the profession of



From a Photo. by]

FRANK L. MOIR.

[Barraud,

his father. But the boy was a born musician, and, having in 1880 gained an open scholarship at the National Training School of Music over the heads of forty competitors, he decided to pursue the course to which his natural genius clearly summoned him, and to follow music as a profession. His work brought him under the notice of Mr. John Boosey, by whom he was engaged for a term of years to write only for his firm. Among the songs written during that period was "Only Once More," one of the most popular songs ever produced by any composer. To mention his later songs would be superfluous; there are works amongst them which are household words in every home where music is loved. Our readers need not be reminded of Mr. Moir's song, "The Winding Walk," which appeared in our No. of December last.

LAWRENCE KELLIE.

Mr. Lawrence Kellie was born in the neighbourhood of Maida Vale. He was articled as a solicitor's clerk for five years,

but after the expiration of two, he abandoned law for music, which he felt was the true bent of his future career. At the early age of four, he used to extemporise, and at fifteen published his first piece, a gavotte for the piano, under a *nom de plume*. One year after giving up the law he entered into a contract with Metzler & Co. to write for them for three years. This agreement was renewed for another three years, and terminated last Christmas. During that period he has attained well-deserved popularity with several compositions—"Douglas Gordon," "Sleeping Tide," "You ask me why I love," "An Autumn Story," and "A Winter Love Song," being his chief successes. He creates all his own songs in the series of recitals which he gives in London and the provinces. Mr. Kellie has a select school of followers, and his recitals at Steinway Hall are always attended by a fashionable throng; his compositions have a very marked individuality, and in his rendering of a song he very happily defines the kinship between recitation and singing.



From a Photo. by]

LAWRENCE KELLIE.

[Window & Grove,

WALTER SLAUGHTER.

Mr. Walter Slaughter was born in the year 1860, in the neighbourhood of Fitzroy-square. His career began as a chorister in St. Andrew's, Wells-street, at the age of eleven, where he sang for two years. One or two other people who have since become famous were there, amongst them Thurley Beale, Oliver King, and Edward



From a Photo. by] WALTER SLAUGHTER. [J. H. Soper, Battersea.

Lloyd, the celebrated tenor. His father was far from musical; as Mr. Slaughter quaintly puts it, "he knew when 'God Save the Queen' was played because people stood up, and that helped him to recognise it, but that was his full musical knowledge." At the age of thirteen he left the choir, and finished his education at the City of London School, after which he spent a little time in a wine-merchant's office, and then was employed in the music-publishing firm of Metzler. While there, he studied under Cellier and Mr. Jacobi, working hard at orchestration, and soon making a reputation as a writer of dramatic music, which continued to increase until the very successful opera of "Marjorie" put the climax to his fame. As a song writer, he has scored a decided success with "Dear Homeland" and "Gondola Dreams." His latest song is "I Surrender," published at Cramer & Co.'s, Regent-street.

SIGNOR TITO MATTEI.

This celebrated pianist and composer was born on May 24, 1841, in Campobasso, near Naples. He commenced to study at the early age of four, under his father, whose musical instrument was the flute, and profession that of a solicitor. After his father, his master was the great teacher Thalberg. All his studies were conducted at home, his teachers in harmony being Signors Parisi, Ruta, Conti, and Raimondi. Amidst great success, he gave his first large public concert at Naples on September 28, 1846; he was then only five years old. Nearly all the notable musicians were present, amongst them such people as Mercadante, the director of the Naples Conservatoire, and the famous Lablache, who, being very stout, bought two seats to accommodate himself. From then up to the year 1851 he studied, and gave concerts near Naples and in Palermo and Messina. In 1852 he made his *début* in Rome, with so much success that he was presented with a special diploma, and had the honour of a professorship conferred on him by the Accademia di Santa Cecilia at Florence. He was admitted to the Societa Filarmonica. In the same year



From a Photo. by] SIGNOR TITO MATTEI. [Watery.

he went to Florence, where he met Rossini, who called him his colleague, and gave him eventually a host of letters with special recommendation to the leading musicians and patrons of music in Paris and London.

It was also in this year that he had the honour of playing at the Court of Victor Emanuel ; and, after the performance, the present King, who was then about the same age as Mattei—eleven—came forward bearing a large tray of sweets, and presented it to him, saying, "This is for you and your friends." During his stay in Turin the Marchioness of Barolo offered to adopt him, and the Duke of Litta offered to do likewise ; but the boy's father refused to part with him.

It was in the year 1853 that he first came to London. His first appearance here was at Mr. Ella's Musical Union.

His first piece published was a waltz called "Mattei's Waltz," which was the means of establishing his fame as a composer far and wide, being very popular throughout all Europe. After this came his celebrated "Non è ver," then "Non Torno," "Oh, oh, hear the wild winds blow !" and a very great number of pianoforte pieces and songs.

Among his later productions are "Dear Heart," "Kiss and Good-bye," "Chit-Chat," the opera "La Prima Donna," produced at the Avenue, and the following songs :—

"Only Mine,"
 "What will you do
 without me?" "Be-
 side Me," and his
 latest song, a bolero,
 "Carita."

ISIDORE DE LARA.

Mr. De Lara was born in London on the 9th of August, 1858. He commenced to study the piano at the age of ten, under Mr. Aguilar ; at thirteen he made his first appearance before the public, and continued to play in many recitals. At fifteen he went to Milan, where he studied at the Conservatoire of Music under Signor Mazzucato for composition, and Signor Lamperti for singing. He remained in Italy for three years, taking the grand

prize for composition. On his return to England, he commenced to make use of his voice and talent for composing. His first song of note was one named "Only a Song," written about 1882. He next produced a comic opera, "The Royal Word," libretto by Mr. Henry Hersee. His next compositions of note were a choral work, "Song of Orval," poem by Lord Lytton, and a cycle of melodies, "To the Palms," words by Lord Lytton. Of songs he has written about 150, out of which the most popular are : "Mine To-day," "All of my All," "How will it Be?" "The Beginning of the Story," "After Silent Years," and "The Garden of Sleep." Mr. De Lara owes a fair share of his fame to his public recitals, of which he has given over two hundred during the last ten years. Nature has endowed him with a good voice, and that, together with his undoubted ability as a composer, has brought Mr. De Lara to the position he now holds in the musical world. His last work is an opera, viz., "The Light of Asia." This was originally a sacred cantata, written for concert work, but, at Mr. Maurel's suggestion, it was

converted into an opera, and was produced by Sir Augustus Harris last month. Mr. De Lara is now writing an opera, with Sir Augustus Harris's libretto, the first act of which is finished. The subject is "Kenilworth."

MILTON WELLINGS.

Mr. Milton Wellings was born in 1851, in the county of Stafford. His father, Mr. Joseph Wellings, being an amateur musician, and perceiving his son's love of music, determined to take his musical education into his own hands. The first song Mr. Wellings published was entitled "In the Twilight," which did not attract any



From a]

ISIDORE DE LARA.

[Photograph.

special notice; a later one, however, became fairly successful, named "At the Ferry," and at length, amongst many others, he published the song that was destined to make his name popular wherever the

Mr. Wellings is now engaged on a novel bearing the same title, let us hope with as favourable a termination in its plot as the foregoing episode, as Mrs. Wellings escaped from all injury. Mr. Wellings is busy on several orchestral works, which are nearly ready to submit to the public.

BERTHOLD TOURS.

Mr. Berthold Tours was born December 17, 1838, at Rotterdam. His father was the organist at St. Lawrence Church there, and gave him his first instruction in music, particularly in the violin. He studied also under Verhulst, who was the intimate friend of Mendelssohn and Schumann. At seventeen he was sent to Leipsic, where, as one of the high-class violin pupils, he was allowed the distinction of playing in the world-famed Gewand-haus concerts. Among his fellow students at the Conservatoire was Arthur Sullivan. After leaving Leipsic he accepted an offer to become a member of the private string quartette of Prince George Galitzin, the son of Prince Nicholas Galitzin. He came to London in 1861 at the request of Prince Galitzin, who was then residing in England. Like many others his efforts to succeed in London were very trying, but at length he arrested the attention of Mr. Joseph Barnby, then musical adviser to Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co., by a couple of anthems, and the interest aroused in Mr. Barnby resulted in the publication of many works which Mr. Tours had previously written. The anthems



From a Photo. by

MILTON WELLINGS.

[De'enhau & Gould, Bournemouth.]

English tongue was spoken or sung: the name of this song was "Some Day." There is a little incident in connection with this song which illustrates once more how craftily Dame Fortune leads her favoured ones through a maze of circumstances to fame. Mr. Milton Wellings' wife had embarked on board a yacht, which had met with an accident. The news of the accident had been conveyed to Mr. Wellings, and it was during his nervous pacing up and down the room that his eyes lighted on a poem, half open on the table, by Hugh Conway. To try and chase his fears away regarding his wife he abstractedly took it up, and by some strange chance the first line actually painted his feelings of distress at that moment. With his attention now riveted on the poems, he read them through, and unconsciously the melody of "Some Day" sprang into life.

Emboldened by the success of his song,



From a Photo. by

BERTHOLD TOURS.

[E. Riess, Berlin.]

alluded to above were "Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house," and "To Thee, O Lord." Since then Mr. Tours has established his popularity as a song-writer, having published about a hundred songs. Among the best known are "Stars of the Summer Night," "The Angel at the Window," "The Three Singers," "Because of Thee," "Two Dreams," and "The New Kingdom," and a setting of "Our Enemies are Fallen," from "The Princess," for the Tennyson collection of songs.

SIGNOR DENZA.

Signor Denza was born in Castellamare di Stabia, near Naples, on February 24, 1846. His talent for music was discovered at the age of seven. He commenced his studies at the Conservatoire of Naples, where in a year he gained a free scholarship. His first popular work was a Neapolitan song named "T'Allicuorde," after which followed several French and Italian songs, notably "Giulia," "Si tu m'aimais," but the best adapted to the public taste proved to be "Se." These productions were very successful early efforts. It was in the year 1879



From a Photo. by]

SIGNOR DENZA.

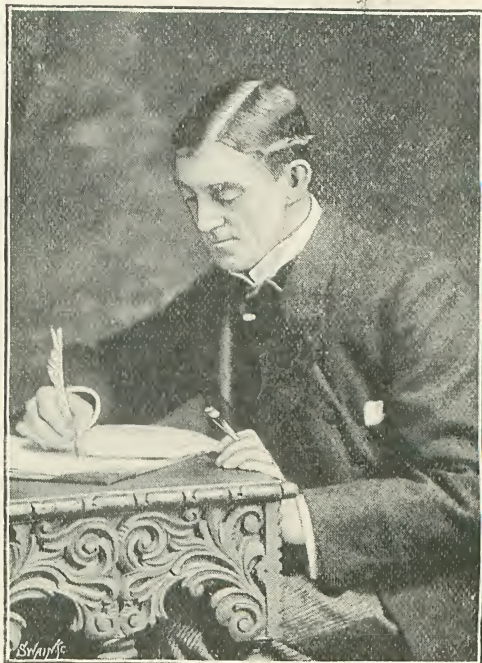
[Walery.

that Signor Denza first came to London. His first songs here were "Come to Me," "Call me Back," "Marguerite," and "River of Rest." In the year 1883 he was appointed Professor of Singing at the London Academy of Music under Dr. Wild. On the death of

Dr. Wild he was appointed a director, which post he now holds. Signor Denza has received the decoration of honour for music from Queen Marguerite. His latest songs are "Hush-a-Bye," "The Sweetest Song," "No More," "Flower of my Soul," "Light of the Day," and "Recalled," words by George Arthur Binnie.

ALFRED SCOTT GATTY (York Herald).

Mr. Alfred Scott Gatty is the second surviving son of the Rev. Alfred Gatty, D.D., Vicar of Ecclesfield, in the county of



From a Photo. by]

ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

[W. & D. Dooney.

York, and Sub-Dean of York Cathedral. He was born at the Vicarage, Ecclesfield, on the 26th of April, 1847. His mother, Mrs. Alfred Gatty, was a well-known writer in her time, being the authoress of "Parables from Nature," &c., and founder and for many years editor of the magazine for children called *Aunt Judy's Magazine*.

Mr. Scott Gatty was educated at Cambridge, where he devoted all his energies to music, and where he conducted and wrote for an Amateur Orchestral Society entirely composed of undergraduates.

In 1866 Mr. Gatty commenced writing songs for children in his mother's magazine, the outcome of which is three handsome volumes entitled "Little Songs for Little Voices," published by Messrs. Metzler &

Co., and which are very popular in both drawing-room and national school. Mr. Gatty wrote most of the lyrics of these little ditties as well as the music.

In 1868 appeared two of the most popular songs Mr. Scott Gatty has ever written, viz., "O Fair Dove, O Fond Dove," and "True till Death." Others to the number of over 200 have appeared from time to time. The best known perhaps are "Gallants of England," "One Morning, oh, so Early," "Rothesay Bay," "In a Quaint Old Village," "The Hay is i' the Mow," "Winter," "When Harvest Came Again," "When Love was a Little Boy." His humorous songs have also been very popular, such as "Three Little Pigs," "Camo-mile Tea," "Dear Aunt Jane," "Who do you Think were There?" and also the well-known plantation songs. Amongst his latest songs are "The Waves Answer" and "Love Built his Nest," published by Moccatta, Berners-street, words by George Arthur Binnie.

In 1880 Mr. Scott Gatty was appointed Rouge Dragon Pursuivant of Arms of the College of Arms, and in 1886 was advanced to the office of York Herald, which appointment he still holds.

ALFRED JAMES
CALDICOTT.

Mr. Caldicott was born in 1842, in the city of Worcester. At the age of ten he became a chorister in the Cathedral choir. After five years he became assistant organist at the Cathedral. In 1863 he left Worcester to go to Leipzig, to complete his studies; his masters in piano playing were Plaidy and Moscheles; in composition his tutors were Carl Reinecke and Hauptmann. He remained there for two years, returning to Worcester in 1865, and was appointed honorary organist to the Corporation. During his appointment he established the Worcester Musical Society. About this

period he took the degree of Bachelor of Music at Cambridge. His first important composition was the oratorio, "The Widow of Nain," which was performed at the Worcester Triennial Festival in the year 1878, under his direction, in the Cathedral where he first received his musical education.

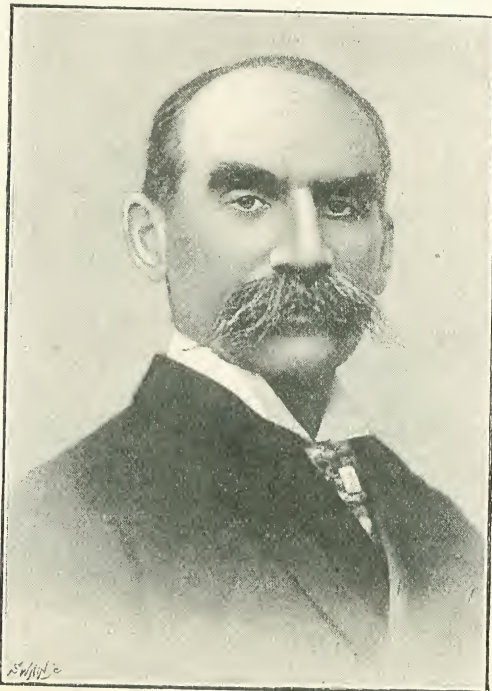
His first serious attempt to win the favour of a London audience occurred about 1880, by an operetta at German Reed's, entitled "Treasure Trove," which was so successful that up to the present day he has composed no less than thirteen operettas for the same place of entertainment.

The late Carl Rosa commissioned Mr. Caldicott to write two operettas, viz., "All Abroad," and "John Smith," which were produced and run successfully at the Prince of Wales's Theatre during 1889 and 1890. Just previous to his death, he had received from Mr. Carl Rosa a more important commission for Miss Agnes Huntington.

He now holds the post of music director at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, under the management of Mr. Horace Sedger. He has written about 100 songs and part-songs, the most popular of which are "Unless," and the humorous one, "Two Spoons." He has also written several cantatas for ladies' voices, the best known being "The Queen of the May," and "The Rhine Legend."

No list of popular composers would be complete without the names of Mr. Maybrick (Stephen

Adams), Jacques Blumenthal, Frederick Hymen Cowen, and Miss Maude Valerie White; but as portraits of the first two of these have already appeared among our "Celebrities at Different Ages," while those of the two latter will do so shortly, we do not give them here.



From a photo. by] ALFRED JAMES CALDICOTT. [Sarony, N.Y.

The Story of Mont Blanc.

By J. E. MUDDOCK, F.R.G.S.

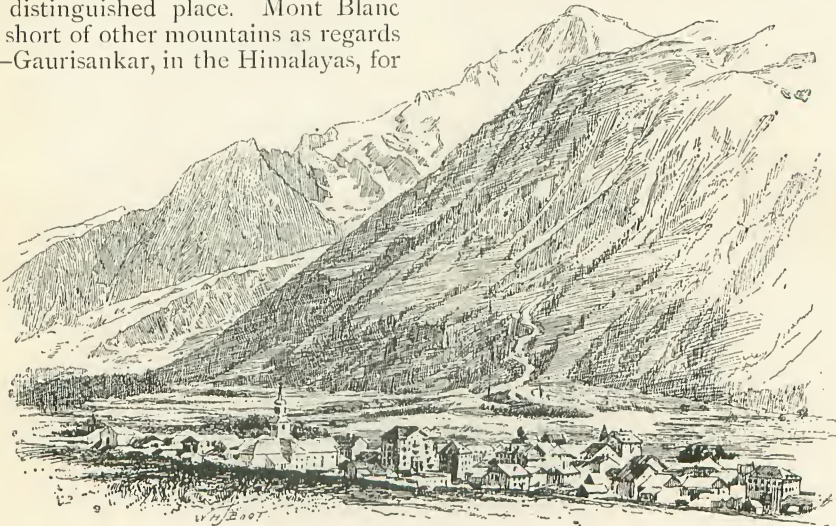
"Mont Blanc is the Monarch of Mountains ;
They crown'd him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow."—BYRON.

"Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky,
Mont Blanc appears—still, snowy, and serene—
Its subject mountains their unearthly forms
Pile round it, ice and rock."—SHELLEY.



HERE are higher mountains, and rugged mountains, and mountains more difficult of ascent than Mont Blanc ; but there is never a mountain in the wide world with such a strange story as that which will for all time cling to the "Monarch"—a story that is at once grim, tragic, pathetic, and even comical and absurd ; a story, too, in which love and heroism play a strange part ; and in the annals of science no mountain occupies such a distinguished place. Mont Blanc falls far short of other mountains as regards height—Gaurisankar, in the Himalayas, for

Mont Blanc is known. At what period this name was first bestowed upon it is not very clear. Certainly it was not so called in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In an atlas by Mercator, published in 1595, there is mention of the village of Chamonix, but Mont Blanc and its satellites are simply referred to under the general term of "Glaciers." One grows dumb as he thinks of the thousands of years, and tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands, and perhaps millions of years that the mighty dome of eternal snow has dominated the valley where Chamonix now stands. How small and paltry seem the affairs of man when compared with such an enduring monument of God's handiwork ! As far back as the tenth century we read that a Priory stood at the foot of Mont Blanc.



CHAMONIX.

instance, being 29,000 ft. But, in spite of this, it has been aptly styled "the Monarch of Mountains," and it well deserves the proud distinction, for it is unique, and proudly soars to the sky—

"In the wild pomp of mountain majesty."

Men and women from all parts of the world have come to pay it homage, and wherever there is civilisation the name of

The valley at that time was wellnigh inaccessible, and for hundreds of years the Priors and holy brothers were undisturbed by the roar of the outer world, which reached not their solitude where the mighty mountain reigned supreme and changed not, though generation after generation of men came from the dust, lived their day, and then went down into the dust again, and in a little while were remembered no

more. Through all these centuries Mont Blanc was regarded as absolutely inaccessible. It was supposed that the cold was so intense that no living thing could possibly exist. It was regarded as a white world of death, whose silence would never be broken by anything save the thundering roar of the avalanche. In 1762, however, there was born in the tiny village of Pellarius, at the foot of the Monarch, one Jacques Balmat, who was destined to break the spell of mystery that had surrounded the mountain from the beginning of time. Balmat's parents were the poorest of peasants, very humble and very ignorant. In their wildest dreams — if they indulged in dreams — they could never have hoped for fame or wealth. But what was wealth to them was to come through their son; and it was ordained that by his great deed the name of Balmat should go down through the ages, and perish not until the mountain itself perishes from the face of the earth. Young Balmat was endowed with all the qualities that are found in the true mountaineer. He had the eye of an eagle, the strength and endurance of a lion, and the dauntless courage of a true man. From an early age he showed a love for the glaciers, and a yearning for the mountains. As he grew in years he displayed a talent for botanising, and in his search for plants he would scale dizzy precipices, while no dweller in the whole of the lovely valley had such an intuitive knowledge where to find the mountain crystals as he had.

Jacques was only a little more than twenty when he began to make excursions on the upper glaciers, and to express a desire to penetrate to Mont Blanc's frozen solitudes. The mountain fascinated him. The more he looked at it the stronger grew the spell. His friends and neighbours told him that it were worse than madness, it was a tempting of Providence to even think of reaching those white regions of ice and

snow. But he was undeterred. That dazzling dome that towered so far up into the thin blue air seemed to invite him to tread its virgin snows, which sometimes looked ghastly in their leaden pallor, and at others glowed with such a glory of rose and crimson that it almost seemed as if a light not of earth but heaven streamed straight down upon them. And at last, unable to withstand the fascination any longer, young Balmat essayed to reach the lofty height on which the stars in their courses sometimes seemed to rest. But his first attempt was a failure, though he was not discouraged. He had in him the stern stuff that makes heroes; and it was death or



MONT BLANC.

glory with him. A little later, in company with some companions, he made another attempt, and succeeded in getting beyond what is known as the Grand Plateau, but here the courage of the others failed, and they decided to go back. Utterly undaunted, Balmat refused to descend with them, and decided on passing the night in the awful wilderness of snow and ice.

The Grand Plateau is an immense *cirque*,

the bottom almost a level plain of about four acres and a half in extent, and situated 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is the playground of avalanches, and the birthplace of whirlwinds. It is a region of deadly cold and ghastly whiteness. When the sun shines on it the glare is blinding; and at night it is weird beyond the power of words to describe. Shelter there is none; and yet, on this plain of eternal snow the intrepid Balmat spent the night. When we think of this man, lost, as it were, in the middle of the vast and unknown solitude, and being well aware that whatever might happen no succour could ever reach him, our admiration for his wonderful courage must be boundless. He was the first human being who ever passed the night in that ice world, and what he suffered is best told in his own words:—

“At last,” he says, “the day began to break. None too soon for me, for I was all but frozen, notwithstanding that I had rubbed myself vigorously, and performed the most ridiculous antics by way of keeping up the circulation. But still I was determined to continue my explorations.”

He had noticed the day previous that a very rapid slope led to a mass of rocks cropping up through the ice, and which from their dark red colour had been named the “*Rochers Rouge*.” He now decided to endeavour to gain these rocks, being under the impression that from them the summit was perfectly accessible. He found, however, that the slope was solid ice, and in order to maintain his footing he had cut holes with his iron-shod alpenstock. Quoting his own words again he says:—

“It was neither easy nor amusing to be suspended, as it were, upon one leg with a profound abyss below you, and nothing but a species of ice ladder to cling to. But by perseverance I succeeded at last in reaching the Red Rocks.”

His hopes, however, were doomed to disappointment, for between him and the summit which he so eagerly longed to gain was a mighty and steep wall of ice, which it would have been impossible to have mounted without cutting hundreds of steps.

“I was stiff with cold,” he continues, “and nearly dead with fatigue and hunger; and there was nothing for it but to go back. But now I felt certain that when I returned, as return I would, and given fine weather, triumph would be mine.”

So he retraced his steps, and when after

many more hours of peril he regained his humble home he was nearly blind, and scarcely able to move his limbs. He managed to take a little food, however, and then he went to sleep, and did not wake again for forty-eight hours.

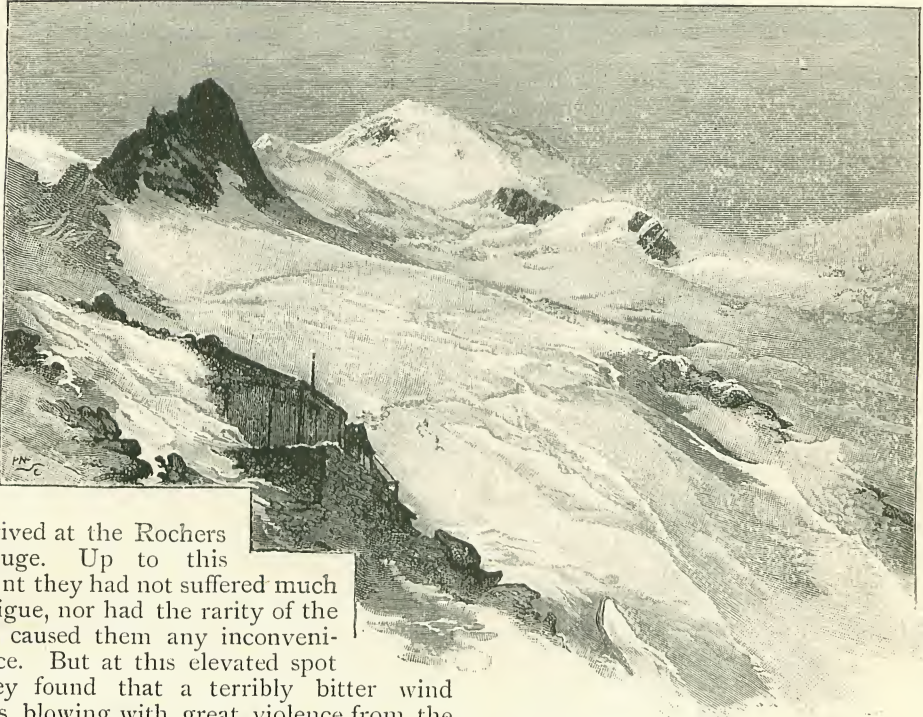
He allowed several days to pass, during which he recouped his strength, and kept his plans to himself, and he resolved to scale the mountain again alone, for now he felt absolutely certain that he would succeed in reaching the much coveted goal. But when he came to reflect, it occurred to him that though he did, his story would not be believed. He decided, therefore, to take into his confidence a certain Doctor Paccard, with whom he was acquainted, and who, unlike all the other people in the valley, had not ridiculed his attempts to set his foot on the unsullied, white dome that soared up into the heavens nearly three miles above the sea.

Doctor Paccard had gained considerable reputation in his profession, and was no less distinguished as a naturalist and geologist. He had often said in Balmat's presence that he wished he could gain the summit of Mont Blanc, as from that elevated position he would be able to see with a glance of the eye all the details of the structure of the high peaks that surrounded the giant of the Alps. So to Paccard the indomitable Balmat went, and laid his project before the *savant*, who readily consented to accompany him. Quietly and secretly the two made their preparations. All being ready, they took several other people into their confidence, and asked them to watch the mountain with telescopes, and make known their success if success crowned their efforts, or send assistance in case of accident.

It was on the 7th of August, 1786, that the Doctor and Balmat set off separately, so as not to attract attention, but with an understanding that they were to meet at the foot of the mountain. Each carried his own provisions, reduced to the least possible weight and size. The first day passed without anything exciting, and they selected a spot under a great block of rock as a resting-place for the night. At daybreak they made another start and gained the glaciers, but lost considerable time in their attempts to turn huge crevasses that barred their path. At last they arrived at the foot of the Grands Mulets, and, after a short rest, continued their course towards the Dome du Gout, which they reached by zig-zagging up the frozen snow. They crossed the

Little Plateau, and mounted over the *débris* of ice avalanches without accident, and found themselves on the Grand Plateau by about mid-day. Thence they scaled the ice slope known as the Mur de la Côte, and after two hours of tremendously hard work

were pressed by the foot of man. When we remember how little was known in those days of the physical laws that govern high Alpine altitudes, and how ill provided the travellers were for such a perilous expedition, Paccard's and Balmat's feat is the



arrived at the Rochers Rouge. Up to this point they had not suffered much fatigue, nor had the rarity of the air caused them any inconvenience. But at this elevated spot they found that a terribly bitter wind was blowing with great violence from the north-east. To remain motionless was to be frozen to death on the spot, and so the two intrepid men determined to go on. But as they advanced their breathing became laborious, and this, added to fatigue and the deathly cold, rendered their position extremely perilous. But it was triumph or death, for having come so far they would not return without accomplishing their object. Few men would have persevered in the face of such difficulties, but Paccard and Balmat knew no such word as fail. The summit, on which human foot had never yet trod, was above them, and they would stand on its virgin snows or die. So upward and onward they went, the cruel, icy wind freezing their very marrow; but such courage, such perseverance, such devotion, were bound to meet with their reward, and at six o'clock on the evening of August 8, 1786, the Colossus of the Alps was beneath the feet of the intrepid travellers, and for the first time in the history of the world the highest snows of the White Mountain

THE GRANDS MULETS AND PETIT PLATEAU, MONT BLANC.

more remarkable; and the imperishable fame it earned for them was well deserved.

Although they were entranced with the marvellous panorama that was unrolled before their eyes, and elated to an extraordinary degree by their triumph, the two brave men were compelled to beat a hasty retreat, owing to the intensity of the cold, which was rendered unbearable by the high wind. And so they retraced their steps, and being overtaken with darkness, they were forced to pass another night on the mountain. The next morning Paccard's eyes were so inflamed with the reflection of the snow that he was blind, and had to be led by his faithful companion, but they succeeded in reaching the village in safety, and had the satisfaction of being informed by their friends, who had undertaken to keep a look-out, that, by the aid of a powerful telescope, they had been observed standing on the summit.

The news of the first ascent of the mountain that had hitherto been deemed absolutely inaccessible soon spread, and reached the ears of the celebrated *savant*, De Saussure, then a comparatively young man, and residing in Geneva, his birthplace. Fired with the desire to accomplish the ascent himself, and make scientific observations from the summit, De Saussure started for Chamonix in July, 1787. For nearly four weeks, however, the weather was atrocious, and the journey could not be attempted. But at last, on August 1, the great scientist started with a formidable caravan, consisting of a body servant and eighteen guides. Besides numerous meteorological instruments, a large tent was carried, and a great quantity of provisions. The first night was passed at the foot of the mountain, and the second night high up in the snows, where some of the guides began to funk, and expressed a fear that they would all perish, owing to the intense cold, which they said no human being could stand, notwithstanding Balmat and Paccard had endured it the preceding year. De Saussure thereupon told them to make a large excavation in the snow, and over this the tent was placed. Every opening was carefully stopped up, with the result that the cold was not felt. But the *savant* himself found the air under the tent insupportable, owing to the heat of the men's bodies and their breath, and in the dead of night he went outside to breathe the untainted air of heaven. He says the moon was shining with extraordinary brilliancy, from a sky of ebony blackness. The scene was solemn and impressive, and, though the cold was intense, it was not unbearable. Early the following morning the journey was resumed, and after many hours of laborious climbing the summit was gained.

It was a proud moment for the enthusiastic scientist. His wife, two sisters, and a son were in Chamonix, and he had promised them that he would signal his success by hoisting a flag, and having done this, he turned his attention to the study of the panorama. He says :—

"A light vapour was suspended in the lower regions, and obstructed the view over the plains of France and Lombardy; but I did not much regret this when I saw that all the great summits of the peaks I had so long desired to know were perfectly clear. I could scarcely believe my own eyes. I seemed to be in a dream as I gazed on the majestic and redoubtable peaks of the

Midi, the Argentière, and the Géant, which seemed to be at my very feet."

While De Saussure was surveying the wondrous scene, his attendants were busy putting up the tent, and arranging the instruments, and as soon as they were ready, he got to work to record his impressions and to make observations. But, according to his own account, his breathing was so difficult that he was compelled to repeatedly pause in his labours. Respiration was short and quick, and the circulation of the blood was so accelerated that he seemed to be in a fever. All his attendants suffered more or less in the same way.

Three hours and a half were spent on the summit, and preparations were then made for the descent, which was accomplished without any great difficulty, and it may be said that science was enriched by the expedition.

For twenty-seven years, De Saussure says, it had been the dream of his life to reach the summit of Mont Blanc, and he had accomplished it at last.

Strangely enough, although tourists now began to visit the valley of Chamonix, fifteen years passed without an ascent of the great mountain being made. Men could not altogether get over the fear that the "Monarch" inspired them with, and though Balmat, Paccard, De Saussure and his nineteen followers had shown the way up, no one else was found bold enough to essay the climb during those fifteen years, until an Englishman by the name of Woolley or Woldley undertook it, and reached the summit.

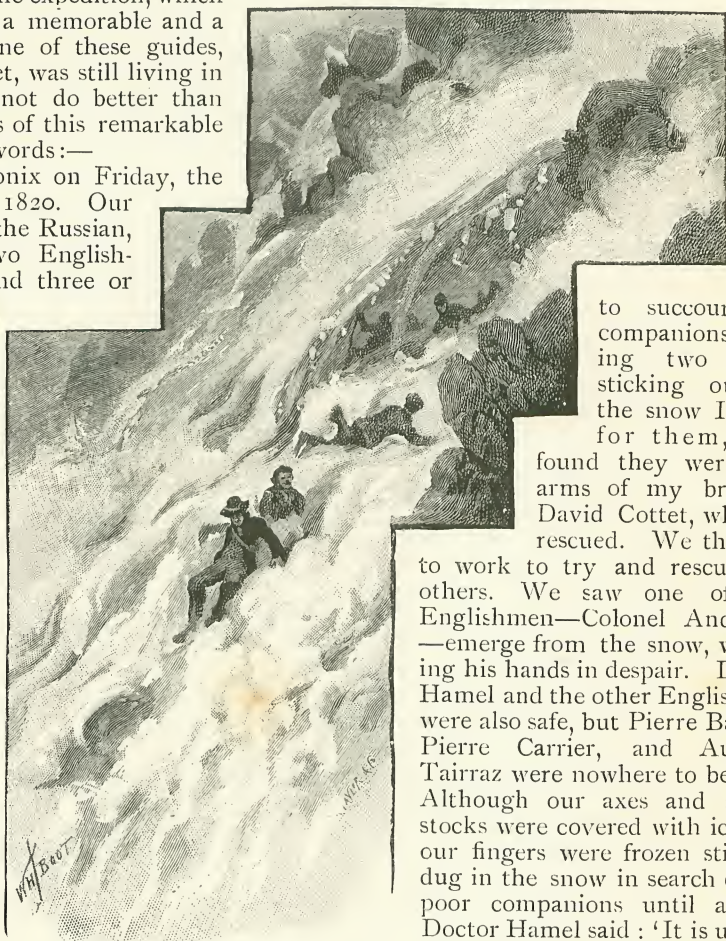
In 1795 Humboldt was in Chamonix, but strangely enough showed no disposition to follow in the footsteps of the eminent Genevois. After Woldley's there does not appear to have been any other ascent until 1802, when two Swiss accomplished it in company with a guide named Victor Tairraz. Seven years later this guide yielded to the entreaties of a young woman, named Marie Paradis, a native of the valley. She was twenty-two years of age, and for a long time had tried to induce some of the guides to accompany her up Mont Blanc. But they had resolutely refused, saying that she must be mad to dream of such a thing.

But Marie was not to be daunted, and accompanied by Victor Tairraz, the brave and hardy little woman won the proud distinction of being the first of her sex to scale the snow-clad giant. There was another

interval of time, and in August, 1820, Chamonix was visited by a Doctor Hamel, in the service of the Emperor of Russia. He had gone to the valley on a scientific mission, and one part of his programme was the ascension of Mont Blanc, for which he at once began to make preparations. At Geneva he had met two English gentlemen, who expressed a wish to accompany him, to which he gladly assented. Ten guides were engaged for the expedition, which was destined to be a memorable and a disastrous one. One of these guides, Joseph Marie Cottet, was still living in 1865, and we cannot do better than give the particulars of this remarkable ascent in his own words:—

"We left Chamonix on Friday, the 18th of August, 1820. Our party consisted of the Russian, Doctor Hamel, two Englishmen, six guides, and three or four porters. We made our first halt at the rocks of the Grands-Mulets. The weather was very threatening, and we were compelled to remain at our resting place for twenty-four hours. When Sunday came the weather was no better, but Doctor Hamel said that he did not intend to miss his opportunity, and he insisted on the journey being continued. Some of the men, however, decided to return to Chamonix, and the caravan was reduced to ten persons—the three travellers and seven guides. We started on our upward course at four o'clock in the morning. We traversed the Grand Plateau with great difficulty owing to the freshly fallen snow. We were compelled to go in single file, and were constantly menaced with avalanches, while *détours* were necessary in order to avoid the crevasses of the great glaciers. The caravan was led by

Pierre Balmat, Auguste Tairraz, and Pierre Carrier, who had to cut steps in the ice with their axes. Suddenly there arose a cry of 'We are lost!' as a tremendous roar was heard over our heads, and we were swept down with the rapidity of lightning into an abyss six hundred feet below. An avalanche had fallen. I recovered my senses and regained my feet, and not being much hurt I immediately did what I could



"AN AVALANCHE HAD FALLEN."

to succour my companions. Seeing two arms sticking out of the snow I went for them, and

found they were the arms of my brother, David Cottet, whom I rescued. We then set

to work to try and rescue the others. We saw one of the Englishmen—Colonel Anderson—emerge from the snow, wringing his hands in despair. Doctor Hamel and the other Englishman were also safe, but Pierre Balmat, Pierre Carrier, and Auguste Tairraz were nowhere to be seen. Although our axes and alpenstocks were covered with ice, and our fingers were frozen stiff, we dug in the snow in search of our poor companions until at last Doctor Hamel said: 'It is useless, they will live no more in this world. We can do nothing for

them.' The instinct of self-preservation prompted us to lose no time in descending; and with unutterable sorrow we left our companions in their nameless graves. Two of the victims left wives and families. Great indignation was expressed against Doctor Hamel for having insisted on continuing the ascent in such bad weather, and he lost no time in quitting the valley. The two Englishmen gave a considerable sum of

money for the families of the victims." In one of his ballads Schiller says, "The crevasse returns not its prey;" but science was to prove the falsity of this; for the celebrated geologist, Doctor Forbes, predicted in 1858 that in about forty years from the time of the accident, the great glacier where the catastrophe had taken place would give up its dead, and this prediction was strikingly verified.

On August 15, 1861, it was the National fête, and the people were leaving the church where a solemn Mass had been held, when a Chamonix guide, breathless and dust-stained, arrived at the house of the Mayor, bearing on his shoulders a sack containing a number of human remains. He had found them at the tongue of the Glacier de Bossous, which streams down into the valley from Mont Blanc. An inquiry was at once opened, and a medical examination left not a shadow of doubt that the remains were those of the guides who had perished in a crevasse of the glacier in 1820. The flesh had been so perfectly preserved by the ice that it was lifelike, and a leg of mutton which one of the three guides had carried, was, when first taken out of the ice, absolutely sweet and fresh, but on exposure to the air soon went bad. Some of the survivors of the catastrophe identified their comrades without any difficulty. In addition to these human relics, their hats and clothes were recovered, also part of a tin lantern, and a wing of a pigeon. Doctor Hamel had taken a cage of pigeons with him, with a view to liberating them at various altitudes. When Doctor Hamel heard that the remains had been recovered, he cynically suggested they should be placed in a museum at Chamonix, and they would attract thousands of travellers to the place. It is needless to say this proposal was not carried out, at any rate not altogether, for all the remains were buried, with the exception of a foot which was placed in the museum at Annecy, where it may still be seen under a glass case.

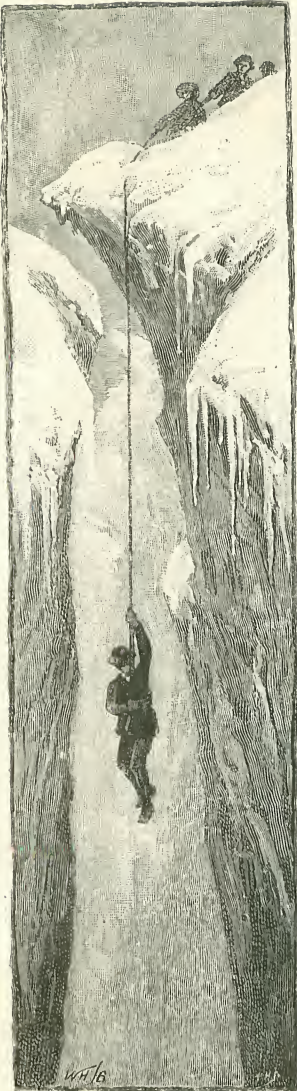
In October, 1834, the mountain was ascended by Count Henri De Tilly, who had formerly been an officer of dragoons. He had ascended Etna, and was ambitious of doing Mont Blanc. He succeeded, but narrowly escaped coming to grief: as it was, he and his guides suffered very much, and he had his feet frost-bitten. Eighteen years after the catastrophe of 1820, a Swiss lady, Mademoiselle D'Angeville, expressed

a desire to emulate Marie Paradis' feat, and reach the summit of Mont Blanc. Unlike the hardy Marie, who had been born and reared amongst the mountains, Mademoiselle D'Angeville was a delicate, fragile young woman, but of a romantic and excitable temperament. Having resolved to attempt the ascent she repaired to Chamonix, and changing her feminine costume for that of a man she started with four guides, and after tremendous fatigue, which she bore well, she reached the summit, and there she insisted on her guides hoisting her on their shoulders in order that she might say she had been higher than Mont Blanc. This lady died in 1872, at the age of 62.

At intervals between the date of Mademoiselle d'Angeville's ascent and 1851 there were various ascents, though none very noteworthy. But in the latter year Albert Smith gained the summit, and afterwards popularised—if he did not vulgarise—Mont Blanc by his lectures. Three years later a third woman—an English lady named Hamilton—climbed the mountain; and two years after that event a Miss Forman ascended in company with her father; and in 1857 Professor Tyndall added his illustrious name to the roll of successful climbers.

The next accident that took place was that of 1864, when a young porter named Ambroise Couttet lost his life through his own stupidity. Refusing to be roped, he broke through a crust of snow that covered a profound crevasse, and was never seen again. A companion, in the hope of recovering the body at least, insisted on being lowered into the crevasse by means of a rope attached to his waist. He went down for eighty feet, but as there were no signs of the bottom, and as he was losing his breath, owing to the rarity of the air in the profound abyss of ice, he signalled to be drawn up, and on reaching the surface he was greatly exhausted. A bottle attached to a cord was next lowered for over two hundred feet, but without touching the bottom. When it was drawn up again it was thickly encased in ice, thereby proving that no human being could long survive in that icy tomb.

In 1866 the Great Mountain again exacted his tribute of victims, but this accident was also due to foolhardiness. In that year Sir George Young and his two brothers, James and Albert, insisted on making the ascent without guides. They



"LOWERED INTO THE CREVASSE."

succeeded in reaching what is now known as "The Corridor," when they slipped and shot down an ice slope for about 1,800 feet. Two of them were but little injured by this fearful fall, but the third was killed. The accident was witnessed from Chamonix by means of the telescopes, which are always directed towards the mountain when an ascent is being made, and a rescue party was at once organised, and set off. They succeeded in recovering the body, but not without running grave risks, and at one time another catastrophe seemed imminent.

A terribly sad event was that of the 12th of October, 1866. A Captain Arkwright, accompanied by his mother and two sisters, visited Chamonix at the beginning of October of that year. The weather was exceptionally fine, and the captain expressed a desire to ascend the mountain. The preparations were made, and very early in the morning of the 12th he started with his sister, who was to remain at the Grands Mulets sketching. The chief guide was Sylvain Couttet; the second, a man named Simond; and, in addition, there were two porters. The party reached the cabane of the Mulets without adventure. After a short rest the men went on, leaving Miss Arkwright at the cabane. The caravan suc-

ceeded in gaining the steep slope which leads to the Grand Plateau, when an enormous overhanging mass of ice became detached, and, starting an avalanche, Captain Arkwright, Simond, and the two porters were swept into a profound crevasse. Sylvain Couttet escaped by making a prodigious leap, which took him clear of the track of the avalanche. When he had recovered from the shock, he searched for his companions, and, to his horror, he saw the body of Simond absolutely crushed to pieces by the ice. The others were nowhere to be seen. He at once descended to the cabane, where Miss Arkwright was sitting on the rocks sketching the dome. Unable to conceal his horror and grief, she guessed the truth, for she had heard the avalanche fall. The scene that ensued in that awful solitude can be better imagined than described. The bodies of the captain and the two porters were never recovered. The great glacier kept its prey, but will give them up some day.

Of all the dark, sad years that are woven into the human story connected with Mont Blanc, that of 1870 is the darkest and saddest. It was a year of bitterness for France, and her tourist and health resorts were deserted, or nearly so. A few people found their way to Chamonix, and amongst them were an American gentleman named Mark, his wife, and sister-in-law, Miss Wilkinson. They started to ascend the Great White Mountain on August 2, accompanied by only two guides. By the time the Grands Mulets was reached the two ladies were suffering from great fatigue, and the keeper of the cabane offered the services of his porter—a young man named Olivier Gay—as Mr. Mark had determined to proceed. Gay was accepted, and all went well until "The Corridor" was reached, when the ladies were so exhausted that they could go no further. Gay thereupon undertook to conduct them back to the cabane, and Mark and his two guides continued upwards. In a short time, however, the echoes of the icy world were awakened by the piercing scream of a woman. The men turned, and saw Miss Wilkinson wringing her hands in frenzy; Gay and Mrs. Mark were nowhere to be seen. They had both fallen into a crevasse, and their bodies were never recovered. Mrs. Mark was the first woman the mountain had claimed as his victim. This sad event, however, was but the prelude to a more ghastly tragedy a month later. Two

American gentlemen—Mr. John Randall and Mr. Joseph Bean, of Baltimore—in company with a Mr. McCorkindale, a Scotch minister from Gourock, ascended the mountain with three guides and five porters. The weather was exceptionally fine, and the summit was reached without adventure. But suddenly a cloud descended. It was the falling of the curtain on the lives of all those eleven men. The cloud became a dense fog, and a *tourmente* arose. Night came, out the ill-starred caravan had not returned to the cabane. During eight days the storm continued, and the fog shut out everything. All attempts at succour were absolutely impossible. Men could not live on the cruel mountain in that *tourmente*, nor could they find their way in the dense mist. At last, when the weather changed, a search party went out. Lying in the snow, near the summit, and as if they were all asleep, were ten bodies, including the three travellers, three guides, and four porters. They had all been frozen to death. The body of the eleventh man

words. . . . I die with faith in God, and my last thoughts are of you (his wife). Adieu to all. I hope we shall meet in heaven."

The leading guide was an intrepid fellow, named Jean Balmat, a descendant of the renowned family of guides. It was his fortieth ascent but all his experience and all his courage could avail nothing against the mighty forces of Nature. The mountain was in a sullen mood, and he exacted the penalty of all those lives.

It is pleasant to turn from this tragedy to a more romantic page in the story. A young lady, Miss Isabella Straton, who had already made three summer ascents, was ambitious of gaining the summit in winter. Possessed of indomitable courage and extraordinary powers of endurance, she was undeterred by the current stories of insupportable cold, and she started from Chamoni on the morning of January 28, 1876, accompanied by two guides—one of them being Jean Charlet, who had already greatly distinguished himself as a mountaineer—and two



"FROZEN TO DEATH."

was never found. It is supposed he had made an endeavour to get back to the cabane to obtain succour, and had perished in a crevasse. In the pocket of Mr. Bean was a diary, in which he had continued to make notes until the cold had frozen his hands and feet and he could write no more. The last entry is terrible in its pathos:—

"We have nothing to eat; my feet are already frozen, and I am dying. I have only the strength to write a few more

porters. They left Grands Mulets the following morning, and had proceeded some distance when one of the porters fell into a crevasse. After considerable difficulty he was rescued, very considerably bruised and battered. The party were consequently necessitated to return to the cabane and spend another night there. A fresh start was made on the following day, the wounded porter being left behind.

The summit was successfully gained; the day being magnificent in its clearness, but the cold was fearful, 29 degrees of Reaumur being marked. Both Miss Straton and Guide Charlet were frostbitten, and only a few minutes could be spent on the dome. This intrepid lady accomplished a double feat that day, for she won a husband also. She fell in love with her guide, Jean Charlet, and married him. Being wealthy and well connected, she raised her husband from the

level of a peasant to a position of affluence. They have built themselves a beautiful house in the valley of Chamonix, where they permanently reside with their family.

A few years later a man with a wooden leg attempted to reach the summit, and nearly succeeded, but became prostrated with exhaustion, and had to be carried down. Then a blind man went up; not for the sake of what he could see, but for the sake of what he could say. *De gustibus non est disputandum!* And the most recent thing in the way of eccentricities is the ascent by a scientist, who, being lame, was taken up by a number of guides on a sort of sledge. A proposition has been seriously made of late years to establish an observatory on the summit of the Monarch.

its physical features are the same now as they were thousands of years ago. Stupendous solitudes of snow and ice, and fearful slopes down which the avalanches thunder, tremendous crevasses, towering seracs, mighty precipices—these remain, and probably will remain, for all time. They represent Nature in her sublimest aspect; and though the mountain were ascended by forty people every day, it could never be vulgarised. The grandeur, the weirdness, the majesty, the might are there, and nothing can detract from them. Owing to the intimate knowledge that has been gained of the mountain, and the means that have been provided



THE MER-DE-GLACE, MONT BLANC.

But it is doubtful whether the proposition will ever take practical shape. The initial engineering difficulties would probably be overcome; but the enormous accumulations of snow would entirely bury any construction of the kind, even if the *tourmentes* which rage round that lofty peak did not carry it bodily away.

At the present day the ascent of Mont Blanc has become very popular, and on an average there are about forty ascents a year. It has been said in consequence that the mountain is vulgarised, but that can never be. It is on too vast and grand a scale, and

for shelter, the difficulties of the ascent are now reduced to a minimum. On the Grands Mulets—to which reference has frequently been made in this paper—a rough hut has long existed, and has recently been improved. The Grands Mulets is a mass of rock that rises up from a stern wilderness of ice and snow. On a ledge of this rock the cabane has been erected. It is in charge of a man in the summer months, and is provided with primitive sleeping accommodation, while limited quantities of provisions are obtainable. The ascent to the Grands Mulets is

over much broken up and crevassed glaciers lying at a steeple angle. The rocks of the Grands Mulets are 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. About seven hours are required to gain the summit from the cabane. Last year the well-known French *savant*, Monsieur Vallot, caused to be erected at his own expense a substantial hut under what is known as the Bosses, not far from the summit, his object being to afford the means for scientific observation. But it will also prove a boon to mountaineers, and render such a tragedy as that of 1870 almost impossible. The hut consists of two apartments, one being reserved for scientific instruments; the other is for the use of travellers. The rooms are warmed by means of oil stoves, and a good supply of blankets is provided. The hut is built of wood, surrounded with loose stone walls, and several lightning conductors are affixed to the roof. From this shelter the summit can be gained in about an hour and a quarter.

It will not be inappropriate to close this paper with a few particulars of the death of Jacques Balmat. His triumph over Mont Blanc brought him fame, though not riches. Of a restless and ambitious disposition, he wanted to know more of the world than he could learn about it in his own mountain-enclosed valley. So he set out to travel, and amongst other places visited London. When he returned once more to his beloved mountains he conceived the idea that gold was to be found amongst them, and in his hunt for the precious metal he undertook many perilous and hazardous expeditions, but his dreams were not realised, and though he was pursuing a phantom his thirst for riches grew.

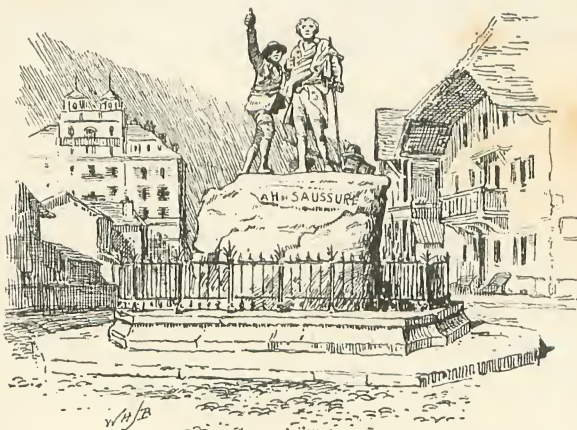
In 1834, although an old man, his passion for climbing had not diminished; and having heard that gold had once been found in the valley of Sixt, to the north-west of Chamonix, he set off to explore that wild region, and narrowly escaped coming to grief. He returned to his home discon-

solate. But soon after something induced him to once more visit Sixt, where he associated himself with a noted chamois hunter, and the two pursued their investigations amongst the high peaks that shut in the valley. One day Balmat, in spite of the entreaties of his comrade, insisted on crossing an overhanging ledge of snow. He had not gone many yards, however, when the snow cornice gave way, and Balmat disappeared, falling a depth of more than 400 feet on to jagged and splintered rocks, in a tremendous abyss, and on a spot that was incessantly bombarded with ice avalanches. His death must have been instantaneous. For a long time the chamois hunter concealed the truth, fearing that the accident might lead to others discovering the supposed gold mine. But after a while Balmat's sons and other members of his family, becoming uneasy at his absence, set off to look for him, and subsequently the hunter related the story of the accident. Attempts were made to recover the body, but had to be given up.

For nineteen years no other attempt was made, but in 1853 a strong desire was expressed by the people of Chamonix that the remains of the celebrated mountaineer should, if possible, be recovered and accorded Christian burial.

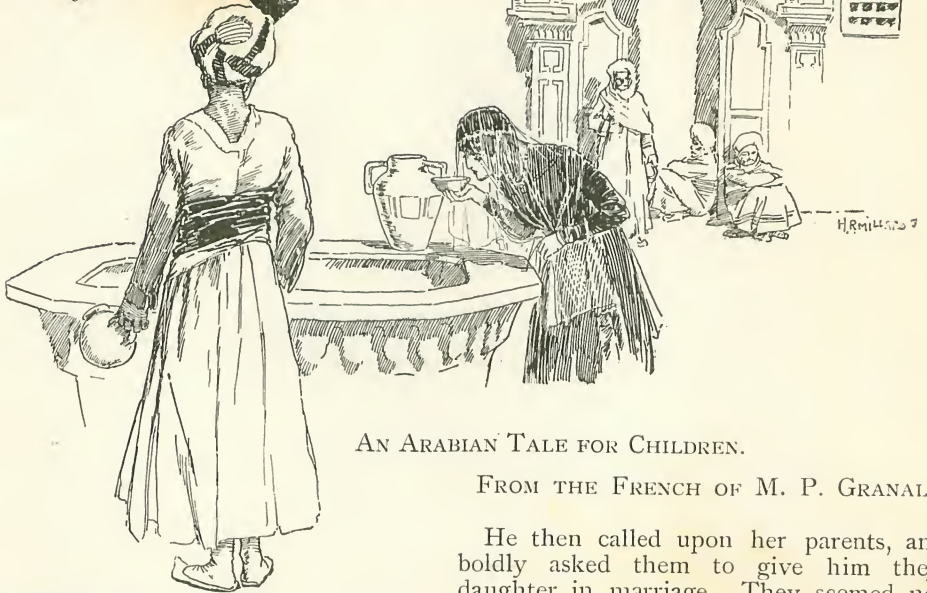
In pursuance of this object a very strong body of the best guides set off for Sixt, and at last, but only with extreme difficulty, they reached the spot from whence Balmat had fallen. It was then seen that no mortal power could recover the body, owing to the avalanches of rock and ice that incessantly fell into the horrible abyss that had become Jacques Balmat's grave. A fitting one, surely, for so true a mountaineer! He sleeps quietly enough in those profound

depths, and the thunder of the avalanche is his requiem; while the magnificent, great, white mountain, now known as Mont Blanc, is his eternal monument, which shall endure until the great globe itself dissolves and passes away! Surely no man ever had a grander one!



MONUMENT TO JAKUES BALMAT AND DE SAUSSURE AT CHAMONIX.

Rajeb's Reward.



AN ARABIAN TALE FOR CHILDREN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. P. GRANAL.

RAJEB was a youth of Cairo, who had inherited from his father a fortune of about two thousand piastres. Had he invested his little capital in trade, and had he been industrious, he might have done very well; but shortly after his father's death he must needs fall in love with a beautiful girl, and then he could think of nothing else. He had met the maiden accidentally at the fountain of a mosque, and she had drawn aside her veil for a moment in order to drink. She was plainly dressed, and appeared to belong to some humble but respectable family. As soon as she became aware of the young man's admiring gaze she replaced her veil with modest haste, and hurried away, not once looking backward over her shoulder, which showed that she was no coquette. Rajeb followed her and saw her enter a small house, of the kind occupied by middle-class folk. He had fallen in love at first sight, and lost no time in making inquiries concerning his enchantress. He could learn no more of her, however, than the fact that she was as good as she was beautiful.

He then called upon her parents, and boldly asked them to give him their daughter in marriage. They seemed not averse to the match, but when the subject of her dowry was discussed, he was astounded to hear that they demanded of their daughter's husband no less than five thousand piastres. In vain the disconcerted lover protested that such a sum was beyond his means; he was told that he must either pay the money or lose the girl. As the latter alternative was intolerable, he begged that they would allow him a few days' delay. This request was granted, but if, said the parents, he did not appear within the appointed time, they should consider themselves at liberty to accept other proposals.

Rajeb, as he returned to his home, reproached himself for having idled away his past time. "Ah!" he said to himself, "if only I had worked hard, I might now have been rich enough to purchase my happiness!" He took out his money and counted it again and again, but no amount of counting or of wishing would make it more than two thousand piastres. He went to bed, but could not sleep for thinking of possible and impossible ways and means of procuring the rest of the money. At last a plan that seemed feasible presented itself

to his mind. There lived at Tantah an old uncle, whom he had not seen for eighteen years, and who was said to be rich. "I will look him up," thought Rajeb, "and beg of him to lend me the three thousand piastres; he will not, surely, refuse!" And he longed for the day, that he might set out upon this hopeful quest.

Morning dawned at length, and Rajeb started on his journey. In order both to *be* and to *appear* economical, he walked all the way. Just as he reached the first houses of Tantah, he met some boys, of whom he inquired for his uncle, "the rich Jousoff." "The rich Jousoff!" echoed they, in derision; "say, rather, 'the beggarly old miser Jousoff,' who hates to fling away a bone after he has picked it clean."

At these words the youth's heart sank within him. However, he asked one of the lads to take him to his uncle's house. There he beheld a withered, ragged, dirty old man, who saluted him roughly with—

"What do you want?"

"Oh, dear uncle!" exclaimed Rajeb; "do you not remember me? I am your sister's son, Rajeb—little Rajeb, whom you used to love. I have come to see you. How are you, dear uncle?"

"Oh, I'm quite well," said the old man; "quite well, but very poor. I shall be unable to offer you very splendid hospitality."

"What of that?" returned Rajeb, cheerfully. "Both riches and poverty come from heaven."

Thus conversing, they entered Jousoff's room, which was exceedingly dark and dingy, and contained no furniture but an old mat and a jar of water. Neither pipes nor coffee

were to be seen. Rajeb, however, was good-humoured and apparently contented. The two supped that evening upon a morsel of detestable cheese and some crusts of coarse, black bread. The cheese was an unusual luxury, procured especially for the occasion, and the neighbours who saw the old man go out and buy it could scarcely believe their eyes.

Rajeb was not accustomed to rich fare, but after his toilsome journey he really stood in need of a good substantial supper. When the meagre meal was ended, he tried to guide the conversation into a channel suitable for the introduction of his request. The old man quickly understood his hints.

Anticipating his purpose, he cried, "I am a beggar! No dervish is poorer than I! All the world robs me. I have spent my last para upon a supper for you. I am ruined!" By glowing descriptions of the girl's beauty and his own passion of love for her, Rajeb strove in vain to soften the miser's heart. Finding



"I AM LITTLE RAJEB."



"THE TWO SUPPED ON DETESTABLE CHEESE AND BLACK BREAD."

that he could make no impression upon that stony organ, he rose at length, and, muttering something about needing a breath of fresh air, went out to conceal his intense disappointment and chagrin.

Outside the house, a lean ass was lying in a small shed munching some miserable scraps of straw. Rajeb, who loved animals, pitied the poor, starved creature ; and, after caressing him, went to a shop and bought some barley, which he gave him, together with a drink of water. After that, he returned to his uncle's house, in which he spent a most uncomfortable night, lying upon the floor. In the morning, after another wretched repast, the nephew was about to take his leave when Jousoff remarked : "I have an ass which is of no use to me. It is all the property left to me, and if you like you may—accompany me to the market, and see me sell it." Rajeb agreed to the proposal, and they went together to the ass's stall. The young man bestowed another caress upon the poor animal, which looked at him with strangely meaning-full eyes, and struck the ground with his foot several times. He seemed to Rajeb to say, "Buy me."

All the way to the market, our hero was debating within himself as to whether or no he should buy the ass, in answer to his mute appeal. Something—he knew not what, unless it were a feeling of compassion—strongly impelled him to do so. When the little party had reached their destination, several would-be purchasers presented themselves, for the animal was young and had no other fault than the skinniness produced by starvation. One said he would give two hundred piastres, another offered three hundred, another five hundred. Rajeb, perceiving that his uncle was willing to take the last-named sum, offered a few piastres more, making sure that he should now get the ass.

"What on earth do *you* want with the beast ?" inquired his avaricious relative.

"I am resolved to possess it," replied Rajeb.

"Well, then," said the old man, with a greedy look, "give me a thousand piastres, and it shall be yours."

And, as by this time the youth felt that at any cost (although he knew not why) he *must* have the ass, he agreed at length even to this exorbitant demand ; the bargain was concluded.

As nearly all Rajeb's money was at Cairo, he invited his uncle to accompany him thither, in order to get his piastres. Since he had changed masters, the ass seemed a different creature, and fairly danced to the city. There Rajeb duly handed over to his uncle the stipulated sum, and entertained him very hospitably for a few days, after which Jousoff said farewell, and departed to his own home.



"SLAIN BY HIGHWAY ROBBERS."

His nephew at once set to work making a stall for his new possession, which enjoyed now an abundance of food and careful tending. Meanwhile, the poor old miser, homeward-bound, had been attacked, plundered, and slain by highway robbers. When the news reached the ears of kind-hearted Rajeb, he shed a tear over his uncle's sad fate, and set off again for Tantah. He was next-of-kin to the dead man, but with the remembrance of his recent visit fresh in his mind, he did not expect to reap much benefit from his heirship, notwithstanding the reputation for wealth which Jousoff had acquired.

This time, Rajeb rode upon his ass. After putting up his steed in his old stall, he proceeded to search the house. In that miserable hovel, not a para, not a single thing of any value, was to be found. All the time that Rajeb was examining the premises, the ass whined and brayed. Thinking he needed food and drink, his master went out several times, and fetched him straw, water, and barley; but they lay untouched, and the animal continually stamped with his foot upon the floor of the stall.

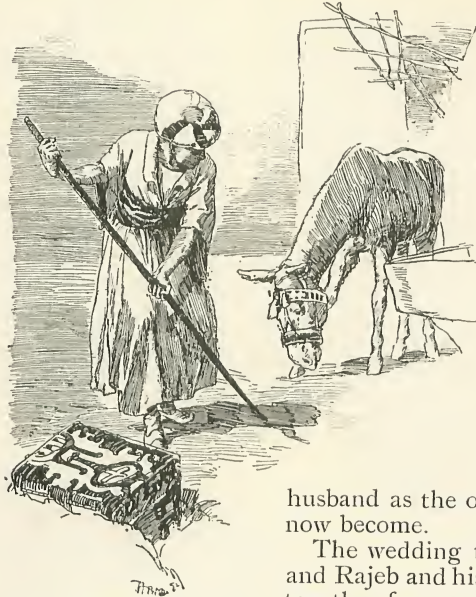
An idea occurred to Rajeb. "Why do you do that?" said he, whereupon the ass stamped still more vigorously than before. His master, seizing a rusty iron bar which lay near, began to turn up the ground, the ass looking on with evident pleasure and satisfaction, his wonderfully expressive eyes seeming to say: "That is right! Go on; it is there." And presently, Rajeb discovered a coffer! When he opened it, he found, to his unspeakable delight, that it was filled with doubloons, sequins, and precious coins of every sort. Still the ass would not allow him to rest. Again—this time in another spot—he beat the ground with his foot. Rajeb eagerly obeyed, and his digging soon brought to light

another coffer, full of rubies, pearls, emeralds, and other magnificent gems. The ass appeared now perfectly satisfied, and stamped no more.

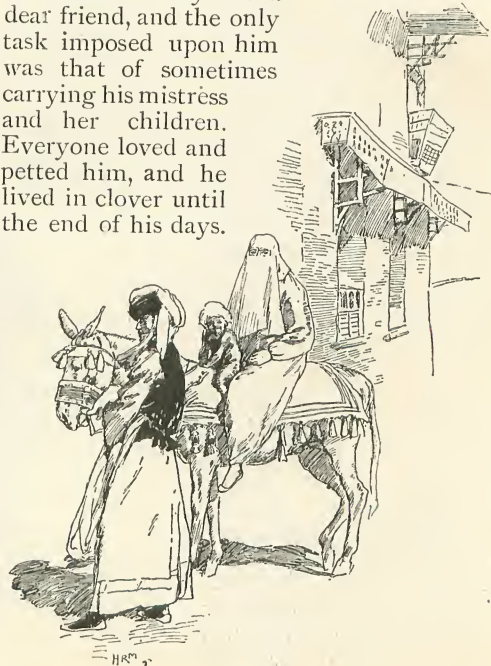
Upon the back of the willing beast, the treasure—a heavy load—was quickly carried to Cairo. Rajeb hastened to his lady's house, and was just in time to prevent her marriage with an old Turk who had agreed to give the five thousand piastres demanded by her parents. Rajeb had only to exhibit to the father a very small part of his acquisition in order to induce him to break off the projected match, and bestow his daughter upon such a highly desirable

husband as the once rejected suitor had now become.

The wedding took place immediately, and Rajeb and his wife lived most happily together for many years. The ass which had brought such good fortune was treated always as a dear friend, and the only task imposed upon him was that of sometimes carrying his mistress and her children. Everyone loved and petted him, and he lived in clover until the end of his days.



"AGAIN HE BEAT THE GROUND WITH HIS FOOT."



The Queer Side of Things.

THE LEGEND OF BILL ERIE.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF J. SOUDAN.



"I GUESS I COULD BREAK UP THAT LOT WITH KID GLOVES ON."



FROM New York to Toronto, and from the Niagara Falls to Cleveland, wherever you travel you may hear from the railway officials the story of "Bill Erie"—that noble soul

who died rather than disgrace his craft.

Bill got his second name from the Lake Erie Railway, the property of the Vanderbilts, whereon he was employed as porter. He had held the trunk-smashing championship of America for many years. He had broken all the records as well as all the boxes. Ordinarily clever porters smashed their thousands—Bill smashed his tens of thousands. No patent iron-bound trunk had terrors for Bill—he smashed them all; while, as for ordinary portmanteaux and hat-boxes, he just annihilated them collectively in batches. You couldn't get ahead of Bill.

It is a sad thing, though, to think that even Bill was beaten at last. Everybody, even the boldest, meets his Waterloo some day. Still one may be pardoned a manly tear for poor Bill Erie. That he should have died, and by the treachery of a fellow porter!

The box that caused all the trouble was

a plain-looking, old-fashioned box enough, although pretty stout. Bill Erie smiled to look at it. "I guess I could break up *that* lot with kid gloves on," he said.

He lifted it, that strong, noble man, as high as the crown of his head. Then he let it fall with a mighty bang.

There was something wrong. A little chip flew out of the concrete platform, but the box lay uninjured. "That's a mighty queer," said Bill. "Reckon I'll have to boot it." Then he raised his foot—that mighty foot, clad in a boot which would go through a brick wall of its own weight.

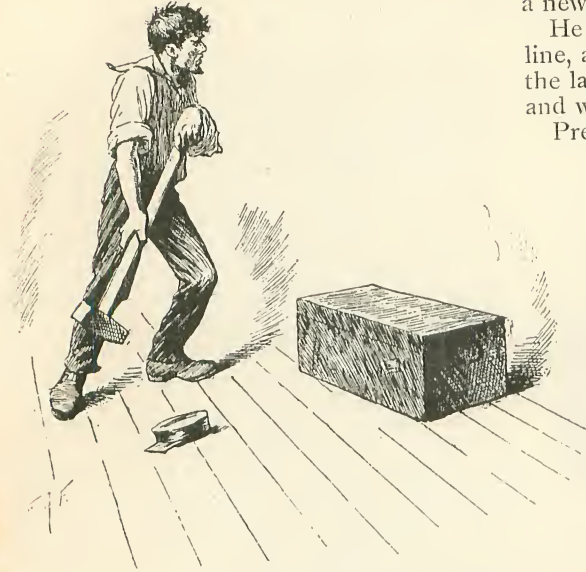
He kicked. Everybody within hearing jumped a foot high at the shock. There was a slight mark on one side of the box; that was all. Then he kicked again. This time he hurt his big toe. Then he tried all his regular dodges, and even executed his famous war-dance on the lid—that war-dance which had, again and again, burst in a new burglar-proof safe. But he knocked a piece of iron off one boot and hurt his feet on that solid mass. After that he went



"HE EXECUTED HIS FAMOUS WAR-DANCE ON THE LID."

home, disappointed, rage gnawing at his heart.

All night he lay in anguish. That he, the champion smasher, should fail at an ordinary wooden box was bad enough, but



"HE TOOK A MIGHTY SWING WITH THE HAMMER."

the noble fellow felt most for the reputation of his employers. That any package should escape uninjured from that line would involve a loss of *prestige* terrible to think of.

Next morning, wearied and dispirited, he borrowed a sledge-hammer. Taking the box into a quiet corner, and divesting himself of his coat, he took a mighty swing with the hammer, and brought it down with all his force upon the lid. The hammer-head flew into a million fragments, and the shaft jerked away into space. The box actually seemed to smile at him. Poor Bill went sorrowfully away, and, leaving a request that the box be still kept at the station (for, at least, he could delay it), he paid for the sledge-hammer and took to his bed. It was as well he did. For he was so down in the mouth as quite to lose his regular form, and probably would have failed at an ordinary packing-case.

After a while, however, a notion struck Bill. He jumped up and bolted downstairs shouting "Eureka!" Poor Bill didn't know what the word meant, you see, but he had a sort of general notion that it was the correct thing to

shout when you ran downstairs without waiting to dress. He went back, however, and put on his uniform, because it struck him that the thing should be done in style, and with all proper form and ceremony. Then he went off to the *dépôt*, feeling like a new man.

He dragged the trunk a little along the line, and shoved it across the rails just as the late express came up. Then he lay by and waited.

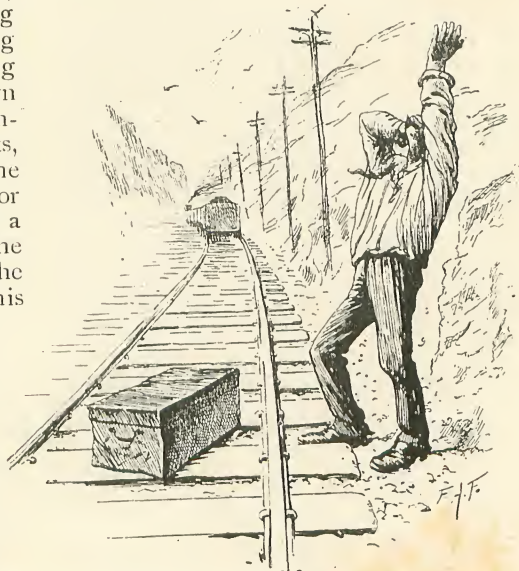
Presently the express came along. Bill sat up and looked for his vindication. There was a rush, a roar of fifty thunders, and the engine passed by with the cow catcher smashed off. Bill didn't trouble about the train, but rushed for the fragments of the box.

Weep, O mountains of Adirondack! Howl, O mighty catawampus of the prairie! There lay the box without a mark! A little longer, and perhaps a little flatter, Bill fancied, but then Bill's mind was a bit disordered, you see.

Then Bill Eric's heroism came out strong.

"A mighty conqueror cannot survive a defeat," he said. "I have hitherto been conqueror among the destroyers of trunks. I will die, but my enemy shall perish with me."

With all his remaining strength the noble fellow dragged that box to the very top of



"THERE LAY THE BOX WITHOUT A MARK."

the high tower on Bunker's Hill, and then, with his eyes closed and the box firmly clasped in his arms, he threw himself down, down, down to death.

From New York to Toronto, and from the Niagara Falls to Cleveland, all good railway men revere the memory of Bill Eric.

The trunk did not break in the terrible fall that killed poor Bill. After his death, the secret came out. You see, Sam Slutters, the next best trunk-smasher on the line (who was a mean skunk, for all his good qualities) had a great jealousy of Bill. So he just put that box in his way after he had



"HE THREW HIMSELF DOWN."

filled it tight full with sandwiches and buns from an English railway refreshment room, and riveted the sides firmly to the adamantine contents.

Nobody could do anything with that box, so they put a brass plate on it and stuck it over Bill's head by way of a gravestone. On the brass plate the following epitaph (adapted from the Greek of Thermopylæ) has been engraved:—

"Passer - by, tell Vanderbilt, the king of the railroads of the New World, that Bill Eric died to avenge the honour of the Railway Company."



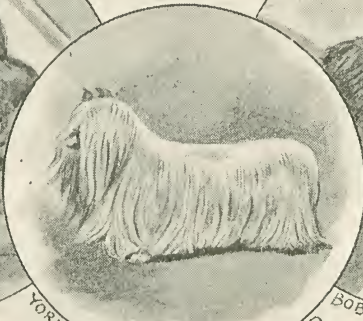


Nocey World



THE BOSS

MRS. S. WOODIWISS



YORKSHIRE TERRIER-CHAMPIONED
MRS. M. A. FOSTER



BOBTAIL SHEEPDOG SIK CAVENISH
D. J. G. LOCK



GREAT DANE CHAMPION VENDETTA
MRS. REC. HERBERT



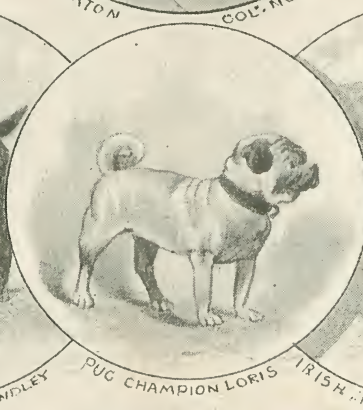
FULLERTON
COL. NORTH



NEWFOUNDLAND HORATIUS
MRS. C. J. SPARROW



WIREDALE TERRIER CHOLMONDLEY
MRS. H. M. BRYANS



PUG CHAMPION LORIS
MRS. C. HOULKER



IRISH TERRIER BREADENHILL
MAJ. W. TAYLOR

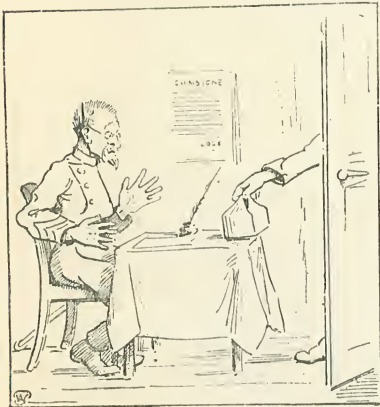
W & S L.



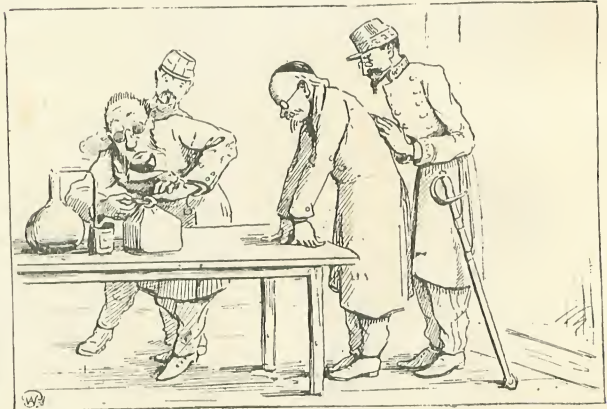
I.



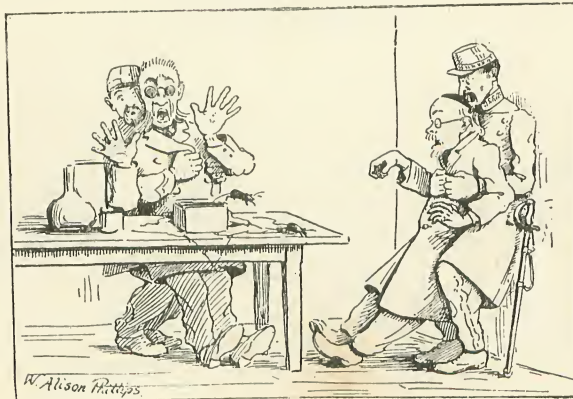
II.



III.



IV.



V.

A DYNAMITE SCARE.





"ASK A POLICEMAN"

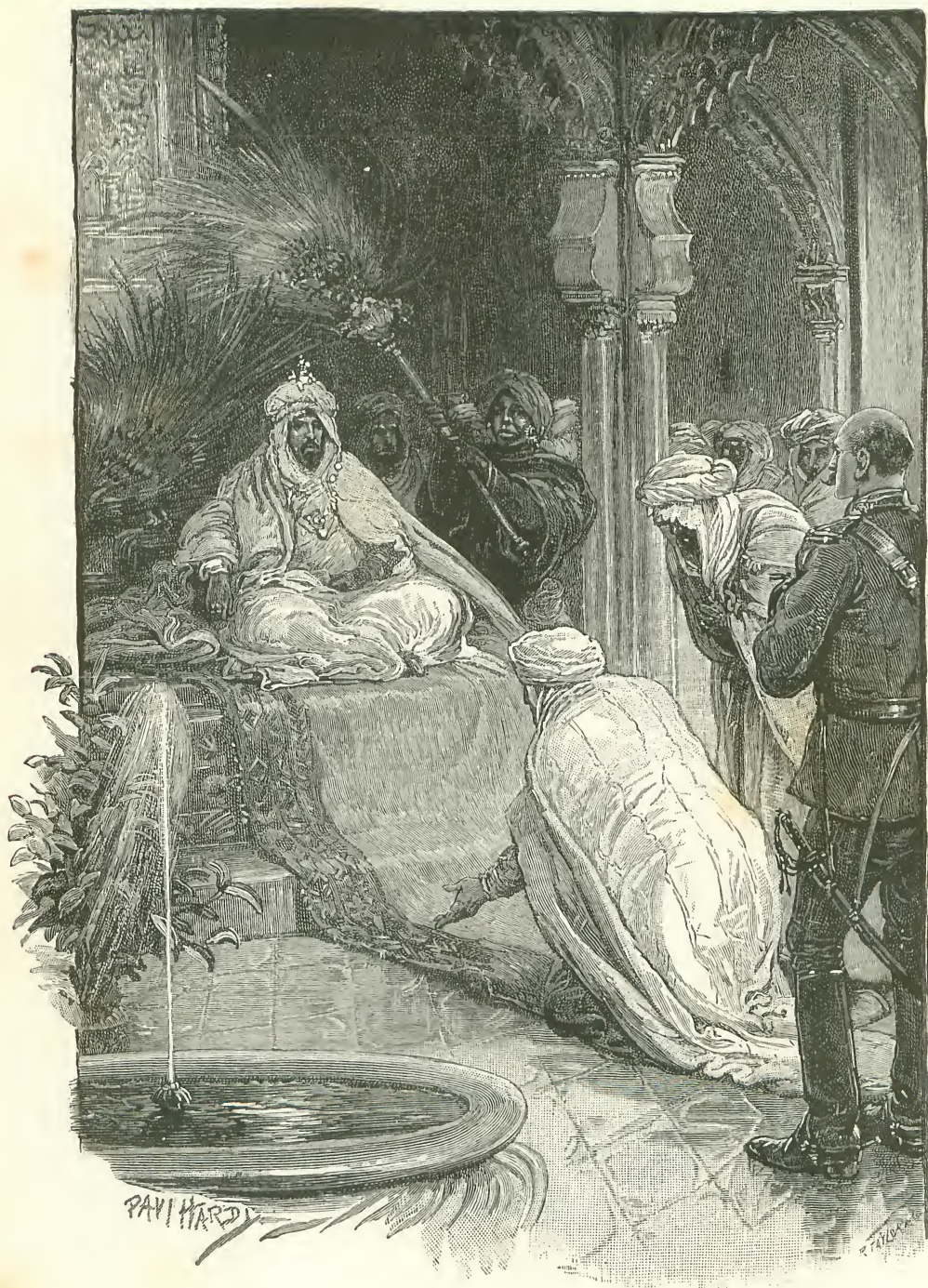
1. "CONSTABLE, THAT CABMAN HAS BEEN GROSSLY INSOLENT TO ME! I INSIST ON YOUR TAKING HIS NUMBER"
2. "CONSTABLE, THAT DEAD DOG HAS LAIN HERE FOR THREE DAYS. I INSIST ON YOUR REMOVING IT INSTANTLY!"
3. "CUSH BLE, THIEESH PAVEMENTS POSH'V'LY DANG'ROUS! I INSIST ON YOUR SETTING 'EM SHITRAIGHT!"
4. "OH! CONSTABLE, THOSE PEOPLE OPPOSITE ARE SOLD OUT OF CASHMERE AT ONE AND SEVENPENCE THREE-FARTHINGS A YARD! CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE TO GO?"



DEAR MRS. PRETTYPET, THINKING TO SURPRISE HER HUSBAND ON HIS RETURN FROM A BUSINESS TOUR, CALLED IN THE ASSISTANCE OF A LANDSCAPE GARDENER—WITH THE ABOVE CHARMING RESULT!



BY DOCTOR'S ORDERS, OLDBOY RUNS ROUND THE GARDEN FOR HALF AN HOUR BEFORE BREAKFAST EVERY MORNING. UNFORTUNATELY, THE BOYS OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD GET TO HEAR OF IT.



THE GREAT CAT'S-EYE.

A Romance from a Detective's Case-Book.



BY DICK DONOVAN,

Author of "The Man from Manchester," "Tracked to Doom," "Caught at Last," "Who Poisoned Hetty Duncan," "A Detective's Triumphs," "In the Grip of the Law," &c., &c.

AS everyone knows, the late Lord Middlewick had a perfect craze for collecting rare gems and works of art; and, being a man of unbounded wealth, he was enabled to gratify his tastes to his heart's content. His cabinet of precious stones was considered to be unique in its way, and contained the very rarest specimens of the world's gems, including some truly magnificent diamonds and pearls. His lordship, however, always considered that the collection was imperfect, owing to the absence of a good specimen of the very peculiar stone known generally as the cat's-eye, on account of its close resemblance, both as regards colour and iridescence, to pussy's optic. This gem seems to be peculiar to the island of Ceylon, but it is seldom that a really good specimen is discovered. Through some cause that has never been satisfactorily explained, the cat's-eyes have certain flaws in them, particularly as regards their iridescence, which not only greatly depreciate their value, but cause them to be rejected by collectors. It had long been Lord Middlewick's ambition to say that he was the possessor of the most perfect cat's-eye in the world; but, though he had practically ransacked Europe—in fact, it might be said that he had

ransacked the world itself—he had not succeeded in obtaining what he wished. At last a report went the round of the papers that a cat's-eye had been discovered in Ceylon that was absolutely without a flaw. It was said to be as large as a hen's egg, and of such magnificent colour that it was peerless, and was roughly valued at fifty thousand pounds. It was announced that several offers had been made for it, but undoubtedly it would pass into the possession of Lord Middlewick, whose agent was already on his way to Ceylon, and was instructed to secure the gem at any cost.

Four months passed, when there assembled at Lord Middlewick's splendid mansion in Berkshire a large number of ladies and gentlemen, including many well-known experts, who had been specially invited to have the first view of the now renowned cat's-eye, which had arrived the day previous, in charge of his lordship's representative, Mr. Lionel Ashburton, the son of General Ashburton, who distinguished himself so much during the Indian Mutiny. Mr. Ashburton was well known as an authority on precious stones, and his famous work, "The World's Great Gems," which cost years of research, is still considered the standard book of its kind. Mr. Ashburton had been out to Ceylon to

examine and report on the treasure. That report being favourable, he had purchased it for his lordship.

There was a brilliant gathering in what was called the "Green Tapestry Chamber" of his lordship's house. On the table was placed a small iron box, sealed with seals, and triply secured by means of iron bands and padlocks. All was excitement and eagerness to behold the new acquisition to the collection, which, it was now admitted, would be the most marvellous collection ever got together by one individual. With a great deal of ceremony his lordship proceeded to break the seals, which were all impressed with the stamp of the house of Jeeheboy, Lalam, Goosh & Co. Then the tapes were cut, the padlocks undone, and the lid of the outer box duly opened. In this box was another one, which was also locked and sealed; and this being lifted out and placed on the table, it was opened with no less ceremony in the presence of the assembled company. In this second box was what might be described as the kernel; it was a carved case of sandalwood, secured with ribbon, and also sealed. The seals were broken, the lid opened, and, amidst the most intense excitement, the stone was lifted out and placed on a bed of spotless white wool, laid on a silver salver. But instantly the countenances of all present fell, and there was a general murmur of astonishment and disappointment; for the stone that the people gazed upon appeared to be nothing more than a common, colourless pebble, such as might be picked up on a sea beach. His lordship turned to Mr. Ashburton, and said—

"There is something wrong here, surely. What does this mean?"

"My God!" exclaimed Mr. Ashburton, who had become deadly pale, "the great cat's eye has been stolen!"

It is far more easy to imagine the consternation this exclamation caused than to describe it. Mr. Ashburton was so overcome that he fainted, thereby adding to the confusion which the startling discovery had caused. And Lord Middlewick, apologising to his guests for the unexpected *dénouement*, despatched the following telegram to me—

"Come down here immediately. If necessary, engage a special train."

This was done, and as soon as I reached the mansion, and my presence was announced, his lordship came hurriedly to me, and conducted me to his library. He

was evidently labouring under considerable excitement and distress.

He was a little, middle-aged man, with a most intellectual face, and small, keen grey eyes that had a habit of fixing one, as it were. As he shook me by the hand with that cordiality that was so characteristic of him, he said, with strong emotion manifesting itself in his voice—

"I have sent for you, Donovan, as the only man I know of who is likely to be of service in this extraordinary case. A stone of enormous value—a great cat's-eye, for which I have paid an almost fabulous sum—has been stolen."

He then proceeded to give me all the particulars as I have detailed them at the beginning of my story, and, when he had finished, he asked me what my opinion was.

"It is curious," I remarked thoughtfully.

"Curious!" he echoed excitedly. "It is something more than curious; it's one of the most extraordinary cases I've ever known, and seems to me to admit of but one solution."

"And what is that, my lord?" I asked.

"Well—Ashburton can, if he likes to open his lips, tell us what has become of the stone."

"You impute dishonesty to Ashburton, my lord?" I remarked.

"In plain words—yes."

"I should like to see Mr. Ashburton."

His lordship rang the bell, and a servant appeared.

"Tell Mr. Ashburton to come here," was the order that his lordship gave; and, when the servant had retired to execute the command, I turned to Lord Middlewick, and said—

"I must ask you, my lord, to leave the room during my interview with Mr. Ashburton."

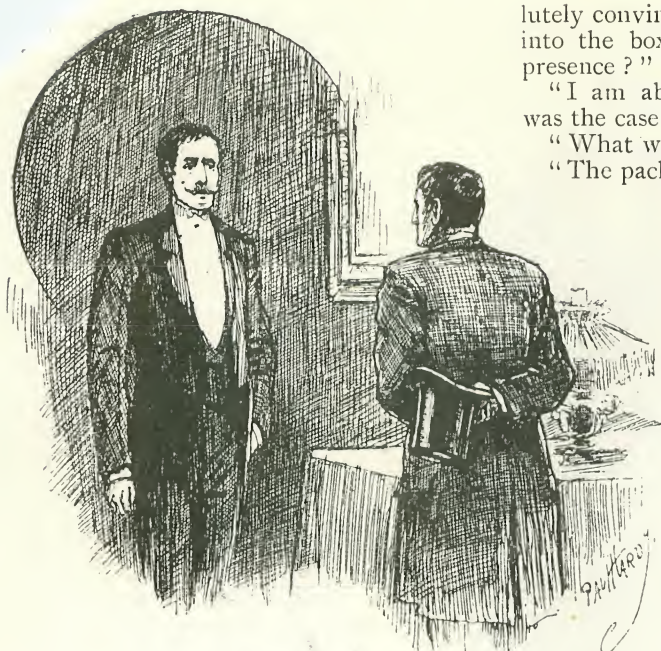
His lordship did not seem very well pleased; but, shrugging his shoulders, he remarked, "Oh, very well, as you like."

A few minutes later, Mr. Ashburton came in. He was a very gentlemanly, quiet-looking man, with a frank, open countenance that immediately impressed me in his favour. He was extraordinarily pale, and looked worried and anxious. He seemed a little surprised at seeing me—a stranger to him—in the room, and said in a somewhat confused way—

"I thought Lord Middlewick was here."

"No, he has retired by my request."

"Indeed; and may I ask what your name is?"



"MY NAME IS DONOVAN."

"Certainly. My name is Donovan—Dick Donovan. I am a professional detective; and have been requested by his lordship to try and recover the stolen cat's-eye. But, now, I want you to answer me a few questions, Mr. Ashburton. Did you see the cat's-eye packed?"

"I did."

"You actually saw it put into the box?"

"Undoubtedly I did."

"Who was present at the time?"

"Mr. Jeeheboy, Mr. Goosh, of the firm of Jeeheboy, Lalam, Goosh & Co., from whom the gem was purchased; and Mr. Samuel Prince, head of the Colombo banking firm, Prince, Halford & Payne."

"Was anyone else present?"

"There were two clerks, natives, whose names I do not know."

"And you have no doubt in your own mind that the real stone was placed in the box?"

"Not the slightest doubt. I am absolutely certain it was."

"You then saw the box sealed?"

"I did."

"Was it ever out of your presence, between the putting in of the stone and the sealing?"

"Not for a single instant."

"Then, unless you were the victim of some strange optical illusion, you are abso-

lutely convinced that the real stone was put into the box, and the box sealed in your presence?"

"I am absolutely convinced that such was the case."

"What was done after that?"

"The package was handed into my care, and I gave a receipt for it."

"And after?"

"I placed it at once in a strong leather trunk, and went on board the P. and O. steamer *Bentinck*, which had just come in."

"And did you embark at once?"

"I did."

"Were there many passengers on board?"

"Yes, a good many."

"How long did the steamer remain in port after you went on board?"

"About four hours."

"And was the leather trunk containing the cat's-eye placed in your cabin?"

"It was."

"And not removed all the voyage?"

"No."

"Was the leather trunk intact when you arrived in London?"

"As far as I know, it was."

"Have you any doubt on the subject?"

"Not the slightest."

"You still have that trunk, I suppose?"

"Certainly I have."

"Could I see it?"

"Oh, yes. Will you see it now?"

"Yes, I should like to do so."

In compliance with my request he led me to his bedroom on the second floor, where in one corner stood a dome-shaped leather trunk of very solid construction. It was secured with two locks in the front, the locks being about a foot apart. I asked to inspect the keys, and Mr. Ashburton at once produced them.

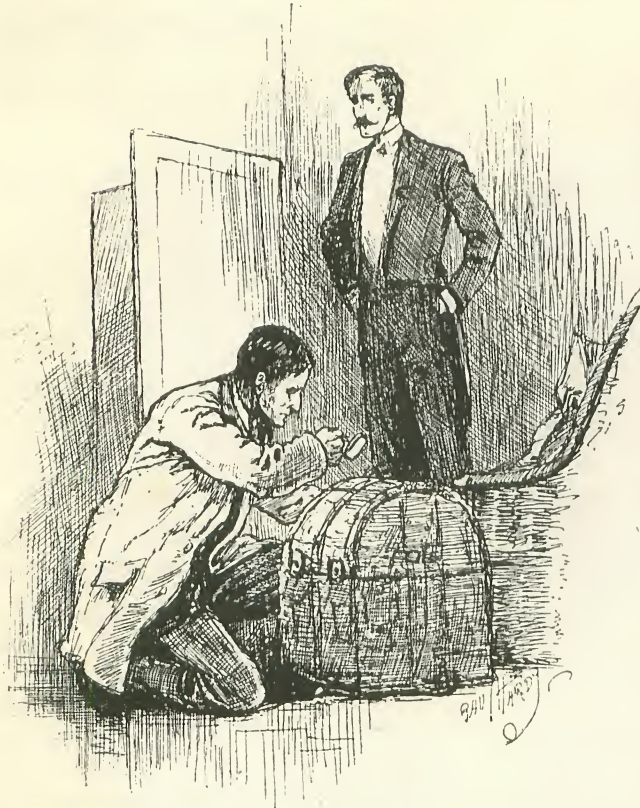
"I see you have two keys?" I remarked.

"Yes."

"Will one key open both locks?"

"No; each lock is of a totally different construction."

I noted that the keys were quite different to ordinary keys. They were made in the shape of a shield, and had an unusual number of wards. I next proceeded to examine the trunk with the aid of a powerful glass, and I was enabled to determine



"I PROCEEDED TO EXAMINE THE TRUNK WITH THE AID OF A POWERFUL GLASS."

that the brasswork of one lock at least had been considerably filed.

"Now, answer me this, Mr. Ashburton," I remarked. "Have you the faintest idea when and where that lock could have been tampered with?"

"I have not," he exclaimed with strong emphasis. "On my soul, I have not," he added, with a fervency that I felt sure could not have been assumed.

I returned to Lord Middlewick, who exclaimed impatiently—

"Well, what's the result now, Donovan?"

"Do you give me *carte blanche* to act as I like in this matter?"

"I do," he answered.

"Good; then I shall proceed to Colombo at once."

His lordship seemed to think that such a step was unnecessary; but I told him that it was my custom always to begin at the fountain-head in such cases. And in this particular one it was of the highest importance to endeavour, by every possible means, to determine whether the robbery had been effected in transit, or before the box containing the stone was removed from

Colombo. As he came to the whole matter from my point of view, he offered no further argument against the course I proposed, and within two days from that time I was travelling express to Brindisi, to catch the outward-bound P. and O. steamer for the East.

No news had reached Colombo of the loss of the stone when I arrived there, and I had kept my mission a secret from everyone. My first step was to seek an interview with Mr. Jeeheboy, a sedate, dignified Indian gentleman, who received me with the most business-like courtesy; and I at once began to study him, but saw nothing in his manner or style that suggested in the slightest degree the likelihood of his being a party to the theft. After a few preliminary remarks, I said—

"You have recently sold a very fine specimen of a cat's-eye to Lord Middlewick, I understand?"

"I have," he answered; "and I believe it to be one of

the finest stones of its kind the world has ever produced."

"You saw it packed, and delivered into the safe keeping of his lordship's agent, did you not?"

"Undoubtedly I did," he exclaimed, as his countenance lighted up with a look of anxious interest.

"You have no manner of doubt in your own mind that the stone was in the box when the box was secured and sealed by you?"

The question caused Mr. Jeeheboy to start visibly, and, though it could not be said that his dusky face grew pale, there were indications in it that clearly betrayed how agitated he was. His dark eyes peered into mine, and for some moments he remained silent, as though somewhat at a loss how to answer me. But at last he said—

"Sir, your question alarms me, for it seems to suggest that something is wrong. I will answer you, however, to the point at once. I am as certain that the cat's-eye was in the box when I set my seal upon it as I am that I am a living man, and talking to you!"

"Did you seal the box yourself?"

"Yes. In the presence of one of my partners and two of my clerks, and of Mr. Prince, head of the banking firm of Prince, Halford & Payne, in whose hands the gem had been placed for safety. But, I beseech you, tell me, has the stone not reached its destination?"

"It has not," I answered. "The stone has been stolen."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mr. Jeeheboy, perfectly aghast. Then he added quickly, "If that is true, the gentleman — Mr. Ashburton — who took it away must have stolen it."

"Why do you think so?" I asked, wishing to know whether his opinion was merely the suspicion begotten by circumstances.

"Who else could have done it?" he exclaimed, with the air of a man who felt sure that he was right.

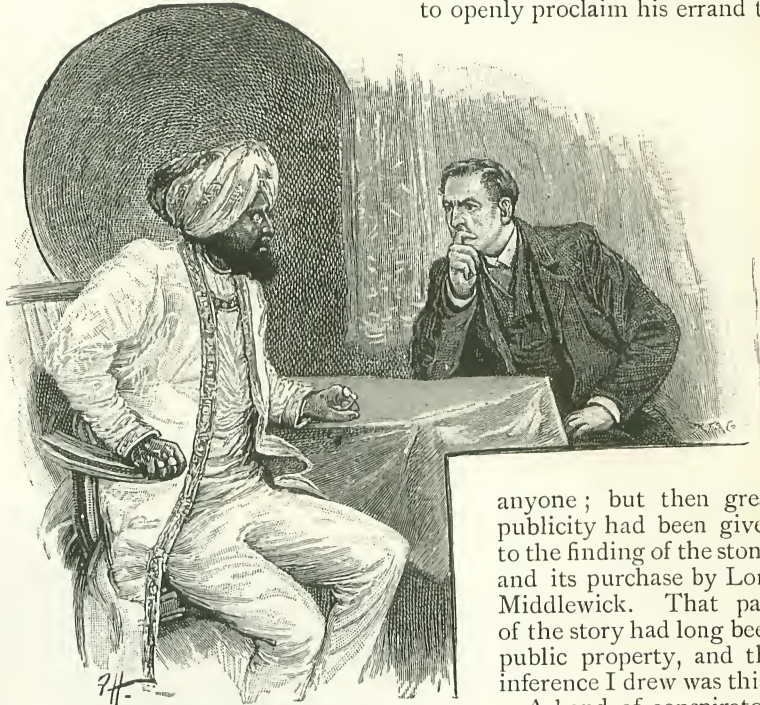
"Ah, that is the problem. Later on I may be able to give you an answer. At present I cannot do so. In the meantime I should like to see your partner, your clerks, and Mr. Prince."

Goosh and the clerks I saw at once, as they were on the premises; and they confirmed, in the most emphatic manner, the statement of the head of the firm—that the stone was safely in the box when the box was sealed.

Having finished my business so far with the firm of Jeeheboy, Lalam, Goosh & Co., I waited on Mr. Prince at his residence, a very handsome bungalow on the outskirts of the town. He was no less surprised than everyone else had been when he heard that the cat's-eye had been stolen; and, if possible, he was even more emphatic than Jeeheboy and Goosh were in stating that the gem was in the box when the box was sealed up.

I now felt perfectly satisfied in my own mind that the great cat's-eye had duly left the island in the care of Mr. Ashburton, and that it had been purloined between that time and the date of the arrival of the box in London. By whom I had yet to learn; but it was clear that the thief must have had a knowledge that the gem was on board. How did he get that knowledge?

Mr. Ashburton was not the man to openly proclaim his errand to



"IMPOSSIBLE!" EXCLAIMED MR. JEEHEBOY.

anyone; but then great publicity had been given to the finding of the stone, and its purchase by Lord Middlewick. That part of the story had long been public property, and the inference I drew was this:—A band of conspirators had leagued themselves

together to steal the precious gem. I say "a band of conspirators," because I was quite sure that no person single-handed could have carried out the robbery. And I was no less sure that one or more of the conspirators must have been well acquainted with the way in which the box was sealed up, and, more than that, they must have been provided with the means for closely imitating the seal of Mr. Jeeheboy's firm. The line of argument I pursued suggested at once that a system of espionage had been instituted, and Mr. Ashburton had been closely watched.

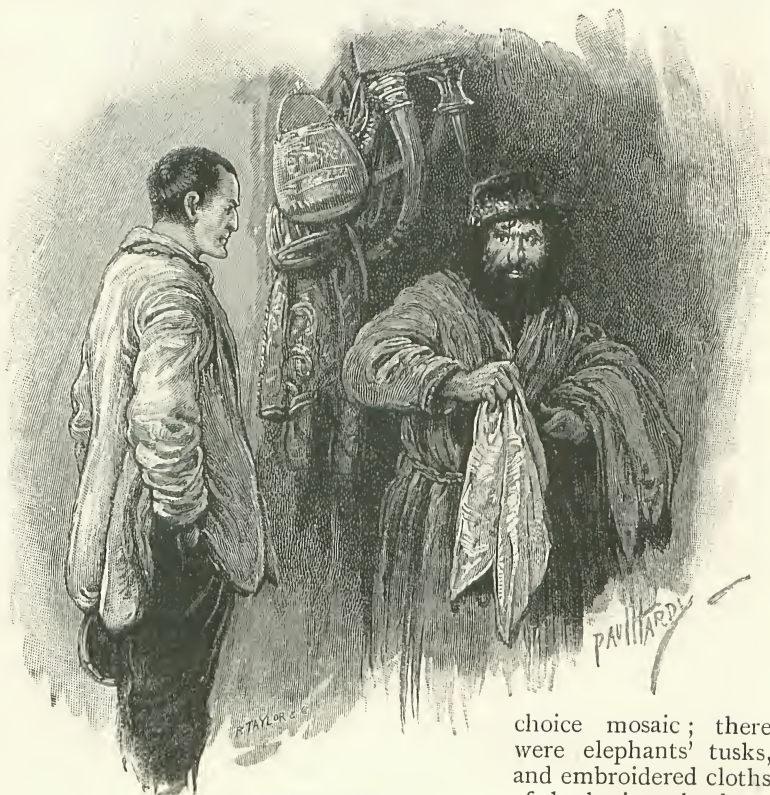
This process of ratiocination determined me to make the most searching inquiries as to the strangers who were staying in Colombo at the time Mr. Ashburton was there; and these inquiries brought forth the following suggestive facts—

Two or three weeks before Mr. Ashburton's arrival the Rev. Arthur Jobson and his wife landed from an outward-bound steamer that was going to Calcutta. The Rev. Arthur Jobson was an invalid in, apparently, shattered health; and he had suffered so much at sea that he vowed he would go no further, as he wished to be buried on shore, for he had a sentimental dread of being thrown into the deep. His wife was represented to be a most charming woman, and much sympathy was shown for her and her husband, who was a comparatively young man. She was visited by most of the European residents, and the devotion she displayed for her husband called forth the admiration of everyone.

It was quite thought when he first came on shore that the Rev. Arthur Jobson would not live many weeks, but the climate of Ceylon exerted such a beneficial effect upon him that he began to improve, and when the *Bentinck* arrived he announced his resolve to give up all idea of going on to Calcutta, which originally had been his destination, and to return home in that vessel. It was understood that his wife was somewhat opposed to the plan, but he was firm in his resolve, and so passages were secured in the *Bentinck*, and when she sailed on her homeward voyage the Rev. Arthur Jobson and his wife were cabin passengers in her. I learnt that "Jobson" and his wife went on shore at Aden, whence with some difficulty I traced them to Marseilles.

I now asked myself why he had gone to Marseilles. He must have had some special reason for doing so. What was that reason? Seeking for it, I lighted upon what seemed to me the most feasible one,

namely, to open up negotiations for the sale of the gem. I was aware that in Marseilles was a firm of Jews, who traded under the style of Moses Cohen & Sons. These enterprising gentlemen were said to be the largest dealers in precious stones and *bric-à-brac* in Europe, and a little bird had whispered to me that they were not too particular with whom they did business. They would buy gems and jewels from anyone, and ask no questions, so long as they thought they could make money, and avoid complications with the legal authorities. To Messrs. Moses Cohen & Sons I resolved to go, and, by means of a stratagem, endeavour to worm from them the information I wanted, should it so happen that my surmise was correct. And so one morning I entered their shop, which was situated near the docks. It was a dingy, ramshackle, tumble-down sort of place, filled up with as strange an assortment of things as could have been found in any part of Europe. There were stuffed crocodiles and precious vases, gold tankards and Indian clubs, rings and jewels, shells and beads, rare rugs, filigree work, specimens of



"I ENTERED THE SHOP."

choice mosaic; there were elephants' tusks, and embroidered cloths of barbaric splendour,

head-dresses, shoes, and sandals from every clime under the sun—in short, it was the most heterogeneous and the oddest collection of things I had ever beheld under one roof, while the combination of scents and smells that assailed the nostrils defies even a suggestive description.

I had cropped my hair short *à la Française*, donned a blue blouse, a much-worn pair of trousers, and sabots. Ostensibly I was a French *ouvrier*, but from a certain assumed sullen expression, and a furtiveness of look, I might have aroused suspicion that I was not averse to any little enterprise, however illegitimate. Indeed, I had purposely endeavoured to suggest that I was by no means unfamiliar with the French hulks of Brest.

As I entered the emporium of curios I was confronted by a strange-looking little man, who eyed me with a pair of eyes that were as keen as hawk's, and of a purple blackness of hue. His face was of the most pronounced Jewish type, and his nose singularly suggestive of the beak of a bird of prey. He wore a Persian cap of embroidered velvet, and was otherwise attired in a very much frayed and faded Eastern robe, loosely held together at the waist by a silken cord ornamented with gold thread, while his feet were thrust into a pair of Turkish slippers. In age he was probably about thirty, though he really looked older, while his general expression was that of cupidity and cunning. He was engaged in examining a bundle of silk handkerchiefs from some Eastern bazaar, and, as I entered, he snarled out, as he fixed his eyes upon me—

"What do you want?"

He spoke in French, of course, and I answered him in French.

"I want to see the head of the firm," I said.

"I'm the head at present," he growled again. "What is your business?"

"Trade," I mumbled.

"What have you got to trade?" he demanded in the same growling sort of way.

"Nothing," I answered sharply, "if you treat me like a dog."

"Where do you come from?" he asked with a sort of savage eagerness.

"Paris," was my curt answer.

"So. And what are you?"

"Something more than I seem," I muttered.

"And what have you got to trade?" he asked, growing more eager.

"Gems and jewels," I replied, fixing my eyes upon him, and I saw his grow brighter, if that were possible, while in their dark depths the *auri sacra fames* manifested itself as I had never to my knowledge seen it do in such a way in any other eyes. The light that gleamed from those dark orbs was the light that comes into the miser's eyes at the sight of a heap of gold.

"Where did you get them?" he fairly gasped out, suppressing his excitement as well as he could, though it was too manifest to be altogether concealed.

"Well, sir, that's my business," I replied; "but I had a hint given me by one who is as staunch as steel that your firm would do a trade. I'd like to see your father, though."

"You can't."

"Why not?"

"Because he is not here. I tell you I'm the head at present, and I can do business as well as he can."

I affected not to notice this remark, but asked—

"When will your father be back?"

"I don't know."

"Can you give me no idea?"

"No."

"Then I'll come again," I said, and I made a movement as if about to go.

"Stay!" he cried. "If you want a good market, it is here; and I'll deal fairly with you, if you have stuff that is worth attention."

"Oh, of that there is no doubt. But I'll come again when your father is in."

This reiteration irritated him, and he said in the snarling way I had already noticed—

"You are a fool, and if you won't trade with me, you shan't trade with my father."

"Well, that may be so," I said with indifference, "but I'll try him, anyway."

"Then you'll have to wait a pretty long time."

"Why?"

"Because he's not in the country."

"Where is he?"

"He's in Morocco," came the unguarded answer; and, though it certainly might have been my fancy, I believe I detected in his face evidence of a feeling on his part that he had been foolish in speaking so hurriedly.

"Oh, he's in Morocco, is he!" I exclaimed. "Well, that's unfortunate for me." Then after some moments of reflection, I asked, "Are you to be trusted?"



"I'LL THINK OVER THE MATTER."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, will you treat a fellow squarely, and not give him away."

"Certainly," he answered, "and secrecy and despatch is our motto."

"Well, I'll think over the matter," I replied, "and come and see you again."

His anger and irritability made themselves manifest. But, without waiting for him to continue the argument, I left the place with an instinctive feeling that I had again struck the trail; for it instantly occurred to me that old Moses Cohen had gone to Morocco in company with Jobson, who had changed his name to Rowland, and if I could establish that fact there could be but one deduction, namely, that they had gone to try and sell the great cat's-eye. I directed my attention now to tracing Rowland, and I found that he and his wife went to Lyons, then doubled back to Marseilles again, and took passage in the French steamer *La Pelouse* for Algiers, and in that steamer old Cohen also sailed.

The scent was getting hot now, and my surmises were becoming hard facts. In going to Lyons, Rowland had been actuated, no doubt, by the belief that he was making it more difficult for him to be traced; and when he and his wife came back to Marseilles, they had again changed their name, and were then known as Mr. and Mrs. St. John Clair, and in that name they were entered on the passenger list of *La Pelouse*. That they were the people I wanted there

was not the slightest doubt, for the description I received of them tallied exactly with the Rev. Arthur Jobson and his wife, who had been in Colombo.

Perhaps I need scarcely say that as soon as I could possibly get a steamer I was speeding to Algiers after them, and, arrived there, I ascertained they had proceeded to Mogador. This was the place, then, where they hoped to find a market, and to Mogador I resolved to go. But I saw the necessity for taking counsel with the French authorities in Algiers, and I appealed to Colonel Jules Marcet, who was in charge of the garrison. This gentleman promised to aid me in every possible way,

and he furnished me with an escort of ten Arab soldiers in charge of two French officers, and an interpreter, and, as I could tolerate no delay, we set off at once.

On reaching Mogador, I learnt that "an old Jew trader," speaking Arabic perfectly, had recently arrived in company with a white man and his wife, and the Jew had brought with him a most wonderful gem, which he was anxious to sell to the Sultan, who was then at his summer palace about twenty miles inland. Accordingly the Jew and the white man and his wife had gone out to him. It was now necessary to take such steps as would render it tolerably certain that I should recover the long missing gem. To do this some subterfuge would have to be resorted to, for the Sultan was a wily monarch, and, had he been so disposed, he might have sent the stone to some safe place of keeping in the heart of his country, and have defied anyone to obtain possession of it. I therefore, with the approval of the officers of my escort, had a message conveyed to him to say that I had come from England to see him on a very urgent matter indeed, and I humbly craved that he would grant me an audience, as my business was of such a nature that his interests might suffer if he refused to see me.

After waiting a few days his barbaric Majesty's answer came, and it was to the effect that the interview I solicited would be granted, and on the morrow an escort

from the palace would arrive to conduct me and my attendants to his presence.

When the next day dawned—it was a day of splendour and heat—fifty picturesque horsemen, each man clad in the ample white garments peculiar to the country, and mounted on a superb Arab steed, clattered into the town, and by command of His Majesty they had brought a spare horse for my use. After some delay we left the strange and quaint town of Mogador and struck inland. I had adopted the dress of the country, even to the ample folds of linen around the head and the peaked embroidered shoes of red Morocco leather. I also carried a native gun, and in my belt two of the large and formidable knives peculiar to the country. But, as a matter of self-protection, I had far more faith in the two heavy six-chambered revolvers, each barrel loaded, which I carried concealed beneath my dress, but easily get-at-able.

As we approached the palace a body of the Sultan's troops lined the road and saluted as we passed; and, entering a great gateway of exquisite Moorish architecture, I found myself in a quadrangle, in the centre of which was a clump of date-palms; and a fountain gurgled and plashed, impressing one with a most refreshing and delightful sense of coolness. Beneath the shade of the trees a group of men reclined, and a little further off a number of closely veiled women were squatted on the ground; and, though the eyes were the only part of their features exposed, I could not fail to observe, by the expression in the eyes, that they were regarding me with a keen and curious interest.

After being conducted through many winding passages we found ourselves at last in a spacious and magnificent chamber, the walls of which were panelled with gold mosaic. The floor was polished marble, and the vaulted ceiling was coloured blue and studded with stars of gold. Seated cross-legged on a raised dais, and attired in a most wonderful robe of gold and silk, was the Sultan, and surrounding him was an army of attendants; while two gigantic black fellows stood behind him fanning him with ponderous jewelled fans. The whole atmosphere was heavy with the odour of a strange perfume that was thrown up by a tiny fountain in the marble floor.

As I approached His Majesty with the most profound obeisance, I could not repress a start of pleasurable surprise as I observed

that, held by a little network of gold thread, a cat's-eye of unsurpassed splendour was glittering on his breast, and I felt that at last I gazed on the stolen gem. Through my interpreter I thus addressed the Sultan, adopting the florid and fulsome style peculiar to the country—

"Oh, most potent and mighty ruler of this great and wondrous land of beauty and light, whose power even kings and other great ones of the earth acknowledge, deign, I humbly crave, to give hearing to thy humble servant who lies in the dust at your feet."

"Speak; we will listen," answered the Sultan.

"This is my story, then, O Mightiness. I come in search of a stolen gem, which is like unto that which glitters on your breast."

The Sultan started, and his dark face flamed up with anger, as he answered—

"This gem have I lawfully acquired within the last few days from a man and woman from your own country, and a Jew of Marseilles, who has frequently supplied me with some of the treasures of the earth."

"Naught but truth could fall from the lips of your Majesty," I replied; "but the Jew and my country people have deceived you, and that stone has been stolen from its legitimate owner, a mighty lord of England, and I crave you, ere this Jew and his companions leave your kingdom, to have them seized, and compelled to return to you the money you have paid, and then place in my possession the gem which I have so long sought, in order that I may restore it to its sorrowing owner."

By His Majesty's commands I gave a detailed account of the history of the stone, and satisfied him that I was lawfully empowered to take charge of the gem, and also to convey the man and woman back to England, so that they might receive the measure of punishment due for the crime they had committed.

The Sultan was fiercely angry at being so deceived, and issued orders at once that a band of his picked soldiers should ride with all possible speed to Oran and bring back the man and woman and the Jew; and pending their arrival I was to be detained. For eight days I remained practically a prisoner in the palace, but at last one morning the beating of drums and the shouting of the people announced that the soldiers had returned, and soon I was informed that they had brought the Jew

and the "Jobsons" with them. In the afternoon I was conducted once more to the presence of the Sultan, and confronted with Cohen and his companions. "Jobson," as I had better continue to call him, was a tall, impos-

without duly inquiring how Jobson and his wife had obtained possession of the gem. On his part Jobson did all he could to create an impression that he was a greatly injured man, and that the charge I preferred against him was a false one. But it was very clear

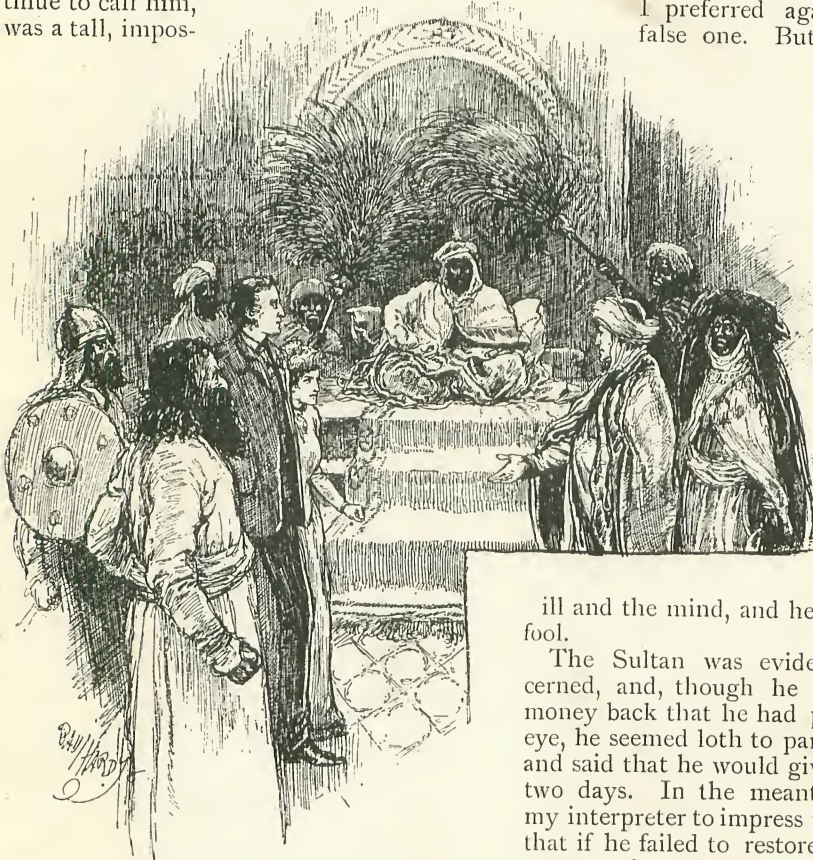
that the Sultan did not believe him. And at last, under the impulse of a great fear, he blurted out that the gem had been stolen, but that he was only the agent for others. Whereupon his wife assailed him with a volley of abuse, which corroborated my impression that she was possessed of the

ill and the mind, and he was a poor weak fool.

The Sultan was evidently much concerned, and, though he had got all the money back that he had paid for the cat's-eye, he seemed loth to part with the stone, and said that he would give his decision in two days. In the meantime, I instructed my interpreter to impress upon His Majesty that if he failed to restore the stolen property to the rightful owner, he would most certainly give offence to both England and France. Whether this empty threat had any effect or not, I don't know; but at the end of the second day he sent word that he would deliver up the gem to me in the presence of his Prime Minister of State and the two French officers, and that I should be free to take Jobson with me out of the country, but that, unless the woman of her own will chose to accompany me, she should not be compelled to go.

The arrangement for delivering up the stone was duly carried out with considerable ceremony, but Mrs. Jobson, after abusing her husband for what she termed his "pitiable weakness and cowardice," said she would remain where she was, let the consequences be what they might.

Having got possession of the stone, I was anxious to leave without a moment's



"IN THE PRESENCE OF THE SULTAN."

ing-looking man, with quite a patrician cast of face; but his utterly dejected and scared expression showed that he felt the game was up. His wife was a little woman of considerable beauty, with a strong face and a mass of golden hair. She immediately struck me as a woman of an iron will and dogged determination, and I at once concluded that her husband was as potter's clay in her hands.

Cohen was no less striking: he was even a picturesque figure; of very swarthy complexion, and long dark hair falling in greasy ringlets about his neck and shoulders.

With singular adroitness the Sultan subjected him to a most severe cross-examination; and though the Jew with desperate effort tried to justify himself, he had to confess that he had undertaken the commission

delay, and I requested His Majesty to furnish me with an escort of his most trusted soldiers. He gave me twelve men, and, though night was closing in, I determined to set off immediately, for I had an impression that an attempt might be made to rob me of my precious charge. All night long I travelled without halt, and was truly thankful to ride into Mogador as the day was breaking. I had brought Jobson with me; he seemed utterly broken down and dejected, and he was evidently in fear of his life.

After a brief rest the journey was resumed. The Sultan's soldiers were ordered not to go further than Mogador, and I continued on my way with my original escort, and reached Algiers without adventure. It was then decided that Jobson would have to be detained by the French, pending the formalities of extradition; and, as a steamer was on the point of sailing, I took passage in her. For, while the precious gem remained in my possession, I was restless and sleepless with anxiety for its safety. It may well be imagined with what joy I found myself in London after my most exciting and adventurous journey. And I immediately telegraphed to Mr. Ashburton, telling him that I had recovered the stone.

Then, ascertaining that Lord Middlewick was at his mansion in Berkshire, I went down by the first train I could get. As I entered the room, he rose, and shook my hand, saying—

"Well, Donovan, it's a long time since I heard anything about you, and I suppose there is no chance now of my ever seeing the lost gem?"

"My lord, I have been following it about the world," I answered.

He smiled a little ironically as he remarked—

"And, like a will-o'-the-wisp, it has led you a useless dance, I presume?"

"Not exactly," I said, smiling in turn,

and producing from my pocket a little packet of tissue paper, I unrolled it; and, as I laid the stone before him, I said: "Here is the lost cat's-eye, my lord, so that you see my journeying has not been useless altogether."

For some moments he could not speak, so great was his mingled surprise and emotion. Then he seized my hand again and wrung it, and exclaimed—

"Well, Donovan, you are the most wonderful fellow I have ever known; and I almost believe you are gifted with powers of necromancy."

"There is nothing wonderful in the feat I have performed," I answered, with—as I hope—becoming modesty. "Endowed with an ability for logical reasoning, I have been able to use such slight clues as I could obtain. The result is, you are now in possession of the gem; and perhaps I need scarcely remind you that Mr. Ashburton's honour is unstained."

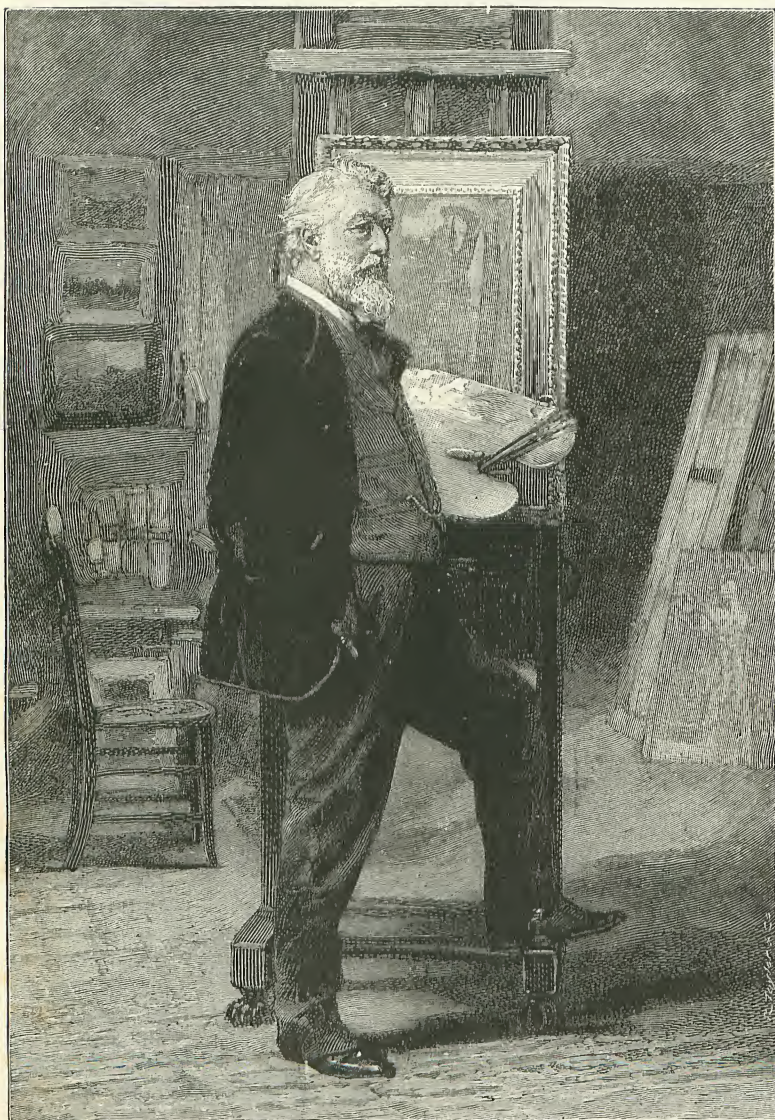
"Depend upon it, Donovan," said his lordship, quickly, "that I shall endeavour to make the most ample reparation to Mr. Ashburton for the unjust suspicion I have cast upon him."

It remains for me to say that, after some delay, Jobson was brought over from France, and duly put upon his trial for stealing the gem. His real name was proved to be William Hinton. He was the son of a much-respected clergyman, but had led a wild and restless life, and had married a clever adventuress, who, there was no reason to doubt, had led him astray. Two other men had been mixed up in the robbery, and had really found the money for Hinton's expenses; but they managed to get out of the country, and thus avoided justice. On his own confession, Hinton was convicted and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. What became of his wife I never knew, but it is exceedingly doubtful whether she would ever be allowed to leave the Sultan of Morocco's dominions alive.



Illustrated Interviews.

No. XIV.—SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.



From a Photo. by]

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON AT HIS EASEL.

[Elliott & Fry.]



NOT a sound reaches me here, save the singing of the birds," said Sir Frederick Leighton, as we stood for a moment in the garden of his beautiful house in the Holland Park-road, Kensington. It seemed to be a little world of its own. There was nothing whatever to disturb one's thoughts on this day of sunshine, when the flowers about

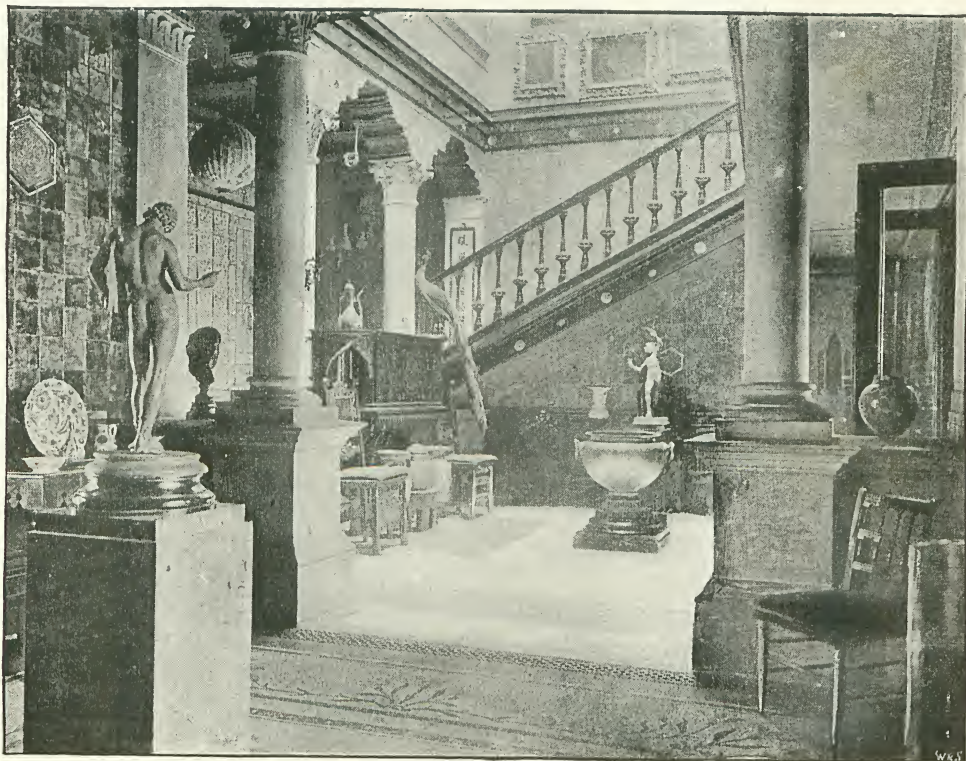
the lawn were looking their brightest and best, the great trees and tiny trailing ivy greener to-day than ever before. We knew the children were playing in the street, a few yards away, but their merry shouts and happy laughter could not be heard. The surroundings of the home of the President of the Royal Academy almost suggested the secret of the peaceful effect which seems to come over one when looking at many of his pictures.

We crossed the lawn, walked down a long leafy passage covered with ivy, and once again entered the house. I do not think there is another home in the land so beautiful as Sir Frederick's. It is the home of an artist, who must needs have everything about the place to harmonise as the colours he lays upon his canvases.

Sir Frederick is justly proud of his house. He does not care even to look back upon his own life, a life which has been one of remarkable brilliancy, a life which he has lived with a purpose; he is to-day at the head of his profession, a profession for which he was destined on his first birthday. Not only has his genius been conveyed through the channel of his brush and palette, but as a scholar and a thinker he impresses to the highest degree those whose good fortune it is to enjoy his friendship or acquaintance. Neither will he criticise the efforts of his brother artists save in terms of praise; neither will he speak of the life which he personifies—Art—a subject too great, he says, to be faithfully treated in the space in which I was to chronicle the events of the day which I passed with him. He turns from his life, his brother artists, and art

itself to his home. He loves his home. His house was not designed in a day or built in a year. It has been the work of years; bit by bit it has become more beautiful; its owner has watched it grow up almost as a father does his boy.

The house itself stands in a spot surrounded by many eminent painters; Luke Fildes, R.A., Val Prinsep, A.R.A., G. A. Watts, R.A.; whilst near at hand, in one of the studios adjoining, the younger Richmond, the eminent portrait painter, is working. Outside, the house, which is of red brick, is striking in its simplicity; it was built for Sir Frederick by Mr. Aitchison twenty-six years ago, and here the President of the Royal Academy has lived and worked ever since. Possibly the unimpressive aspect of the exterior was designed with a view of surprising the visitor when he once entered the place. The interior positively surpasses description. I had the great privilege of being taken from room to room by Sir Frederick Leighton; object after object was taken up and talked about, and it would be quite impossible to refer separately to all the artistic treasures of which he is the pos-



From a Photo. by]

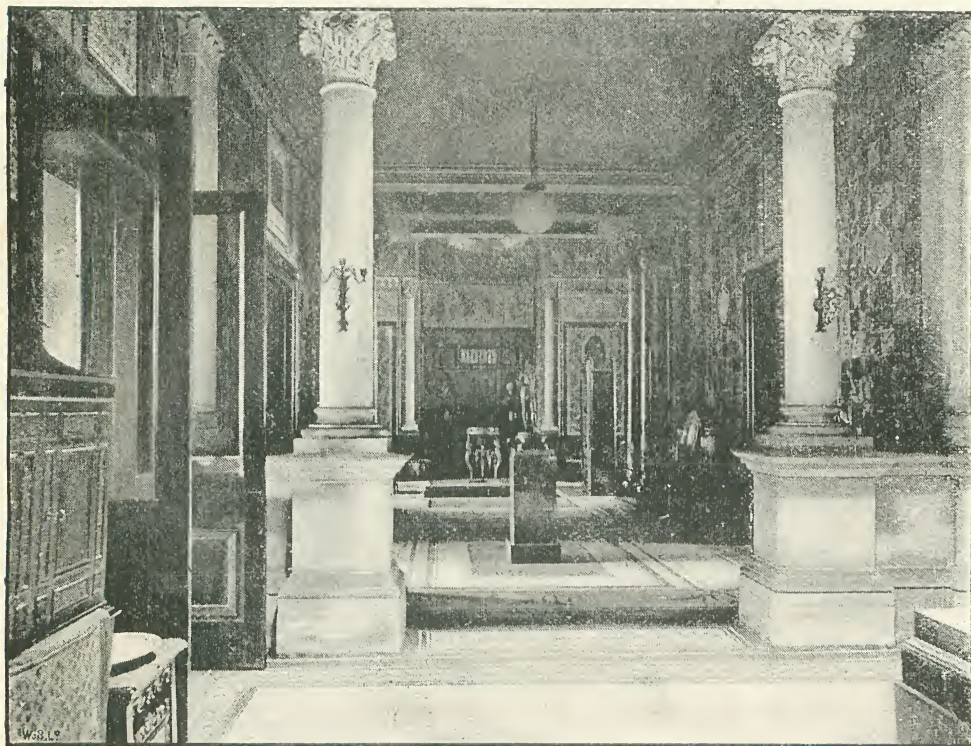
ARABIAN COURT-ENTRANCE.

[Elliott & Fry.

sector, the beauties of which were most enthusiastically dilated upon.

Entering from the street, you find yourself in a small hall. Though of the most artistic design, this, too, I fancy, is yet another blind for what lies beyond. In this hall stands a bronze statuette of Icarus, by Mr. Gilbert, A.R.A., executed for Sir Frederick. A few steps more through a solid-looking black ebony door picked out with gold (all the doors of the house are similar) and we enter the Arabian Court. Sir Frederick's Arabian Court is simply a creation; one can only stand and listen to the splashing of the fountain falling beneath

the sweetest of strains glide across the smooth plaques; if Aladdin himself were to enter bearing on his back his burden of precious stones. It is the very spot to which you would come to find all this. Sir Frederick pointed out to me the Damascus, Persian, and Rhodian ware which is liberally scattered about. The delicate woodwork is from Cairo, the exquisite mosaics are by Walter Crane; the blue tiles are among the first De Morgan ever did, and the capitals of the columns are carved with various birds by the late Sir Edgar Boehm. The only thing which has not been brought from some Eastern country is some very



From a Photo, by

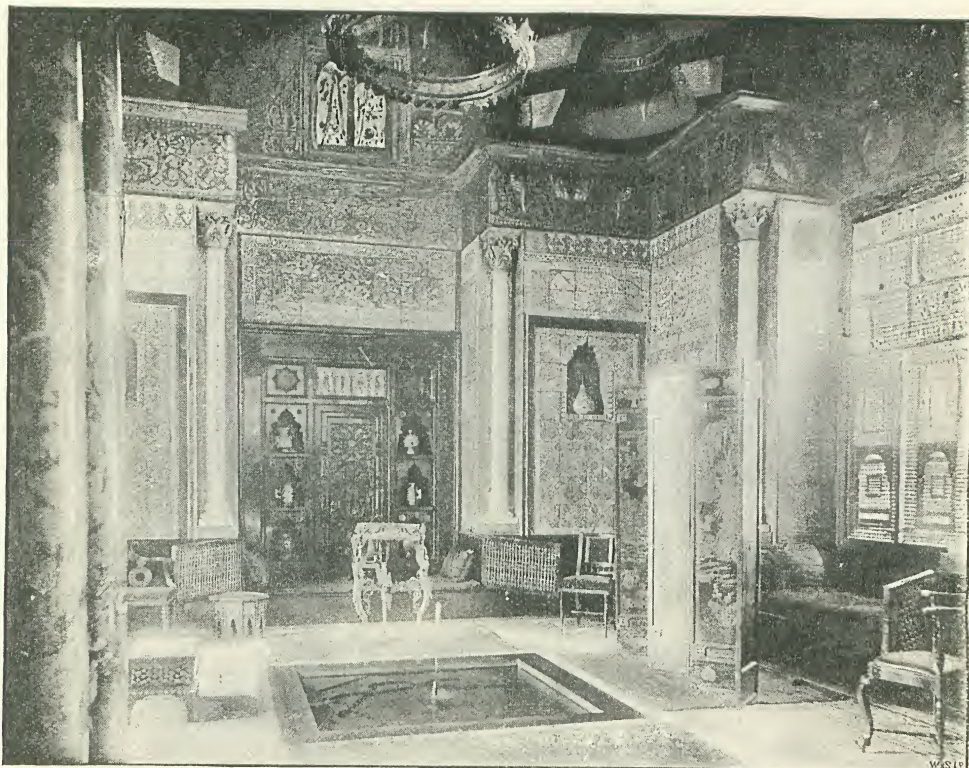
THE ARABIAN COURT.

[Elliott & Fry,

the golden dome at the far end of the court, and conjure up recollections of the fairest of scenes and grandest of palaces described in the Arabian Nights. We are in Kensington; but as one stands there it would not come as the least surprise if the Court were suddenly crowded with the most beautiful of Eastern women reclining on the softest of silken cushions in the niches in the corners; if the wildest and most fascinating dancers of the Arabian Nights were to come tripping in, and to the sound of

quaint candelabra exhibited in Old London at one of the South Kensington Exhibitions.

Walking down to the far end of this bewildering spot I stand beneath the great gilt dome, and the sun which is shining causes it to sparkle with a thousand gems. On looking up, the dome seems to lose itself far away, so delicate and ingenious is the construction and the colouring of it. It is a place in which to sit down and dream, for there is not a sound except the



From a Photo. by]

"BENEATH THE GREAT GILT DOME."

[Elliott & Fry.

gentle splashing of the spray from the fountain. The fountain itself is hewn out of one solid block of black marble. It comes to one's memory that this spot has been more than once the scene of many amusing incidents. Sir Frederick's friends, in going through the court, frequently, when gazing at the beautiful ceiling, unconsciously walk into the water.

The study is to the left of the entrance hall. Here on the walls hang some exquisite heads by Legros, drawings by Alfred Stevens, and a number of etchings; choice specimens of mediæval ware fill odd corners, and here, too, almost hidden away from view, is an engraving of Old Burlington House, showing very different surroundings to those of 1892—the fields are away in the distance, waggons drawn by half a dozen horses are passing, and coaches heavily laden are driving past.

The dining and drawing-rooms are on the opposite side of the court. Both of them look out on the garden, and adjoin each other. The walls of the former are of dark Indian red. The Rhodian and Damascus plates, which are set out in single file from the ceiling to the floor, are very

numerous. A fine work by Schiavone hangs over the great oaken fireplace, and on either side of the hearth are a pair of quaint Arabian chairs ingeniously fitted with looking-glasses on their backs and arms.

The drawing-room is a very delightful apartment. The colour of the walls is of a delicate nut brown, while the ceiling is pure white. There is a recess which opens out on to the garden, and set in the ceiling of this is a magnificent study by Delacroix for a ceiling in the Palais Royal. More plates are upon the walls, and curios and priceless nick-nacks of all descriptions and from all countries are upon the tables. The pictures are all oil colours. Sir Frederick is pardonably proud of possessing four panels by Corot, which he regards as the finest this artist ever painted. They hang in pairs, two on each side of the recess, and their subjects are "Morning," "Noon," "Evening," and "Night." "Wetley Rocks" is the title given to the first picture painted by George Mason after he settled in England. There is yet another Corot, a David Cox, and a couple of Constables. One of the Constables is the original palette-knife sketch for the



From a Photo. by]

THE STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.

"Hay-wain." The canvas—for which this was the first sketch—was sent to Paris, gaining a gold medal, and at the same time causing an immense sensation in the French capital. Landscape painting at that period was not understood; heavy historical subjects were in fashion, and it was considered a daring thing for an artist to paint nature in its simplicity, as seen in the green meadows and fields. Sir Frederick expressed the opinion that the simple little canvas of the "Hay-wain" revolutionised the French school of painting.

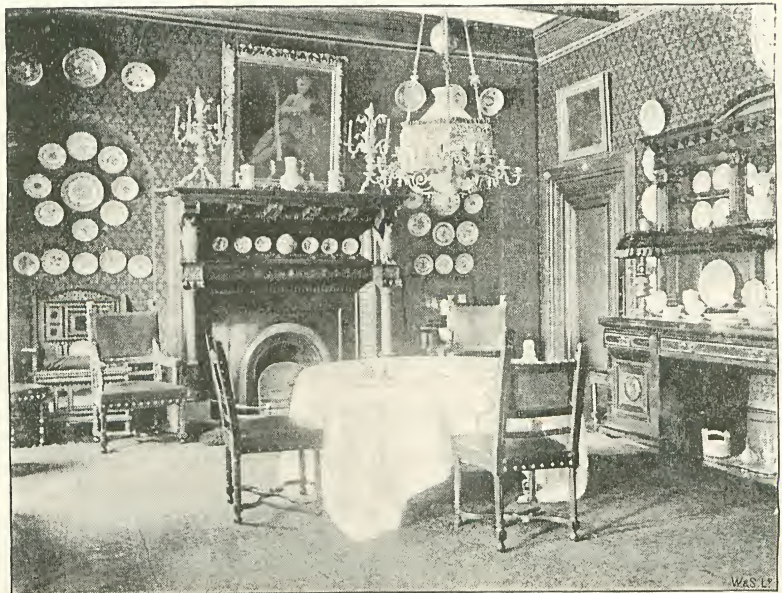
Passing again into the hall, one notices a stuffed peacock which figured in one of the great artist's pictures. The beautiful colouring of the feathers of this bird led Sir Frederick to give it a prominent place in the most noticeable part of his house.

On the stairs

leading to the studio many rare works of art are met with. Here hangs a copy of Michael Angelo's "Creation of Adam," while near it is an unfinished canvas by Sir Joshua Reynolds; though unfinished, it is, in reality, a very valuable possession, as it is a silent witness to the fact that Sir Joshua never outlined his figures with a pencil, but used the brush from the beginning.

The picture represents Lord Rockingham with Burke, his secretary, and the face of the latter is barely suggested.

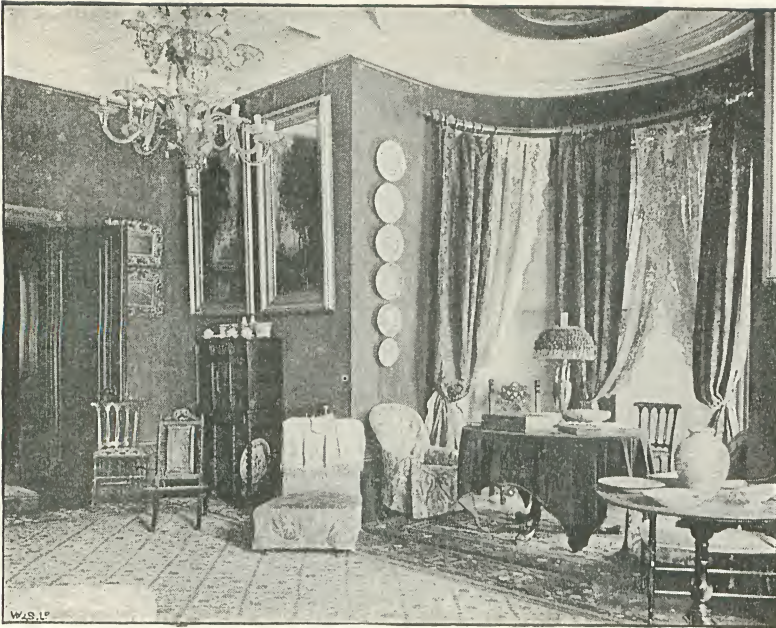
At the top of the staircase is a delightful little antechamber. Walking to the end of this you may look through a screen made of wood brought from Cairo and see the fountain playing down below. This spot also affords a closer view of the exquisite workmanship which has been put into the



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

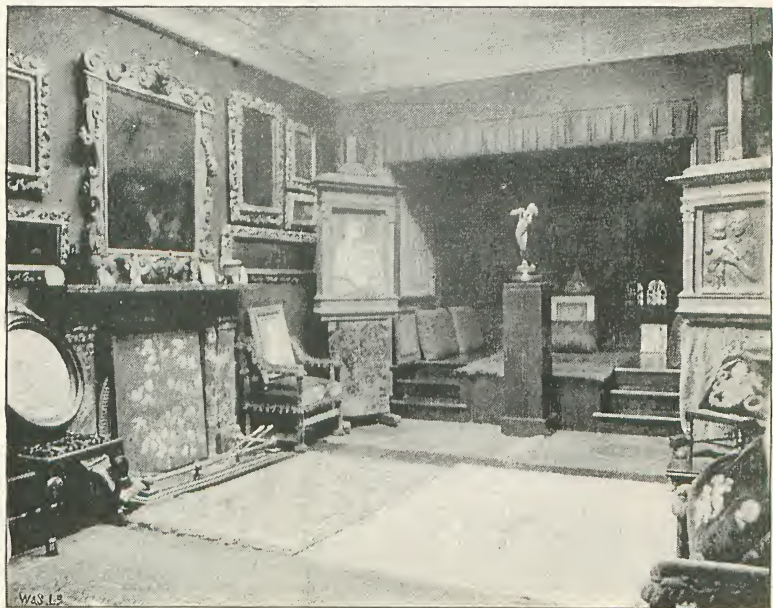
[Elliott & Fry.

dome. There are many fine works here, notably the original sketch for the "Needless Alarm," which Sir Frederick gave to Sir John Millais, who, in return, presented him with that charming work "Shelling Peas." Paolo Paruta, the Venetian historian, painted by Tintoretto, is also here, besides a head of Bassano and another example of Schiavone.

Now Sir Frederick leads the way into the great studio—his workshop. It is one of the biggest studios in London. It would take a dozen pages to chronicle everything that it contains. The walls are covered with tiny sketches done by the artist whilst travelling; scenes of Rome, the Nile, Rhodes, Jerusalem, Athens, Seville, Algiers, and other picturesque spots in-

viting to the artist all find their place, and amongst the beautiful studies of the Continent are mingled the daintiest of views of the scenery of our own country: the valleys of Devonshire, the glorious green slopes of Ireland, the mountains of Scotland and of Wales. On the south side of the studio, running along the top, is a portion of the famous Elgin frieze. Immediately

opposite the entrance is the studio window, which is of large proportions and affords a magnificent light for painting. Set out in the recess of the window are objects every single one of which is worth noting. Here are studies for the "Daphnephoria"—the boy carrying the tripod, the man beating time to the music



W.S. L2

From a Photo. by]

THE ANTE-CHAMBER.

[Elliott & Fry.

of the procession, and many other figures introduced into that most remarkable work; a sketch for the "Sluggard," and a tiny model in plaster of the trio of beautiful maidens which form the subject of one of his Academy pictures for this year, "The Garden of the Hesperides."

I asked Sir Frederick to tell me something about his studies for his pictures. I learnt that they were numberless.

He is constantly making little play-sketches—hundreds of them in the course of a year; many of them may never be used, yet every one may come in useful at some time. He carefully preserves all these studies—he still has stored away the little book in which he used to draw as a boy when he was nine years of age. He is continually finding little sketches he made years ago coming

in for pictures to-day. Sir Frederick took from a portfolio some of these studies. They were done on pieces of brown paper; one of these was for a Sibyl; two others were the first studies for two of the maidens in the "Garden of the Hesperides," and yet two more which were prominent figures in his famous work "Andromache." Some of these are reproduced in these pages.

There are quite a number of easels about with works upon them which are still in progress.

"Here is a very beautiful drawing by Gainsborough," said Sir Frederick, taking down from the wall one of the familiar Gainsborough women, with the equally familiar Gainsborough hat and feathers, which any modern woman would envy. "It was a study for a picture he painted for George III.



From a Photo. by]

UNDER THE STUDIO WINDOW.

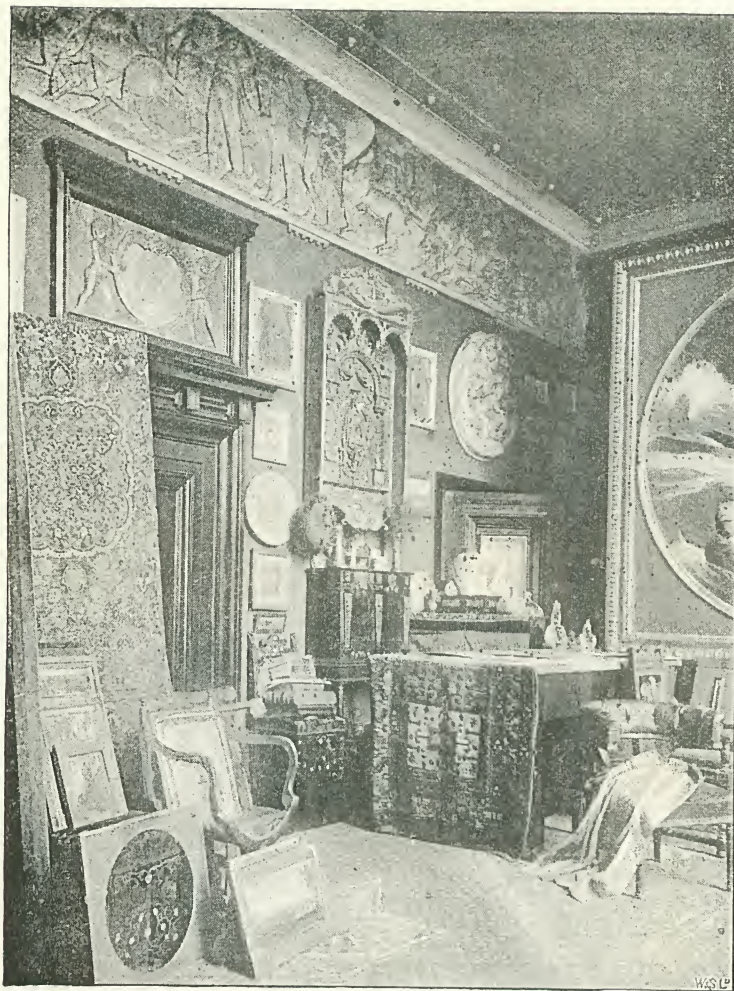
[Elliott & Fry



From a Photo. by]

THE CORRIDOR.

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

THE STUDIO.

[Elliott & Fry.

called 'The Mall.' Gainsborough was walking along the Mall one day when he saw and was attracted by the lady in the picture. She perceived that the artist was attempting to draw her portrait, and very carefully walked to and fro in order to give him every facility for making a likeness. Sir Thomas Lawrence used to come and look at this study when he was painting Miss Farren for Lord Derby."

We were now looking at a very old engraving of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1777; it bears the autograph of the Prince of Wales, who presented it to Sir Frederick. Sir Frederick merrily points out an inscription on it in Greek which he translates, "Let no one enter who is not a lover of the Muse." "Rather curious, that inscription," he says; "for if you look at the picture you will see two

dogs coming in at the door! The engraving represents Sir Joshua Reynolds as President of the Royal Academy, showing the Prince of Wales and the Royal Family through the great room of the Exhibition. I may tell you that it is customary for the President to take any members of the Royal Family round when they signify their intention of visiting Burlington House. His Royal Highness saw this picture in Paris, and immediately said, pointing to the figure of Sir Joshua, 'Why, that is Leighton showing me round the Royal Academy.' So he graciously gave me the engraving."

Passing from the great studio through a small corridor furnished with ebony book-shelves and large pieces of canvas, and drawing the great plush curtains on one side, we enter the winter studio. Here

the great artist paints when the light of the larger room is not sufficiently strong. A magnificent Persian carpet hangs on the wall. Here, too, is the picture, already referred to, of a girl shelling peas, the inscription on which reads, "To Sir Frederick Leighton from John Edward Millais, March 7, 1889." A great cross of wood near at hand tells that Sir Frederick will shortly be engaged on a work suggestive of the Crucifixion.

In a corner of the room, set out on a black ebony table, are great jars from far-off lands crowded with brushes. Many artistic "props" lie in this little studio. Here I found a tiny wreath of everlasting flowers, a golden lyre, tambourines, and many other things. The golden lyre is the one seen in the "Garden of the Hesperides"; the tambourine and wreath of



DRAWING FOR THE PICTURE OF "ANDROMACHE."

flowers figure in another of the Academy pictures, whilst here is a pretty little stuffed antelope, which formed a part of another work in this year's exhibition.

Together we returned to the great studio, and, sitting down, Sir Frederick recalled many interesting reminiscences in his career.

The appearance of the President of the Royal Academy is familiar to all. In spite of his sixty-one years he is still one of the handsomest of men. His hair is quite silver, and his features are as perfect and as distinctive as those in his own pictures. He speaks very softly, with combined gentleness and deliberation. His heart is evidently in every subject upon which he converses. When we remember the numerous duties attached to the office of the Presidentship of the Royal Academy, he may almost be regarded as one of the hardest worked men in London. He is in his studio by half-past eight every morning, and previous to that hour he has had his first breakfast, glanced through *The Times*, opened his letters, and read for three-quarters of an hour besides. He works on his Academy pictures up to the very last moment, and when painting wears a pair of large spectacles with divided glasses, the upper part of the glasses being used for seeing

his model at a distance, and the lower for painting. These he has worn for the



STUDY FOR "ANDROMACHE."

last ten years, although there is practically nothing the matter with his eyes. He is a most accomplished linguist, and at his Sunday "At Homes," where there are sometimes representatives of many nationalities and tongues at his house, he will converse with them all one after the other in their own language. His kindness of heart is proverbial; he never fails to encourage; and he is refined geniality itself. As an instance of his kindly spirit for everybody, a capital story is told: On the occasion of a Royal Academy Exhibition the President was walking down the stairs of his house in full dress, on which two medals were displayed, to his carriage, when, wishing to enter a small room in the vicinity, he found that the door was locked. It seems that his housekeeper, who had only been with him a few days, had hid herself in the little room with a view to catching sight of Sir Frederick departing for the Royal Academy. On opening the door she nearly fell into his arms. Sir Frederick happily realised the situation, and in the most

genial manner possible turned himself round and round, and laughingly asked his housekeeper what she thought of him.

Sir Frederick Leighton's birth took place at Scarborough on December 3, 1830. There seems to be some little doubt as to which was the house in which this very interesting event took place. One thing is certain, that it was situated in Brunswick-terrace. A large private hotel and boarding-house has been erected on the old site. It seems that the old building was not entirely de-

molished, but the present one was built over it, the walls of several of the rooms being utilised as they stood. The lady who owns the hotel has stated that when her late husband purchased the place, they were given to understand that Sir Frederick was born in No. 1 room. The next-door neighbour, however, claimed for his house the

honour of being connected with Sir Frederick. They determined to decide the dispute some years ago by an appeal to the great artist himself, and wrote to him accordingly. He was, however, unable to definitely locate the place of his birth, and so both houses still claim the distinction.

At a very early age the future President of the Royal Academy evinced a strong talent for painting. It is a curious fact that whilst both his father and grandfather were doctors, and many other members of his family were talented in music, with the one exception of his mother's brother none of his relations showed any aptitude for drawing. His parents never for a moment doubted his qualifications for an

artist, even at this early age; they simply declined to trust their own judgment in allowing their boy to follow art as a profession. Still, little Leighton never lost an opportunity of using his pencil. Every facility was given to him to follow out his inclinations, and his father, being a medical man, naturally saw that his son was well instructed in anatomy. At ten years of age his family went to Rome, and Sir Frederick began taking lessons from Signor Meli, but it was not until he was fourteen, when in



A STUDY FOR A FIGURE IN "ANDROMACHE."

Florence, that his future career was decided upon. His father said to him :

"Now, Fred, give me a number of your designs, and I will take them to Mr. Powers," referring to Hiram Powers, the celebrated American sculptor. "If he says that you will be a distinguished artist, all well and good. If not, you must give up the idea."

His father took some sketches, including a great battle-scene suggested by one of Macaulay's poems.

"And what is the verdict, Mr. Powers?" asked Mr. Leighton. "Shall I make him an artist?"

The reply was: "You can't help yourself, sir; Nature has done it for you."

"Will he be an eminent artist?" then asked Mr. Leighton.

The answer was: "Sir, your son can be as eminent as he pleases."

This settled the whole question, and the youthful artist from that day was allowed free course in the matter.

"I have a slight recollection of my first drawing master," said Sir Frederick. "While at Rome I remember saying to my father, 'I want to learn drawing.' 'All right,' was the reply, 'go and get a master.' I made inquiries, obtained the address of a man, went to him and engaged him. I remember he was very much amused when he found that I knew how to write down his name and address; but he gave me most careful attention, and outline drawings to copy. He was very firm; if he did not like my copy he used to put three strokes across it, and make me do it again."

Young Leighton then studied in the Academy at Berlin, then at Frankfort-on-

Main, and afterwards went to Brussels, where he painted his first important picture, representing Cimabue finding Giotto drawing in the fields. So years passed on in studying in Paris, copying pictures in the Louvre, and returning again to Frankfort. The first picture which told Englishmen of the genius of Sir Frederick was "Cimabue's Procession," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1855.

"I shall never forget packing that picture up to send it to England," said Sir Frederick: "I was in Rome at the time. I found some of the colours on the canvas were quite wet, but I risked it; and, taking some varnish with a brush, I went for my picture. It was still so wet that the paint came off by touching it with a handkerchief. However, it arrived in England as sound as a rock, and the Queen bought it immediately it was exhibited."

It was in Rome that Thackeray, whilst Leighton's name was

barely known in England, wrote to Millais and told him that he had met a "versatile young dog who will run you hard for the presidentship one day." With the advent of "Cimabue's Procession" his fame was established and his genius at once recognised. He did not, however, come to England for four years after his first great success. From the time he settled in this country up to the present day every picture that he has painted has called for diligent study from the public. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1864, and an Academician in 1869. He became President in succession to Sir



STUDY FOR A SIBYL.

Francis Grant on November 13, 1878. In that year the French Exhibition was held, and he was made President of the British section there, and received the Legion of Honour.

"The first statue I did," said Sir Frederick, "was that of an athlete wrestling with a python. The little sketch for this I merely did casually. It took but a short time to model, and there was no question of exhibiting it. But one or two friends saw the model, amongst them Legros, who remarked, 'Why not carry it out on a larger scale?' I laughed, thinking I should not be able to manage it, but finally succeeded. It occupied a couple of years in completing, working on it occasionally. It was eventually bought under the Chantry bequest, sent to Paris, and got a first-class gold medal and diploma. I also did the 'Sluggard' and 'Needless Alarm.'"

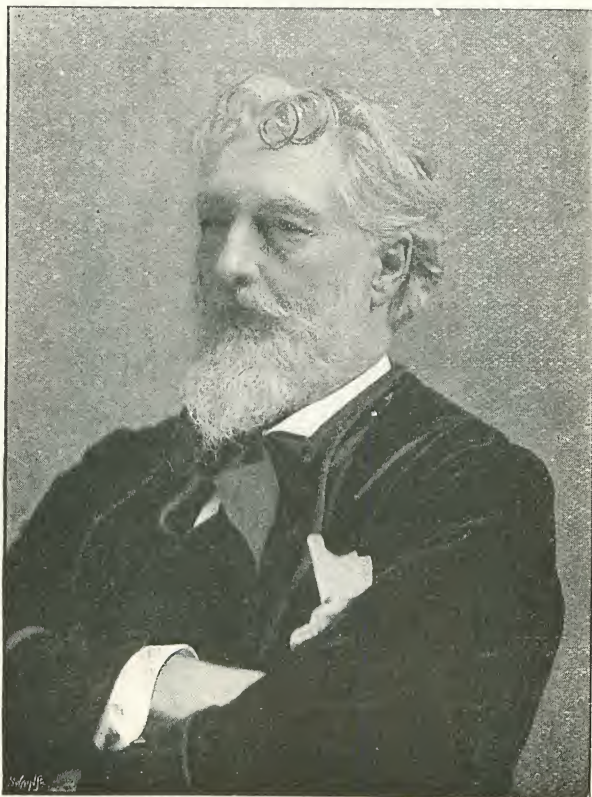
Seeing that Sir Frederick always declines to express himself on any great artistic subject in the haphazard way in which we were chatting together, I contented myself with asking him one or two questions on the very simple topics of canvases, colours, models and methods of working.

"I never give my whole attention to one picture at the same time," said Sir Frederick; "I invariably have six or seven canvases going, and I find it gives me all the rest I need to go from one to the other, working a little bit here and a little bit there. By this means the eye is constantly refreshed; I get through a good deal of work by this system. I have no special models, and there is no model who sits

to me alone. Models are constantly ringing at my side door, anxious to become engaged, just as they do at the doors of other studios. The faces I paint are never the faces of my models; what the artist puts on the canvas is the impression which the model produces upon him—what he feels inwardly, and not what he sees before him. Yes, I am very devoted to drapery, and invariably use a certain kind of muslin for dresses. In a picture the colour of a garment is an invention on the part of the artist, and not a copy of the colour of any fabric. It is quite a mistake to imagine that we take a garment out of a cupboard and paint it; it is simply used for getting the form and folds; the colour is conceived. I consider that the colours used to-day, if properly prepared, ought to be far better and much more durable than those of the past. In the days of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Wilkie, during the reign of asphaltum, a colour used very largely then but now quite out of use, the pictures suffered very much. Although I have been painting in oils exactly fifty years, I have only had one

single accident happen with a pigment."

Sir Frederick Leighton seldom paints portraits. He considers it "fetters one down, as you are simply bound to satisfy your subject." He cannot work under restraint, neither can he use his brush whilst being watched; he could not touch a canvas with his most intimate friend by his side looking on. He likes to work with a large palette, and by preference with one of lemon-coloured wood.



SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

HARRY HOW.

Shafts from an Eastern Quiver.

II.—THE JASPER VALE OF THE FALLING STAR.

BY CHARLES J. MANSFORD, B.A.

BY all that's wonderful!" exclaimed Denviers. "Look yonder, Harold!" and he pointed towards a jagged ridge which rose in majestic grandeur from the mighty volcanic valley of the Lar.

I turned my glance in the direction indicated by my companion, and, for a moment, could not give utterance to my surprise at the strange sight.

"The woman must be mad," I blurted out at last; "one false step, or even a breath of wind, will send her headlong down to the valley beneath, a shapeless and lifeless mass."

"Yet that fate would bring her rest and forgetfulness," said Hassan, who stood with us gazing from the height of the Aftcha Pass. There was a strange pathos in the Arab's voice as he spoke, and Denviers, knowing that Hassan had uttered the truth concerning our recent visit to Petra, was silent.

Leaving Petra, we had travelled eastward again, and at last found ourselves traversing this grand pass; for we were now in the heart of Persia, a country which we knew would amply repay us for the long, dreary journey which led from the scene of our last adventure in Arabia.

Owing to the intense heat of the day, we travelled only between sunset and sunrise, passing the rest of the time within the beautifully woven tent which Hassan had

procured for us on entering Persia, in place of the rough camel-skin covering which had sheltered us from the sun in Arabia.

At the foot of the pass we had bargained with a nomadic Hilyat for the possession of two black Afghan horses on which we rode, Hassan leading the sumpter mules laden with our baggage.

It was a weird spectacle which met our eyes as we stood gazing at the snow-clad crest of Demavend in the distance, the silvery Lar winding its way down in the valley beneath, while around us were mountain tops, separated by the precipices on either side of the spot on which we stood.

In the moonlight that streamed down and flooded the top-most ridge of the mountain before us, stood a woman with her hair hanging in tangled masses, framing the beauty of her olive complexion and lustrous eyes as it fell over her shoulders in wild profusion. The white garment which clothed her was encircled at the waist by a belt, which flashed as the rays of the moon fell upon the jewels which studded it. The expression of an infinite sadness which stamped

her features seemed well in accord with Hassan's remark.

"Do you know her history?" asked Denviers, in response to

the vague words of Hassan.

"The child of Arabia's desert, to whom the lore of these Eastern countries is known, has indeed heard her story, but it ill be-



"THE WOMAN MUST BE MAD!"

comes the Sunnee, as a true worshipper and a believer in Mahomet, to speak of the hateful Sheahs." I knew how deep the jealousy of the Arabs and Persians was, as to the merits of their respective claims as true followers of the Prophet, but Hassan had never before refused to satisfy our curiosity whenever able. Indeed, as Denviers often hinted, when facts failed him, Hassan was quite able to narrate some story of which we could only conclude he was the originator.

"Come, Hassan," said Denviers, "I don't suppose the Prophet will object to our hearing what brings this woman here, far away from the haunts of her race." The Arab's face only seemed to become more resolute at this remark.

"I will not speak of the false Sheahs," he responded almost angrily; "seek from the woman herself the information which you desire." I looked in surprise, first at Hassan, then into Denviers' face.

"Don't rouse his fanatical prejudices, whatever you do," I whispered; "we cannot afford to quarrel with him just now; after all, Hassan has been more faithful to us by far than most of his fraternity would have been."

I stopped suddenly. The woman had observed us, and, uttering a plaintive cry, as of some hunted animal, began to descend the mountain side. My head grew dizzy as I saw her clinging with her delicate hands to projections of the mountain to steady herself as she made her way down the almost perpendicular slope. We sprang from

our horses and stood watching her with astonishment.

"Look here, Harold," said Denviers, "I feel certain that there is something very strange recorded with regard to this woman. Hassan is not usually so reticent; I have a good mind to scale the precipice on this side, and to meet her as she reaches the valley below."

I moved close to the edge of the rocky path which formed the pass along which we had journeyed, and then looked shudderingly down.

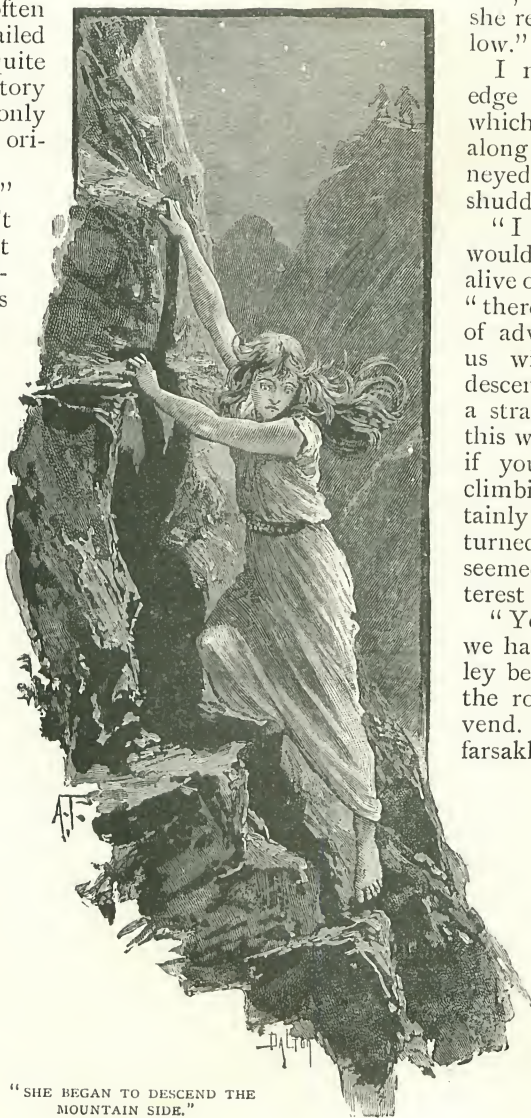
"I doubt whether you would reach the bottom alive or not," I responded; "there are possibly plenty of adventures in store for us without risking this descent. Still, I too feel a strange desire to learn this woman's history, and if you run the risk of climbing down I will certainly follow." Denviers turned to Hassan, who seemed to take little interest in the conversation.

"You can wait here till we have reached the valley below, then make for the road towards Demavend. After proceeding a farsakh (four miles), pitch

the tent, there we will endeavour to rejoin you at daybreak to-morrow." The Arab bent his head obediently, and stood with folded arms to watch the mad attempt which we were about to make. A minute afterwards Denviers was cautiously

making his way down the side of the precipice. I gave one glance at the white-clad figure of the woman, who was now two hundreds yards below, then, with a determination to abide by Denviers in the hazardous attempt, began to follow him.

In spite of the utmost caution we slipped



"SHE BEGAN TO DESCEND THE MOUNTAIN SIDE."

and tumbled time after time, while the jagged projections tore our garments and lacerated our hands and feet badly, for we had bared the later for the purpose of obtaining a firmer foothold than we might otherwise have done. How long the descent really occupied we could scarcely tell; but, with death so imminent, each minute seemed to us an eternity.

Half way down we stopped for a moment, and, resting on a shelving piece of the mountain, looked across to where the woman was. She still outdistanced us in the descent, but we were surely though slowly gaining upon her.

"We shall reach the valley as soon as she does," said Denviers. "It is a terrible strain, but we must go on now, to return would be impossible." He scrambled down the side of the rock on which we had rested, and when he had descended about twenty yards I followed.

Exhausted, and with every bone in our bodies aching, we reached the valley at last, and, like two men who had just escaped death, we grasped each other's hand firmly for a moment. Then we crossed the valley and hastened in the direction where we observed the woman had just descended.

The silence which she had hitherto maintained, save for that one solitary cry, was broken; for, on seeing us in pursuit of her, she gave utterance to wild, weird screams of fear, and fled down the valley. We followed closely, and saw her disappear in a long jagged fissure which seemed as if it had been made by a shaft of lightning quivering through the solid rock. Through this gap we went, and in a few minutes emerged into a second valley, led thither by the fugitive.

As soon as she reached this spot, the woman stopped, and seemed to have forgotten altogether that we were pursuing her. So strange were the surroundings, and so brilliant was the scene which met our gaze, that we hesitated to approach her, and, hiding in a slight hollow, shadowed partly from the moon's rays, we looked closely at the woman's face—beautiful even amid the wonders which the valley disclosed.

We held a whispered conversation as to the best method in which we might get her to converse with us without fear, and finally we determined to await the course of events, which we thought might help on our desire.

II.

THE valley which we had entered was entirely composed of a wondrous jasper of

a yellowish tinge, which seemed at intervals to become blue or crimson, while from its sides, which were elaborately carved with Eastern designs, there arose at the far end what appeared to us to be the remains of a gigantic portal, fully a hundred feet in height. Above was the blue sky, spangled with stars, among which one, larger than the rest, seemed to shed its silver rays upon the valley below, not less intense than did the crescent moon.

The form of the woman seemed to move about as if it were the ghost of some one risen from the grave to haunt the scene of its former joys or sorrows. Presently from out of a small embrasure was drawn some material which she kindled, and then, lying partly prone before it, she fixed her gaze intently on the glowing embers, glancing occasionally at the star shining in splendour above. As her eyes seemed to become yet more fixed upon the fire, Denviers cautiously advanced, and motioned to me to follow. He moved to where the woman was, and, reaching the place, quietly seated himself opposite to her. I followed his example, and was surprised to observe that, in spite of our presence, the woman's eyes were not directed towards us. I felt a strange nervous feeling run through me at the silence which reigned around us, unbroken by any of the three beings gathered round the fire.

Glancing at the woman's face again, I observed that her features seemed to be wrapped in a trance-like repose, although her eyes still shone full and lustrous.

"We would know why it is that you wander here alone, nor fear the terrors of the night?" Denviers ventured to say, in a tone which seemed to me strangely subdued and calm. The woman's lips parted, and she answered in Arabic:—

"Why seek ye to learn? Are not the sorrows of one sufficient for that one to bear?"

"I know not," responded Denviers, "but thou, fair as a flower, surely hast no cause for sorrow."

"Listen and decide," answered the woman, "then will ye know what troubles my spirit, for I am destined to wander without rest because of the deed which was mine when Prince Kasmir lived in this land." She paused and glanced again at the star above, while, for a moment, the deep impress of sorrow returned to her countenance as she did so. Then, looking once more into the glowing embers, she continued:—

"Years ago, when this glittering valley

was the courtyard of a prince's palace, I was the beloved of Prince Kasmir. In his presence the hours would fly as if they were minutes, while without him time passed drearily indeed. There was a law in Persia that prince and peasant must not wed, but my lover heeded it not; he knew that one day he would rule over

and by her side walked my adored, Prince Kasmir.

"He had told me of the expected coming of this Eastern queen, but had laughed when I murmured that perhaps his love would fly from me to her. He promised to come from his palace the next night as usual, but hour after hour passed and yet he did not appear. Never again did he meet me as of old, for a new love had filled his breast, and then there came to me strange rumours that Kasmir was to wed the queen, in order that the two countries might in this way be united, and ruled as if they were but one.

"At first I could not believe it, then I began to wander at nightfall alone; and once,

when I ventured into this valley of jasper, I saw two lovers come forth from yonder archway. They talked and laughed together, and the maiden leant her head upon the shoulder of the

man at her side. I crept close to them, hidden by the shadow

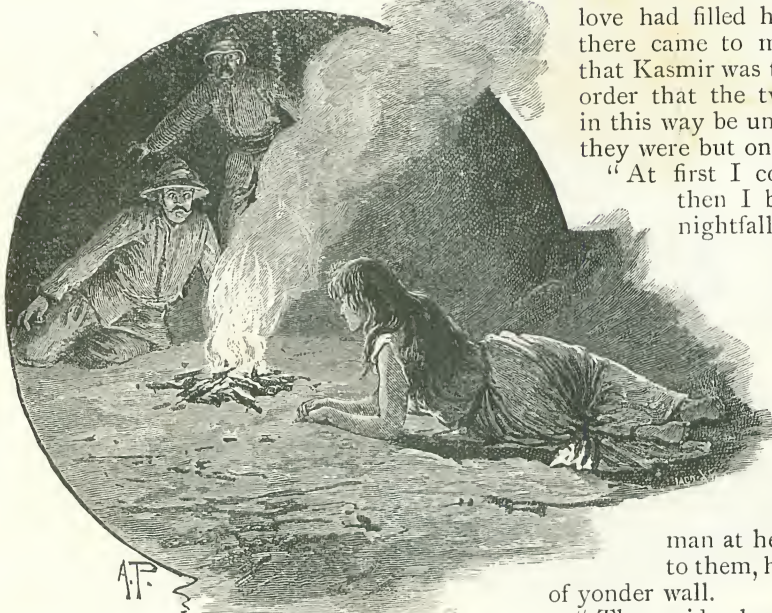
of yonder wall.

"The maiden had come from Eastern lands, and, by the rich pearls of mystic hue which she wore, I knew that this must be the queen whom I had seen once before. At first the man's face was partly hidden from me, but he raised it, and, gazing into his companion's eyes, their lips met in a lover's kiss; but I, wretched beyond measure, fell prostrate in the friendly shadow, for in that moment I recognised Prince Kasmir, and I knew that the rumour was true, and that my lover was lost to me for ever!

"I lay there, still and silent, until the two passed through the archway once more; then I went slowly back to the tent, dejected and alone.

"In the tribe of the Hilyats there dwelt one who was famous for charms of great potency, and to him I went and told, with many a sigh, that my lover was false. He was kind to me, and promised aid. When I went to him again he said that the stars had agreed to help me to regain the Prince's affection.

"By his commands I made a fire of



"LOOKING INTO THE GLOWING EMBERS."

this country, and such a law he vowed should not be suffered to exist.

"Every night, when those within the palace were asleep, he would steal out and wander side by side with me through the valleys down to the lotus-kissed waters of the Lar, which flows not far from here. Beneath the shade of a friendly tree was hidden a boat, and, entering it, we voyaged together, his oars keeping time to the melodies which we sang together of love and its eternity.

"Before the grey dawn came stealing with ghostly raiment up the vale, we would return; he to the palace and I to the humble tent wherefrom I nightly stole. Happy indeed were we, until in an evil hour the queen of a country on the far borders of Arabia came to visit the Persian land. Standing among the crowd of peasants and nomads that thronged the palace gate, I saw the long retinue pass in, and lastly a regal woman was borne upon a sumptuous litter,



"I LAY THERE STILL AND SILENT."

glowing embers upon this spot, such as the one ye now see, and waited for the coming of night. Sitting beside it, I was told to watch the lovers, and, when they passed into the jasper vale, to blow the embers, that they might glow redder still, as the charm which was given me was mingled with them. Then should my lover be restored to me, and the queen who had stolen his love should perish. So said the great magician.

"When the stars came out I heard the sound of voices, as before; then the lovers appeared below under the archway. I placed the charm upon the embers, and, fanning them with my breath, next looked up at the great star which shone brighter than the others, and begged it to be pitiful and to restore to me my beloved.

"As I did so, a sudden light appeared above, for the star burst and fell upon the lovers! I hastened forward, for the magician had told me that the Prince would be uninjured. Alas! when I reached the spot

nothing was there, for the Prince and his adored one had disappeared. I looked up to the sky once more, but the great star was no longer to be seen; while in its place were two others, smaller, but shining together, as if the twain had become stars set in the blue heaven to abide for ever side by side.

"I ran shrieking from the valley, and wandered aimlessly for days on the mountain slopes. I could not die, and now my spirit urges me ever to visit this valley at nightfall. Years have passed since then; the palace of the Prince has disappeared, but amid the ruins of this jasper vale I wander sadly, or climb the desolate mountain peaks.

"When the great star which ye see above appears, I kindle a fire, as I did of old, for then do I see the star fall again and the lovers perish. The magician deceived me, for he hated the Prince, and used me as the means of destroying him."

III.

THROUGHOUT the narrative neither of us had interrupted; on its conclusion I glanced uneasily at my companion.

"What do you think about this star?" I whispered. For reply, Denviers pointed towards the woman, who had partly raised herself, and was engaged in endeavouring to make the embers glow brighter. After remaining silent for some minutes before answering my question, Denviers at last said—

"If there is any truth in what we have been told, I think the proof of it will soon be forthcoming."

"The woman seems to be strangely moved," I continued; "would it not be better for us to move away to the spot from where we watched her as she kindled the fire?" To this question Denviers assented, and we took up a position from which we could observe clearly whatever happened in the valley.

"Do you think she is mad?" I asked. Then, without waiting for my companion to answer, I grasped his arm firmly to enjoin silence.

He glanced in the direction in which he

saw I was eagerly looking, and which was towards the jasper gateway.

A thin film of mist seemed to me to have arisen, and in the midst of it the face of a woman apparently arose. Clearer and more distinct it seemed to become, and then the form of the Queen appeared clad in a flowing robe, and adorned with strings of pearls about her neck and arms, while upon her head there glittered a diamond tiara.

As the star above her seemed to shine still brighter, a man, tall and majestic, was to be seen at her side, and the lovers were bathed in a silvery light that streamed down upon them.

"Frank!" I whispered, in an awestruck tone, "are they living beings upon whom we gaze, or are they spirits risen from the dead?"

"Hush, Harold!" he answered, quietly, "your sight must be keener than mine, for at present I see nothing there."

The woman by the embers rose, the calm expression vanished from her countenance, and she staggered forward with outstretched arms. We watched the scene intently. When she reached the jasper gate, she flung herself wildly on her knees, as she exclaimed—

"Kasmir, my beloved one, once again art thou come from the sleeping shades that my eyes may rest upon thee, and that I may lament the love which all unknowingly destroyed thee."

The man seemed to turn coldly from her, then bent forward, and glanced passionately into the eyes of the form at his side.

The star above seemed for a moment to cleave the sky, then, bursting into myriads, fell in a shower like a silver sea,

and enveloped what appeared to me to be the forms of the lovers and the woman kneeling vainly at their feet!

Almost immediately the vale assumed its former appearance, and we rushed forward, but found only the woman, to whose story we had listened, kneeling with clasped hands and that look of infinite sorrow upon her face which we had seen before.

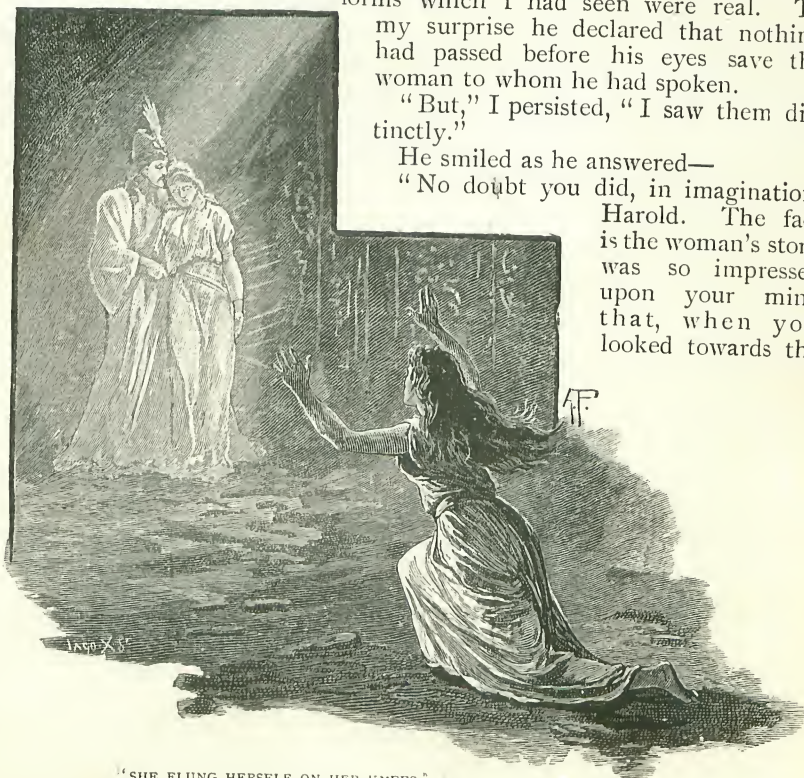
Our presence roused her, for she instantaneously started up, and, darting through the portal of the jasper gate, disappeared. We followed her at a headlong pace, and, after traversing the ruins of a stately palace, saw her flying in the distance before us at an almost incredible pace. At last we stopped, exhausted with our vain efforts to overtake her, and saw her mounting a fantastic ridge that stood out rugged and desolate against the starlit sky. Then she disappeared, and nothing remained to us but the recollection of her dreamy yet troubled face!

As we rested, before proceeding to attempt to find a way which might lead to where Hassan had encamped, I asked Denviers again whether he thought the forms which I had seen were real. To my surprise he declared that nothing had passed before his eyes save the woman to whom he had spoken.

"But," I persisted, "I saw them distinctly."

He smiled as he answered—

"No doubt you did, in imagination, Harold. The fact is the woman's story was so impressed upon your mind that, when you looked towards the



"SHE FLUNG HERSELF ON HER KNEES."

jasper arch, you expected to see such a vision — ”

“And the falling star,” I interrupted, “was that imaginary, too?”

He turned towards me as he responded :

“No, you saw something then. What the true story of the cause of this woman's insanity may be, we are not likely to learn, but the explanation of the falling star, or rather shower of stars, is simple enough. On certain known days in each year the earth crosses the orbit of a stream of meteorites above here. When this occurs a shower of falling stars may be seen, and the woman has accustomed herself to connect a purely natural event with the highly imaginative reappearance of her lover. However, we have had a strange

adventure. I hope we shall soon find our way out of this valley.”

And, rising, we resumed our journey, and before long fortunately reached the spot where Hassan was encamped.

“Will the Englishmen forgive me?” he asked. “I could not speak to them of the one who, in a jealous moment, despoiled one kingdom of its prince and another of the queen who reigned over it.”

We made a suitable reply, and, entering the tent, worn out with the events of the night, sought repose amid the words of Hassan, in which he declared himself the dust of our feet, and expressed

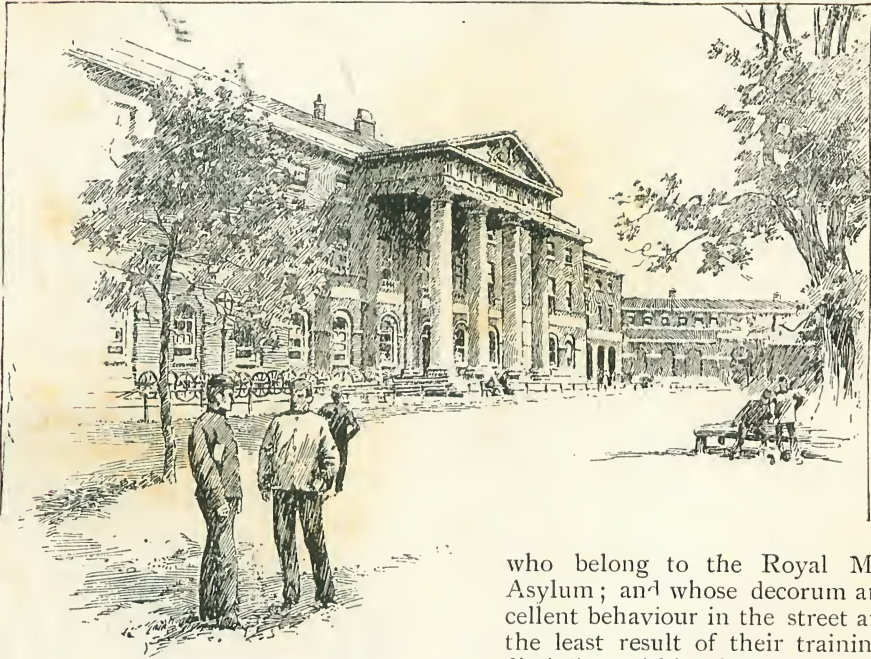
his determination to ask the felicities to abide with us for so readily forgiving him.



“KNEELING WITH CLASPED HANDS.”

Boy Soldiers and Sailors.

BY FRANCES H. LOW.



THE ROYAL MILITARY ASYLUM.

THERE are various causes which combine to make the King's-road, Chelsea, one of the least agreeable thoroughfares of the Metropolis. From the æsthetic point of view also it can hardly be considered satisfactory. An endless succession of omnibuses, uninviting barrows, and squalid shops are the principal characteristics of the road, which is yet interesting to the stranger by reason of certain unique features inseparably associated with it. Tommy Atkins in his military splendours is a common enough and not invariably pleasing spectacle, but those fine fellows the Chelsea pensioners, with their gallant bearing, scarred faces, and maimed limbs, somehow arrest the attention of the most careless observer, and send his mind back to the roar of cannon and the smoke and slaughter of the battlefield, where so many of these heroes sounded the death-knell of their vigorous manhood. Not less interesting than the veterans who have gained their laurels and laid down their arms, are the little bright-faced, red-coated lads standing on the threshold of the fight,

who belong to the Royal Military Asylum; and whose decorum and excellent behaviour in the street are not the least result of their training and discipline within the walls of the big brick building, founded by the Duke of York during the long Napoleonic wars for the numerous orphaned children of soldiers. The Institution is now supported by Government, and feeds, clothes, and educates every year 550 boys between the ages of nine and fourteen, the sons or orphans of non-commissioned officers of good character. At fourteen the majority of the boys go into the regular army, chiefly into the Artillery and Engineers, either as collar-makers, smiths, clerks, or drummers. Owing to the splendid efficiency of the school band a large proportion enter the army band at once, and amongst the names of distinguished bandmasters who have been boys in the school are those of Lazarus and Thomas.

A record is kept of every lad who has passed through the school, and at the beginning of this year there were serving in the army 10 commissioned officers, 31 schoolmasters, 12 bandmasters, and 47 band sergeants, besides many others holding the grade of sergeant-major, master gunners, and so forth. In addition, out of 1,368 of the boys who have entered the service, only one has turned out badly,

whilst one has risen to the rank of Lieut.-General.

As we walk up to the school, a little group of boys in front of us gives us an opportunity of examining and admiring their smart turn-out. In the summer the lads wear blue uniforms, whilst in winter with the same blue trousers piped with scarlet, they have scarlet tunics, faced with dark blue, Glengarry caps piped with red, and stout well-shined Blucher shoes with straps.

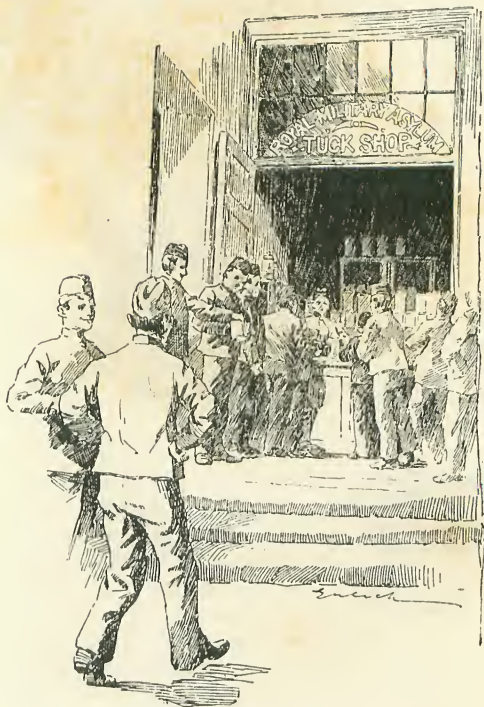
We pass through the gate, and one of the two small sentries stationed there comes out of his little box and asks us, with an air of immense importance, what our business is. When I inform him we are concerned with the Commandant, he offers to escort us, and performs this action with the utmost politeness. There is one feature that strikes and impresses the stranger the instant he enters the Asylum, and remains with him throughout—more especially if he has had experience of other institutions—the freedom and absolute lack of repression that characterise its inmates. There is, of course, during work hours the severest military discipline, but the boys evince no timidity in saying what they think; and, even in the presence of the Commandant, there was none of that horrible intangible kind of terrorism which the authorities of these institutions frequently contrive to inspire in the breasts of the youthful persons in their care.

Thanks to the kindness of Colonel Fitzgerald, the Commandant, and Lieutenant Thomas, the Adjutant, I had ample opportunities given me of seeing the whole working of the school, and also of putting questions to the lads, who, so far as I could gather, have no possible cause of complaint. Their day's work commences early. At ten to six the gymnasium master rouses three boys, who dress, and then go into the courtyard and sound the *reveillé* at three different points—north, south, and central—so that there is no fear of any sluggish failing to be aroused.

All the boys have rank of some kind, with definite military duties. On first arriving, the little fellow is a "private," and I fancy he is quite proud of this grade, until he learns how much better off corporals are, with pocket money for sweets and tarts. Privates are made up into companies of eighty boys, over which there are four acting lance-corporals.

The advantage of being an acting lance-

corporal consists in being entitled to one penny a week pocket-money, which comes in conveniently for one of the most important institutions of the Asylum in the eyes of the boys, viz., the tuck-shop. The acting lance-corporals wear a gold stripe on the right arm. Above them are lance-corporals, who get twopence a week, and also wear a gold stripe, and still higher are full corporals, or colour corporals, who get threepence a week, and wear two stripes and a crown. There is only one corporal to each company, so that it is a highly coveted



"THE TUCK SHOP."

post. Above the corporals are monitors, of whom there are seven. They are the boys who are kept on after fourteen to be trained as pupil teachers, and they ultimately go into the army, where they obtain excellent positions as schoolmasters, receiving, during a period of six months' probation, 2s. 6d. a day, and when duly qualified, 4s. 6d. a day. Finally, the whole company is under the command of a sergeant, who is a non-commissioned officer in the regular army.

Here a little chap in a blouse ran across the passage, and on his telling me that he was an orderly I followed him into the mess-room, where dinner operations were going on.

To see these little chaps—there are two orderlies to each mess—polishing up the mugs and cutting up huge portions of bread and cheese in the swiftest and deftest manner is most entertaining. As soon as everything is ready the bugle sounds, and a small drummer stations himself by the door and beats a tattoo. Then, at the word, "fall in," the boys file in two abreast, after which there is another tattoo for attention, grace is said, and, at the final drum-beat, the hungry boys fall to.

The day of my visit happened to be the one day of the week when there is no meat provided. Instead, were enormous lumps of bread and cheese—which the boys unmistakably appreciated, and which they despatched with more activity than grace—followed by portions of hot plum-pudding,

have taken part. During dinner there is much clattering of tongues and laughing, and it certainly adds to the lads' enjoyment that their meal is not partaken in silence.

Dinner over, the rest of the boys go out for a short play, whilst the small orderlies don their blouses, take away the things, and proceed to wash and burnish brightly the mugs, pewter dishes, and meat-tins. Their energy rather surprises you, till you are told that prizes are given for the smartest mess-table, and when you are further told that the prizes are tarts and pies, you understand the strength of the incentive.

What, perhaps, strikes the observer as much as anything else is the curious and interesting two-sidedness presented by the lads. During parade, gun drill, and duty



"THE SEWING ROOM."

which one little lad condescendingly invited me to taste, remarking, "Here's a plummy bit!" I could not discern a single portion which was not overrun and overwhelmed with plums, but anyway it was excellent to the taste. As the boys get Van Houten's cocoa for breakfast, meat and pudding every day but Friday for dinner, and bread and jam and milk for supper, they are tolerably well off in the matter of diet. The mess-room is a big, cheerful room, with arms and lances ranged upon the upper part of the walls, beneath which, on red scrolls, are engraved the names of Waterloo, Balaclava, Tel-el-Kebir, and other historic battles in which heroes who were trained inside the walls of the Asylum

generally, they are little automatons. Their prompt obedience, their precision, their self-control and discipline, astonish you, and you begin to wonder whether anything of the original boy-nature remains; but see them ten minutes later in the grounds playing rounders or cricket, or, better still, scrambling and fighting at the tuck-shop for possession of "monster" sticks—which, by the bye, are all examined first by the resident medical officer—and your fears vanish.

The little tuck-shop, bearing upon its front the fascinating words, is in a recess of one of the corridors, and is presided over by a capable dame, the wife of the gymnasium master, who takes a great interest in

the lads. She and the sewing-mistress and a sick-attendant are the only feminine elements of the Asylum, which is manned from Commandant to cook by the stronger sex.

After 3.30, when all book-work is over, the



A SKETCH
IN THE
TAILORS
SHOP

boys either play games or do band exercise, sewing, or tailoring, the entire school being divided into halves, which alternately play and

work in the afternoons. In the sewing-room, in which were some fifty boys making flannel vests, and darning and repairing, we were able to delight the heart of the sewing-mistress by our enthusiastic and truthful praises of her pupils' work. Such wonderfully neat darns! It almost seems as if the fingers of the British boy, when trained, are more expert than those of his sister. From the sewing-room we went to the tailoring-room, which is under the superintendence of a master. There was an unconventionality and freedom here which delighted us. The boys sat on benches in their flannel shirts, whilst several had dispensed with more indispensable garments. One small boy, whom our artist was lucky enough to catch, was energetically ironing his trousers, having meanwhile artistically draped himself in a leather apron. There is a fas-

cinating little kit-bag with which each boy is provided; it is a tiny little arrangement holding a needle and a thimble, whilst cotton is served out by the master, I suppose with a view of its not being squandered by ingeniously reckless boys. At the top of the room one little fellow was working a sewing machine, and all the children were merrily plying the needle with relaxation in the shape of subdued conversation. Perhaps more actual enjoyment in their labours was evinced downstairs in the big play-room by the band of musicians, whose energies were set on mastering intricacies of drum and fife. The sound of

fifty learners operating on fifes and wooden pads covered with leather, which do duty for drums, made our stay rather shorter than it would otherwise have been; and we were fain to acknowledge, as we lingered for a moment watching the absurdly small players energetically puffing away, that the drum and fife band seemed to require distance and atmosphere to make it pleasant to the ear.

Leaving these bright, healthy looking youngsters, we pay a visit to the pale-faced invalids upstairs who are in hospital. Most of the patients who are convalescent, clad in long grey-blue flannel coats, are amusing themselves in the day-room with books and draughts, whilst the sick boys in the spotless white and blue quilt beds appear to be suffering from nothing much



"THE DRUM AND FIFE BAND."

worse than colds and coughs. The authorities justly pride themselves on their high standard of health.

well be made briefer, and, what is still more important, the sermons should be at least specially written and adapted for the



"IN HOSPITAL."

The purely military side of the Asylum is best seen on Sundays, when the miniature red-coats are put through their weekly inspection and drill. The little army, extra-well groomed, and washed, and shined, as regards cheeks and boots, assembles on parade ground at ten o'clock at the sound of "church call" by the drums and fifes, and is disposed in companies, with sergeants in cocked hats in front, whilst the recruits are behind. The real band boys, in their scarlet and gold coats, who are a little way off, strike up a charming march, and a moment later a clanking is heard, and up comes the Commandant, followed by his Adjutant, in full military splendour. A severe inspection then takes place, followed by drill, gun practice, and finally a double-breasted march into chapel, in all of which—on the authority of a distinguished military witness—the boys compare very advantageously with the Regular Army.

After the last salute has been given, and the martial tramp of hundreds of sturdy feet has died away, we follow into the pretty little chapel, whose pale olive-green walls and columns form an effective background to the scarlet glory of the "sons of the brave."

The chapel service is the one note in the whole Institution which jarred upon me and struck me as a little out of tune. To begin with, as the congregation practically consists of boys, the service might

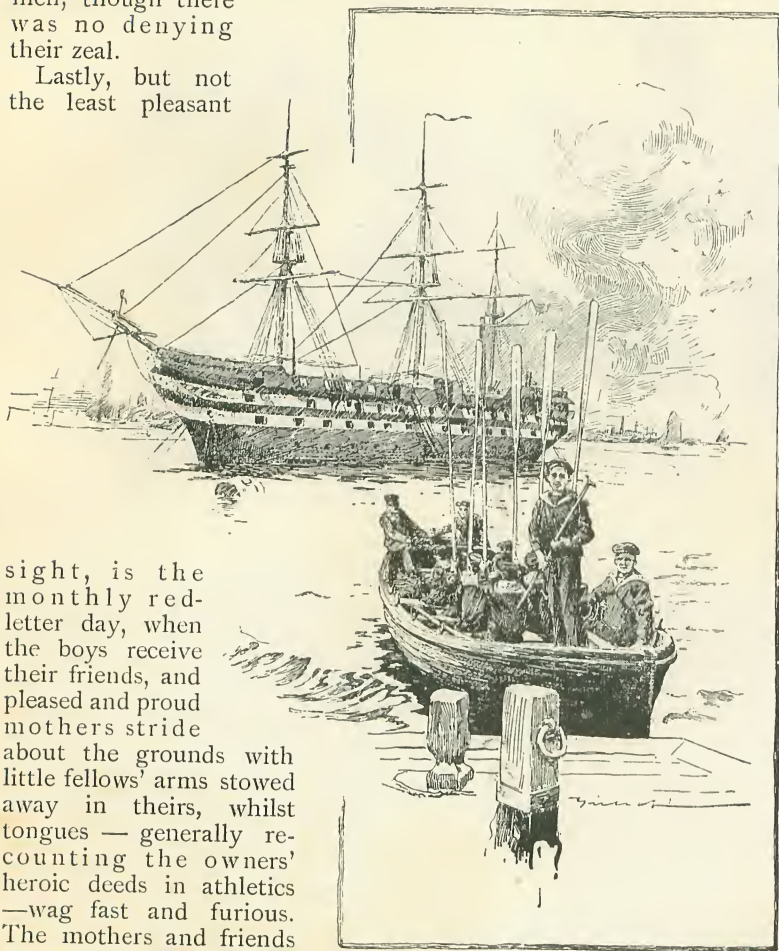
lads. As one listened to the lengthy discourse, it was impossible not to think what a magnificent opportunity the preacher lost. Here, Sunday after Sunday, at the most impressionable moment of their lives, come five hundred boys—solemn, silent, and reverent, and precisely in the mood to be impressed and influenced—who, a few years hence, will be taking part in that struggle for which the strongest and best cannot be too well equipped. Rightly conceived, it would be almost impossible to over-estimate the influence that a religious teacher with insight could exercise over the plastic characters and futures of these lads, sitting so still and attentive, as the light streams through the windows upon the solemn boyish faces, and casts golden aureoles round the fair heads. Whether it was the stern eye of the sergeant or fear of being deprived of the stripe which entitles them to the privilege of going out alone on Saturday afternoon, I know not; but their immovable calm excited not only my admiration but my envy, when I found myself less successful in suppressing yawns.

My interesting visit to the Asylum was concluded by a sight of the fire-escape at work, a fire having been especially requisitioned for my benefit, much to the delight of the boys, who regarded the whole matter as a huge joke, encouraging the lucky ones who were chosen to descend the canvas cylinder with cries of "Come down head

first." On the whole, however, I was not particularly impressed with the efficiency of the amateur firemen, though there was no denying their zeal.

Lastly, but not the least pleasant

untried and doubtful experiments. The training-ship lying some way off Woolwich



THE "WARSPITE."

sight, is the monthly red-letter day, when the boys receive their friends, and pleased and proud mothers stride about the grounds with little fellows' arms stowed away in theirs, whilst tongues — generally recounting the owners' heroic deeds in athletics — wag fast and furious. The mothers and friends are very rightly thankful for their good fortune, and indeed, if companionship, habits of order, decency, and industry, and healthy surroundings mean anything good, then the little lads of the Duke of York's School are to be congratulated.

What is being done for our future army at Chelsea is also being carried out for the navy on a smaller scale aboard the training-ship *Warspite*, with, however, one essential difference. At the State-supported institution in Chelsea there is no lack of funds, whilst the *Warspite*, which relies entirely on voluntary subscriptions, is, in common with so many other philanthropic undertakings, suffering from the loss of subscriptions and donations, which during the last year have been diverted in favour of

Pier is a big three-decker, which in former days, as the *Conqueror*, saw a good deal of active service. As soon as we were sighted a boat manned by a crew of twelve little tars put off to fetch us, and as they approached the landing stage, giving us a proper naval salute, we had an opportunity of admiring the smart and steady way with which they pulled together, and on reaching alongside the training-ship, "tossed" and "laid down" oars. All the decks, as bright and neat as possible, were full of small, barefooted blue-jackets intent upon their different naval duties; and, watching their expertness at knotting, splicing, going aloft, &c., it was almost impos-

sible to believe that not one of the boys had undergone more than nine months' training. This is, however, the case.

The boys, all of whom, though of good character, are destitute, are only admitted between the ages of 13 and 16, and are only kept on the *Warspite* for nine months, after which they are drafted into the navy or the merchant service.

On the day of my visit a batch of boys, many of whom had been taken from the streets, were having their first meal. They had all been washed, combed, and put into their new togs, which they wore with a mingled air of pride and embarrassment. About many of them there was a noticeably hungry expression, which made one rejoice



A PARADE ON DECK.

to think that for some months, at any rate, they would have good and regular meals. In connection with the subject of diet, which consists of beef or mutton and potatoes for

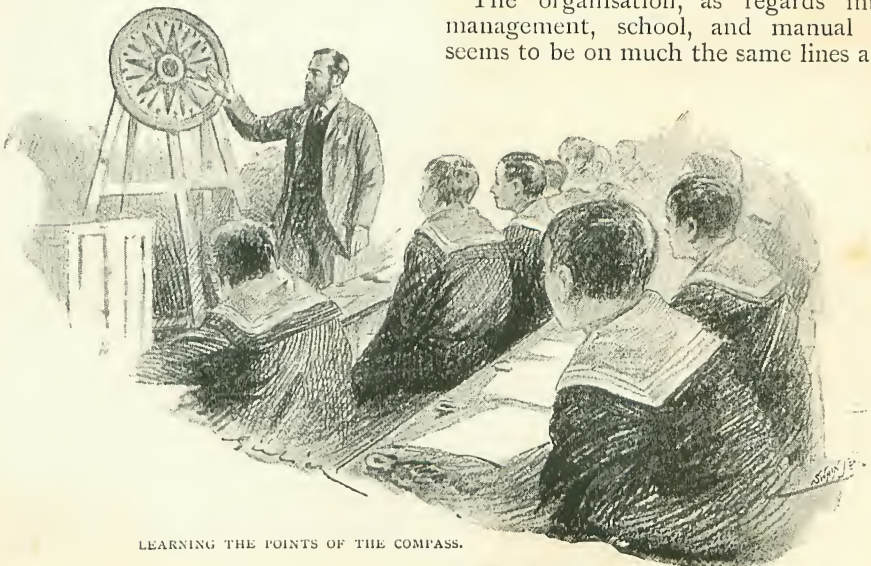
dinner, cocoa, bread, and pork for breakfast, and tea and biscuits for the third meal, I asked one jolly, rosy-cheeked little tar whether he was satisfied with his victuals. He answered with the most tremendous gravity, as "how" there was "just one thing" which he must "complain about."

"What's that?" I asked, "don't you get enough?"

"Yes, quite enough," was the tragic reply, "but the boys ought to have dripping on their biscuit twice a *week*, and we don't always get it once!"

Poor little chaps, one can well understand that after a time ship's biscuits, which may be very wholesome, though somewhat lacking in flavour and succulency, are likely to pall, and be much more grateful to a boy's palate when accompanied by the more insidious dripping.

The organisation, as regards internal management, school, and manual work, seems to be on much the same lines as that

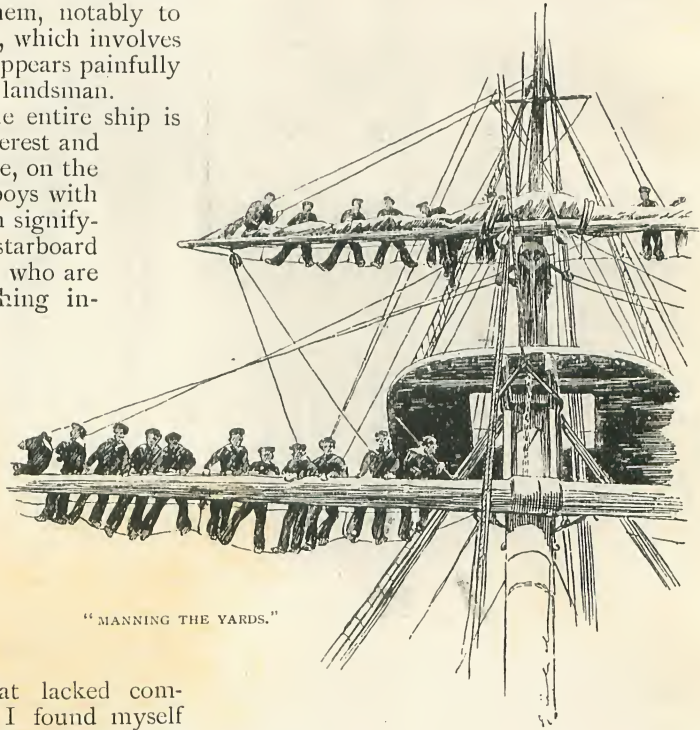


LEARNING THE POINTS OF THE COMPASS.

which prevails at the Military Asylum : half the day being devoted to school, whilst the remainder is occupied with swimming—which is the first accomplishment taught every boy—managing small boats, and the practical part of seamanship generally. In school, too, the boys give special attention to the subjects which will be afterwards useful to them, notably to the mastery of the compass, which involves three months' study, and appears painfully complex to the uninitiated landsman.

During the afternoon the entire ship is a scene of the greatest interest and activity. Here, for instance, on the main deck is a long row of boys with red stripes on the right arm signifying they belong to the starboard half of the ship's company, who are having bending and hitching instruction, or knot-making. In front of them are long poles and great lengths of rope, with which they will make you the most wonderful knots in the deffest manner imaginable. Although a little boy did some of the operations with condescending slowness (his verbal instructions consisted of "see 'ere" at intervals, which somewhat lacked comprehensiveness of detail), I found myself quite unable to grasp the mysteries of "clove hitch," "turk's head," "bowline," "running bowline," "swab hitch," and a variety of other ingenious knots with curious-sounding names. I was glad to cover my stupidity by a retreat to the upper deck, where dumb-bell drill was going on, the boys being arranged in two long lines. The dumb-bell exercises, which, as is well known, have a marked effect on the development of the muscles, are performed with beautiful precision to quick, bright music played by the band; and, bringing out all the curves and lines of the lads' little bodies, are very effective and graceful. After this, "man the yards" was piped, whereupon a swarm of boys with the agility of monkeys climbed the rigging, and went through a variety of nautical operations with remarkable neatness and skill. Then I paid a visit to the big hold of the ship, where I found a smart little captain of the hold, whose business it is to

keep clean and bright the tanks and machinery, and who is the recipient of 6d. a week for his energetic efforts. Then I went along to the store-room, where all the linen is kept, and here the youthful store superintendent told me that on admission each boy gets an extensive outfit,



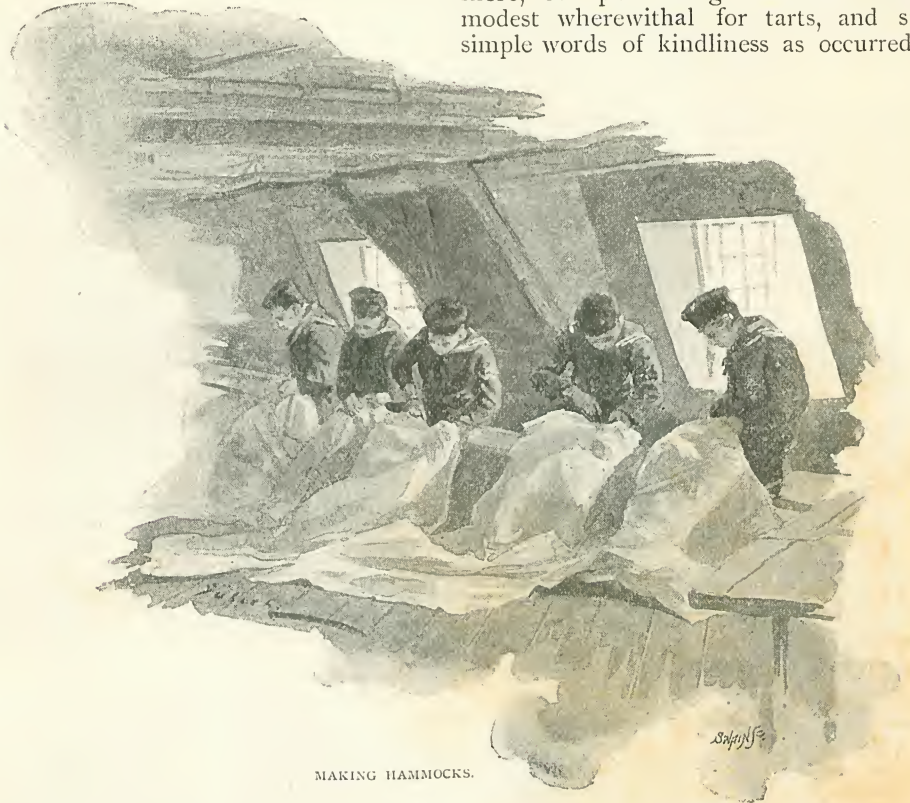
"MANNING THE YARDS."

including, in addition to two suits and a number of other necessities, a pair of mittens, a blue comforter, and an extra jacket, pair of trousers, south-wester, and knife when he goes to sea.

An exciting incident terminated our visit in the shape of a fire, which was conducted in so realistic a manner, and with such deadly earnestness on the part of the nautical firemen, that for a moment we felt positively terrified, and began to cast about our chances of getting off. As we stood on the lower deck a bell was rung, at the sound of which the entire crew assembled round us. The captain in half a dozen incisive words then stated that the fire was in the "galley." No directions were given; each lad knew exactly how to act, and carried out his special duty, which he had been told off for and practised from the moment he set foot on the ship, with a coolness and promptness which were ample

evidence of their magnificent training. We followed to the "galley" above, and found (barely a couple of minutes had elapsed) that six fire hoses were already at work, every pump was in action, and the imaginary flames, which were supposed to have originated from some cinders falling

Warspite and the British Navy. In the swiftly vanishing sunset, of which there was still enough of orange and crimson to throw great patches of bright colour on the wood-bearing barges and the huge black towers lining each side of the river, our little crew brought us back safely to shore, our part being concluded with a modest wherewithal for tarts, and such simple words of kindness as occurred to



MAKING HAMMOCKS.

out of the stove, well under control. From beginning to end there was not the smallest mistake or confusion or uncertainty, and if in the hour of real peril these gallant miniature sailors keep as cool and disciplined, they will be a credit and honour to the

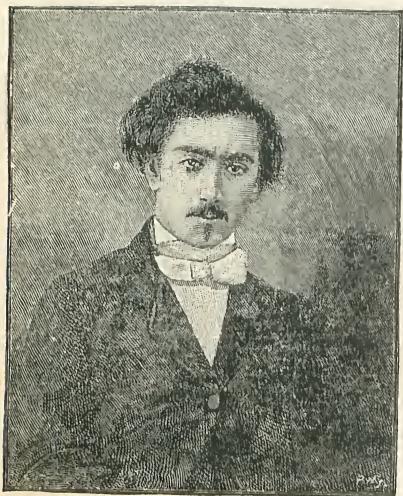
us. Will not all the readers of *THE STRAND MAGAZINE* echo our wish—that these brave little bluejackets may make prosperous voyages, and get safely into sunny harbours where kind eyes and hearts are waiting to welcome them.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

PHILIP H CALDERON, R.A.

BORN 1833

MR. PHILIP HERMOGENES CALDERON was born at Poitiers, his father being the Rev. Juan Calderon, and received his artistic education chiefly in the *atelier* of M. Picot, at Paris, where he was a student at the age at which



From a [Daguerreotype.] AGE 18.

he is represented in the first portrait of this series.

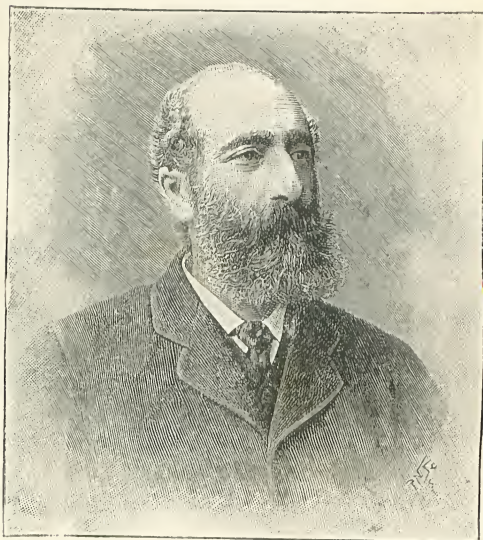
At the age of twenty he began to exhibit at the Royal Academy, his first picture being *By Babylon's Waters*. At thirty-one—which is the age at which the second of our portraits represents him—he was elected A.R.A., his promotion to the honour of R.A. following only three years later, in 1867, in which year he received at the Paris International Exhibition the first medal awarded to any English painter.

In 1878 he was one of the English artists selected to exhibit an extra number of works at the Paris Exhibition of that year, and at the close of the Exhibition received again a first-class medal and was created a Knight of the Legion of Honour.



From a Photo. by Watkins.] AGE 31. [Parliament-street, W.

Since that time he has always been fully represented at the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy, his works cover-

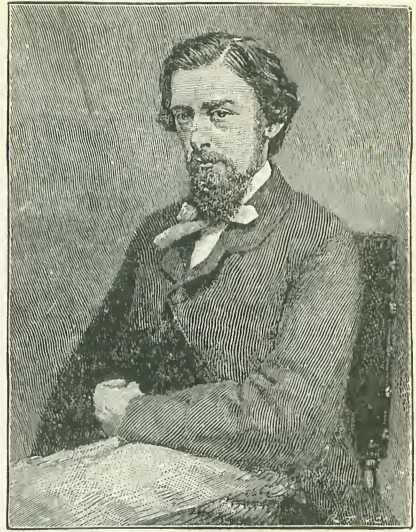


From a Photo. by] AGE 58. [Window & Grove.

ing almost every department of painting, whether portrait, realistic, historical, or imaginative.



From a] AGE 9 MONTHS. [Drawing.



AGE 30.

From a Photo. by the London School of Photography.

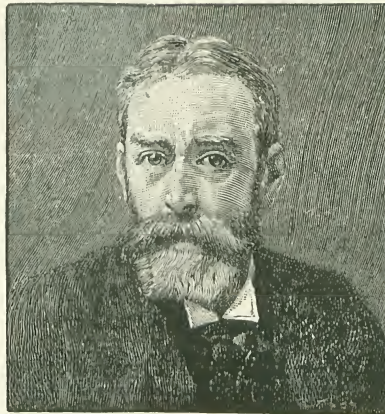
EDWARD J. POYNTER, R.A.

BORN 1836.



R. ED. JOHN POYNTER was born at Paris, his father being

Mr. Ambrose Poynter, the architect. He was educated at Westminster School and at Ipswich Grammar School; he studied art in the Royal Academy schools until he was 20, and afterwards for three years under Gleyre at Paris. He then settled in London, and at 26 exhibited his first Academy picture. It was, however, in 1867 that he made his reputation



AGE 52.

From Portraits by himself in the Uffizi Gallery.

by his picture "Israel in Egypt." Two years later he was elected A.R.A.; in 1876 he was made R.A. From 1871 to 1876 he was Slade Professor of Art at University College. He published in 1879 his well-known volume entitled "Ten Lectures on Art." Most of his finest pictures are based on classical subjects, such as "Atalanta's Race" and "A Visit to Æsculapius;" the latter

of which, purchased out of the Chantrey fund, is one of the most successful classical pictures of the present day.



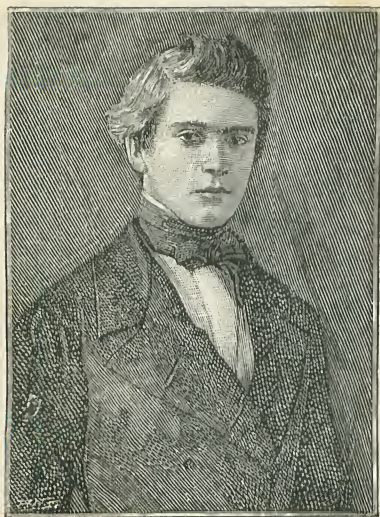
AGE 19.

From a Drawing by himself.



AGE 45.

From a Photo. by Bassano.



From a] AGE 18. [Daguerreotype.

HERMANN VEZIN.

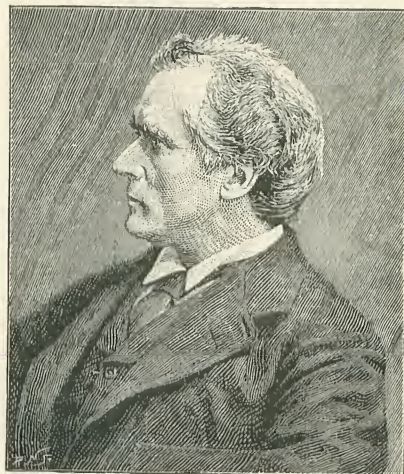
BORN 1829.

MR. HERMANN VEZIN was born at Philadelphia, where his father was a merchant, and was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, where he took his degree at eighteen, at which age our first



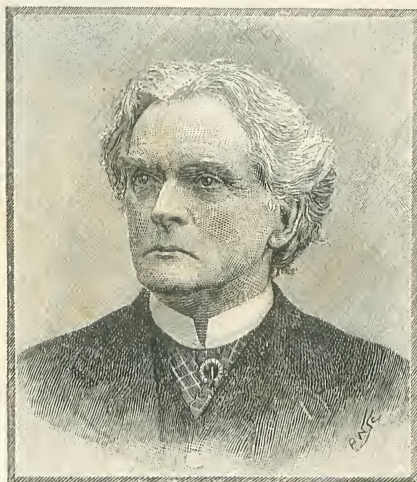
From a] AGE 28. [Photograph.

portrait represents him. He was intended for the legal profession, but, desiring to become an actor, he came to England, and made his first appearance in 1850 at the Theatre Royal, York. His advancement was so rapid that a year later he was playing



From a Photo. by] AGE 50. [Elliott & Fry.

leading parts in the provinces, and again a year later made his appearance on a London stage, under Charles Kean at the Princess's. Since that time his triumphs on the stage have been innumerable, the most conspicuous being, perhaps, *James Harebell* in the "Man o' Airlie," *Percy Pendragon* in



From a Photo. by] AGE 62. [Barraud.

"Married in Haste," *Macbeth*, *Iago*, *Dan'l Druce*, and *Dr. Primrose*. As a declaimer of English he has no superior, and his acting always appeals to the most cultured portion of his audiences.

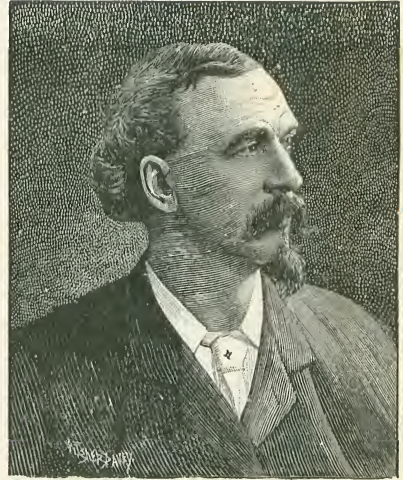


From a Photo. by]

AGE 27.

[Mora, New York.

parts in "Robert the Devil," "The Huguenots," "William Tell," and Verdi's "Aida." He also accompanied Adelina Patti on her tour through Russia in the early part of 1870, when both these eminent performers were received with a most *enthusiastic* welcome. In the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, and at Birmingham and other provincial festivals, he has appeared with great success. In fact, since 1866 he has constantly been before the British public,



From a Photo. by]

AGE 43.

[Chancellor, Dublin.

with whom his fine voice and splendid style of declamation have rendered him a special favourite. Signor Foli has, indeed, with the exception, perhaps, of Edouard de Reszké, the finest bass voice of modern times.



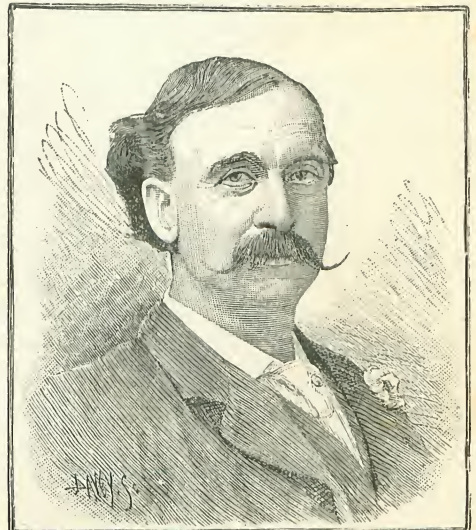
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AGE 35.

[Bergamasco, St. Petersburg.

SIGNOR FOLI.

THIS celebrated bass singer first made his appearance in Italy in 1865, and, owing to his great success, was engaged by M. Bagier for the Italian Opera in Paris, and subsequently came to London. He was then engaged by Mr. Mapleson at Her Majesty's Theatre, after which he appeared at the Royal Italian Opera House, Covent-garden, being cast for all the leading bass



From a Photo. by]

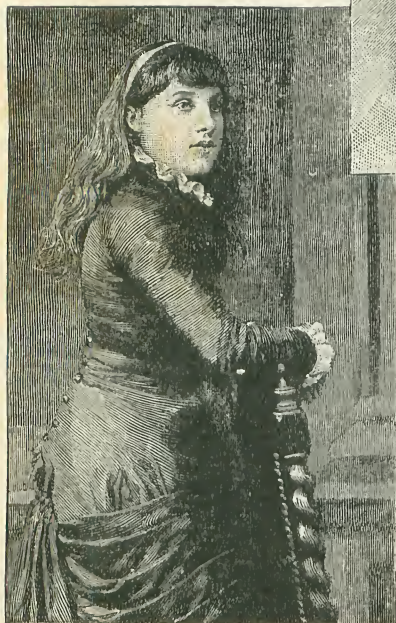
PRESENT DAY.

[L'an der l'eyde.



AGE 10.

*From a Photo. by
Frédère, Cheapside.*



AGE 13.

From a Photo. by Mondel & Jacob, Wiesbaden.



From a Photo. by

AGE 19.

[Watery.]

MISS JULIA NEILSON (MRS. FRED TERRY).

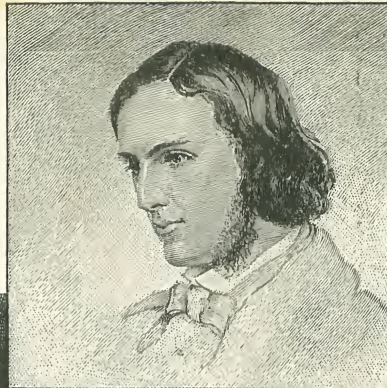
MISS JULIA NEILSON is the daughter of Mr. Alexander R. Neilson, of Scotland, and was educated at Wiesbaden. She early displayed a striking gift for music, and, having carried off the Llewellyn Thomas medal, the Sainton Dolby prize, the Westmoreland scholarship, and other honours at the London Academy of Music, it was natural that she should have been at first intended to follow music as a profession. She displayed, however, so much promise as an actress on the amateur dramatic stage that in 1888, when at the age of nineteen, she made her appearance in "Pygmalion and Galatea," at the Lyceum. Thence she went to the St. James's, and finally to the Haymarket, where she has remained ever since,



From a Photo. by

PRESENT DAY. *[Lafayette, Dublin.]*

AGE 23.



From a Pencil Drawing
by R. Cholmondeley.



AGE 27.
From a Miniature on Ivory by C. Cousins.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.

BORN 1827.



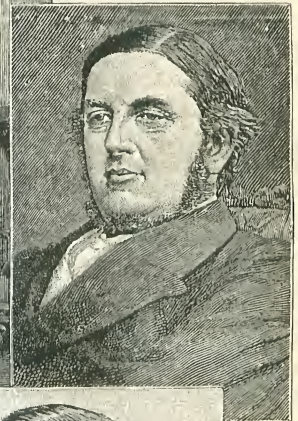
THE RIGHT HON. SIR
WILLIAM GEORGE
GRANVILLE VEN-
ABLES VERNON
HARCOURT, M.P.,

Q.C., is the second son of the Rev. William Vernon Harcourt and grandson of the late Archbishop of York. He was educated at Trinity, Cambridge, where he took high honours at the age of 24. He was called to the bar three years later, and wrote his well-known letters to *The Times* over the signature "Historicus." He was made Q.C. at 39. Two years later he was elected as Liberal member for Oxford. In 1873 he was appointed Solicitor-General and knighted. In 1886 he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer by Mr. Gladstone, of whose policy he is well known as one of the most powerful advocates,



AGE 37.
From a Photo. by Serrony.

AGE 47.
From a Photo. by Whitlock,
Birmingham.



AGE 64.
From a Photo by Alex. Tassano.

"There's Many a Slip."

BY ANNIE L. COGHILL.



JUST draw your chair round a little; I know there's a draught on that side. I did intend at one time to have it cured in some way, but it does not much matter now.

I'll have a screen put round your corner to-morrow. Mine is comfortable enough."

This was said to me one winter evening by my cousin John Elder, as we sat on each side of the fire in his particularly cosy dining-room, where the table, with its lamp, flowers, and dessert, had been drawn up to an easy distance from our hands. John was sipping port, and I was cracking nuts, for which, in spite of my years, I have an abiding affection; and behind my chair was the door from which might, but did not, come the draught John was speaking of.

John is an elderly gentleman, a bachelor, very well off, very comfortable, and very popular, but still rather mysteriously a bachelor, because he has always liked and been liked by women. I am an elderly lady, a widow, and John and I have been warm friends all our lives. The reason why I was sitting beside John's dining-room fire was that I had come to pay him a visit, and, as there were

no other guests in the house, it was much more sensible for me to stay and talk with him while he enjoyed his after-dinner ease than to go away by myself into the drawing-room.

"There is no draught," I said, "none at present, I am sure. But there may be when the wind is north, and a screen would make all safe."

"Yes," he answered musingly, as he looked at the wine he had just poured out, "a screen would do, but I did think once



"YES," HE ANSWERED MUSINGLY.

of altering the door, making really a good job of it. I planned that with other alterations."

"And the plans were never carried out?" I asked, after I had waited a moment to see if he would say more. "Well, I suppose I know when they were made, but I never did quite understand why they came to nothing."

"No," he answered. "I don't think anybody knew but ourselves. It was my fault—certainly, it was all my fault."

He stopped, but I thought he was not disinclined to go on, and I was curious. Indeed, there had been an episode in John's life about which we had all been curious; and, though it was a good while past, I still felt I should like to know. So I said,

"I fancied it had been Miss Woodroffe's doing?"

"I said it was my *fault*," he answered. "I did not say it was my *doing*."

"Oh!" I answered rather blankly, and there was a silence.

Then John gave a little laugh, half ridicule of himself, I thought, and half ruefulness for the story that was in his mind.

"I may as well tell you all about it," he said. "You are not likely to tell it to any of the young ones, and it certainly was an odd way of losing one's promised wife. You'll see that she was not to blame."

I saw now that I was in for the story, whatever it might be, the catastrophe of which had left John a bachelor; so I settled myself in my chair, put my feet more comfortably on my footstool, and laid down the nut-crackers.

"Well," he said, "I daresay you remember that I have always been much fonder of seeing my friends in my own house than of going elsewhere for society. I don't suppose I've dined out ten times in the last ten years; and ten years ago I disliked doing it almost as much

as I do now. Only I wasn't quite such an old fogey, and I believe I had some vague idea of marrying. The difficulty was that I had never seen exactly the right woman, and very naturally I wasn't nearly so keen about finding her as I had been twenty years before that. It is just ten years now since I met Miss Woodroffe."

"Yes," I said, "I remember it is about ten years since I heard of her."

"The only house where I ever cared to dine in those days was Joddrell's, and I used to go there about once for every four times they asked me. One evening in September I went there much against my will. Joddrell had promised me that I should meet some old friends, but when I arrived there was not one present but strangers, and nearly all the party were young people. Fancy asking me to meet a roomful of young people! It wasn't until dinner was announced that I saw the lady I was to take in; then Joddrell led me into a corner of the drawing-room, and introduced me to Miss Woodroffe, a friend of his wife's."

John stopped a little here, and I fancied



"MISS WOODROFFE."

he was trying to find words in which to describe Miss Woodroffe. If that were so, he did not succeed. After a minute he went on again, without attempting to give me any portraiture of the heroine of his story.

"Upon my word, Mary, I can't tell how it happened. All I know is that she was the most charming woman I ever saw in my life. We talked a great deal during dinner, and we talked a great deal after dinner; and the more she talked, and the more I looked at her, the more I thought with disgust of my solitary existence. Somehow or other, before I got up next morning I had made up my mind that I would try to persuade her to become my wife. All this, of course, is very commonplace; plenty of men, I suppose, even some men of fifty-five, must have had the same sort of experience. Now comes the part of the story which I think must belong to me alone. Do you remember how, years ago, I persuaded you to let me send some of your handwriting to a lady who professed to know all about the people whose writing she was allowed to examine? I sent yours and some others; do you remember?"

"Yes," I answered, "I remember very well; and we thought the characters sent back were wonderfully true."

"We did," said John emphatically, "and that was the mischief of it. Some time after that I had a housekeeper whom I suspected of cheating me, and I sent a note of hers to Miss Harris by way of clearing up my opinion of her. Miss Harris wrote back that she was civil and plausible, but not to be trusted; and sure enough after a time I detected her in downright robbery. Upon my word, Mary, if I did believe in Miss Harris, I had good reason, and I'm not so very sure yet that she doesn't deserve to be believed in. Well, now, what do you think I did? I determined to get a note from Miss Woodroffe, and send it to Miss Harris, before I took another step in the affair. Miss Woodroffe, as it happened, was to stay at the Joddrells' for two or three weeks; and before a week was over I had managed to get a note of two or three lines from her. This I sent to Miss Harris, and I can show you the answer I received."

Here John took from his pocket a letter-case, or pocket-book, from which, after some turning over of the papers it contained, he drew out a much-worn letter, and handed it to me. It began: "The handwriting of the note, of which you have requested

my opinion, is a very remarkable one; it expresses in the strongest degree the qualities of a noble and refined character. The writer has a clear brain, an affectionate heart, and great rectitude of mind; she talks well, and neither too much nor too little." There was a good deal more in the same style, describing such a paragon of our sex that I really felt an inch or two taller for the reading of it.

"If Miss Woodroffe was all that," I said, "I can't imagine how you ever let her go."

"She was," he answered; "at any rate, I have no reason to doubt it."

He put the paper back in its place, and went on:—

"I think I may say that I lost no time after that. She was friendly from the beginning. About four weeks after our first meeting I asked her to marry me, and she said 'Yes.' Upon my word, Mary, if I had been twenty-five instead of fifty-five, I don't think I could have been happier. She was just going away from the Joddrells', and before she went I told her all about Miss Harris, and what a thorough belief I had in her skill. Miss Woodroffe laughed at me, but unfortunately I was quite convinced that my belief was well founded, and quite determined to persuade her to think so too.

"She went away, and of course I wrote to her. In one of my first letters I sent her the one I have just shown you, and I begged her to send my handwriting also to Miss Harris for her own satisfaction. You see I felt quite safe in doing this, because the description of me which had been sent at the time, you remember, had been rather flattering. On that occasion Miss Harris had declared that I 'was of an amiable temper, liberal but trustworthy.' I remember the words well, and I thought it could do me nothing but good if such an account of me found its way to Miss Woodroffe.

"What fools people are! The woman was a rank impostor, of course, as I found afterwards to my cost, and as I ought to have known then, but I did really believe in her. Could you have guessed it?"

"Well, no," I answered, "I really don't think I should have believed it—only you know, John, you shrewd men can be so dreadfully credulous. Why, I remember a friend of my husband's who doubted everything, and yet he believed in Madame Blavatsky."

John grunted. He did not seem to like



"I ASKED HER TO MARRY ME."

the comparison, which was foolish of him, poor fellow.

"She said," he went on, "that she could trust her own judgment, and did not want anybody else's. That might have satisfied anybody, but it did not satisfy me. I wrote again, and begged her to do as I wished, telling her about the housekeeper. At last she wrote that she had done to please me what she never would have done for herself, and she said: 'I suppose you expect me to abide by whatever Miss Harris may say.'

"Do you know that those words gave me a fright. I had never doubted till then that Miss Harris would give just the same character of me as she had done before, and also I had only thought of it as giving me more value to Miss Woodroffe. I got

nervous after I heard she had really consulted the Sibyl, and two days later I received these."

He turned over his pocket-book again and handed to me two papers, sinking back in his chair after he had done so with a gesture that said, "You have the catastrophe and its results before you."

I opened one of the papers, and literally I opened it with trembling fingers. There was something tragical in poor John's gesture, and in the emptiness and silence of the house. My eyes fell upon a sheet of paper, half covered with a neat, legible handwriting, the words of which were much as follows:—

"This writing belongs to a person of singularly impulsive and eager temperament, easily carried away by the feeling of

the moment; very uncertain and unreliable, sadly inconsistent, without fixed purpose or deliberate judgment; not wanting in ability, but only in the power to apply it usefully; careless of money, but scarcely to be called generous; not altogether free from vanity, his temper is very irritable and passionate. . . ."

There was more, but a sigh from John—poor John! the most faithful and generous of friends, and the most steady-going of mortals—made me drop the sheet and take up the other.

This was a very short note:—

"DEAR MR. ELDER,—
You insisted that I should consult Miss Harris, and trust her verdict on your character rather than my

own. What that is you will see by the enclosed, and I am sure you cannot wonder that I dare not marry the man described. I am sending back your presents and letters by next post. With most sincere wishes for your happiness,

"Yours truly,

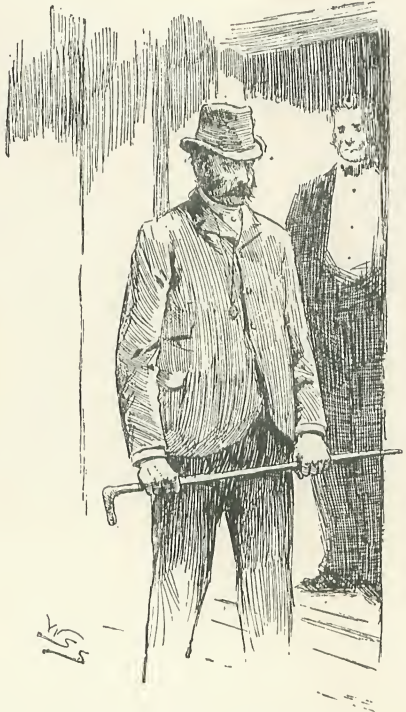
"LOUISA WOODROFFE."

"Oh, John!" I said, when I had read this, "but she could not have meant it."

"She meant it so thoroughly that when I got to her mother's house in London, the very evening of the day I received it, they

were both gone abroad, and I have not so much as seen her from that time to this."

So that was why the dining-room door was never altered.



"THEY WERE BOTH GONE ABROAD."

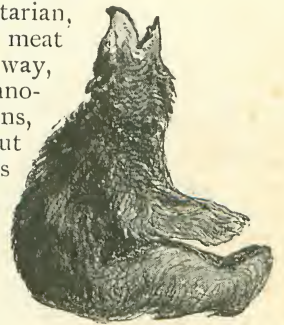


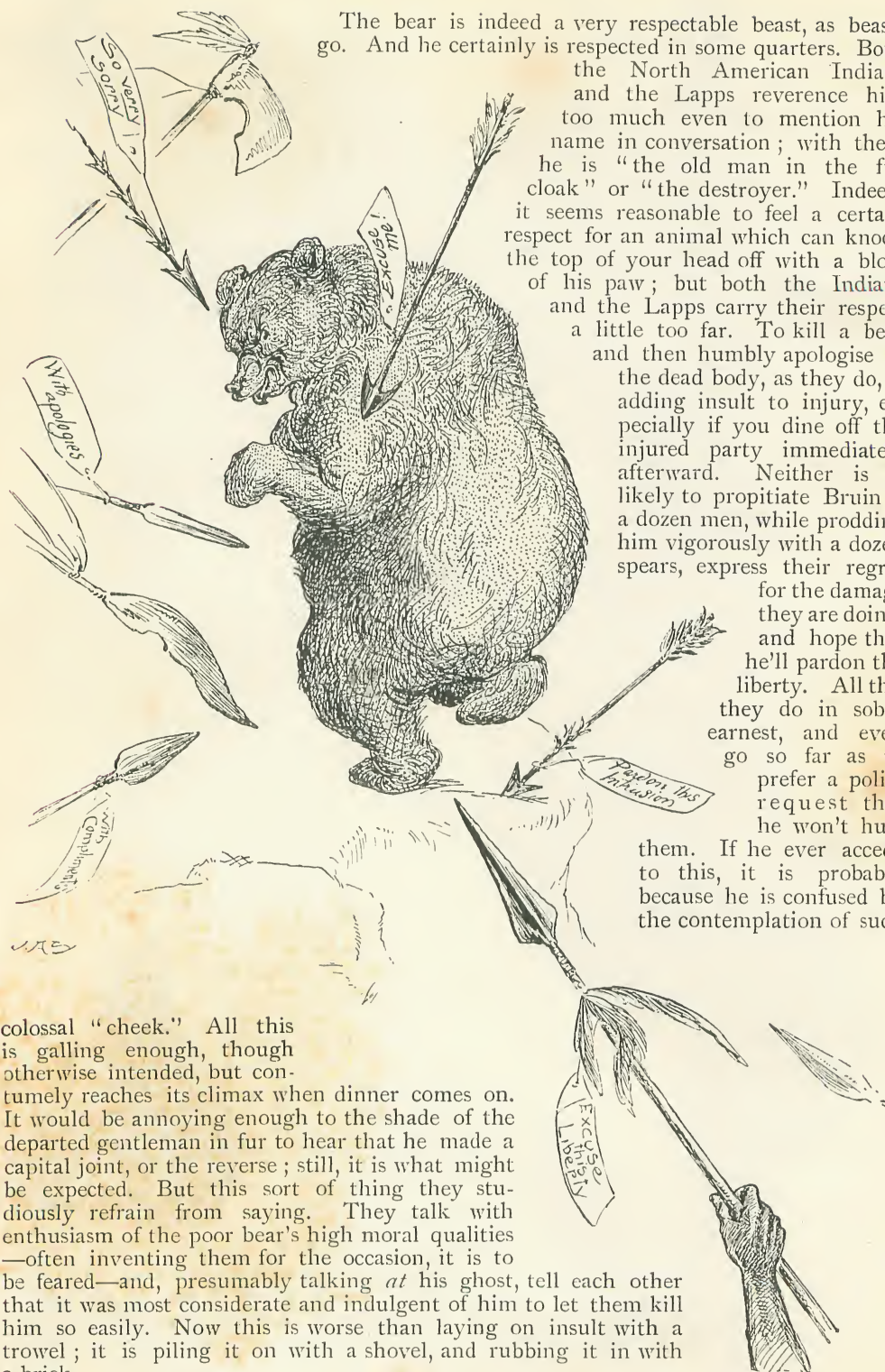
By ARTHUR MORRISON
and J.A. SYMPHERD.

II. ZIGZAG URSINE

BEAR is an adaptable creature, a philosopher every inch. He takes everything just as it comes—and doesn't readily part with it. He lives in all sorts of countries, in all manner of weather and climate, merely changing his coat a little to suit the prevailing weather. He will eat honey—when he can get it; when he can't he consoles himself with the reflection that it is bad for the teeth. He is largely a vegetarian, except when meat falls in his way, and although innocently fond of buns, will cheerfully put up with strawberries and cream if they stray in his direction. There is a proverb inculcating the principle of catching the bear before you sell his skin.

This, from a business point of view, is obviously absurd. If you can find somebody idiot enough to buy the skin first, *and pay cash*, why, take it, and let him do the catching. It will save a deal of trouble, and you will probably have a chance of selling the same skin again, after the other fellow's funeral.





colossal "cheek." All this is galling enough, though otherwise intended, but contemptuously reaches its climax when dinner comes on. It would be annoying enough to the shade of the departed gentleman in fur to hear that he made a capital joint, or the reverse; still, it is what might be expected. But this sort of thing they studiously refrain from saying. They talk with enthusiasm of the poor bear's high moral qualities—often inventing them for the occasion, it is to be feared—and, presumably talking *at* his ghost, tell each other that it was most considerate and indulgent of him to let them kill him so easily. Now this is worse than laying on insult with a trowel; it is piling it on with a shovel, and rubbing it in with a brick.

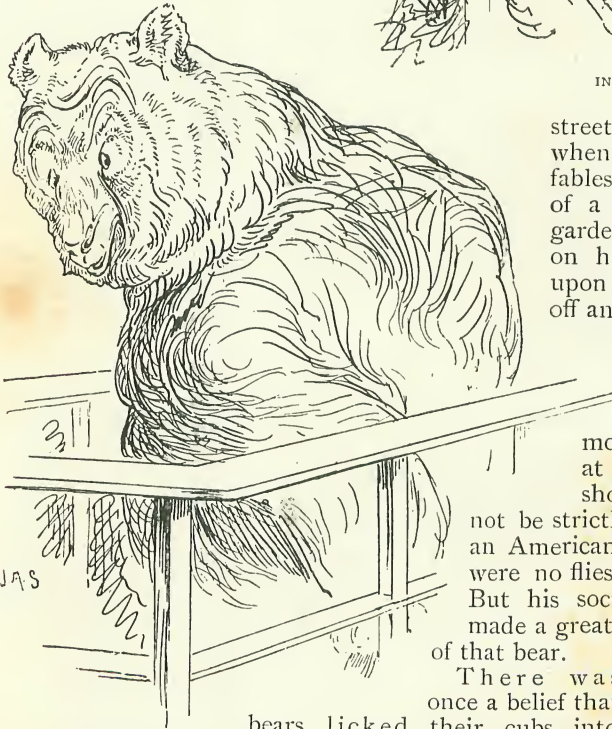
Contact with man ruins the respectability of the bear. He gets dissipated and raffish,

The bear is indeed a very respectable beast, as beasts go. And he certainly is respected in some quarters. Both the North American Indians and the Lapps reverence him too much even to mention his name in conversation; with them he is "the old man in the fur cloak" or "the destroyer." Indeed, it seems reasonable to feel a certain respect for an animal which can knock the top of your head off with a blow of his paw; but both the Indians and the Lapps carry their respect a little too far. To kill a bear and then humbly apologise to the dead body, as they do, is adding insult to injury, especially if you dine off the injured party immediately afterward. Neither is it likely to propitiate Bruin if a dozen men, while prodding him vigorously with a dozen spears, express their regret for the damage they are doing, and hope that he'll pardon the liberty. All this they do in sober earnest, and even go so far as to prefer a polite request that he won't hurt them. If he ever accede to this, it is probably because he is confused by the contemplation of such

and appears in the dock at police-courts. He associates with low companions—unclean-looking foreigners—who bang him sorely about the ribs with sticks to make him dance. They keep him badly, and he grows bony and mangy. He retaliates upon them by getting loose, frightening people, and breaking things. Then, when he is brought before a magistrate, they have to pay his fine. Sometimes they get into prison over him. The end is always the same—a bear who begins by associating with these people always turns up at the police-court before long, and once there, he comes again and again—just in the manner of the old offenders at Marlborough-



IN THE POLICE-COURT



SENTENCED.

street. Even in the innocent old times, when Bidpai wrote (or plagiarised) his fables, association with man made a fool of a bear. Witness the fable of the gardener's bear, who, zealous about a fly on his master's face, brought a paw upon it with all his force, and knocked off an indispensable piece of the worthy gardener's head. There is nothing whatever recorded against that gardener's character; he probably lived a most exemplary life, and won prizes at all the prehistoric horticultural shows in India—although it might

not be strictly correct for an American to say there were no flies on him.

But his society made a great ass

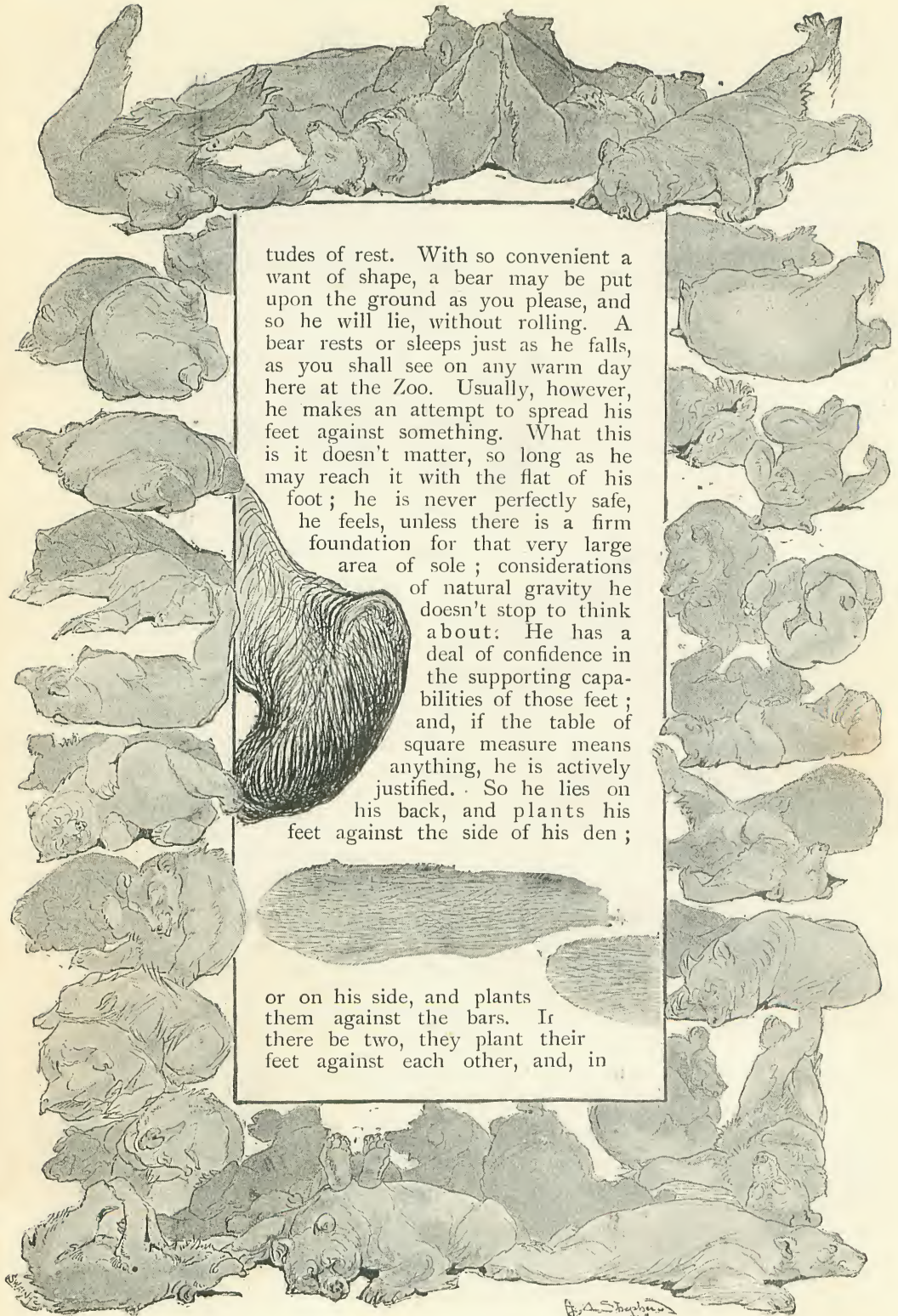
of that bear.

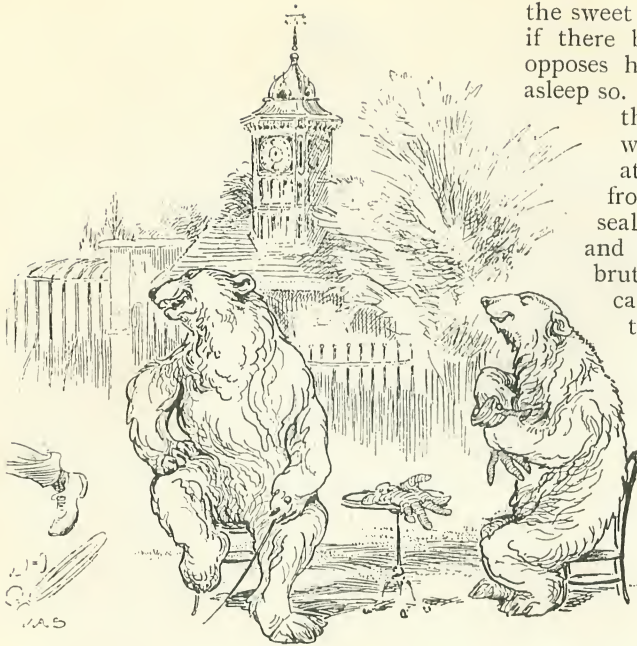
There was once a belief that bears licked their cubs into

shape. If there be anything in this, all

the bears in my acquaintance came of very negligent mothers—or, perhaps, of mothers who tried the other sort of licking. They have strength, sagacity, stupidity, gloom, cheerfulness, teeth, hair, claws, position, magnitude, and big feet; but nothing at all like shape. This is why they are able to indulge in such a rich variety of atti-







"SPLIT ICEBERG."

the sweet communion of sole, fall asleep; if there be only one, he curls up, and opposes his palms to his soles, and falls asleep so. Bango, the hairy-eared bear in the end cage, does this. A man who once said it was his sole attitude was driven to seek refuge from an infuriated populace in the seal pond. Notwithstanding this, and all that has been said about brute instinct in animals, nobody can gaze at, for instance, Michael, the big brown bear, without seeing at once that his sole is quite big enough for his body, big as that is. While the family motto of Samson, the big Polar bear, is understood to be, "O my prophetic sole, mine ankle!" This, however, is another story, and relates to Samson's slight lameness in a hind foot.

Samson is a fine fellow in the matter of size. The only short thing about him is his tail, unless you count his

temper. And there really is some excuse for the short temper. The climate would be a sufficient excuse in itself. It might, perhaps, be reasonable to say that the English

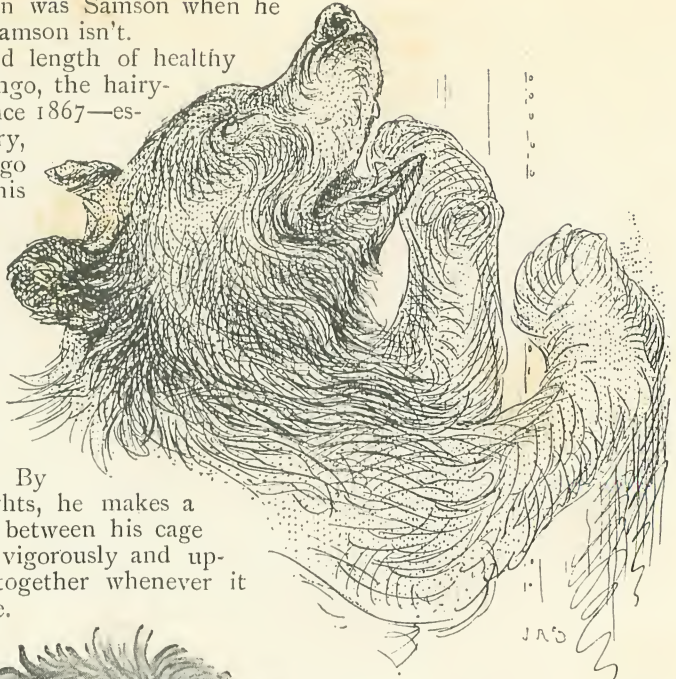
climate is sufficient excuse for anybody's shortness of temper, but on the Polar bear it has the effect of that of India on an Englishman. Both Samson

and Mrs. Samson—her name is Lil—manage fairly well in the winter, although they would be the more comfortable for an iceberg or two. But in the summer they keep as much as possible to the coolness of their cave, and look dolefully out at the visitors with just the expression of a fat Cockney when he says, "Ain't it 'orrid 'ot?" Still, Samson has had twenty-one of these summers now, and is bigger and stronger than ever, so that it is plain that his health does not suffer.



Lil is only a little bigger than was Samson when he first arrived, and is playful—Samson isn't.

Twenty-one years is a good length of healthy captivity for a bear, but Bango, the hairy-eared bear, has been here since 1867—established a quarter of a century, as the shopkeepers say. Bango lives with a single eye to his own comfort and nourishment, being blind in the other. Still, he can see a bun with his one eye just as quickly as any other bear can with two. Bango has a delusion—he is firmly convinced that by the regulations he is entitled to nine or ten meals a day, in addition to promiscuous snacks. By way of agitating for his rights, he makes a dinner gong of the partition between his cage and the next, punching it vigorously and uproariously for five minutes together whenever it strikes him that a meal is due.



BANGO

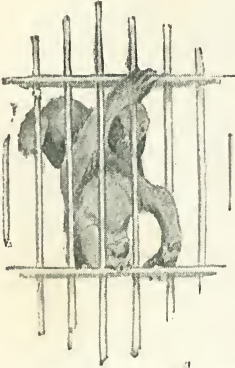


BILLY,

A sad, bad character in bears lives a few doors further down. It is Billy, the sloth-bear. He is the most disreputable, careless, lazy, and unkempt bear on the premises. Perhaps his parents neglected him. Certainly if one bear can have less shape than another, which has none, Billy has. He is more than shapeless; he approaches the nebulous. A sort of vast, indefinite, black mop, with certain very long and ill-kept claws observable in odd places, and now and again a dissolute, confused muzzle, in which a double allowance of lip and a half-allowance of lip mingle indistinguishably. Billy is usually asleep. He is as fond of eating as any other bear, but fonder still of sleeping. Give him a biscuit while he is lying down, and he will come for it with an indignant expression of muzzle, implying that you are rather a nuisance than otherwise.

Ludlam's dog, says the proverb, was so lazy as to lay his head

against the wall to bark. Billy must have been Ludlam's bear. Round at the other side, Joey, Fanny, and Dolly, the little Malayan bears, are certainly not lazy. Dolly will turn a somersault for you with his head (yes, I mean *his*) in the sawdust, bringing himself over by gripping the bars with his feet. Fanny will do the same thing high up against the bars, climbing a somersault, so to speak. Of course, there is no regular charge for this performance, but neither Fanny nor Dolly will *feel* disappointed if you contribute a biscuit to the prize fund. Fanny will find the biscuit with her paw, even if it be put out of sight on the ledge before the partition.



But Michael—big Michael, the great brown Russian bear, the largest bear in the place except Samson—doesn't need to trouble to hunt for biscuits. He just opens his mouth, and you throw your contribution in. Now, with most of the bears this is something of a feat of skill, since you may easily pitch a little wide, and fail to score a bull's-eye. But when Michael's mouth opens—let us call him the Grand Duke Michael, by the bye—when the Grand Duke's mouth opens you can't very easily miss it. Go and look at the Grand Duke's mouth and see.



MICHAEL.

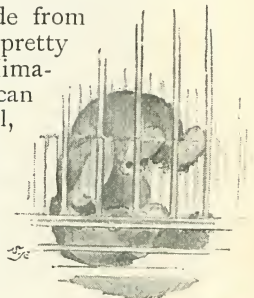
One chiefly respects Kate, the Syrian bear, as a relative of those other Syrian bears that ate the forty-two rude boys who annoyed Elisha. I have sometimes wondered whether these bears, hearing mention of a bald head, had aroused in them any personal feeling in regard to bear's-grease. But, on consideration, I scarcely

think this likely, because bear's-grease for the hair is always made from pig. The pretty young Hima-

layan here can dance if she will, having been taught

by the bearward, Godfrey. But she will only dance when she feels "so disposed," and never if asked, which is ungrateful to Godfrey, who has taken pains with her education, and who managed bears long before her grandmother was born.

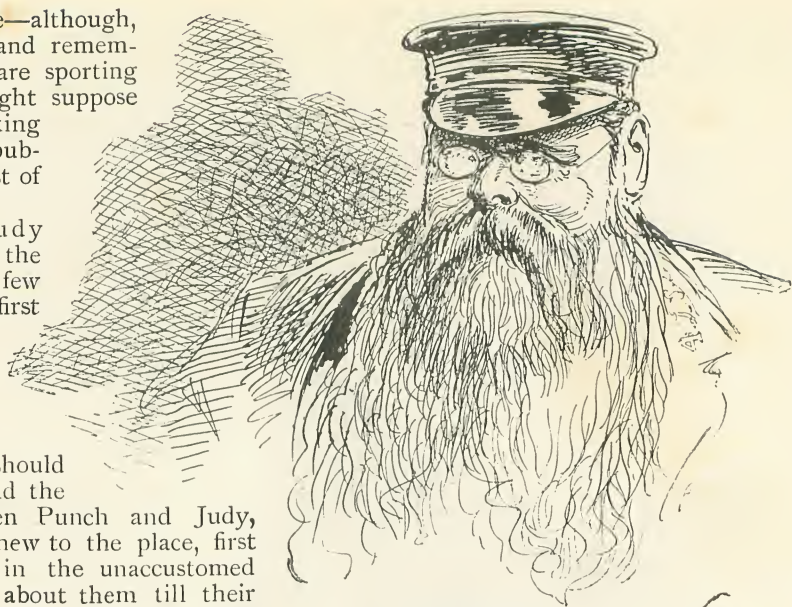
Menush and Nelly belong to a good family—the American blacks—but have been in trade, in the pit, until quite lately. Having acquired a considerable competence in buns, however, they have now retired into semi-privacy. They grew so excessively fat, indeed, upon the public bounty, that it became a matter of great difficulty to induce either to climb the pole—and almost as difficult a thing for either to do it. Now



DOLLY'S SOMERSAULT.

they live in ease—although, looking at them and remembering that they are sporting characters, one might suppose them to be thinking of taking a quiet public-house for the rest of their days.

Punch and Judy have succeeded to the pit business. A few days after they first took possession, two other bears were turned in with them, nameless, but these obviously should be called Toby and the Policeman. When Punch and Judy, young bears and new to the place, first found themselves in the unaccustomed area, they looked about them till their eyes fell in succession upon the pole, the bath, and the floor—circular, and plainly meant as a ring. Here was a gymnasium, ready fitted; wherefore they promptly began a grand inaugural assault-at-arms, lasting most of the day. There was no distinct separation of the events; plunging, boxing, climbing, and wrestling were mixed in one long show, frequently approaching in character the drama wherefrom Punch and Judy derive their names, with one variation. For Judy is rather larger and stronger than Punch, who accordingly became chief receiver, and this with the utmost good humour. The pair, in the wild delight of comparative freedom in novel surroundings, having executed a prelusive scramble and ram-page and a mutual roll in the bath, stood

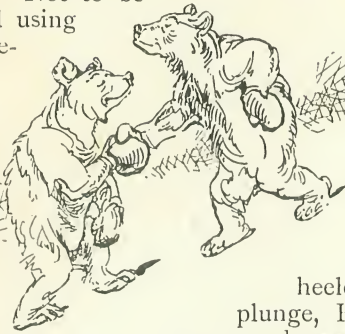


THE BEARWARD.



RETIRED.

up and sparred carefully for an opening. Judy soon began proceedings with both mawleys, Punch ducking very cleverly and putting in the right on the listening-machine. Not to be denied, Judy bored in, and using right and left scored a decided lead, when Punch, the trickier of the

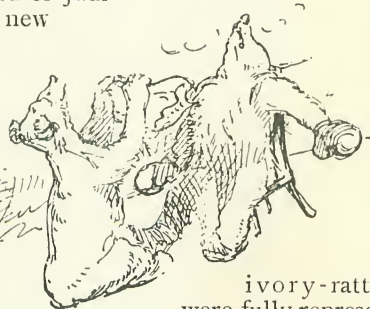
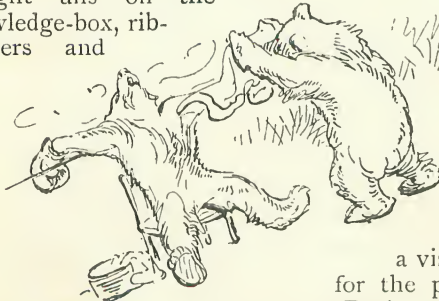


two, observing his partner's back now to be turned to the bath, ducked in, held and backed, both falling a mighty plunge, Punch uppermost, thus finishing round one. Round two consisted chiefly in a persevering attempt by Punch to drag Judy out of the bath, in order to roll in it himself. Round three began by Judy suddenly rising from the water and driving Punch violently up against the pole, from which awkward position he dropped on to four feet and retreated with celerity, suddenly stopping and turning



about to deliver a stinger between the eyes.

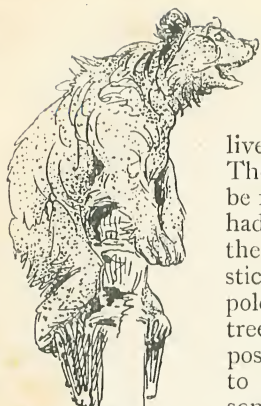
This round continued an unrecorded length of time, and consisted chiefly of wrestling, the bottom of the bath in the end being about the driest spot in the pit. Rounds four, five, and six consisted of judicious extracts from rounds one, two, and three, in new combinations, and with varying results, the combatants retiring, *secundum artem*, to their proper corners between each round. Bangs on the smeller, drives in the breadbasket and dexter optic, straight uns on the knowledge-box, ribbenders and



ivory-rattlers were fully represented, and there were frequent visitations in the atmospheric department.

As the seventh round was about to begin, a visitor protruded a bun, impaled upon the stick for the purpose provided, near the pole a little way up. Business was immediately suspended, and Judy made for that bun. With some difficulty—Judy wasn't used to the

A. S. S. S. S.



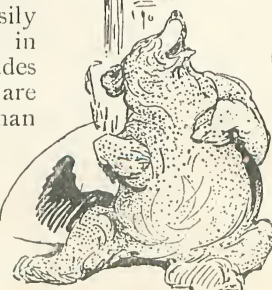
pole, and it shook the more the higher she ascended—she acquired the little present half way up, and descended to where Punch waited to renew the display. But Judy was thoughtful, and indisposed for the noble art. She had found a new thing in life, something to live for and think about—buns. So she thought about them.

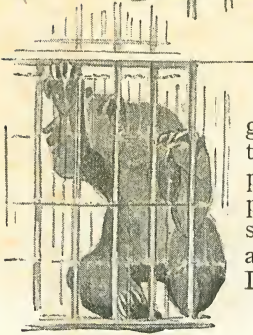
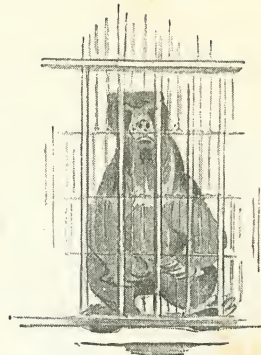
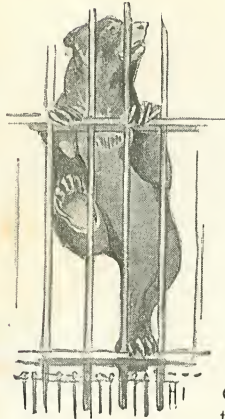
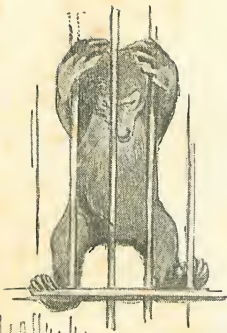
The place where they were to be found, she reasoned—for she had never noticed the man at the opposite end of the long stick—was up that pole; the pole being probably a bun-tree. So that, whenever disposed for buns, it only needed to climb the pole and find some. Having arrived at this stage in the argument, it seemed to strike her that another bun was desirable, there and then. Wherefore she began another rather nervous climb, her eyes fixed steadily above to where the buns were expected to appear.

The expedition was a failure, and Judy pondered it, with the apparent decision that the buns must be a little higher up. So she started again; and found one! She has got over that little bun-tree superstition by this time, and can climb better. Also she and the others have already broken up entirely five of the sticks upon which buns arrive, thus from time to time cutting off the supply. And although Toby and the Policeman are very useful as seconds at the later boxing matches, very few buns get past Judy. Punch, the hen-pecked and wily, waits good-humouredly at the foot of the pole, and has been known to catch many a bun that Judy climbed for.

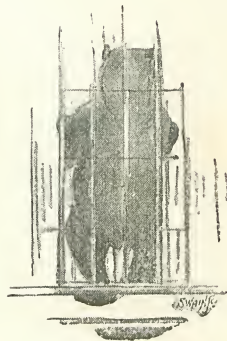
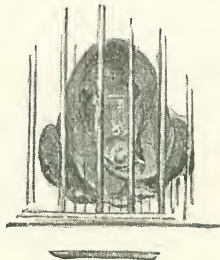
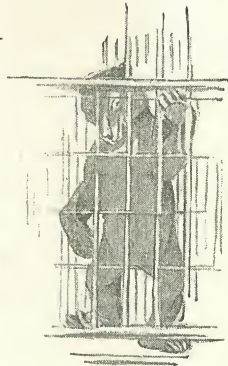
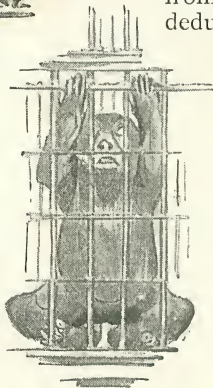
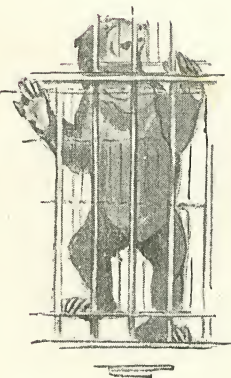
Through all the bear-dens you may see bears in attitudes sufficiently human to be quaint and grotesque. A squat like that of an Indian idol, an oddly human looking out of window, or a lounge at the bars, clumsily suggestive of a lounge at a bar in the Strand; and of all the attitudes those of the gentle little Malays are quaintest. A certain bandy human

respectability hangs about these small fellows. Dolly, after turning his somersault, will sit and inspect his reward just as a child will



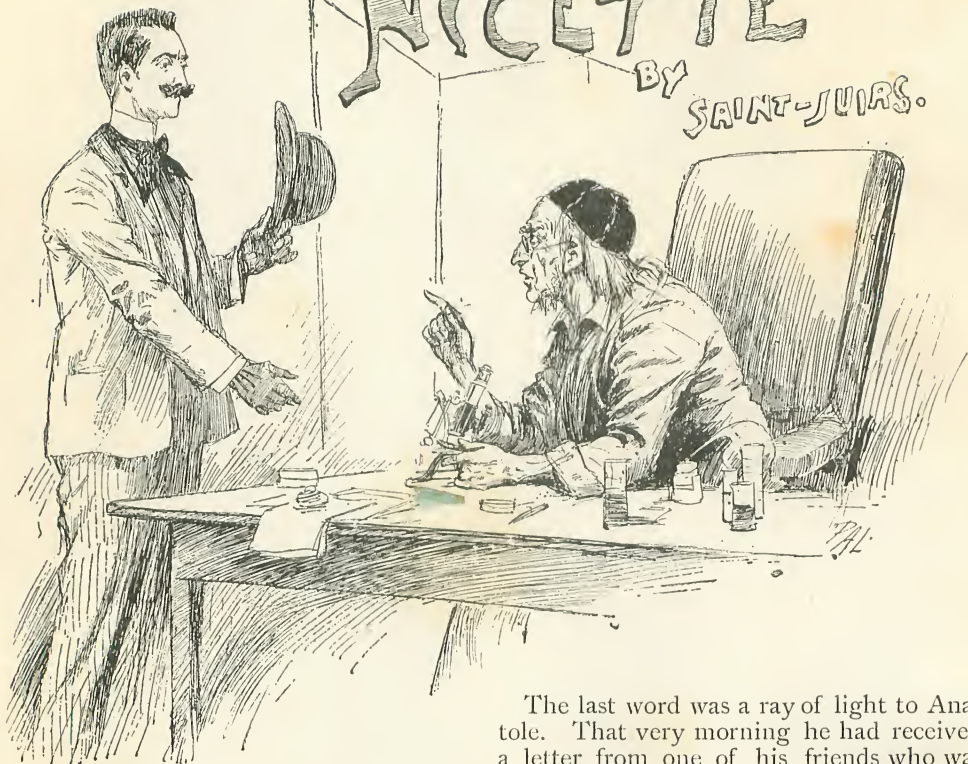


examine an apple, judging where to make the first bite. Dolly's great luxury is a cocoanut. He will thrust holes through the eyes at the end with a claw, and drink the milk before proceeding to the kernel. If the eyes are too tough to be pierced, he will lose his temper, like a spoiled child, and smash the nut against the floor; after which he will rush about distracted making wild efforts to drink the milk. I think some sort of a moral lesson might be deduced from this. If so, the gentle reader is at liberty to deduce it, without extra charge.



NICETTE

BY SAINT-JUIRS.



FROM THE FRENCH OF SAINT-JUIRS.



YOU are a dead man!" said the doctor, looking intently at Anatole.

Anatole staggered.

He had come gaily to pass the evening with his old friend, Dr. Bardais, the illustrious *savant* whose works on venomous substances are known all over the world, whose nobility of heart and almost paternal goodness Anatole had learned to know better than any other living soul; and now, without the least hesitation or preparation, he heard this terrible prognostication issue from those authoritative lips!

"Unhappy child, what have you done?" continued the doctor.

"Nothing that I know of," stammered Anatole, greatly agitated.

"Tax your memory, tell me what you have eaten or drunk—what you have inhaled?"

The last word was a ray of light to Anatole. That very morning he had received a letter from one of his friends who was travelling in India; in the letter was a flower plucked on a bank of the Ganges by the traveller—a strangely-formed red flower, the perfume of which—he now recalled the fact vividly—had appeared to him to be singularly penetrative. He hastily drew forth his pocket-book and produced the letter with its contents and handed them to the *savant*.

"No doubt is possible!" cried the doctor; "it is the *Pyramenensis Indica*! the deadly flower, the flower of blood!"

"Then,—you—really think—?"

"Alas! I am sure of it."

"But—it is impossible!—I am only five-and-twenty years of age, and feel full of life and health!—"

"At what hour did you open that fatal letter?"

"This morning, at nine o'clock."

"Well—to-morrow morning, at the same hour, at the same minute, in full health, as you say, you will feel a pain in your heart—and all will be over."

"And you know of no remedy—no means of—"

"None!" said the doctor.

And, covering his face with his hands, he sank into a chair overcome by grief.

In face of the profound emotion of his old friend, Anatole understood that he was really condemned.

He hurried from the doctor's house like a madman. His forehead bathed in cold perspiration, his ideas all confused, going he knew not whither, he sped on and on amid the darkness of the night, taking no heed of the loneliness of the streets he was traversing. For a long time he pursued this blind course, until at length, finding a bench, he sank down upon it.

How many hours had he still to live?

The persistent and distressing sound of a racking cough brought him back to consciousness; he looked in the direction whence it came and saw, seated upon the same bench, a pale and weak little flower-girl—a child not more than eight years old, who as François Coppée says,

"Dies of the winter while offering us the spring."

That verse of the poet's recurred to the mind of Anatole; he felt in his waistcoat-pocket and found there two sous and two louis. He was going to give the poor child the two sous; but recollecting that he had only a few hours longer to live, he gave her the two louis.

This incident did him good.

He had been like a man stunned by a blow on the head; his bewilderment was overcome now, and he began to reassemble his dislocated ideas.

"My situation," he said to himself, "is that of a man condemned to death. A man in that position may still, however, hope for pardon—many of that sort are pardoned in our days. In past times even, some have been saved from the axe or the cord, to devote themselves to some difficult or dangerous piece of work—the launching of a ship, for example, or, as in the time of Louis XI., to marry an old woman. If I were consulted in the matter, I should prefer to launch a ship. Unfortunately, I shall not be consulted during the short interval of time that remains to me. But, by the way, how long *have* I got to live?"

He looked at his watch.

"Three o'clock in the morning!—it is time to go to bed. To bed!—waste in sleep my last six hours! Not if I know it. I have certainly something better than that

to do. But what? Of course—to make my will."

A restaurant—one of those which keep open all night—was not far off. Anatole entered it.

"Garçon, a bottle of champagne—and ink and paper."

He drank a glass of Cliquot and looked thoughtfully at the sheet of paper before him.

"To whom shall I bequeath my six thousand francs a year? I have neither father nor mother—happily for them! Amongst the persons who interest me, I see only one—Nicette."

Nicette was a charming girl of eighteen, with blonde tresses and large black eyes; an orphan like himself—a community in misfortune which had long established between them a secret and complete sympathy.

His last will and testament was speedily drawn up: universal legatee, Nicette.

That done, he drank a second glass of champagne.

"Poor Nicette," he mused; "she was very sad when I last saw her. Her guardian, who knows nothing of the world outside his class of wind instruments at the Conservatoire de Musique, had taken upon himself to promise her hand to a brute of an amateur of fencing whom she detests—the more because she has given her heart to somebody else. Who is that happy mortal?—I haven't the least idea; but he is certainly worthy of her, or she would never have chosen him. Good, gentle, beautiful, loving Nicette deserves the ideal of husbands. Ah! she is the very wife that would have suited me, if—if—. By Jove, it's an infamy, to compel her to destroy her life—by confiding such a treasure to such a brute! I have never before so well understood the generous ardour which fired the breasts of the wandering knights, and spurred them on to the deliverance of oppressed beauty!—And, now I come to think of it, what hinders me from becoming the knight-errant of Nicette? My fate is settled—at nine o'clock—after that it will be too late; now, therefore, is the time for action! The hour is a little unusual for visiting people; but, when I reflect that, five hours hence, I shall be no more, I conclude that I have no time for standing on etiquette. Forward!—my life for Nicette!"

Anatole rose—and then, perceiving that he had no money, he gave his gold watch

to the waiter in payment for the champagne—a watch worth five hundred francs.

The garçon took the chronometer, and examined it closely—weighed it in his hand, opened it—and finally put it in his pocket doubtfully and without thanking Anatole.

It was four o'clock in the morning when



"HE EXAMINED IT CLOSELY."

he rang at the door of Monsieur Bouvard, the guardian of Nicette. He rang once, twice, and, at the third tug, broke the bell-wire. At length Monsieur Bouvard himself, in his night-dress and in great alarm, came and opened the door.

"What is the matter—is the house on fire?"

"No, my dear Monsieur Bouvard," said Anatole, "I have only paid you a little visit."

"At this hour!"

"It is pleasant to see you at any hour, my dear Monsieur Bouvard! But you are so lightly dressed—pray get into bed again."

"I am going to do so. But, I suppose, Monsieur, that it was not simply to trouble me in this way that you have come at such an hour? You have something of importance to say to me?"

"Very important, Monsieur Bouvard! It is to tell you that you must renounce the idea of marrying my cousin Nicette to Monsieur Capdenac."

"What do you say?"

"You must renounce that project."

"Never, Monsieur!—never!"

"Don't fly in the face of Providence by using such language!"

"My resolution is fixed, Monsieur; this marriage will take place."

"It will not, Monsieur!"

"We will see about that. And, now that you have had my answer, Monsieur, I'll not detain you."

"A speech none too polite, Monsieur Bouvard; but, as I am as good-natured as I am tenacious, I will pass over it, and—remain."

"Stay if it pleases you to do so; but I shall consider you gone, and hold no further conversation with you."

Saying which Monsieur Bouvard turned his face to the wall, grumbling to himself—

"Was ever such a thing seen!—rousing a man at such an hour!—breaking his sleep, only to pour into his ears such a pack of nonsense!"

Suddenly Monsieur Bouvard sprang to a sitting posture in his bed.

Anatole had possessed himself of the professor's trombone, into which he was blowing like a deaf man, and sending from the tortured instrument sounds of indescribable detestableness.

"My presentation trombone!—given me by my pupils! Let that instrument alone, Monsieur!"

"Monsieur, you consider me gone; I shall consider you—absent, and shall amuse myself until you return. Couac! couac!—fromn! brout! Eh?—that was a fine note!"

"You will get me turned out of the house; my landlord will not allow a trombone to be played here after midnight."

"A man who evidently hath not music in his soul! Frout! frout, prrr!"

"You will split my ears!—you'll spoil my instrument!—a trombone badly played on is a trombone destroyed, Monsieur!"

"Couac! prounn, pra—pra—prrrr——"

"For mercy's sake give over!"

"Will you consent?"

"To what?"

"To renounce the idea of that marriage?"

"Monsieur, I cannot!"

"Then—couac!——"

"Monsieur Capdenac——"

"Prrroum!——"

"Is a terrible man to deal with!"

"Frrroutt!—"

"If I were to offer him such an affront, he would kill me."

"Is that the only reason which stops you?"

"That—and several others."

"In that case leave the matter to me; only swear to me that if I obtain Monsieur Capdenac's renunciation, my cousin shall be free to choose a husband for herself."

"Really, Monsieur, you abuse —"

"Couac, frrroutt, ffruit, brrroutt!—"

"Monsieur, Monsieur,—she shall be free."

"Bravo! I have your word. Will you now allow me to retire? By the way, where does your Capdenac live?"

"Number 100, Rue des Deux-Epées."

"I fly thither!—Until we meet again!"

"You are going to throw yourself into the lion's mouth, and he will teach you a lesson you deserve," said Monsieur Bouvard, as Anatole hurried from the bedchamber and shut the door after him.

Without a moment's hesitation Anatole betook himself to the address of the fire-eating fencer; it was just six o'clock when he arrived there. He rang the door-bell.

"Who is there?" demanded a rough voice behind the door.

"Open!—very important communication from Monsieur Bouvard."

The sounds of a night-chain and the turning of a key in a heavy lock were heard.

"Here is a man who does not forget to protect himself against unwelcome visitors!" remarked Anatole to himself.

The door opened at length. Anatole found himself in the presence of a gentle-

man with a moustache fiercely upturned, whose night-dress appeared to be the complete costume of the fencing school.

"You see, always ready; it's my motto."

The walls of the swordsman's ante-chamber were completely covered with panoplies of arms of all descriptions; yatagans, poisoned arrows, sabres, rapiers, one and

two-handed swords, pistols—a regular arsenal—enough to terrify any timid-minded observer.

"Bah!" thought Anatole, "what do I now risk!—at most two-hours-and-a-half!"

"Monsieur," said Capdenac, "may I be allowed to know —"

"Monsieur," replied Anatole, "you want to marry Mademoiselle Nicette?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Monsieur, you will not marry her!"

"Ah! thunder!—blood! who will prevent me?"

"I shall, Monsieur!"

Capdenac stared at Anatole, who was not very big, but appeared to be

very decided.

"Ah!—young man, you are very lucky to have found me in one of my placable moments. Take advantage of it—save yourself while you have time; otherwise I will not answer for your days!"

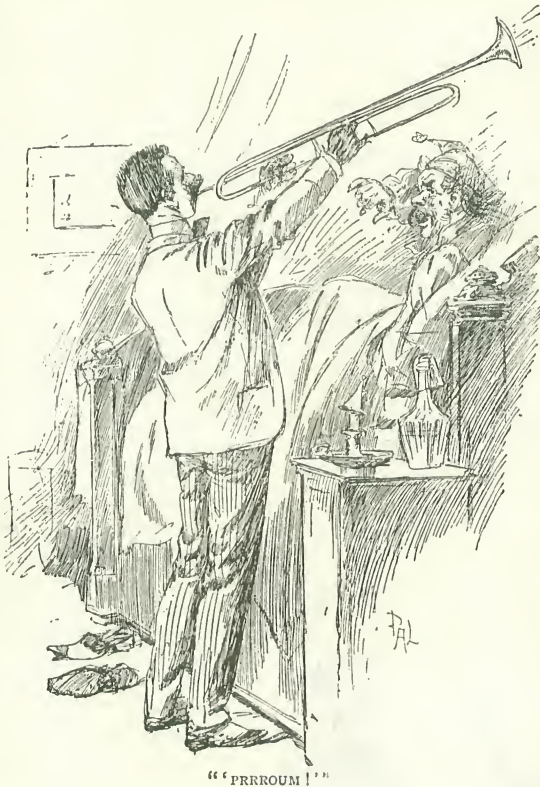
"Nor I for yours."

"A challenge!—to me!—Capdenac!—Do you know that I have been a master of the art of fencing for ten years!"

"There's nothing of-fence about me, Monsieur!"

"I have fought twenty duels—and had the misfortune to kill five of my adversaries, besides wounding the fifteen others! Come, I have taken pity on your youth!—once more, go away."

"I see, by your preparations, that you are an adversary worthy of me and my long



"PRRROUM!"

growing desire to confront a man so redoubtable. Let's see! what shall we fight with? Those two double-handed swords standing by the fireplace? Or those two boarding-axes? With cavalry sabres, or would you prefer a pair of curved yatagans? You hesitate: can't you make up your mind?"

"I am thinking of your mother and her coming distress."

"I haven't a mother to be distressed. Would you rather fight with a carbine?—pistol?—or revolver?"

"Young man—don't play with firearms."

"Are you afraid? You are trembling!"

"Trembling! I? It's with cold."

"Then fight, or at once renounce the hand of Nicette."

"Renounce the hand of Mademoiselle Nicette! By Jove, I admire your bravery! and brave men are made to understand one another. Shall I make a confession to you?"

"Speak!"

"For some time past I have myself had thoughts of breaking off this marriage, but

I did not know how to do it. I consent, therefore, with pleasure to do what you wish; but, at the same time you must see that I cannot appear to give way to threats, and you have threatened me."

"I retract them."

"In that case, all is understood."

"You will give me, in writing, your renunciation?"

"Young man, you have so completely won my sympathy that I can refuse you nothing."

Furnished with the precious document, Anatole flew back to the dwelling-place of Monsieur Bouvard: he had a considerable distance to walk, and by the time he reached the professor's door it was nearly eight o'clock in the morning.

"Who is there?"

"Anatole."

"Go home, and go to bed!" cried the professor savagely.

"I have got Capdenac's renunciation of Nicette's hand! Open the door, or I will break it down."

Monsieur Bouvard admitted him, and Anatole placed in his hand the momentous paper. That done, he rushed to the door of Nicette's room and cried—

"Cousin, get up—dress yourself quickly and come here!"

"It appears, Monsieur, that I am no longer master in my own home!" exclaimed Monsieur Bouvard; "you go and come, and order as you please! To make you understand that I will have nothing more to say to you, I—I will go back to my morning newspaper, in the reading of which you have interrupted me!"

A few minutes later, Nicette, looking fresh as dawn, arrived in the drawing-room.

"What is the matter?"

"The matter," said Monsieur Bouvard, "is that your cousin is mad!"

"Mad? So be it!" replied Anatole. "Last night, my dear little cousin, I obtained two things: the renunciation of your hand by Monsieur Capdenac, and the promise of your worthy guardian to bestow it on the man of your choice—the man you love."

"Do you really wish me to marry Anatole, guardian?"



"YOUNG MAN, DON'T PLAY WITH FIREARMS."

"Eh?" cried Anatole, his breath nearly taken away.

"Since I love you, cousin!"

At that moment Anatole felt his heart beat violently. Was it from pleasure at the unexpected avowal made by Nicette, or was it the agony, the death symptom predicted by the doctor?

"Unfortunate that I am!" he cried. "She loves me—I am within reach of happiness, and am to die without attaining it!"

Then, taking the hands of Nicette feverishly within his own, he told her all about the letter, the venomous flower he had scented, the prognostication of his old friend, the will he had written, and the steps he had successfully taken to release her from the claim of Capdenac.

"And now," he said, in conclusion, "I have only to go home and die!"

"But it is im-

possible!" cried Nicette. "This doctor must have mistaken; who is he?"

"A man who is never in error, Nicette—Dr. Bardais."

"Bardais! Bardais!" cried Bouvard, bursting into laughter. "Listen to what my newspaper here says: 'The learned Dr. Bardais has been suddenly seized with mental alienation. The madness with which he has been stricken is of a scientific character. It is well known that he was absorbingly engaged in an inquiry into the nature of venomous substances, and latterly he had fallen into the delusion that everybody he met was under the influence of poison, and endeavoured to persuade them that such was their condition. He was last

night transported to the Maison de Santé of Dr. Blank.'"

"Nicette!"

"Anatole!"

The two young persons fell into each other's arms.



A Day with Dr. Conan Doyle.

BY HARRY HOW.



From a Photo, by

DR CONAN DOYLE AND MRS. CONAN DOYLE

[Elliott & Fry]

DETECTIVISM up to date—that is what Dr. Conan Doyle has given us. We were fast becoming weary of the representative of the old school; he was, at his best, a very ordinary mortal, and, with the palpable clues placed in his path, the average individual could have easily cornered the “wanted” one without calling in the police or the private inquiry agent. Sher-

lock Holmes entered the criminal arena. He started on the track. A clever fellow; a cool, calculating fellow, this Holmes. He could see the clue to a murder in a ball of worsted, and certain conviction in a saucer of milk. The little things we regarded as nothings were all and everything to Holmes. He was an artful fellow, too; and though he knew “all about it” from the first, he ingeniously contrived to hold his secret until we got to the very last line in

the story. There never was a man who propounded a criminal conundrum and gave us so many guesses until we "gave it up" as Sherlock Holmes.

I thought of all this as I was on my way to a prettily-built and modest - looking red-brick residence in the neighbourhood of South Norwood. Here lives Dr. Conan Doyle. I found him totally different from the man I expected to see ; but that is always the case. There was nothing lynx-eyed, nothing "detective" about him—not even the regulation walk of our modern solver of mysteries. He is just a happy, genial, homely man ; tall, broad-shouldered, with a hand that grips you heartily, and, in its sincerity of welcome, hurts. He is brown and bronzed, for he enters liberally into all outdoor sports—football, tennis, bowls, and cricket. His average with the bat this season is twenty. He is a capital amateur photographer, too. But in exercise he most leans towards tricycling. He is never happier than when on his tandem with his wife, and starting on a thirty-mile spin ; never merrier than when he perches his little three - year - old Mary on the wheels, and runs her round the green lawn of his garden.

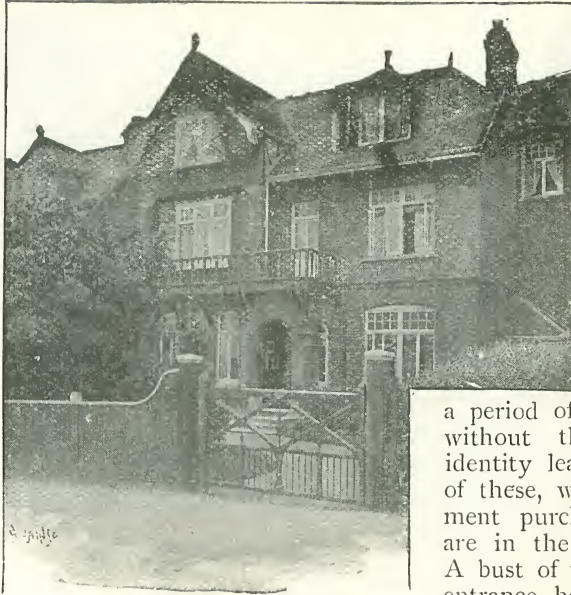
Dr. Doyle and

I, accompanied by his wife, a most charming woman, went through the rooms as a preliminary. The study is a quiet corner, and has on its walls many remarkable pictures by Dr. Doyle's father.

Dr. Doyle comes of a family of artists. His grandfather, John Doyle, was the celebrated "H. B.," whose pictorial political skits came out for

a period of over thirty years without the secret of his identity leaking out. A few of these, which the Government purchased for £1,000, are in the British Museum. A bust of the artist is in the entrance hall. John Doyle's sons were all artists. "Dicky Doyle," as he was known to

his familiars, designed the cover of *Punch*. His signature "D.," with a little bird on top, is in the corner. On the mantelpiece of the study, near to an autograph portrait of J. M. Barrie, is a remarkably interesting sketch, reproduced in these pages. It was done by John Doyle, and represented the



DR. CONAN DOYLE'S HOUSE.
From a Photo by Elliott & Fry



From a Photo, by]

THE STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.



From a sketch

QUEEN VICTORIA AT THE AGE OF SIX.

[by John Doyle.

Queen at the age of six driving in Hyde Park. The story is told how the little princess caught sight of old John Doyle trying to get a sketch of her, and graciously commanded her chaise to stop, so that it might be done.

The dining-room contains some good oil paintings by Mrs. Doyle's brother. On the top of a large book-case are a number of Arctic trophies, brought by the owner of the house from a region where the climate is even chillier than our own. The drawing-room is a pretty little apartment. The chairs are cosy, the afternoon tea refreshing, and the thin bread and butter delicious. You may notice a portrait of the English team of cricketers who

went out to Holland last year. Dr. Doyle is among them. Here are many more pictures by his father.

"That plaque in the corner?" said Dr. Doyle, taking down a large blue-and-white plate. "It was one of the late Khedive's dinner plates. When I was leaving Portsmouth, an old patient came to bid me



From a Photo, by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry



THE KHEDIVE'S PLATE.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

good-bye. She brought this as a little something to remember her by. Her son was a young able-bodied seaman on the *Inflexible* at the bombardment of Alexandria. A shot made a hole in the Khedive's palace, and when the lad landed he found it out, and crawled through. He found himself in the Khedive's kitchen! With an eye to loot, he seized this plate, and crawled out again. It was the most treasured thing the old lady possessed, she said, and she begged me to take it. I thought much of the action."

We lighted our cigars, and settled down again in the study.

Dr. Doyle was born in Edinburgh in 1859. He went to Stonyhurst in Lancashire at nine, and there had a school magazine which he edited, and in which he

wrote the poetry. He remained here seven years, when he went to Germany. There were a few English boys at this particular school, and a second magazine made its appearance. But its opinions were too outspoken; its motto was, "Fear not, and put it in print." As a matter of fact, a small leading article appeared on the injustice of reading the boys' letters before they were given into their hands. The words used were very strong, and a court-martial was held on the proprietors of the organ, and its further publication prohibited. At seventeen Dr. Doyle went to Edinburgh, and began to study medicine. At nineteen he sent his first real attempt—a story entitled, "The Mystery of the Sassassa Valley," to *Chambers's Journal*, for which he received three guineas.

"I remained a student until one-and-twenty," said Dr. Doyle, "medicine in the day, sometimes a little writing at night. Just at this time an opportunity occurred

for me to go to the Arctic Seas in a whaler. I determined to go, putting off passing my exams. for a year. What a climate it is in those regions! We don't understand it here. I don't mean its coldness—I refer to its sanitary properties. I believe, in years to come, it will be the world's sanatorium. Here, thousands of miles from the smoke, where the air is the finest in the world, the invalid and weakly ones will go when all other places have given them the air



From a Photo. by] MRS. CONAN DOYLE AND DAUGHTER. [Dr. Conan Doyle.

they want, and revive and live again under the marvellous invigorating properties of the Arctic atmosphere.

"What with whaling, shooting, and boxing—for I took a couple of pairs of gloves with me, and used to box with the steward in the stokehole at night—we had a good time. On my return, I went back to medicine in Edinburgh again. There I met the man who suggested Sherlock Holmes to me—here is a portrait of him as he was in those days, and he is strong and hearty, and still in Edinburgh now."

I looked at the portrait. It represented the features of Mr. Joseph Bell, M.D., whose name I had heard mentioned whilst with Professor Blackie a few months ago in the Scotch capital.

"I was clerk in Mr. Bell's ward," continued Dr. Doyle. "A clerk's duties are to note down all the patients to be seen, and muster them together. Often I would have seventy or eighty. When everything was ready, I would show them in to Mr. Bell, who would have the students gathered round him. His intuitive powers were simply marvellous. Case No. 1 would step up.

"I see," said Mr. Bell, 'you're suffering from drink. You even carry a flask in the inside breast pocket of your coat.'

"Another case would come forward.

"'Cobbler, I see.' Then he would turn to the students, and point out to them that the inside of the knee of the man's trousers was worn. That was where the man had rested the lapstone—a peculiarity only found in cobblers.

"All this impressed me very much. He was continually before me—his sharp, piercing grey eyes, eagle nose, and striking

features. There he would sit in his chair with fingers together—he was very dexterous with his hands—and just look at the man or woman before him. He was most kind and painstaking with the students—a real good friend—and when I took my degree and went to Africa the remarkable individuality and discriminating tact of my old master made a deep and lasting impression on me, though I had not the faintest idea that it would one day lead me to forsake medicine for story writing."

It was in 1882 that Dr. Doyle started practising in Southsea, where he continued for eight years. By degrees literature took his attention from the preparation of prescriptions. In his spare time he wrote some fifty or sixty stories for many of the best magazines, during these eight years before his name became really known. A small selection of these tales has been published since, under the title of "The Captain of the Polestar," and has passed through some four editions. He was by no means forgetting the opportuni-

ties offered to such a truly inventive mind as his in novel writing. Once again the memory of his old master came back to him. He wrote "A Study in Scarlet," which was refused by many, but eventually sold outright by its author for £25. Then came "Micah Clarke"—a story dealing with the Monmouth Rebellion. This was remarkably successful. "The Sign of Four" came next, and the publication of this enhanced the reputation of its author very considerably. Sherlock Holmes was making his problems distinctly



From a Photo. by

DR. CONAN DOYLE.

[Elliott & Fry.]

agreeable to the public, which soon began to evince an intense interest in them, and expectantly watched and waited for every new mystery which the famous detective undertook to solve. But Holmes—so to speak—was put back for a time.

"I determined," said Dr. Doyle, "to test my own powers to the utmost. You must

*As to my companions neither the country nor the sea presented the
slightest attraction to him. He loved to lie in the very centre of some
millions of people with his flaments stretching out and running
through them, responsive to every little rumour or suspicion of
unsolved crime.*

SPECIMEN OF THE MS. OF "THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES"

go back to early authorities for everything. I set myself to reconstruct the archer, who has always seemed to me to be the most striking figure in English history. Of course, Scott has done him finely and inimitably in his outlaw aspect. But it was not as an outlaw that he was famous. He was primarily a soldier, one of the finest that the world has ever seen—rough, hard-drinking, hard-swearing, but full of pluck and animal spirits. The archers must have been extraordinary fellows. The French, who have always been gallant soldiers, gave up trying to fight them at last, and used to allow English armies to wander unchecked through the country. It was the same in Spain and in Scotland. Then the knights, I think, were much more human-kind of people than they have usually been depicted. Strength had little to do with their knightly qualities. Some of the most famous of them were very weak men, physically. Chandos was looked upon as the first knight in Europe when he was over eighty. My study of the period ended in my writing, 'The White Company,' which has, I believe, gone through a fair number of editions already.

"I made up my mind to abandon my practice at Southsea, come to London, and start as an eye specialist—a branch of the profession of which I was peculiarly fond. I studied at Paris and Vienna, and, whilst in the latter city, wrote 'The Doings of Raffle Haws.' On my return to London I took rooms in Wimpole-street, had a brass plate put on the door, and started. But orders for stories began to come in, and at the expiration of three months I forsook medicine altogether, came to Norwood, and started writing for THE STRAND MAGAZINE."

I learnt a number of interesting facts regarding "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." Dr. Doyle invariably conceives the end of his story first, and writes up to it. He gets the climax, and his art lies in the ingenious way in which he conceals it from his readers. A story—similar to those which have appeared in these pages—occupies about a week in writing, and the ideas have come at all manner of times—when out walking, cricketing, tricycling, or playing tennis. He works between the hours of breakfast and lunch, and again in the evening from five to eight, writing some three thousand words a day. He receives many suggestions from the public. On the morning of my visit the particulars of a poisoning case

remember that I was still following medicine. Novel writing was in a great measure a congenial pastime, a pastime that I felt would inevitably become converted into a profession. I devoted two years to the study of fourteenth-century life in England—Edward III.'s reign—when the country was at its height. The period has hardly been treated in fiction at all, and I had to

had been sent to him from New Zealand, and the previous day a great packet of documents relating to a disputed will had been received from Bristol. But the suggestions are seldom practicable. Other letters come from people who have been reading the latest of his stories, saying whether they guessed the mystery or not. His reason for refraining from writing any more stories for a while is a candid one. He is fearful of spoiling a character of which he is particularly fond, but he declares that already he has enough material to carry him through another series, and merrily assures me that he thought the opening story of the next series of "Sherlock Holmes," to be published in this magazine, was of such an unsolvable character, that he had positively bet his wife a shilling that she would not guess the true solution of it until she got to the end of the chapter!

After my visit to Dr. Doyle, I communicated with Mr. Joseph Bell, in Edinburgh—the gentleman whose ingenious personality suggested Sherlock Holmes to his old pupil. The letter he sent in reply is of such interest that it is appended in its entirety:—

2, Melville-crescent,
Edinburgh, June 16, 1892.

Dear Sir,—You ask me about the kind of teaching to which Dr. Conan Doyle has so kindly referred, when speaking of his ideal character, "Sherlock Holmes." Dr. Conan Doyle has, by his imaginative genius, made a great deal out of very little, and his warm remembrance of one of his old teachers has coloured the picture. In teaching the treatment of disease and accident, all careful teachers have first to show the student how to recognise accurately the case. The recognition depends in great measure on the accurate and rapid appreciation of

small points in which the diseased differs from the healthy state. In fact, the student must be taught to observe. To interest him in this kind of work we teachers find it useful to show the student how much a trained use of the observation can discover in ordinary matters such as the previous history, nationality, and occupation of a patient.

The patient, too, is likely to be impressed by your ability to cure him in the future if he sees you, at a glance, know much of his past. And the whole trick is much easier than it appears at first.

For instance, physiognomy helps you to nationality, accent to district, and, to an educated ear, almost to county. Nearly every handicraft writes its sign manual on the hands. The scars of the miner differ from those of the quarryman. The carpenter's callosities are not those of the mason. The shoemaker and the tailor are quite different.

The soldier and the sailor differ in gait, though last month I had to tell a man who said he was a soldier that he had been a sailor in his boyhood. The subject is endless: the tattoo marks on hand or arm will tell their own tale as to voyages; the ornaments on the watch chain of the successful settler will tell

you where he made his money. A New Zealand squatter will not wear a gold mohur, nor an engineer on an Indian railway a Maori stone. Carry the same idea of using one's senses accurately and constantly, and you will see that many a surgical case will bring his past history, national, social, and medical, into the consulting-room as he walks in. Dr. Conan Doyle's genius and intense imagination has on this slender basis made his detective stories a distinctly new departure, but he owes much less than he thinks to yours truly JOSEPH BELL.



MR. JOSEPH BELL.

From a Photo. by A. Swan Watson, Edinburgh.

A Nightmare of the Doldrums.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

[A Terrible Story of the Sea, only to be read by people of strong nerves.]



THE *Justitia* was a smart little barque of 395 tons. I had viewed her with something of admiration as she lay in mid-stream in the Hooghly—somewhere off the Coolie Bazaar, I think it was. There was steam then coming to Calcutta, though not as steam now is; very little of it was in any sense palatial, and some of the very best of it was to be as promptly distanced under given conditions of weather by certain of the clippers, clouded with studding sails and flying kites to the starry buttons of their sky-sail mast-heads, as the six-knot ocean tramp of to-day is to be outrun by the four-masted leviathan thrashing through it to windward with her yards fore and aft!

I—representing in those days a large Birmingham firm of dealers in the fal-lal industries—had wished to make my way from Calcutta to Capetown. I saw the *Justitia* and took a fancy to her; I admired the long, low, piratic run of her hull, as she lay with straining hawsepipes on the rushing stream of the Hooghly; upon which, as you watched, there might go by in the space of an hour some half-score at least of dead natives made ghastly canoes of by huge birds, erect upon the corpses, burying their beaks as they sailed along.

I found out that the *Justitia* was one of the smartest of the Thames and East India traders of that time, memorable on one occasion for having reeled off a clean seventeen knots by the log under a main top-gallant sail, set over a single-reefed topsail. It was murmured, indeed, that the mate who hove that log was drunk when he counted the knots; yet the dead reckoning tallied with the next day's observations. I called upon the agents, was told that the *Justitia* was not a passenger ship, but that I could hire a cabin for the run to Capetown if I chose; a sum in rupees, trifling compared with the cost of transit by steam, was named. I went on board, found the captain walking up and down under the awning, and agreeably killed an

hour in a chat with as amiable a seaman as ever it was my good fortune to meet.

We sailed in the middle of July. Nothing worth talking about happened during our run down the Bay of Bengal. The crew foremost were all of them Englishmen; there were twelve, counting the cook and steward. The captain was a man named Cayzer; the only mate of the vessel was one William Perkins. The boatswain, a rough, short, hairy, immensely strong man, acted as second mate and kept a look-out when Perkins was below. But he was entirely ignorant of navigation, and owned to me that he read with difficulty words of one syllable, and could not write.

I was the only passenger. My name, I may as well say here, is Thomas Barron. Our run to the south Ceylon parallels was slow and disappointing. The monsoon was light and treacherous, sometimes dying out in a sort of laughing, mocking gust till the whole ocean was a sheet-calm surface, as though the dependable trade wind was never again to blow.

"Oh, yes," said Captain Cayzer to me, "we're used to the unexpected hereabouts. Monsoon or no monsoon, I'll tell you what: you're always safe in standing by for an Irishman's hurricane down here."

"And what sort of breeze is that?" I asked.

"An up-and-down calm," said he; "as hard to know where it begins as to guess where it'll end."

However, thanks to the frequent trade puffs and other winds, which tasted not like the monsoon, we crawled through those latitudes which Ceylon spans, and fetched within a few degrees of the Equator. In this part of the waters we were to be thankful for even the most trifling donation of catspaw, or for the equally small and short-lived mercy of the gust of the electric cloud. I forget how many days we were out from Calcutta: the matter is of no moment. I left my cabin one morning some hour after the sun had risen, by which time the decks had been washed down, and

were already dry, with a salt sparkle as of bright white sand on the face of the planks, so roasting was it. I went into the head to get a bath under the pump there. I feel in memory, as I write, the exquisite sensation of that luxury of brilliant brine, cold as snow, melting through me from head to foot to the nimble plying of the pump-brake by a seaman whom I regularly engaged for this job.

It was a true tropic morning. The sea, of a pale lilac, flowed in a long-drawn, gentle heave of swell into the south-west; the glare of the early morning brooded in a sort of steamy whiteness in the atmosphere; the sea went working to its distant reaches, and floated into a dim blending of liquid air and water, so that you couldn't tell where the sky ended; a weak, hot wind blew over the taffrail, but it was without weight. The courses swung to the swell without response to the breathings of the air; and on high the light cotton-white royals were scarcely curved by the delicate passage of the draught.

Yet the barque had steerage way. When I looked through the grating at her metalled forefoot I saw the ripples plentiful as harp-strings threading aft, and whilst I dried myself I watched the slow approach of a piece of timber hoary with barnacles, and venerable with long hairs of seaweed, amid and around which a thousand little fish were sporting, many-coloured as though a rainbow had been shivered.

I returned to my cabin, dressed, and stepped on to the quarter-deck, where I found some men spreading the awning, and the captain in a white straw hat viewing an object out upon the water through a telescope, and talking to the boatswain, who stood alongside.

"What do you see?" I asked.

"Something that resembles a raft," answered the captain.

The thing he looked at was about a mile distant, some three points on the starboard bow. On pointing the telescope, I distinctly made out the fabric of a raft, fitted with a short mast, to which midway a bundle—it resembled a parcel—was attached. A portion of the raft was covered by a white sheet or cloth, whence dangled a short length of something chocolate-coloured, indistinguishable even with the glass, lifting and sinking as the raft rose and fell upon the flowing heave of the sea.

"This ocean," said the captain, taking the glass from me, "is a big volume of

tragic stories, and the artist who illustrates the book does it in that fashion," and he nodded in the direction of the raft.

"What do you make of it, boatswain?" I asked.

"It looks to me," he answered in his strong, harsh, deep voice, "like a religious job—one of them rafts the Burmah covies float away their dead on. I never see one afore, sir, but I've heard tell of such things."

We sneaked stealthily towards the raft. It was seven bells—half-past seven—and the sailors ate their breakfast on the fore-castle, that they might view the strange contrivance. The mate, Mr. Perkins, came on deck to relieve the boatswain, and, after inspecting the raft through the telescope, gave it as his opinion that it was a Malay floating bier—"a Mussulman trick of ocean burial, anyhow," said he. "There should be a jar of water aboard the raft, and cakes and fruit for the corpse to regale on, if he ha'n't been dead long."

The steward announced breakfast; the captain told him to hold it back awhile. He was as curious as I to get a close view of the queer object with its white cloth and mast and parcel and chocolate-coloured fragment half in and half out like a barge's leeboard, and he bade the man at the helm put the wheel over by a spoke or two; but the wind was nearly gone, the barque scarcely responded to the motion of her rudder, the thread-like lines at the cutwater had faded, and a roasting, oppressive calm was upon the water, whitening it out into a tingling sheen of quicksilver with a fiery shaft of blinding dazzle, solitary and splendid, working with the swell like some monstrous serpent of light right under the sun.

The raft was about six cables' lengths off us when the barque came to a dead stand, with a soft, universal hollowing in of her canvas from royal to course, as though, like something sentient, she delivered one final sigh before the swoon of the calm seized her. But now we were near enough to resolve the floating thing with the naked eye into details. It was a raft formed of bamboo canes. A mast about six feet tall was erected upon it; the dark thing over the edge proved a human leg, and, when the fabric lifted with the swell and raised the leg clear, we saw that the foot had been eaten away by fish, a number of which were swimming about the raft, sending little flashes of foam over the pale surface

as they darted along with their back or dorsal fins exposed. They were all little fish ; I saw no sharks. The body to which the leg belonged was covered by a white cloth. The captain called my attention to the parcel attached to the mast, and said that it possibly contained the food which the Malays leave beside their dead after burial.

"But let's go to breakfast now, Mr. Barron," said he, with a slow, reproachful, impatient look round the breathless scene of ocean. "If there's any amusement to be got out of that thing yonder there's a precious long, quiet day before us, I fear, for the entertainment."

We breakfasted, and in due course returned on deck. The slewing of the barque had caused the raft to shift its bearings, otherwise its distance remained as it was when we went below.

"Mr. Perkins," said the captain, "lower a boat and bring aboard that parcel from the raft's jury-mast, and likewise take a peep at the figure under the cloth, and report its sex and what it looks like."

I asked leave to go in the boat, and when she was lowered, with three men in her, I followed Mr. Perkins, and we rowed over to the raft. All about the frail bamboo contrivance the water was beautiful with the colours and movements of innumerable fish. As we approached we were greeted by an evil smell. The raft seemed to have been

afloat for a considerable period ; its submerged portion was green with marine adhesions or growths. The fellow in the bows of the boat, manœuvring with the boat-hook, cleverly snicked the parcel from the jury-mast and handed it along to the mate, who put it beside him without opening it, for that was to be the captain's privilege.

"Off with that cloth," said Mr. Perkins, "and then back water a bit out of this atmosphere."

The bowman jerked the cloth clear of the raft with his boathook ; the white sheet floated like a snowflake upon the water for a few breaths, then slowly sank. The body exposed was stark-naked and tawny. It was a male. I saw nothing revolting in the thing ; it would have been otherwise perhaps had it been white. The hair was long and black, the nose aquiline, the mouth puckered into the aspect of a hare-lip ; the gleam of a few white teeth painted a ghastly contemptuous grin upon the dead face. The only shocking part was the footless leg.

"Shall I hook him overboard, sir ?" said the bowman.

"No, let him take his ease as he lies," answered the mate, and with that we returned to the barque.

We climbed over the side, the boat was hoisted to the davits, and Mr. Perkins took the parcel out of the stern-sheets and handed

it to the captain. The cover was a kind of fine canvas, very neatly stitched with white thread. Captain Cayzer ripped through the stitching with his knife, and exposed a couple of books bound in some kind of skin or parchment. They were probably the Koran, but the characters none of us knew. The captain turned them about for a bit, and I stood by looking at them ; he then replaced them in their



"THE BOWMAN JERKED THE CLOTH CLEAR OF THE RAFT."

canvas cover and put them down upon the skylight, and by and bye, on his leaving the deck, he took them below to his cabin.

The moon rose about ten that night. She came up hot, distorted, with a sullen face of belted vapour, but was soon clear of the dewy thickness over the horizon and show-

ering a pure greenish silver upon the sea. She made the night lovely and cool: her reflection sparkled in the dew along the rails, and her beam whitened out the canvas into the tender softness of wreaths of cloud motionless upon the summit of some dark heap of mountain. I looked for the raft and saw it plainly, and it is not in language to express how the sight of that frail cradle of death deepened the universal silence and expanded the prodigious distances defined by the stars, and accentuated the tremendous spirit of loneliness that slept like a presence in that wide region of sea and air.

There had not been a stir of wind all day: not the faintest breathing of breeze had tarnished the sea down to the hour of midnight when, feeling weary, I withdrew to my cabin. I slept well, spite of the heat and the cockroaches, and rose at seven. I found the steward in the cabin. His face wore a look of concern, and on seeing me he instantly exclaimed:

"The captain seems very ill, sir. Might

you know anything of physic? Neither Mr. Perkins nor me can make out what's the matter."

"I know nothing of physic," I answered, "but I'll look in on him."

I stepped to his door, knocked and entered. Captain Cayzer lay in a bunk under

a middling-sized porthole: the cabin was full or the morning light. I started and stood at gaze, scarce crediting my sight, so shocked and astounded was I by the dreadful change which had happened in the night in the poor man's appearance. His face was blue, and I remarked a cadaverous sinking in of the eyeballs: the

lips were livid, the hands likewise blue, but strangely wrinkled like a washerwoman's. On seeing me he asked in a husky whispering voice for a drink of water. I handed him a full pannikin, which he drained feverishly, and then began to moan and cry out, making some weak miserable efforts to rub first one arm, then the other, then his legs.

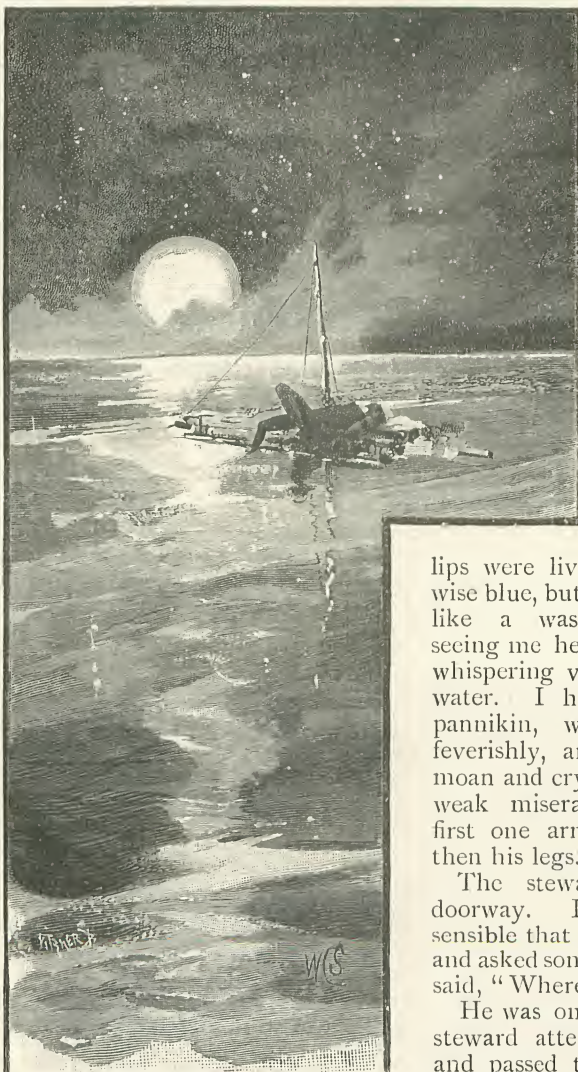
The steward stood in the doorway. I turned to him, sensible that my face was ashen, and asked some questions. I then said, "Where is Mr. Perkins?"

He was on deck. I bade the steward attend to the captain, and passed through the hatch to the quarter-deck, where I found the mate.

"Do you know that the captain is very ill?" said I.

"Do I know it, sir? Why, yes. I've been sitting by him chafing his limbs and giving him water to drink, and attending to him in other ways. What is it, d'ye know, sir?"

"Cholera!" said I.



"THE MOON ROSE."

"Oh, my God, I hope not!" he exclaimed. "How could it be cholera? How could cholera come aboard?"

"A friend of mine died of cholera at Rangoon when I was there," said I. "I recognise the looks, and will swear to the symptoms."

"But how could it have come aboard?" he exclaimed, in a voice low but agitated.

My eyes, as he asked the question, were upon the raft. I started and cried, "Is that thing still there?"

"Ay," said the mate, "we haven't budged a foot all night."

The suspicion rushed upon me whilst I looked at the raft, and ran my eyes over the bright hot morning sky and the burnished surface of sea, sheeting into dimness in the misty junction of heaven and water.

"I shouldn't be surprised," said I, "to discover that we brought the cholera aboard with us yesterday from that dead man's raft yonder."

"How is cholera to be caught in that fashion?" exclaimed Mr. Perkins, pale and a bit wild in his way of staring at me.

"We may have brought the poison aboard in the parcel of books."

"Is cholera to be caught so?"

"Undoubtedly. The disease may be propagated by human intercourse. Why not then by books which have been handled by cholera-poisoned people, or by the atmosphere of a body dead of the plague?" I added, pointing at the raft.

"No man amongst us is safe, then, now?" cried the mate.

"I'm no doctor," said I; "but I know this, that contagious poisons such as scarlet fever, glanders, and so on may retain their properties in a dormant state for years. I've heard tell of scores of instances of cholera being propagated through articles of dress. Depend upon it," said I, "that we brought the poison aboard with us yesterday from that accursed death-raft yonder."

"Aren't the books in the captain's cabin?" said the mate.

"Are they?"

"He took them below yesterday, sir."

"The sooner they're overboard the better," I exclaimed, and returned to the cabin.

I went to the captain, and found the steward rubbing him. The disease appeared to be doing its work with horrible rapidity; the eyes were deeply sunk and red; every feature had grown sharp and pinched as

after a long wasting disease; the complexion was thick and muddy. Those who have watched beside cholera know that terrific changes may take place in a few minutes. I cast my eyes about for the parcel of books, and, spying it, took a stick from a corner of the berth, hooked up the parcel, and, passing it through the open porthole, shook it overboard.

The captain followed my movements with a languid rolling of his eyes but spoke not, though he groaned often, and frequently cried out. I could not in the least imagine what was proper to be done. His was the most important life on board the ship, and yet I could only look on and helplessly watch him expire.

He lived till the evening, and seldom spoke save to call upon God to release him. I had found an opportunity to tell him that he was ill of the cholera, and explained how it happened that the horrible distemper was on board, for I was absolutely sure we had brought it with us in that parcel of books; but his anguish was so keen, his death so close then, that I cannot be sure he understood me. He died shortly after seven o'clock, and I have since learnt that that time is one of the critical hours in cholera.

When the captain was dead I went to the mate, and advised him to cast the body overboard at once. He called to some of the hands. They brought the body out just as the poor fellow had died, and, securing a weight to the feet, they lifted the corpse over the rail, and dropped it. No burial service was read. We were all too panic-stricken for reverence. We got rid of the body quickly, the men handling the thing as though they felt the death in it stealing into them through their fingers—hoping and praying that with it the cholera would go. It was almost dark when this hurried funeral was ended. I stood beside the mate, looking round the sea for the shadow of wind in any quarter. The boatswain, who had been one of the men that handled the body, came up to us.

"Ain't there nothing to be done with that corpus out there?" he exclaimed, pointing with a square hand to the raft. "The men are agreed that there'll come no wind whilst that there dead blackie keeps afloat. And ain't he enough to make a disease of the hatmosphere itself, from horizon to horizon?"

I waited for the mate to answer. He said gloomily, "I'm of the poor captain's

mind. You'll need to make something fast to the body to sink it. Who's to handle it? I'll ask no man to do what I wouldn't do myself, and rat me if I'd do that!"

"We brought the poison aboard by visiting the raft, bo'sun," said I. "Best leave the thing alone. The corpse is too far off to corrupt the air, as you suppose; though the imagination's nigh as bad as the reality," said I, spitting.

"If there's any of them game to sink the thing, may they do it?" said the boat-swain. "For if there's ne'er a breeze of wind to come while it's there——"

"Chaw!" said the mate. "But try 'em, if you will. They may take the boat when the moon's up, should there come no wind first."

An hour later the steward told me that two of the sailors were seized with cramps and convulsions. After this no more was said about taking the boat and sinking the body. The mate went into the fore-castle. On his return, he begged me to go and look at the men.

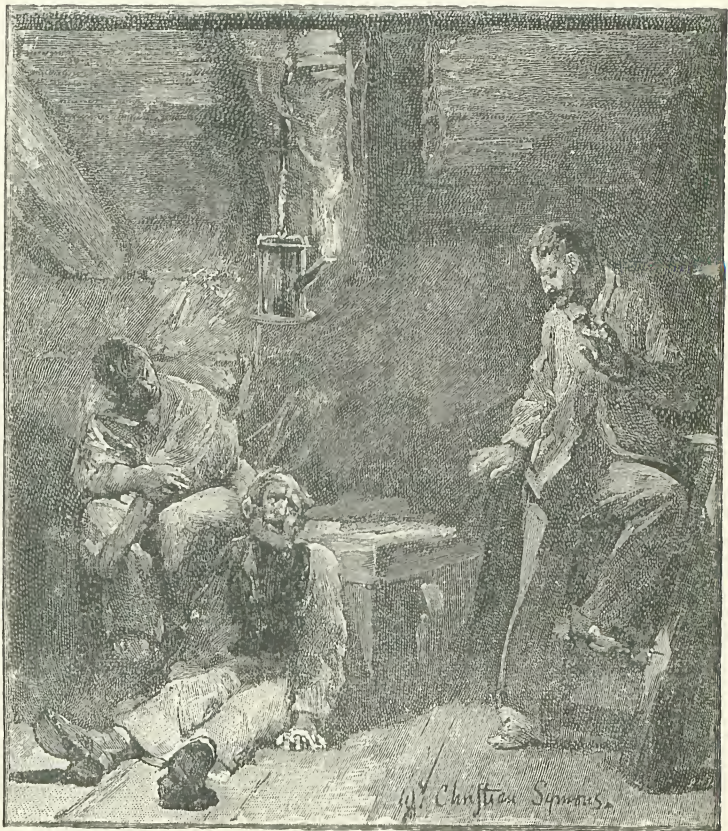
"Better make sure that it's cholera with them too, sir," said he. "You know the signs;" and, folding his arms, he leaned against the bulwarks in a posture of profound dejection.

I went forward and descended the fore-scuttle, and found myself in a small cave. The heat was overpowering; there was no air to pass through the little hatch; the place was dimlylighted by an evil-smelling lamp hanging under a beam, but, poor as the illumination was, I could see by it, and when I looked at the two men and spoke to them, I saw how it was, and came away sick at heart, and half dead with the hot foul air of the fore-castle, and in deepest distress of mind,

moreover, through perceiving that the two men had formed a part of the crew of the boat when we visited the raft.

One died at six o'clock next morning, and the other at noon; but before this second man was dead three others had been attacked, and one of them was the mate. And still never a breath of air stirred the silver surface of the sea.

The mate was a strong man, and his fear of death made the conflict dreadful to behold. I was paralysed at first by the suddenness of the thing and the tremendous character of our calamity, and, never doubting that I must speedily prove a victim as being one who had gone in the boat, I cast myself down upon a sofa in the cabin and there sat, waiting for the first signal of pain, sometimes praying, or striving to pray, and seeking hard to



"I SAW HOW IT WAS."

accustom my mind to the fate I regarded as inevitable. But a keen and biting sense of my cowardice came to my rescue. I sprang to my feet and went to the mate's

berth, and nursed him till he died, which was shortly before midnight of the day of his seizure—so swift and sure was the poison we had brought from the raft. He was dropped over the side, and in a few hours later he was followed by three others. I cannot be sure of my figures: it was a time of delirium, and I recall some details of it with difficulty, but I am pretty sure that by the morning of the fourth day of our falling in with the accursed raft the ship's company had been reduced to the boatswain and five men, making, with myself, seven survivors of fifteen souls who had sailed from Calcutta.

It was some time about the middle of the fifth day—two men were then lying stricken in the forecabin—the boatswain and a couple of seamen came aft to the quarter-deck where I was standing. The wheel was deserted: no man had grasped it since the captain's death; indeed there was nothing to be done at the helm. The ocean floated in liquid glass; the smell of frying paint, bubbled into cinders by the roasting rays, rose like the stench of a second plague to the nostrils. The boatswain and his companions had been drinking; no doubt they had broached the rumcasks below. They had never entered the cabin to my knowledge, nor do I believe they got their liquor from there. The boatswain carried a heavy weight of some sort, bound in canvas, with a long laniard attached to it. He flung the parcel into the quarter-boat, and roared out—

"If that don't drag the blistered cuss out of sight I'll show the fired carcass the road myself. Cholera or no cholera, here goes!"

"What are you going to do?" said I.

"Do?" he cried; "why sink that there

plague out of it, so as to give us the chance of a breeze. Ain't this hell's delight? What's a-going to blow us clear whilst *he* keeps watch?" And he nodded with a fierce drunken gesture towards the raft.

"You'll have to handle the body to sink it," said I. "You're well men, now; keep well, won't you? The two who are going may be the last taken."

The three of them roared out drunkenly together, so muddling their speech with oaths that I did not understand them. I walked aft, not liking their savage looks. Shouting and cursing plentifully, they lowered the boat, got into her by descending the falls, and shoved off for the raft. They drew alongside the bamboo contrivance, and I looked to see the boat capsize, so wildly did they sway her in their wrath and drink as they fastened the weight to the foot of the body, sank it,



"THEY HAMMERED AT THE RAFT."

and, with the loom of their oars, hammered at the raft till the bamboos were scattered like a sheaf of walking-sticks cut adrift. They then returned to the barque, clambered aboard, and hoisted the boat.

The two sick men in the forecabin were at this time looked after by a seaman named Archer. I have said it was the fifth day of the calm; of the ship's company the boatswain and five men were living, but two

were dying, and that, not counting me, left three as yet well and able to get about.

This man Archer, when the boatswain and his companions went forward, came out of the forecastle, and drank at the scuttle-butt in the waist. He walked unsteadily, with that effort after stateliness which is peculiar to tipsy sailors; his eyes wandered, and he found some difficulty in hitting the bung-hole with the dipper. Yet he was a civil sort of man when sober; I had occasionally chatted with him during his tricks at the wheel; and, feeling the need of someone to talk to about our frightful situation, I walked up to him, and asked how the sick men did.

"Dying fast," he answered, steadying himself by leaning against the scuttle-butt, "and a-ravin' like screech-owls."

"What's to be done, Archer?"

"Oh, God alone He knows!" answered the man, and here he put his knuckles into his eyes, and began to cry and sob.

"Is it possible that this calm can last much longer?"

"It may last six weeks," he answered, whimpering. "Down here, when the wind's drawed away by the sun, it may take six weeks afore it comes on to blow. Six weeks of calm down here ain't thought nothen of," and here he burst out blubbering again.

"Where do you get your liquor from?" said I.

"Oh, don't talk of it, don't talk of it!" he replied, with a maudlin shake of the head.

"Drinking 'll not help you," said I; "you'll all be the likelier to catch the malady for drinking. This is a sort of time, I should think, when a man most wants his senses. A breeze may come, and we ought to decide where to steer the barque to. The vessel's under all plain sail, too, and here we are, four men and a useless passenger, should it come on to blow suddenly——"

"We didn't sign on under you," he interrupted, with a tipsy scowl, "and as ye ain't no good either as sailor or doctor, you can keep your blooming sarmons to yourself till they're asked for."

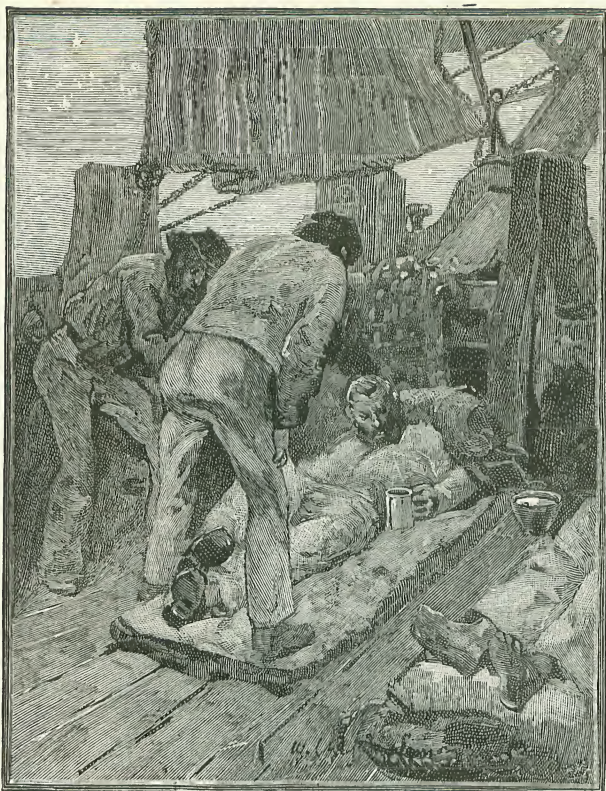
I had now not only to fear the cholera but to dread the men. My mental distress was beyond all power of words to convey: I wonder it did not quickly drive me crazy and hurry me overboard. I lurked in the cabin to be out of sight of the fellows, and all the while my imagination was tormenting me with the first pangs of the

cholera, and every minute I was believing I had the mortal malady. Sometimes I would creep up the companion steps and cautiously peer around, and always I beheld the same dead, faint blue surface of sea stretching like an ocean in a dream into the faint indefinable distances. But shocking as that calm was to me I very well knew there was nothing wonderful or preternatural in it. Our forefoot five days before had struck the equatorial zone called the Doldrums, and at a period of the year when a fortnight or even a month of atmospheric lifelessness might be as confidently looked for as the rising and setting of the sun.

At nine o'clock that night I was sitting at the cabin table with biscuit and a little weak brandy and water before me, when I was hailed by someone at the open skylight above. It was black night, though the sky was glorious with stars: the moon did not rise till after eleven. I had lighted the cabin lamp, and the sheen of it was upon the face of Archer.

"The two men are dead and gone," said he, "and now the bo'sun and Bill are down. There's Jim dead drunk in his hammock. I can't stand the cries of sick men. What with liquor and pain, the air below suffocates me. Let me come aft, sir, and keep along with you. I'm sober now. Oh, Christ, have mercy upon me! It's my turn next, ain't it?"

I passed a glass of brandy to him through the skylight, then joined him on deck, and told him that the two dead bodies must be thrown overboard, and the sick men looked to. For some time he refused to go forward with me, saying that he was already poisoned and deadly sick, and a dying man, and that I had no right to expect that one dying man should wait upon another. However, I was determined to turn the dead out of the ship in any case, for in freeing the vessel of the remains of the victims might lie my salvation. He consented to help me at last, and we went into the forecastle and between us got the bodies out of their bunks and dropped them, weighted, over the rail. The boatswain and the other men lay groaning and writhing and crying for water; cursing at intervals. A coil of black smoke went up from the lamp-flame to the blackened beam under which the light was burning. The atmosphere was horrible. I bade Archer help me to carry a couple of mattresses on to the forecastle, and we got the sick men through the hatch, and they lay there in



"THEY LAY THERE IN THE COOLNESS."

the coolness with plenty of cold water beside them and a heaven of stars above, instead of a low-pitched ceiling of grimy beam and plank dark with processions of cockroaches, and dim with the smoke of the stinking slush lamp.

All this occupied us till about half-past ten. When I went aft I was seized with nausea, and, sinking upon the skylight, dabbled my brow in the dew betwixt the lifted lids for the refreshment of the moisture. I believed that my time had come, and that this sickness was the cholera. Archer followed me, and seeing me in a posture of torment, as he supposed, concluded that I was a dead man. He flung himself upon the deck with a groan, and lay motionless, crying out at intervals, "God, have mercy! God, have mercy!" and that was all.

In about half an hour's time the sensation of sickness passed. I went below for some brandy, swallowed half a glass, and returned with a dram for Archer, but the man had either swooned or fallen asleep, and I let him lie. I had my senses perfectly, but felt shockingly weak in body,

and I could think of nothing consolatory to diminish my exquisite distress of mind. Indeed, the capacity of realisation grew unendurably poignant. I imagined too well, I figured too clearly. I pictured myself as lying dead upon the deck of the barque, found a corpse by some passing vessel after many days; and so I dreamt, often breaking away from my horrible imaginations with moans and starts, then pacing the deck to rid me of the nightmare hag of thought till I was in a fever, then cooling my head by laying my cheek upon the dew-covered skylight.

By and by the moon rose, and I sat watching it. In half an hour she was a bright light in the east, and the shaft of silver that slept under her stretched to the barque's side. It was just then that one of the two sick men on the fore-castle sent up a yell. The dreadful note rang through the vessel, and dropped back to the deck in an echo from the canvas.

A moment after I saw a figure get on to the fore-castle rail and spring overboard. I heard the splash of his body, and, bounding over to Archer, who lay on the deck, I pulled and hauled at him, roaring out that one of the sick men had jumped overboard, and then rushed forward and looked over into the water in the place where the man had leapt, but saw nothing, not even a ripple.

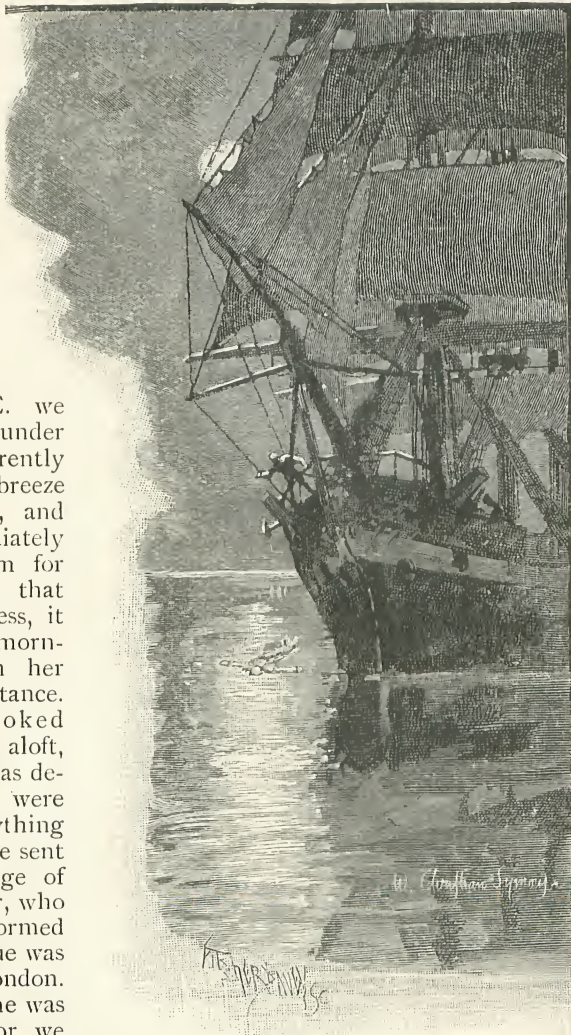
I turned and peered close at the man who lay on the fore-castle, and discovered that the fellow who had jumped was the boatswain. I went again to the rail to look, and lifted a coil of rope from a pin, ready to fling the fakes to the man, should he rise. The moonlight was streaming along the ocean on this side of the ship, and now, when I leaned over the rail for the second time, I saw a figure close under the bows. I stared a minute or two; the colour of the body blended with the gloom, yet the moonlight was upon him too, and then it was that after looking awhile, and observing the thing to lie motionless, I perceived that it was the body that had been upon the raft! No doubt the extreme horror raised in me by the sight

of the poisonous thing beheld in that light and under such conditions crazed me. I have a recollection of laughing wildly, and of defying the dark floating shape in insane language. I remember that I shook my fist and spat at it, and that I turned to seek for something to hurl at the body, and it may have been that in the instant of turning my senses left me, for after this I can recall no more.

The sequel to this tragic and extraordinary experience will be found in the following statement, made by the people of the ship *Forfarshire*, from Calcutta to Liverpool:—"August 29, 1857. When in latitude $2^{\circ} 15'$ N. and longitude $79^{\circ} 40'$ E. we sighted a barque under all plain sail, apparently abandoned. The breeze was very scanty, and though we immediately shifted our helm for her on judging that she was in distress, it took us all the morning to approach her within hailing distance. Everything looked right with her aloft, but the wheel was deserted, and there were no signs of anything living in her. We sent a boat in charge of the second officer, who returned and informed us that the barque was the *Justitia*, of London. We knew that she was from Calcutta, for we had seen her lying in the river. The second officer stated that there were three dead bodies aboard, one in a hammock in the fore-castle, a second on a mattress on the

fore-castle, and a third against the coamings of the main-hatch; there was also a fourth man lying at the heel of the port cathead—he did not seem to be dead. On this Dr. Davison was requested to visit the barque, and he was put aboard by the second officer. He returned quickly with one of the men, whom he instantly ordered to be stripped and put into a warm bath, and his clothes thrown overboard. He said that the dead

showed unmistakable signs of having died from cholera. We proceeded, not deeming it prudent to have anything further to do with the ill-fated craft. The person we had rescued remained insensible for two days; his recovery was then slow, but sure, thanks to the skilful treatment of Dr. Davison. He informed us that his name was Thomas Barron, and that he was a passenger on board the *Justitia* for Cape Town. He was the travelling representative of a large Birmingham firm. The barque had on the preceding Friday week fallen in with a raft bearing a dead body. A boat was sent to bring away a parcel from the raft's mast, and it is supposed that the contents of the parcel communicated the



"A FIGURE CLOSE UNDER THE BOWS."

cholera. There were fifteen souls when the vessel left Calcutta, and all perished except the passenger, Thomas Barron."

Grandfather's Picture-Books.

LN considering the picture-books belonging to the grandfathers of the young and old among us, we are much indebted to Messrs. Field and Tuer for permission to reproduce a number of examples from their "1,000 Quaint Cuts from Books of Other Days."

Here, to begin with, is a set of pictures illustrating the marvellous history of Tom Thumb. First there is a very respectable cut representing that critical moment of the hero's history when he was taken up in a mouthful of grass by a cow. Then we have him astride of his



THE COW EATS TOM THUMB.

faithful butterfly, sailing gaily over houses, fields, and trees. Comparing the butterfly with the adjacent tree, it would seem to be about as big as a large crocodile, with wings rather larger than a church door. Then we have the furnety bowl accident. It is pleasing to observe, in this picture, the architecture of the period of King Arthur,



HE RIDES ON THE BUTTERFLY.

according to the artist. Rows of brick houses, with severely rectangular doors and windows, appear to have been in fashion, while a magnified bedpost stood at the head

of a flight of steps. In the fourth picture we have the last sad adventure, when the deadly breath of the wicked spider put an end to the doughty deeds, the butterflyings, and the paste-wallowings of good Sir Thomas. Observe the terrifying expression of the spider's face (he is a rare kind of spider, by the bye, with a monkey's head), and the extraordinary action whereby he essays "cut one," which Sir Thomas is to receive on his shield. A spider who can go through the broadsword exercise is as great a wonder as Sir Thomas himself.

Next we have Jack the Giant Killer. From the first cut grandfather gathered his



HE IS SOUSED IN THE FURMETY.

ideas as to how the first of Jack's famous exploits—that with Cormoran—was accomplished. Observe the dark lantern in the corner—quite up to date, you see, although Jack was, like Sir Thomas, a contemporary of King Arthur. Then we have Jack tackling Blunderbore and his brother, strangling them with a rope tied to his window



HE IS KILLED BY THE SPIDER.

frame, trampling all over their heads and shoulders and cutting off their heads like anything, while they lean limply on their clubs. The next two cuts tell us all about

the Welsh Giant. First he is pounding away (quite reckless of his own bed-linen) at the supposed Jack, who is represented in the story by a billet of wood, and in the



JACK KILLS CORMORAN.

picture by what looks like a school bell-tower, or a patent chimney-pot. With so much light in the room as the picture shows, however, the giant must have had a good deal of cold tea for supper to mistake the chimney-pot for Jack, or to fail to notice that artful person standing in the lightest corner.



HE STRANGLES THE GIANTS.

Next the wicked Welsh Giant is committing involuntary suicide in his rash attempt to play "follow-my-leader" in the porridge-bag trick. That long white thing hanging out of the hole in the giant's waistcoat is not his shirt, as might be supposed, but



HIS ARTFULNESS.

blood, which seems to have frozen into a tall heap. Note, too, the delicate way in

which the giant's nationality is suggested, by a leek tastefully worn in the hair. In the last two pictures Jack appears in his invisible cloak, and everybody must admire



HE SHOWS THE GIANT A TRICK.

the boldness with which the artist has grappled with the difficulty of representing a man made invisible in a picture. The recipe is a simple one—draw him rather larger than usual, more clearly, and blacker; especially make the invisible cloak as black and as visible as possible, and there you



THE GIANT AND HIS PRISONERS.

are. In the last of these pictures, Jack is slashing off the nose of one of his customers. It is a very fine and large nose, of the sort that you buy for a penny at a fair. The giant appears to be making a wild attempt to catch it, although that would



HE SLICES OFF THE GIANT'S NOSE.

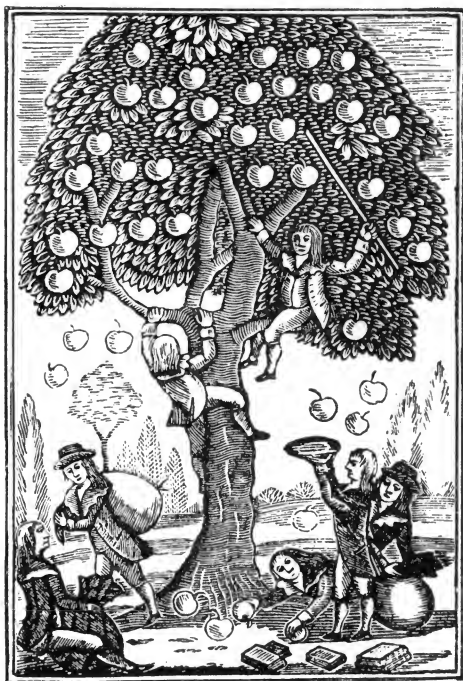
seem scarcely wise, for he certainly looks a deal handsomer without it,

Here is rather an earlier picture, from a book of nursery rhymes. The legend runs

Oh dear ! what can the matter be ?

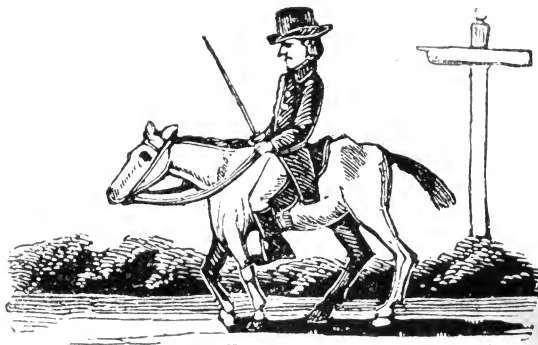
Two little boys are up in the apple tree !

Which probably contains a great deal of reason, since there is so little rhyme. It



"OH DEAR ! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE ?
TWO LITTLE BOYS ARE UP IN THE APPLE TREE !"

is a beautiful apple tree, and it would seem very wrong to disturb all those symmetrical apples, growing so regularly in order, each in its proper place. However, the grave young gentlemen in tail-coats and knee-breeches are careful to preserve the general regularity of the scene by shaking off all the apples uniformly with the stalks upward.



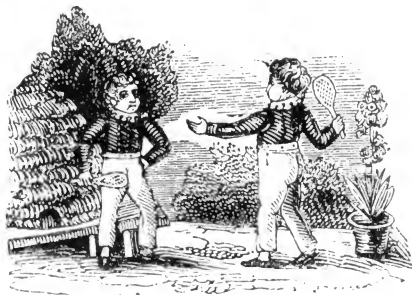
"HE RIDES A COCK-HORSE,"

This picture, of a not very well fed gentleman riding a not very well fed horse past a sign-post with nothing on it, appears over the famous couplet

Ride a cock-horse
To Banbury-cross,

We print it here chiefly as throwing some light upon the interesting question as to exactly what species of animal a "cock-horse" is. It may be as well to mention that in the first of the Tom Thumb pictures, already referred to, the quadruped there depicted is by many supposed to be a hen cow.

The two little boys, who are represented in another book as playing shuttlecock near a precipice and a flower-pot, are delightful specimens of the sort of boy familiar in the pages of old goody-goody books, with frilled collars, and puffy trousers buttoned on to very short jackets. They haven't a great



SHUTTLE-COCK.

deal of room for their game, what with the precipice and the flower-pot, and a bee-hive, about the size of a decent cottage, close against one player's back. That boy is really in a dangerous position. It would be so easy accidentally to hit the hive, whereupon there would probably ensue a sally of infuriated bees about the size of pigeons (judging from the hive), who would set upon, murder, sting and devour boys, battle-dores, flower-pot, precipice and all.

From another of grandfather's picture-books comes a series of spirited pictures setting forth certain awful examples of children who meddled with fire. There is a sameness about these instructive catastrophes, as well as a certain want of preliminary detail. Boy with frilled collar and his trousers on fire throws up his arms before fire-place and shouts. Little girl with dress on fire throws up her arms in front of fireplace and shouts. Another little girl with ditto ditto, does

ditto in front of ditto and dittoes. Small child (sex uncertain) with a cheerful fire in nightshirt shouts in front of fireplace and throws up arms. The girls (assuming it to be a boy in the nightshirt) are the more clearly distinguished by the addition in each case of a woman with white apron, mob cap, and outstretched arms, and a kettle on the hob—embellishments denied to the boys, who have to take their chance as best they can with two fenders, a set of fire-irons, and a wooden chair between them. The similarity of the two girls' adventures is relieved slightly by the introduction in one case of a cat with stiff legs, galloping, with much prudence, away from the disaster. But there is a complete and irredeemable uniformity about the whole set in one respect — there is no suggested cause for the accidents, unless the boys and girls have deliberately shoved their clothes into the fire, in order to make an instructive warning for grandfather's picture-book. It is noticeable that the artist has had some difficulty in setting fire to the first boy's trousers with a proper and natural



AWFUL



EXAMPLES OF



CHILDREN WHO



PLAYED WITH



effect, owing to the awkwardness of the garments for the purpose. The girls' skirts are infinitely better suited to the experiment. The title to the series of pictures is spread out among them, and ends with the substitution of a significant hieroglyphic for the word "fire," consisting of certain very fierce flames in a setting of very solid smoke, arising from the combustion of nothing whatever.

We have already mentioned the goody-goody books of grandfather's time, with their solemn pictures of virtuous elders in high coat-collars and swallow-tails, and more or less virtuous youths in concertina hats and puffy white trousers. The adventures of Tommy Merton, Harry Sandford, and the respectable Mr. Barlow in the many editions in which the book was printed, were the occasion of many such pictures, and the first half of this century was greatly distinguished by the immense number of serious little books issued with cuts wherein blameless and omniscient tutors lectured solemn little boys on things in general. Here is a cut from one of these, wherein the worthy tutor, whose



A RAINBOW.

thighbone extends down two-thirds of his leg, points to a very solid-looking speckled rainbow with one hand, and with the other urges forward his pupil to make a closer examination.

Then we have a picture of a scene on the ice, whereon one boy has come a cropper. Now, the identity of that boy is rather doubtful. He can scarcely be the good boy who wouldn't play truant to go and slide, or he wouldn't have come a cropper, even



ON THE ICE.

had he been on the ice at all. On the other hand, he can't be the bad boy who insisted on doing these wicked things, or he would have fallen clean through the ice and been drowned. Perhaps he is a reformed bad boy who came on the ice to warn the others. This seems more likely, since he appears to have only one leg; he probably lost the other through climbing after birds' nests on Sunday, or something of that sort, and then reformed. One can't get much fun, you know, with only one leg left, so may as well reform as not.

In the early days an artist often had to draw a thing which he had never seen. We have here the effort of one of these gentlemen who evidently had never seen an elephant, and built the face up as well as he could from a human standpoint, with the trunk on the chin. We won't be personal,



AN ELEPHANT.

but we believe we have seen a portrait very like this in some of the papers.

We have, in the next picture, an opportunity of inspecting the interior of a boys' school of the last century end. Note the little three-cornered hats hung above the scholars' heads, and the portentous array of heavy books over the head of the learned master, in his wig and gown. He opens his palm as though for the benefit of a small boy's ears, but, as there is no small boy sufficiently near it, perhaps he is only indulging in the pleasures of anticipation. The view from the window is particularly



IN SCHOOL.

interesting. The three regular sugar-loaf trees, of the herring-bone species, growing exactly to the same height, and each exactly filling the width of one window-pane in the vision, without encroaching upon the others, offer a beautiful lesson in order and harmony among neighbours.

A specimen of quite a different class is seen in the representation of Polyphemus, at the entrance to his cave, with cloak, staff, and Pandean pipes. The bold, free drawing of the King of the Cyclops is of the school of Blake, but there are points in the



POLYPHEMUS.

execution which diminish the probability of its being Blake's actual work.

A contrast to this is seen in the queer little cut in which a woman is either drying the tears of a little girl or punching her in the eye. It is from one of the goody books, and the absence of much of the right side of the girl's face seems rather to point to punching than tear drying.



PUNCHING?—OR TEAR DRYING?

Another queer little wood-cut is a mere copy of an inn sign, which was rather popular in old days—the "Bull and

Mouth." It is a very magnificent mouth, at which the bull appears rather scared, as well he may. He seems to be considering the advisability of going in, but doesn't feel quite safe in venturing. This is one of the instances of the corruption of the title of an older sign. Originally it was the "Boulogne Mouth," and referred to the mouth of Boulogne Harbour, being adopted as an inn sign in commemoration of the taking of Boulogne in the reign of Henry VIII. The "Goat and Compasses" (originally "God Encompasses Us") is a similar case.



BULL AND MOUTH.

One woodcut from grandfather's picture-book (or was this from grandmother's?) gives us some information about the inside of a shop in the days when ladies wore their waists just under their armpits. The polite shopman, in a wig, shows a piece of ribbon to the two ladies in big bonnets. The transaction is a very similar one to



SHOPPING.

those of to-day, but we get a glimpse of the old square-paned shop window; and the cut is rather crude and quaint.

There was a device in some of these picture-books of dividing a space into little squares, and filling each of these little squares with a representation of some object, with its name printed over it. The intention, of course, was instruction—the little grandfather would become familiar with the outline of the object while learn-

ing to spell the name; a sort of early kindergarten lesson, in fact. Here is a block of a dozen such little squares, with the illustrations all very clear and unmistakable, except the oyster, which looks rather like a tortoise (but might be a hedgehog), and Job, who might be Pontius Pilate or Nebuchadnezzar. It is to be observed that over Job's head a crown is placed, so that something is done to compensate him for his troubles, even in grandfather's picture-book. The temple is evidently intended for Dr. Parker's on the Viaduct before the tower was built, and the side spaces are filled in with trees in order to avoid advertising the adjoining establishments. Next door to the temple is a very



fine trumpet, with a hearthrug hanging on it, and just below the trumpet is a hat, of the fashion worn by grandfather's father. A bow is generously thrown in with the violin, although not in the specification, and the relative proportions of the different objects are striking. Thus the moth is a great deal bigger than the temple, and the oyster is as large as Job's head.

The "Cries of London" were favourite subjects with the compilers of these books. We reproduce a cut of a gingerbread seller. Gingerbread, by the bye, seems to have become quite a thing of the past, and nothing remains to us of it but these pictures, and the proverb about rubbing the gilt off it. This particular cut is actually a portrait—a portrait of the most famous



"TIDDY-DOLL."—THE GINGER-BREAD SELLER.

of all the gingerbread sellers, "Tiddy-doll." He is represented in Hogarth's print of the execution of the "Idle Apprentice," selling gingerbread to the crowd. He was a great character in his way, and dressed tremendously in gold-laced clothes of a very fine sort; so that, being a handsome old fellow, and tall, he attracted notice everywhere. Nobody knew his name, and he had that of "Tiddy-doll" from the song-burden with which he interspersed his patter, thus: "Mary, Mary, where are you now, Mary? I live, when at



"CUCUMBERS?"

home, at the second house in Little Ball-street, two steps underground, with a wiskum riskum, and a why-not. My shop is on the second floor back, with a brass knocker at the door. Here's your nice gingerbread, your spice gingerbread, all ready to melt in your mouth like a red-hot brick-bat. Ti-tiddy ti-ti, ti-tiddy ti-ti, ti-tiddy ti-ti, tiddy doll-loll." His nickname has survived to the present day in the proverbial expres-



KNIFE-GRINDER.

sion, "You're quite tiddy-doll," or "Tiddy-fol-loll," addressed to a brilliantly attired person.

The lady with cucumbers on a barrow was invariably present in these "cries." Here the cucumbers might very well be oysters, or sausages, or anything else. The knife-grinder is even more interesting. His machine is of a kind quite unknown to mortal eye nowadays. One doesn't quite see how the grindstone is driven, or, indeed, quite where the grindstone is, but no doubt it is all right, or the worthy tradesman wouldn't look so happy.

Anybody who is doubtful as to the exact appearance of a hobgoblin, a witch, or a fairy may be satisfied by a glance at the next three

however, to learn that a witch has to whip her broomstick to make it go; and one wonders why a flying cat has any need for



WITCHES.



HOBGOBLINS.

blocks. When a hobgoblin wishes to attend to his correspondence, he doesn't sit before a table in the ordinary way, but has a hole made in the table and hangs his legs through it. This is simple and economical, although it would seem to be a little awkward, particularly with a table having only two legs. Most of the hobgoblins appear to be fitted out with every convenience for personal enjoyment, including wings, tails, stings, &c., although one unfortunate has to be content with a very large head and a fowl's legs and no trunk or arms.

The witches are quite conventional. It is a little surprising,

swinging a great besom about in the air. The moon is in eclipse, as is proper at times of witchery, but the stars are all right, and, if anything, rather bigger than usual. One often hears theatrical people speak of a "thin house." The house on the right-hand side of the picture appears to be one of these.

The fairies are rather better dressed than one might expect. Frock coats and breeches are really quite respectable. The ladies wear steeple-crowned hats and laced bodices, which leads to the supposition that they are Welsh fairies. A convenient door is neatly let into an adjoining mole-hill for the fairies to go in and out



FAIRIES.

of, and a toadstool stands handy for refreshments between the dances. The moon seems, on the whole, rather astonished,



COWS AND CALVES.

which is really quite excusable in the circumstances.

We have found a delightful study of animals—apparently cows and calves in a shed. Observe their piercing eyes, all turned upon the astonished spectator. This may mean fury, or it may mean blindness, or something else, but it looks most like hunger. The shed is built upon the trunks of four trees which have failed in their legitimate business, after growing, with great consideration, exactly at the four corners of a rectangle. Only the roof and two sides of the building have been built (what of is doubtful), in order that the stock may stare at us from the other sides.

Of course, some of grandfather's picture-books were books of fables

—Æsop's, and translations and abridgments of La Fontaine's. We are able to find room for two illustrations from one of these books. First we have "Hercules and the Waggoner." Three rather small horses, driven tandem fashion, have succeeded in fixing a very long, low-tilted waggon in a ditch. The waggoner, who may possibly be completely dressed, and wearing a smock, but whose costume looks uncommonly like a shirt and nothing else, calls on Hercules to overcome the difficulty for him; although presumably there must be people at hand in the very extraordinary houses just over the bridge. Hercules, who doesn't look quite so well as when we last saw him, and is reduced to a most insignificant club, appears



THE SHEPHERD AND THE WOLVES.



HERCULES AND THE WAGGONER.

on one of those feather-bed clouds usually employed on similar occasions. To speak more exactly, he appears to be slipping off, and threatening serious damage to the roof just below him. Hercules, it will be observed, was a very large person, as one might expect.

Then there is the shepherd boy who cried "Wolf!" There are four animals in the picture, and anybody can see at once which is the wolf, because he is biting the countenance of one of the others, which lies on the ground; otherwise it would be difficult. The shepherd seems to be rather enjoying the fun, to judge by the gratified look on his face, and the gladsome expressions of his legs

and arms as he hops cheerfully in the left-hand corner. Baronial castles and mountains, assorted, make an effective background.

Our little collection would scarcely be complete without something representative of the legend of Jack and the Beanstalk. One of the old books yields us a very instructive picture, wherein we learn many things. First, that the beanstalk was about ten feet high at most; this judging by the height of Jack's mother, who is coming after him with a broom and a dog in a highly vigorous and gymnastic manner, without stopping to open the garden-gate. The castle at the top of the stalk, too, would seem to have been about the size of a fairly large mantelpiece clock, and the giant—who could almost go into Jack's pocket—looks uncommonly like the little weather-prophet who pops out of the old-fashioned barometer. All this, however, may be intended as an effort to conform to the rules of perspective; but still, one would like to know a little more about the internal arrangements of that cottage. Consider it. The

head of the front door reaches to the eaves, and is then none too high for the passage of Jack's energetic parent. Still,

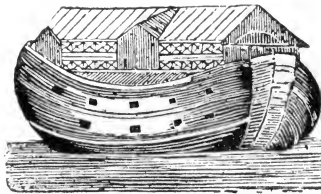
by cutting a piece out of the thatch a window is provided to light an upper floor; an upper floor about a foot or so high, and barely big enough, it would seem, to accommodate that insignificant giant of the castle. If that large black thing at the foot of the stalk be one of the five seeds, one need wonder no longer at the size of the plant, but at the ability of Jack to carry the seeds home.

Finally, as a tail-piece, we print Noah's Ark as it appeared in grandfather's picture-book. It appears, as nearly as ascertainable from the portholes, to have been about a twenty-eight-gun ship, exclusive of bow and stern chasers, of which there are no clear indications. The upper part, it will be observed, consisted of a neat cricket pavilion.

Grandfather's picture-book amused and taught many good men in their childhood. Perhaps the few fragments of it which are here presented may not altogether fail in one of these objects today.



JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.



NOAH'S ARK.

THE THREE LEMONS

A STORY FOR CHILDREN, FROM THE
ITALIAN.



THE King of Terra Longa had an only son, who was the apple of his eye, and on whom he built all his hopes. He felt he was growing an old man, and the great desire of his life was to see his son happily married before he died. But, unfortunately, the young Prince was of a very different mind, and if a woman was as much as mentioned in his presence, he got up and left the room, and refused to come back till the conversation had turned on some other subject.

Neither his father's tears and entreaties, nor the counsel and advice of the statesmen and courtiers round the King's throne, would make him consider the subject of matrimony. But nothing happens so often as the unexpected, and a mere trifle will change the history of nations. One day, as the Prince was cutting a cream tart in half and attending more to the conversation that was going on than to what he was doing, he cut his finger with his knife.

The blood spurted out and fell on the cream, and the mixture of colour was so beautiful that the Prince was seized on the

spot with the desire to find a wife with a complexion like the cream and blood. He said to the King: "Dear father, if I do not find a bride who is red and

white like this, then it is all over with me. Hitherto no woman has ever caused my heart a single flutter, but now I long for this red and white maiden, as I have never longed for anything in my life before. Permit me, therefore, to go in search of my ideal, for if I do not find her I shall die."

At first his father was much startled and grieved at his words, and tried hard to dissuade his son from setting out on such a futile journey, but when he saw that his remonstrances were of no avail, and that he might as well have spoken to the winds, he said: "Go, my son, since your heart is so set on the journey; take money and whatever else you desire with you, and hasten back with all speed to your poor father, who will be disconsolate till you return."

So the Prince set out on his travels, and wandered through fields and woods, over mountains and through valleys, visiting different countries and nations, always keeping his eyes open for the maiden of his dreams. But he sought in vain, for though he left no stone unturned, nowhere could he find the blooming image he had painted in his mind's eye. From kingdom to kingdom he roamed, and at last he came to the Island of the Wild Women.

Here he met an old dame who was as

thin as a scarecrow, and with the ugliest face he had ever seen. The Prince told her at once what brought him to the island, and when the old woman had heard his tale, and all the dangers and sufferings he had gone through, her heart melted with pity, and she said: "My son, let me warn you to fly from hence with all speed, for if my three daughters, who live on human flesh, find you here, you are a lost man. They will certainly eat you raw, or roast you for their next meal. Make haste to leave this place as quickly as you can, and I promise you won't be gone far before you meet your fate."

When the Prince heard her words he took to his heels, and, without as much as bidding the old creature farewell, he ran without stopping till he came to a different country, where he met another old woman even uglier than the first. To her, too, he confided the history and object of his wanderings, but she answered him as the other had done: "You had better make haste to get away from here, unless you wish to provide my daughters, the little man-eaters, with a meal; but not far from this spot you will meet your fate."

As soon as the poor Prince heard her words he set off running at full speed, and didn't pause for a moment till he came upon another old woman, who was sitting under a tree with a basket on her arm full of cakes and other dainties.

The Prince made her a polite bow, and commenced at once to tell her his story. This time the old woman comforted him with friendly words, and made him sit down and eat a good breakfast. When he had finished his meal, she presented him with three lemons, which looked as if they had just been cut from the tree, and along with the fruit a beautiful knife, saying, as she gave them to him, "You may go home now as fast as you like, for you have got

what you sought; when you are close to your father's kingdom, stop at the first well you come to, and cut one of the lemons in half; a fairy will come out of it, and say to you, 'Give me something to drink.' Then you must get her some water as quickly as you can, for if you don't she will disappear like quicksilver, and if you don't succeed with the first or second, you must be sure not to let the third fairy escape, but hand her the water in a moment, for she is the wife of your heart's desire."

The Prince joyfully kissed her hairy old hand, which felt exactly like the back of a porcupine, and thanking the old dame heartily for her kindness, he bade her farewell, and left the country with all speed. After many dangers by sea and land, he arrived safely about a day's journey from his own kingdom. Here on a lovely heath, shaded by beautiful old trees, the Prince



HRM

"THE PRINCE JOYFULLY KISSED HER HAIRY OLD HAND."

dismounted at a well, the running of whose crystal waters sounded like a bell, calling people to come and refresh themselves. The Prince sat down on a carpet formed of

tender green grass and lovely coloured flowers, and, taking the knife out of its sheath, he cut the first lemon open. In a moment, like a flash of lightning, a beautiful girl stood before him, as white as milk and as red as a strawberry, and she said to him, "Give me something to drink."

The Prince, quite dazzled and bewildered by the beauty of the fairy, did not give her the water quickly enough, and to his great grief she vanished almost as soon as she had appeared.

The same thing happened when he cut the second lemon open, and the Prince exclaimed in despair, "I am the most unlucky creature in the world. Twice have I let my luck escape me—but courage! I have still a third chance, and there is luck in odd numbers: this knife shall either be the means of securing my happiness, or it shall put an end to my griefs."

With these words he cut the third lemon open, and out stepped the third fairy, and said, as the others had done, "Give me something to drink."

This time the Prince handed the fairy a glass of water as quick as lightning, and in a moment a lovely girl stood before him, as white as cream and as red as blood. Her hair was golden, her mouth like a rosebud, and her eyes shone like two stars. In one word, she was as beautiful as the day, and she looked as good as she was beautiful, and as charming as she was good. The Prince could not contain his admiration, and said: "Am I asleep or awake, or are my eyes bewitched; for how can such a lovely creature have been contained in the bitter rind of this yellow lemon?"

But when he had at last convinced himself that the beautiful apparition before him was no dream, but sober reality, he kissed the fairy tenderly, and said many charming things to her. He begged her to be his wife. "But," he said, "I will not take you back to my father's kingdom without the splendour worthy of your beauty, or without the escort fitting for my queen. Therefore, let me beg of you to remain in the meantime in the hollow of this leafy oak, which looks as if it had been made for a hiding place, and there await my return. You may be sure I will come back to you as quickly as I can, and will then lead you to my kingdom with the retinue and following that befits your position"; and so saying he bade her

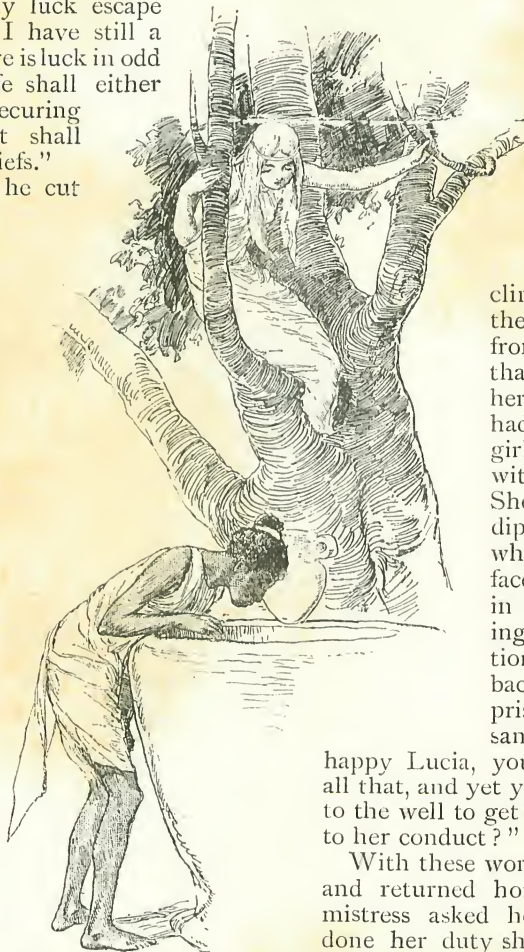
farewell, and set forth on his journey.

When he had gone, the fairy climbed up into one of the forks of the tree, and from there watched all that was going on around her. Before many minutes had passed a black slave girl arrived at the well with a pitcher for water. She was just going to dip the jug in the waves, when she perceived the face of the fairy reflected in the water, and, thinking it was her own reflection she saw, she started back with a cry of surprise, exclaiming at the same time, "What, un-

happy Lucia, you are as beautiful as all that, and yet your mistress sends you to the well to get water, and you submit to her conduct?"

With these words she broke the jug, and returned home. But when her mistress asked her why she had not done her duty she replied, "I went to the well, and broke the pitcher by mistake against a big stone."

The woman restrained her anger as well as she could, and on the following day gave the girl a beautiful china jug, and told her to go to the well and fill it with water.



"SHE PERCEIVED THE FACE OF THE FAIRY."

but when she came to the well, and once more saw the lovely reflection there, she heaved a deep sigh and said, "I will no longer be a slave, for I am not ugly as I have always thought I was; on the contrary, I am lovely and charming, and it is ridiculous that I should be made to fetch water from the well!" With these words she broke the jug into a hundred pieces, and when she got home she told her mistress that a donkey had passed by, and had kicked the jug and broken it to pieces.

When the woman heard about this fresh accident she lost her temper, and, seizing a broom, she beat the girl to within an inch of her life, then handing her a leather bottle she said, "Now go as quickly as you can, you useless creature, and bring me back the bottle full of water. Don't dawdle on the way, and if anything happens this time, I'll give you another beating that you won't forget in a hurry."

The slave-girl ran with all her might back to the well and filled the bottle full of water, but once more catching sight of the lovely reflection, she said, "I would be a fool to go on drawing water; it would be far better and more fitting that I should marry. From this moment I refuse to serve my mistress any longer." With these words she took a pin that she wore in her hair and pierced the leather bottle with it, so that it became exactly like a fountain, with the water spurting out in every direction. Here the fairy, who had been watching the black girl's ridiculous behaviour, could contain her mirth no longer, and burst into a hearty laugh.

When the slave heard the sound of laughter she looked to see where it came from, and, when she caught sight of the girl hidden in the tree, she said to herself, "So you are the cause of my mistress nearly beating me to death, are you? but wait a little, and I'll be even with you yet;" but to the fairy she

said, "What are you doing up there, my beautiful maid?"

The fairy, who was politeness itself, told the black girl everything there was to tell, and ended up by saying she was going to marry a charming prince, and was only awaiting his return with a suitable escort and retinue to accompany him to his father's kingdom.

When the black slave heard this, a wicked plan entered into her head, and she said: "Oh, if you are expecting your bridegroom's return, let me come up beside you, and comb your locks in order to make you even fairer than you are."

The fairy answered: "You are most welcome to come," and stretched down her hand, which looked like a piece of crystal set in ebony, as she helped the slave up. As soon as the black creature began to comb the fairy's hair she stuck her hairpin into her skull, hoping in this way she would kill her on the spot.

But as soon as the fairy felt the prick of the pin, she called out "Dove, dove!" and in a moment she was changed into a dove, and flew away right up into the sky.

When the Prince returned with his suite and train, he could hardly believe his eyes when he beheld, instead of the lovely maid he had left behind in the hollow or the tree, the form of the ugly black slave girl.

But when the wicked creature perceived the Prince's distress and amazement she said: "Don't be surprised, dear Prince, for it is I, your Lucia, but I have been bewitched by an evil magician, and turned from a fair and lovely maiden into the ugly black marble statue you see before you."

The poor Prince, not knowing how to help himself, made the best of a bad business, and after the black girl had got down from the tree, he had her dressed in the splendid clothes he had brought with him for his bride; and when she had been



"THE WATER SPURTING OUT IN EVERY DIRECTION."

made to look as well as she could, he set forth with her to meet the King and Queen, who were to meet the young couple a few miles from their home.

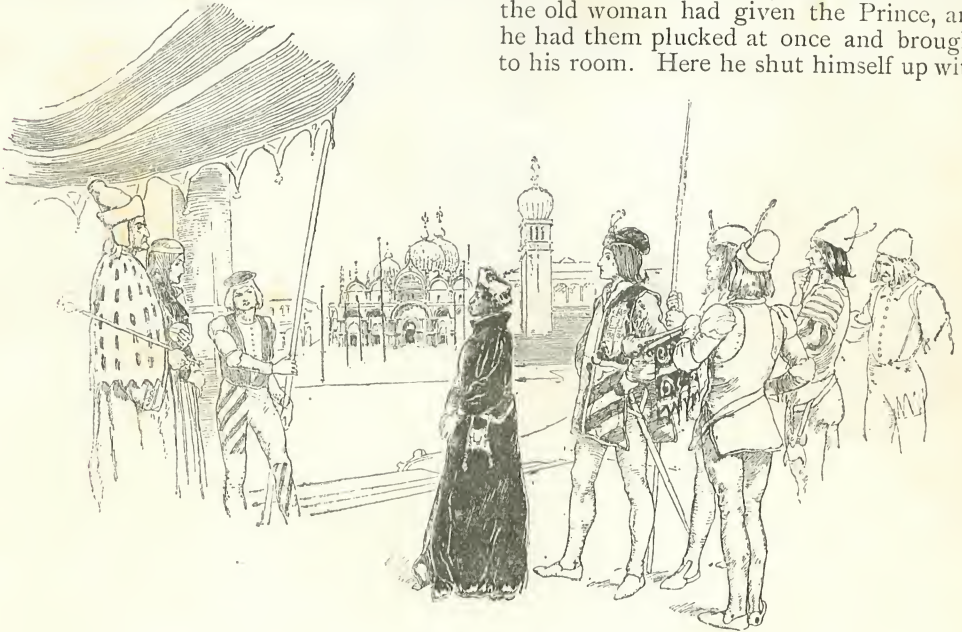
When his father and mother perceived the folly their son had committed, and how that he who had travelled so far in search of a white dove had only returned with a black crow, they could hardly restrain their disgust and disappointment. But, seeing the thing was done, and that there was no help for it, they abandoned their throne to the young couple, and a gold crown was placed on the slave's woolly head. The wedding was held with much pomp and ceremony, and everyone far and wide was invited to the feast.

Now it happened that while the King's cook was preparing all the dainty dishes for the wedding banquet a beautiful dove

wrung its neck, and, when he had plucked its feathers, he threw them out of the kitchen window. A few days afterwards, on the spot where the feathers had been thrown, a beautiful lemon tree sprang up, which grew and blossomed as you looked at it.

Now it happened one day that the King was looking out of his window, and saw the tree, which he never remembered to have noticed before. He immediately called the cook before him, and asked him when and by whom the tree had been planted. When he had heard the whole story from the chief cook, he gave orders that no one, under pain of death, should touch the tree, and that it should be tended and watered carefully every day.

In a very short time three lemons appeared on the tree exactly the same as those the old woman had given the Prince, and he had them plucked at once and brought to his room. Here he shut himself up with



"A BLACK CROW."

H.M.

flew in at the kitchen window, and said—

"Tell me, cook, oh! tell me true,
What do the King and his black bride do?"

At first the cook paid no attention to the words of the bird; but when the dove had repeated them a second and a third time, he ran into the banqueting hall, and told the assembled company what the bird had said. When the bride heard the words of the dove's song, she ordered the bird to be caught on the spot and roasted. The cook did as he was told, seized the bird, and

a tumbler full of water, and with the same knife that he had used before, and which he always wore at his side, he began to cut the lemons in half. As before, the first and second fairy escaped him; but when he had cut the third lemon open, and given the fairy some water to drink, as she requested, she changed into the beautiful girl whom he had left behind in the hollow of the tree, and from her he learnt the whole history of the black slave's misdeeds.

The King's joy was beyond words at this new stroke of fortune, and he could hardly realise that his bride was really the beautiful girl who stood before him, and not the ugly black creature who had deceived him so wickedly. After he had dressed her in the most costly garments, and kissed her tenderly, he took his fairy bride by the hand, and led her into the throne-room, where all the Court were assembled. Then the King addressed his courtiers, and said : "Tell me, all of you, what punishment does the person deserve who has ill-treated this beautiful lady?" Whereupon one replied, "They deserve a breakfast of stones"; another, "A draught of poison"; and a third said, "They should be rolled down a hill in a barrel with sharp spikes inside it."

At last the King called the black Queen to him, and asked her what punishment she would propose.

"The wicked creature," she answered, "who could harm so

fair a vision should be burnt to death, and her ashes scattered to the four winds."

When the King heard her words, he said : "You have pronounced your own doom, for it was you, and no other, you vile wretch, who did my beautiful bride so much wrong. Know now that this is the lovely maid whose head you pierced with your hairpin, and she, too, was the beautiful dove you had so cruelly caught and roasted. But as you have done unto others, so it shall be done unto you, and as you showed no mercy, neither shall it be shown you."

With these words he had the black slave seized and thrown alive into a huge bonfire, and when she was burnt to ashes they were scattered to the four winds from the top of a high watch-tower. But the King and his fair wife lived happily ever afterwards ; and if only you and I knew where to find the kingdom of Terra Longa, I believe we should find them living there still.



The Queer Side of Things.

VEGETABLE ODDITIES.



REAKS of vegetables, especially of turnips, radishes, parsnips, and the like, have probably been observed from time to time by most people, though very rarely in such distinct and striking forms as in these instances, which have been recorded in old prints.

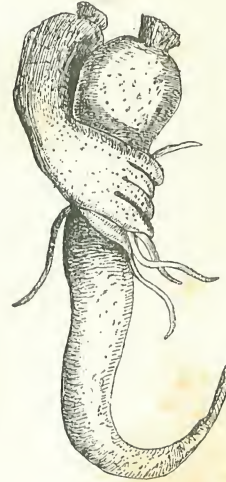
The radish, which we give first, grew in a sandy soil at Haarlem, more than two hundred years ago, and was painted in fac-simile by Jacob Penoy, one of whose friends presented the picture to Glandorp in the year 1672. This picture was engraved by Kirby, showing the root exactly as we reproduce



it here. Nor is this the only instance in which the root of a radish has taken this particular form, as another, exactly resembling a human hand, with fingers and thumb complete, was possessed by Mr. Bisset, Secretary to the Birmingham Museum, in 1802.

Our second illustration represents a parsnip, which also strikingly resembles a hand, but in a different position, as it appears to be grasping another root. This oddity was sold by a market woman in the ordinary course of business, and was passed from hand to hand as a curiosity until it came into the possession of an engraver, who made the drawing of it which we give.

The last of our illustrations is a turnip with a face, a plumed head-dress, body,



arms, and a number of intertangled legs, like those of some sea-monster, "ending in snaky twine." This root grew in a garden in the village of Weiden, in Germany, in 1628, the fact being recorded in the curious columns entitled "*Miscellanea Academiæ Naturæ.*"

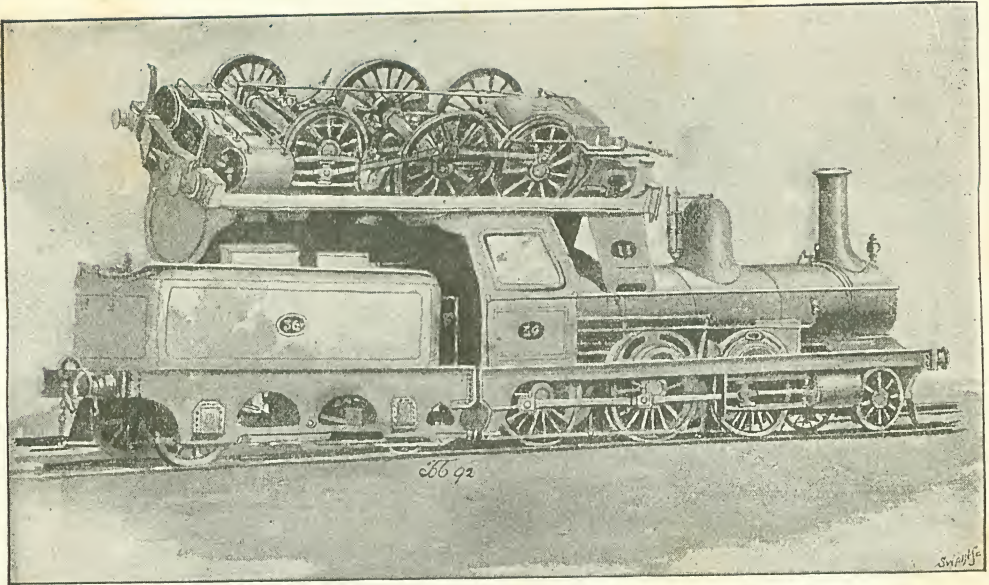


If any of our readers should come across any "Vegetable Oddities" of this kind, we shall be pleased if they will send them to us for inspection, so that, if they are sufficiently curious, we may illustrate them in these pages.

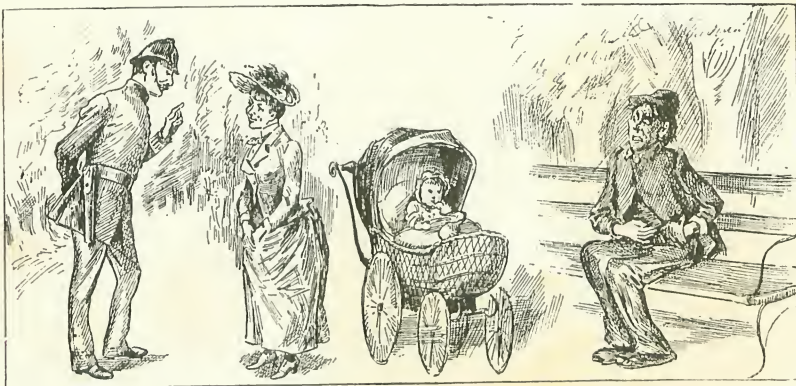








The above illustration gives a most curious result of a locomotive boiler explosion in Norway some time ago. The two engines were standing end to end on the same pair of rails, when the boiler of one exploded, lifting it bodily in the air, at the same time turning it over, till it fell on the adjacent engine, as shown in sketch, which was taken from a photograph.

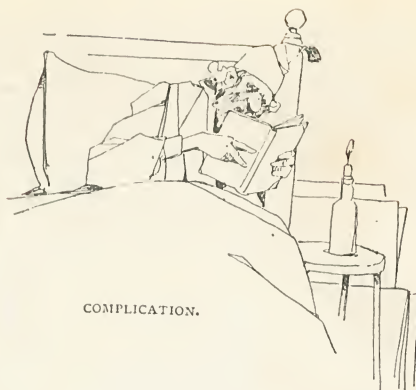


IN THE PARK.



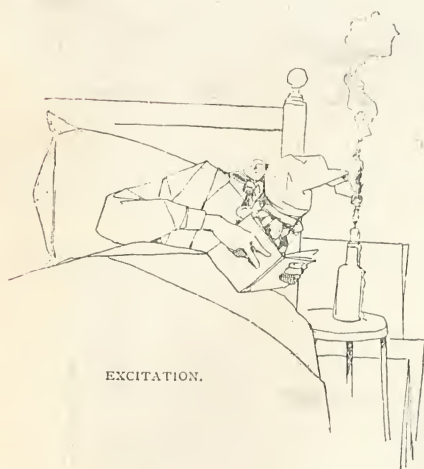
NARRATION.

I.



COMPLICATION.

II.



EXCITATION.

III.



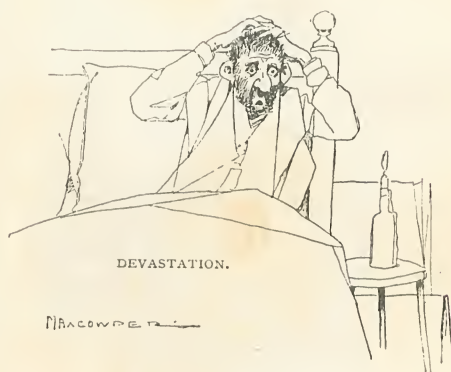
CONFLAGRATION.

IV.



SMOTHERATION.

V.

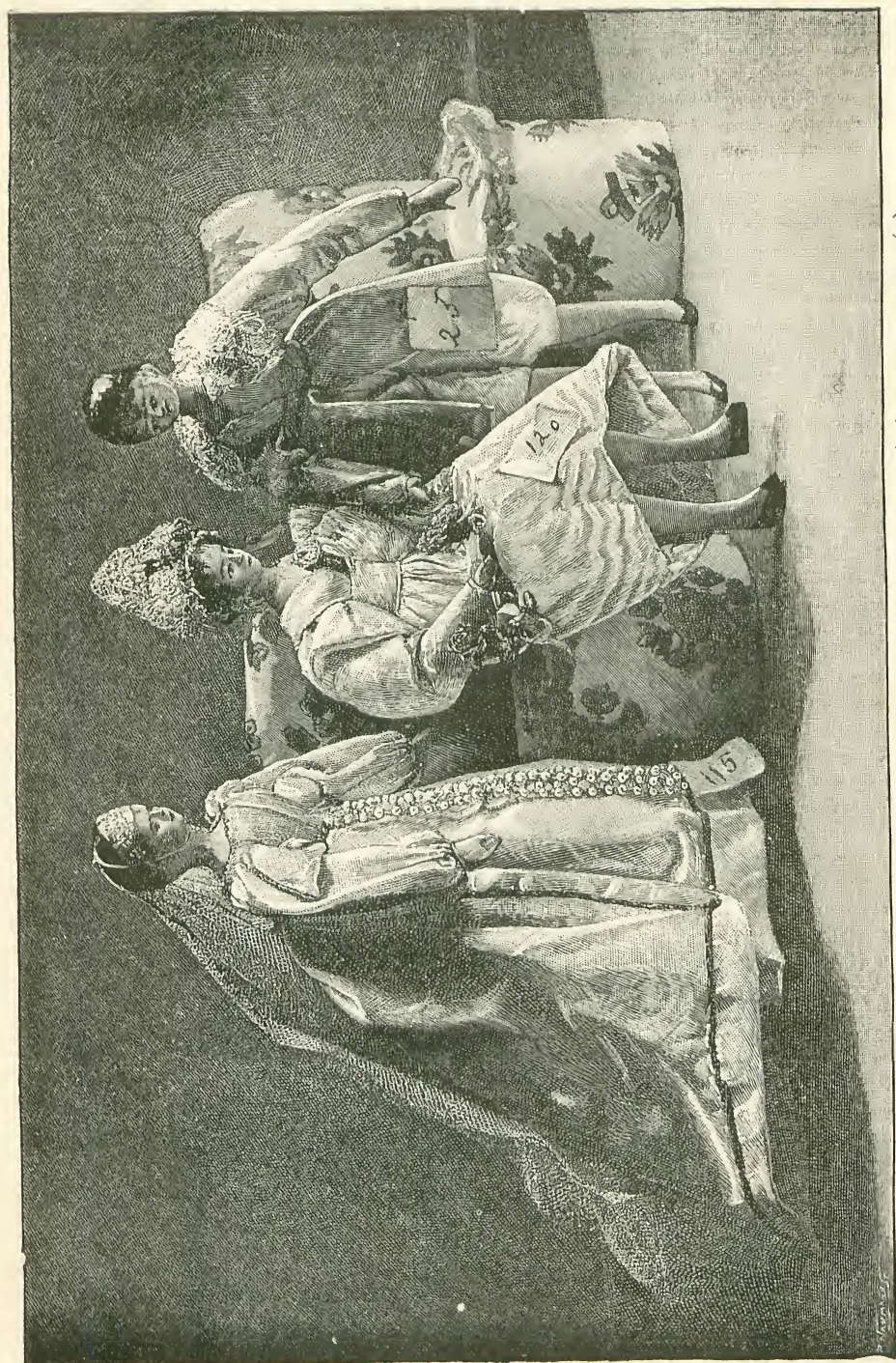


DEVASTATION.

BY A. COWLEY.

VI.

READING IN BED.



COUNT ALMAYIA (25).

COUNTESS OF DERVENTWATER (120).

THE DUCHESS OF FARNA (115).

A GROUP OF THE QUEEN'S DOLLS.

Queen Victoria's Dolls.

[Her Majesty, in addition to giving us every facility for obtaining photographs of her dolls, has been graciously pleased to read and revise this article. Her Majesty's corrections are given in the form of foot-notes.]



FATIMA LADY BRIGHTON (77).

MME. HERBERLÉ (28).

ERNESTINE (23).

LADY ARNOLD (108).

THE instinct that prompts the normal little girl to play the part of mother to her dolls is not the less interesting and charming that it is common to all female infancy; but it becomes something more characteristic when to this is added a touch of art and a strong note of imagination. And if the picture of any little girl amongst her dolls is, one that attracts us, if we delight to discover premonitions of unfolded individuality and winged fancies that will presently bear fruit, how much more absorbing and interesting does this study become when that little player is a child-princess who is at once a child like any other, and yet at the same time how unlike. A little being, as yet unweighted with a crown, yet set apart and shadowed by sovereignty.

We remember the duties and responsibilities awaiting her, the momentous yea and nay that will some day have to be pronounced by those soft young lips; and then is it any wonder that we turn and watch

her amongst her Liliputian subjects, stitching, devising, cutting, and measuring infinitesimal garments, with a feeling that is something deeper than what is usually aroused by a child's play?

An hour spent among the dolls that Queen Victoria played with as a child is not only a liberal education in the evanescent influences and fashions of the early part of this century, but an abiding study of her imaginative infancy. We see the scenes that affected her, the stories that enchanted her, the characters that caught her fancy and left an impress on her imagination; and we see also in these childish achievements the same qualities of self control, patience, steadiness of purpose, and womanliness which have been consistently exercised by Queen Victoria in the prominent part played by her on the theatre of life.

It will be an additional pleasure to the many thousands of readers of *THE STRAND MAGAZINE* to know that Her Majesty has been gracious enough to not only take a warm interest in this little article, but also to

favour them with the following interesting details, which she forwarded through Sir Henry Ponsonby.

"Her Majesty was very much devoted to dolls, and indeed played with them till she was nearly fourteen years old.

"Her favourites were small dolls—small wooden dolls, which she could occupy herself with dressing, and who had a house in which they could be placed.

"None of Her Majesty's children cared for dolls as she did, but then, they had girl companions, which she never had.

"Miss Victoria Conroy (afterwards Mrs. Hanmer) came to see her once a week, and occasionally others played with her, but with these exceptions she was left alone with the companionship of her dolls."

In a *postscript* to the above letter Sir H. Ponsonby adds:—"Since writing the above. I have been informed that it is not correct that 'none of Her Majesty's children cared for dolls,' as the four eldest Princesses were very fond of them."

In a subsequent note Sir Henry adds:—"The Queen usually dressed the dolls from some costumes she saw either in the theatre or private life."

There is, indeed, ample evidence in the care and attention lavished upon the dolls of the immense importance with which they were regarded by their Royal little mistress; and an additional and interesting proof of this is to be found in what one might call the "dolls' archives." These records are to be found in an ordinary copy-book, now a little yellow with years, on the inside cover of which is written in a childish, straggling, but determined handwriting: "*List of my dolls.*" Then follows in delicate feminine writing the name of the doll, by whom it was dressed, and the character it represented, though this particular is sometimes omitted. When the doll represents an actress, the date and name of the ballet are also given, by means of which one is enabled to determine the date of the dressing, which must have been between 1831

and 1833, when, Sir Henry says, "the dolls were packed away."

Of the one hundred and thirty-two dolls preserved, the Queen herself dressed no fewer than thirty-two, in a few of which she was helped by Baroness Lehzen, a fact that is scrupulously recorded in the book; and they deserve to be handed down to posterity as an example of the patience and ingenuity and exquisite handiwork of a twelve-year-old Princess.

The dolls are of the most unpromising material, and would be regarded with scorn by the average Board school child of to-day, whose toys, thanks to modern philanthropists, are of the most extravagant and expensive description. But if the pleasures of imagination mean anything; if planning and creating and achieving are in themselves delightful

to a child, and the cutting out and making of "dolly's clothes" especially, a charm to a little girl only second to nursing a live baby, then there is no doubt that the Princess obtained many more hours of pure happiness from her extensive wooden family than if it had been launched upon her ready dressed by the most expensive of

Parisian *modistes*. Whether expensive dolls were not obtainable at that period, or whether the Princess preferred these droll little wooden creatures, as more suitable for the representation of historical and theatrical personages, I know not; but the whole collection is made up of them, and they certainly make admirable little puppets, being articulated at the knees, thighs, joints, elbows and shoulders, and available for every kind of dramatic gesture and attitude.

It must be admitted that they are not æsthetically beautiful, with their Dutch doll—not Dutch—type of face. Occasionally, owing to a chin being a little more pointed, or a nose a little blunter, there is a slight variation of expression; but, with the exception of height, which ranges from three inches to nine inches, they are precisely the same. There is the queerest mixture of infancy and

*List
of my dolls*

matronliness in their little wooden faces, due to the combination of small, sharp noses, and bright vermilion cheeks (consisting of a

big dab of paint in one spot), with broad, placid brows, over which, neatly parted on each temple, are painted elaborate, elderly, greyish curls. The remainder of the hair is coal black, and is relieved by a tiny yellow comb perched upon the back of the head.



RETICULE.



HANDKERCHIEF.

The dolls dressed by Her Majesty are for the most part theatrical personages and Court ladies, and include also three males (of whom there are only some seven or eight in the whole collection) and a few little babies, tiny creatures made of rag, with painted muslin faces. The workmanship in the frocks is simply exquisite; tiny ruffles are sewn with fairy stitches; wee pockets on aprons (it must be borne in mind for dolls of five or six inches) are delicately finished off with minute bows—little handkerchiefs not more than half an inch square are embroidered with red silk initials and have drawn borders; and there are chatelaines of white and gold beads so small that they almost slip out of one's hands in handling, and one is struck afresh by the deftness of finger and the unwearied patience that must have been possessed by the youthful fashioner. Not nearly

so much care has been, however, expended on the underclothing, which is of the most limited description, many Court ladies having to be content with a single satin slip—the dancers alone, for obvious reasons, being provided (though not invariably) with silk pantaloons.

A whole group of dolls represent characters in the ballet of "Kenilworth," which was performed in 1831 at the famous King's Theatre. It would be interesting to know whether Her Majesty was herself taken to the opera,* or whether the costumes were described to her, or whether the knowledge was obtained from prints,† which latter theory, owing to the minuteness of detail, seems the most probable.

To this set the Princess Victoria contributed two of the characters, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and Amy Robsart in riding costume.‡

The Earl of Leicester (1), who presents a distinctively masculine physiognomy, owing to the addition of painted black moustaches and whiskers, and the absence of a back comb, is attired in pink satin hose, slashed with white silk, a white satin tabbed tunic with pink satin slashings, and a white lace ruffle. On his breast he wears the blue ribbon of

NOTES BY THE QUEEN.

* She went to the opera and saw the ballet, of which she was very fond, several times.

† None existed.

‡ Not riding costume.



THE EARL OF LEICESTER (1).



AMY ROBSART (51).



QUEEN ELIZABETH (27).

COUNTESS OF JEDBURGH (69).

Mlle. BROCARD (105).
Mlle. ROSALIE TAGLIONI (9).

the Garter; and though he has no hat, probably a broad-brimmed velvet hat, with curling white plumes, found loose in the doll box, is his property.

Amy Robsart (51), who was played in the ballet by Mlle. Brocard, a very popular dancer of the period, has a long, narrow riding habit of green satin, with a short habit bodice of the same material trimmed with a narrow gold line down the front, and coming to a point at the waist. Her sleeves are tight, and she wears a large broad-brimmed black velvet hat of the "Di Vernon" shape, with white curling feathers falling on to her forehead. This is one of the most realistic of all the dolls, and the dress was no doubt an exact reproduction of the one worn by the actress.

Queen Elizabeth (27) in this ballet (dressed by Baroness Lehzen) is magnificently attired in a robe of gold tinsel stuff with puffed sleeves and a heavy girdle of gold beads. Her long round train hanging from her shoulder is made of the same material trimmed with ermine and lined with bright crimson plush, as are also her shoes. Round her neck she wears pearls; and a wonderful little crown of crimson plush, with points of gold paper festooned with pearls, adorns the Royal head.

There is also a representation of the Countess of Leicester (2), probably in the famous grotto scene where she appears before the Queen when she comes to seek the Earl.

Lovers of "Kenilworth" will remember how Amy, after her long ride and *rencontre* with Lambourne, escapes to the grotto, and is horrified at her appearance reflected in the basin of the fountain there. Scott tells us how, "reasoning like a woman to whom external appearance is scarcely in any circum-



THE COUNTESS OF LEICESTER (2).

stances a matter of unimportance, and like a beauty who had some confidence in the power of her own charms, she laid aside her travelling cloak and capotaine hat.

The dress she wore under these vestments was somewhat of a theatrical cast, so as to suit the assumed personage of one of the females who was to act in the pageant." She wears a white silk petticoat embroidered in gold, and a redingote of pink satin also embroidered in gold and trimmed with green satin. The front of her bodice is low and resembles a stomacher, with trimmings of gold embroidery to match the petticoat. The sleeves are very striking, and, so far as I know, are not in Elizabethan style. There are tight, very much puffed under sleeves of white satin, over which are large open wings of pink satin embroidered in green satin thread. The accessories of this beautifully dressed lady include a crown of gold paper ornamented with gold and green beads, a high lace ruffle, several rows of tiny pearls to which a cross of gold beads is attached, and white leather shoes with gold rosettes.

Now and again one comes across a genuine Dutch face, which has been obviously recognised by the Princess or her attendants, and its possessor characteristically attired as a Dutch peasant. There is the quaintest little doll imaginable, called Ernestine (23), which, according to the doll-book, "was brought from Berne."

Unlike the other dolls, it is made of white leather, is about four inches in height, and the same in breadth. She is a little squat, dumpy

woman, with a huge waist and a squareness of countenance and figure and frock that is irresistibly humorous. Her short, full black skirt, edged with red, her green-striped silk apron, muslin chemisette, frilled cape, black velvet stomacher and braces give the buxom little woman an absurd air of reality and familiarity, sending your mind instantly to Swiss figures and scenes.

But to return to the dolls clothed by Her Majesty, naturally the chief interest to most of us. Male characters seem to have been especial favourites, though they are by no means so elaborately cared for as the ladies.

Count Almaviva (25) is, as will be remembered, one of the principal male characters in "The Marriage of Figaro" and in "The Barber of Seville," both of which operas were frequently played about this period. He looks a very dashing Count indeed in baggy white silk breeches, a long sky-blue satin frock coat finished off with a lace ruffle, and on his head a circular broad-brimmed hat of blue satin, adorned with blue and silver striped ribbon and a crown of frilled white muslin.

Monsieur Musard (54), "dressed by Princess Victoria," is, I think, the only doll with an unmistakable man's face. He is evidently a clown, and has the brightest of yellow silk pantaloons, baggy sleeves, a short blue silk jacket, and a fascinating little lace frill.

Some of the lady dancers are charming. There is Mlle. Pauline Duvernay (17). Who does not remember Thackeray's raptures about Mlle. Duvernay?—"When I think of Duvernay prancing in as the Bayadère, I say it was a vision of loveliness such as mortal eyes can't see nowadays. How well I remember the tune to which she used to appear! Kaled used to say to



ERNESTINE (23).



M. MUSARD (54).



Mlle. DUVERNAY (17). Mlle. EUPHROSINE ANCILIN (20).

peared in the ballet of "L'Anneau Magique," in 1832 — "made by Princess Victoria." It is of white satin covered with white Spanish net, and has on each side of the skirt tiny panels made of white satin piping, tied at each end with infinitesimally small bows of white ribbon, and ornamented about half way up with tiny bunches of pink roses. The beautiful precision and symmetry of the bows and panels; the delicate finish of every part of the dress; the care with which the silver coronal and wreath of pink roses have been disposed on the head, constitute a piece of work which is, in its way, if one may use so big a word, a little "masterpiece" that would satisfy and gladden the heart of Mr. Ruskin.

The wreaths and ribbons are, I think, quite unique, and I should feel disposed to the belief that they were manufactured for this especial purpose.

the Sultan: 'My lord, a troop of those dancing and singing girls, called Bayadères, approaches,' and to the dash of cymbals and the thumping of my heart, in she used to dance. There has never been anything like it—never. There never will be." Well, I say, when these words come into one's mind at the sight of the word Duvernay, it is natural to give this young lady a longer glance. The Queen has dressed her, not as she sprung upon Thackeray's bewitched gaze, but as she appeared in the ballet of the "Sleeping Beauty," in a fairy-like robe of white tarlatan, shining with tiny glittering shapes cut out of green, gold, and crimson tinsel. Pearls encircle her fair neck, and there are the remains of some sort of *coiffure* upon her head.

A robe with an immense amount of needlework in it and of the most artistic order (30) is worn by "Mrs. Dudley, formerly Mlle. Leon-tine Héberlé," as she ap-

peared in the ballet of "L'Anneau Magique," in 1832 — "made by Princess Victoria." It is of white satin covered with white Spanish net, and has on each side of the skirt tiny panels made of white satin piping, tied at each end with infinitesimally small bows of white ribbon, and ornamented about half way up with tiny bunches of pink roses. The beautiful precision and symmetry of the bows and panels; the delicate finish of every part of the dress; the care with which the silver coronal and wreath of pink roses have been disposed on the head, constitute a piece of work which is, in its way, if one may use so big a word, a little "masterpiece" that would satisfy and gladden the heart of Mr. Ruskin.



LADY NEWPORT (111). MRS. DUDLEY (30). PAULINE LEROUX (39)



Mlle. PROCHE (40).

TAGLIONI (14)

ARABELLA SEDLEY (132).

quarter of an inch in breadth, and is composed of two, and sometimes three, shades of colour, in the softest pinks, yellows, mauves, and blues. As for the wreathing, it is an artistic triumph. Each little pink or yellow rose, which would lie easily on a threepenny piece, has its neatly adjusted green centre and stalk and accompanying leaves, all of which in their turn are cut and shaped with wonderful skill.

Several of the dolls are dressed in the different characters taken by the celebrated Marie Taglioni and her sisters* in the ballets of "La Bayadère," "La Sylphide," and "William Tell."†

The Princess must at an early age have been expert with her knitting needles,‡ for the ballerina, as a Tyrolean peasant in "William Tell" (14), wears neat little pink and blue stockings and nicely fitting white shoes. She has a short crimson silk skirt edged with bands of green and gold braid, a bodice of crimson and gold brocade with short sleeves of white muslin, and the most coquettish of muslin and lace aprons. There is another doll representing Taglioni in "La Sylphide" (10), dressed by Baroness Lehzen in a very much abbreviated muslin dress, which is, however, of less consequence when we perceive she has charming little gossamer wings painted in white and gold. A silver wreath is pinned on her hair (see page 233). She again appears dressed by the Baroness as a peasant§

in "La Bayadère" (7), and is a romantic and picturesque figure in her scarlet stomacher, wee scarlet tippet and big blue velvet capote with bunches of pink roses.

The number and variety of the Liliputian mummers set one wondering whether the



TAGLIONI (7).

DUCHESS OF ORLEANS (124).

NOTES BY THE QUEEN.

* She had none. † In an incidental dance.

‡ No. Baroness Lehzen did the minute work.

§ Dancing girl.

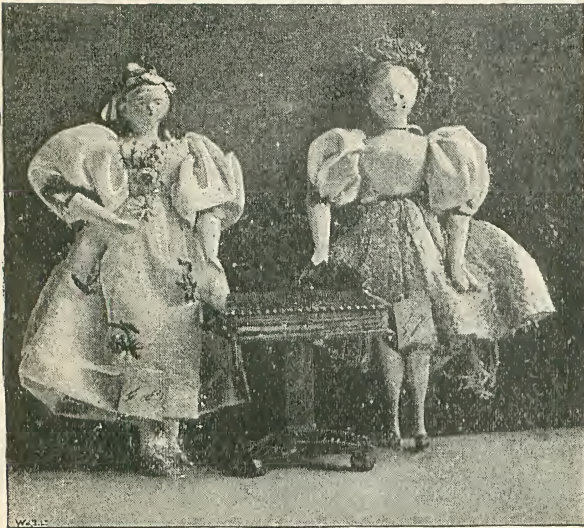
Princess had a miniature theatre, and, if so, whether she arranged her puppets simply as lay figures in tableaux, or whether they acted their parts with make-believe speech and gesture. What a fascinating picture it is of the little painted cardboard theatre, and

what an enviable post for a stage manager ! No discontented "stars," nor fault-finding critics, nor ill-mannered audience, but the most docile and manageable company of lace-bespangled ladies and gentlemen, and the politest of fashionable audiences, com-

so exquisite are the curves and so sure the stitching of blue, violet and grass-green silks with which it is embellished (48).

But the number of dancers is infinite ; there is Mlle. Proche (43) as she appeared in "Un Jour à Naples," in the brightest of yellow silk skirts, with prune-coloured trimmings round the bottom, and bodice also of prune colour. The sleeves are of the lightest and most delicate white lace. The little table at which she is seen standing in our illustration below is a faithful model in mahogany of the tables in fashion at that period. The tiny chair is made of cardboard, covered with light silk by the Princess. Another such chair is to be seen in the illustration which represents Miss Poole (46) ; and again in "La Sonnambula" as the neatest and most bewitching of peasant damsels in a short white silk skirt trimmed with scarlet ribbons, a scarlet cloth stomacher, and a provoking big-brimmed hat of purple velvet and scarlet ribbons (40) ; Mlle. Augusta dancing through the popular "La Bayadère" (37), in white tarlatan and silver ; Sylvie Leconte (44), this time in blue satin and pink and yellow roses.

A member of the "superior sex" dressed by the Princess Victoria is M. Albert (52), probably the celebrated ballet master of the King's Theatre, whose costume puzzles me somewhat, as it seems to have stopped at a very early stage of the proceedings. He is a particularly long, and if one may use the word, "bony," creature, and is airily clad in a single garment made of fine white linen. If there were not other circumstances (to which I shall allude in a moment) it would be proper to assume—as the garment comes but a short way below the waist—that other (forgotten) garments were intended to supplement it. But on a closer inspection I noticed to my surprise that the shift was neatly trimmed at the bottom with rows of the narrowest and palest of blue ribbon, whilst a blue silken sash encircled the waist,



MLLE. SYLVIE LECONTE (48). MLLE. PORPHYRY BROCARD (47).

posed of becomingly-attired Court ladies in the stalls.

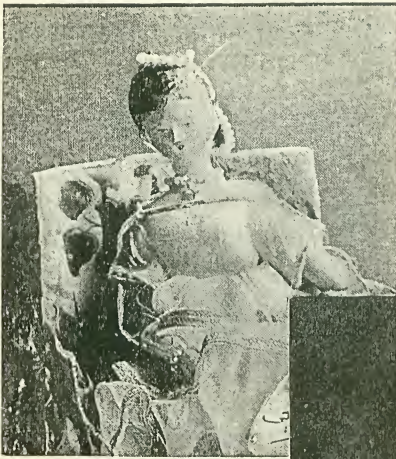
In such a company the splendour of Mlle. Porphyry Brocard's frock would have assuredly entitled her to the position of *première danseuse* (47). She was one of the celebrated sisters and, according to the book, afterwards married the Duke of Lorraine. The Princess has arrayed her in a short silver gauze petticoat and tight white satin bodice with silver spangles ; a gay green garland is on her head, and a gold chain, to which hangs a beautifully-made pocket of white and gold beads, encircles her slender waist. There is an apron worn by one of the dolls dressed by the Queen—as Mlle. Sylvie Leconte, the dancer, who is said to have come second to Taglioni, and who married Prince Poniatowsky—which won my deepest admiration. It might have been woven in elfland, so fragile and fairy-like is the white areophone of which it is wrought, and



MLLE. PROCHE (43).

and a narrow piping of blue drew the fulness into the neck. It is clear then, from this decoration, that M. Albert's somewhat unconventional costume was premeditated.

Mlle. Euphrosine Ancilin (41) is in white satin and muslin, and a muslin apron with the tiniest of pockets worked in silver thread; Mlle. Melanié Ancilin, in white tarlatan and mauve shaded ribbons (42), and Mlle. Celestine, who afterwards became Lady Lenox, in white silk and net and pale blue ribbons (76). Here is the wonderful child-actress, little Miss Poole (46), a tiny doll in a single pink gauze garment of the briefest dimen-



MILLE. AUGUSTA (37).

sions, probably as she appeared in the operetta "Old and Young," singing her famous song of "Meet me by moonlight alone;" and there is Pauline Leroux (39), another of Thackeray's favourites, as she appeared in "Masaniello," a bewitching peasant maiden in fawn and pule blue—to all of which the indefatigable little Princess played the part of costumière. (See page 228.)

Then Baroness Lehzen contributes Fatima Lady Brighton (77) as Miss Cawse appeared in "Azor and Zemira," a very popular opera, founded upon the old fairy story of Beauty and the Beast.

Fatima is the material-minded elder sister who asked her father to bring back rich silks, and whose love of gorgeous apparel



MILLE. LECONTE (44)

is shown in her dress of brilliant yellow silk, the petticoat and corsage of which are edged with a silky, fluffy white fur. At the back there is a big scarlet satin panier, and there are puffed sleeves of the same silk. (See page 223.) Minetta, Mlle. Brocard (105), in the "Maid of



MILLE. MELANIÉ ANCILIN (42).

M. ALBERT (52).

MILLE. EUPHROSINE ANCILIN (41)

Palaseau," is in rose-coloured silk and jewels, and there are a whole host of sprightly nymphs in white satin and muslin, and



MRS. MARTHA, HOUSEKEEPER (82).

ribbons and rosettes and roses. (See page 226.)

There is a surprising variety of hats and bonnets and caps. A prince of caps is worn by "Mrs. Martha, Housekeeper" (82). She is a bigger and more substantial doll than the rest, with a fat, round, good-humoured face, a broad nose, and an air of prosperous complacency which send your thoughts back to oak chests, lavender-pressed sheets, and the attractive "family housekeeper" of a certain type of domestic novel. Her dress is as appropriate and "real" as it could be; a long, full, white lawn frock, full bodice, with sleeves drawn in at the wrist, and a long pinked-out apron of that delicious old-fashioned shade of deep rich purple which is

almost unknown in modern stuffs. A white net cap, with white lace frills and flying pink ribbons, is tied on under her round chin; and if there were many such pleasant-faced, buxom housekeepers in the olden days, it is no wonder that the romancers make so much of them.

The prettiest and most perfect thing in the way of hats is a cream satin one the name of which I know not, though it often figures in French pictures of eighteenth century belles. It has a very broad brim, narrowing to the side, and a crown which rises high and broad at the back and slants down towards the front. The broad brim is lined with pink satin, and narrow pink ribbon is twisted about the crown and tied into a big bow at the left side, the corresponding side having a knot

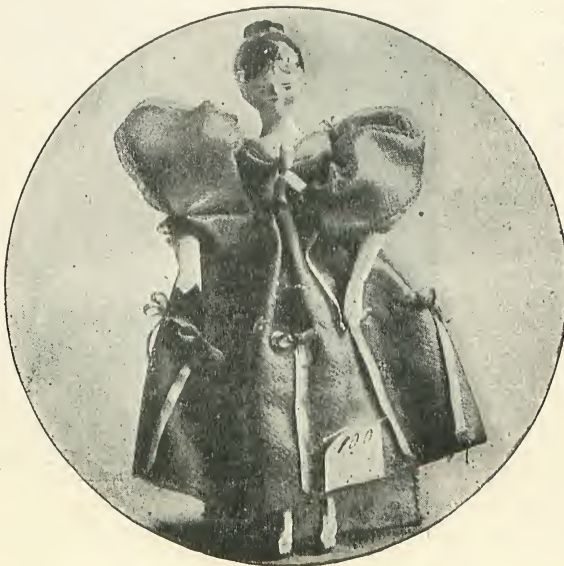


LADY BULKLEY'S HAT (107).

of lace and pink ribbon—together a very smart and dashing piece of millinery.

A much more sober piece of goods—but quite as beautifully made—is a white watered silk hat worn by Lady Bulkley (107). It is smaller in shape, with a broad brim narrowing behind, and a crown which is square and high in front and low and narrow behind. It is elegantly trimmed with Spanish lace and white roses, and has white lace lappets tied with white ribbons. Both hats are firmly made on cardboard and are neatly lined and finished.

There is a



LADY ARNOLD (100).



PRINCESS COLLOROWSKY (128). MME. SYLPHIDE TAGLIONI (10). LADY ARNOLD (80). LADY BULKLEY (107).
LADY PAULINE (110). STAGE SOLDIER (131). VICTORINE (22).

peasant's cap worn by Mlle. Rosalie Taglioni (8) which would ravish the heart of any little girl. It is fashioned of violet velvet trimmed with narrow gold braid, and has projecting out on either side two Liliputian gold pins with real round golden knobs. Phillippa Countess of Jedburgh (69) wears an opera hat of exactly the same kind as was worn by Court ladies to the theatre in the early part of this century. It is made of black velvet with an immense brim, which is bound with pink cord, and is trimmed with pink marabout feathers both outside and inside the brim. (See page 226.)

All the Court ladies, in contradistinction to the ladies of the ballet, have moderately long full skirts, and, as a rule, low pointed bodices and gigot sleeves—and there is not a sign of the flounces and crinolines so much worn immediately before Queen Victoria's accession, and again later.

Lady Arnold (100) seems to have been one of the Princess's favourites, as she appears in at least five different costumes. She looks particularly well in a full-skirted, short-waisted dress of pale yellow crape trimmed with knots of shaded mauve ribbon of the most delicate colour (made by the Princess). The same



HÉLOISE DUCHESS
OF GUIDO (130).

LADY SHREWSBURY (50).

LADY NINA
MORTON (96).

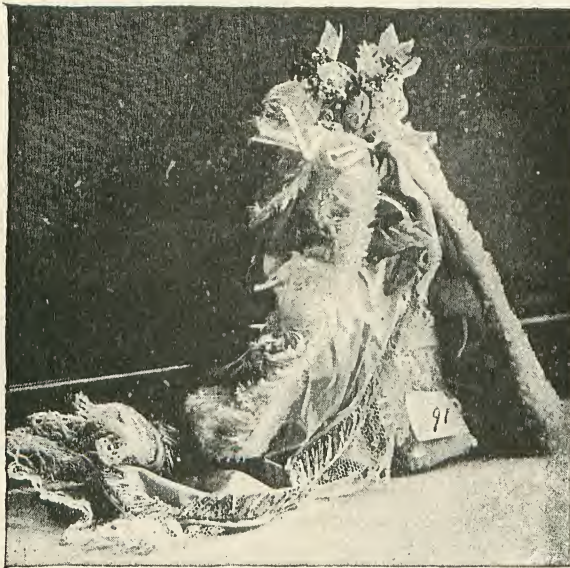
EUGENIE,
MME. DAHALIG (129).

REIZA COUNTESS OF
DEFTFORD (75).CLORINDA COUNTESS OF
NEWTON (89).ELGIVA DUCHESS OF
WARWICK (71).

lady is also attired in a curious old-fashioned style of dress, not altogether unlike the Russian tunic of to-day. It is a straight scanty gown of white lawn, and resembles a nightdress with a flounce at the bottom. Over it there is a sort of paletot reaching below the knees, which fastens in front and has a frill round the bottom, and a sash of white ribbon confining the waist. It is curious and quaint, and has an old-world air (80), but it must be confessed it belongs to the kingdom of dowdism, and looks odd amongst the pointed bodices and full skirts of the smarter Court dames.

A beautifully robed *grande dame* (the part of Court milliner being played by the Princess) is Lady Shrewsbury (50), in white silk with a magenta satin train from the shoulder, and a Medici collar of Spanish lace with

pearl ornaments. A crimson plush turban adorned with pearls surmounts her temples, and gives her a majestic and awe-inspiring appearance.



COUNTESS OF CLAREMONT (91).

Another superb personage is Catherine Countess of Claremont (91), whose cloak of pink satin edged with ermine, and having a deep pelerine of the same fur, is of the most costly description. The sumptuousness of her toilette is increased by a long pink satin train embroidered in silver, and an elaborate head-dress of white net, lace, and gold flowers. Several of the ladies (pro-

bably those of maturer age, as the fashion for young married ladies to wear caps was rather earlier) wear becoming caps of net and ribbons with their evening toilettes; and one cannot help wishing that modern elderly ladies adopted the practice, for what could be more becoming than the one that graces



MISS CONSTANCE
FORSTER (49).

ISABELLA LADY
PULTENEY (97).

ELFRIDA LADY
BEDFORD (70).

the head of the Duchess of Warwick (71), or the elegant and at the same time sedate affair worn by the Countess of Derwentwater (120), whose dress of white corded silk, festooned with bunches of yellow roses and pale blue ribbon, is made

head at present, but there are signs that flowers—possibly a wreath of orange-blossom—once rested there. (See frontispiece.)

Several tiny dolls, representing the children of various aristocratic personages, are dressed by the Princess with a simplicity that would



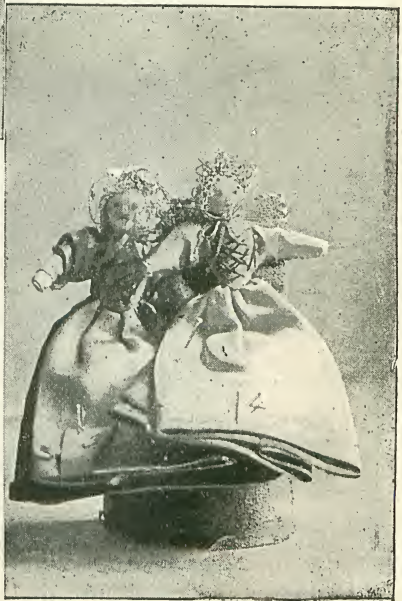
CHILDREN OF ISABELLA LADY
PULTENEY (98 AND 99).



with admirable taste by the Princess? (See frontispiece.)

There is a lady, Harriet Arnold, Duchess of Parma (115), who seems to have been very frequently married; and it is on one of the four happy occasions when she figured in bridal costume that she appears

in this gallery, dressed by Princess Victoria—presumably whilst the lady is still in the summer of youth. For she wears the maiden's wedding gown of white satin, with a long white net veil falling from the back of her head, in two ends, to her feet. Only a plain silver band adorns her



CHILDREN OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF
DUDLEY (3 AND 4).

as much delight the Rational Dress Society as it would pain the æsthetic sensibilities of a Parisian mother. There are the little Pulteneys, daughters of Lady Pulteney, who is herself ex-



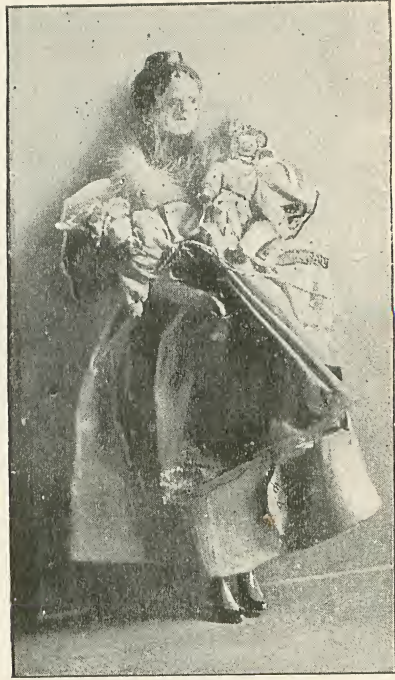
VISCOUNTESS STUART (93).

quisitely attired by the Princess in white silk, strewn with tiny flowers of pink ribbon (97)—wearing sensible, full, loose frocks of checked silk (98 and 99); another little child, the daughter of a Countess, is in a flowing frock of yellow silk with a sash (61); whilst in curious contrast to these young persons are two quaint little children (3 and 4), designated in the book as the children of the Earl and Countess of Dudley.

They wear the elaborate costume that babies wore early in the eighteenth century, with long white satin skirts reaching below their feet, and short pointed bodices, one of blue the other of pink satin, with long coats to match, and tight, close-fitting little caps.

This does not nearly exhaust the galaxy of fair Court

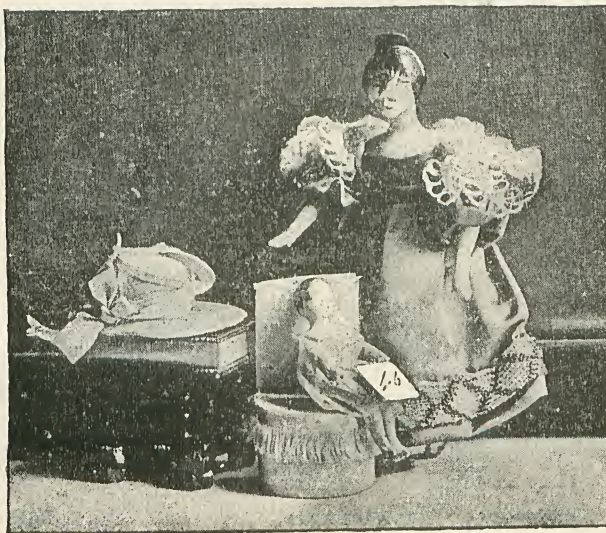
ladies, but I hope I have given sufficiently exact details to give my readers some notion of the ingenuity and taste and thought and artistic skill that have been expended upon their costumes, no two of which are



COUNTESS OF ROTHESAY, AND CHILDREN (66).

precisely similar, there being always some slight distinction in the colour or mode of

trimming, or the fashioning of a sleeve or apron (aprons, it must be remembered, played an important part in a fashionable lady's toilette in those days), which gives individuality to the wearer. A moment's glance at the style of decoration employed in Lady Agathina Arnold's skirt (100), and that of Lady Nina Morton



MISS POOLE (46) DUCHESS OF WORCESTER (38).

(96), will give a better idea of this rich variety in ornamentation than pages of description. Both skirts are made by the

looking elderly gentleman in wide green trousers and a long, snuff-coloured overcoat, with a turn-down collar opening at the neck to show a blue waistcoat.

There is a curious and mirth-inspiring Court group consisting of a stately lady, Alice Countess of Rothesay (66), in white satin and a white boa, who holds in each arm a long-clothes baby. The tiny creatures are



MISS ARNOLD (81).

Princess, but in one the trimming is a long line of narrow ribbon extending from the hem of the skirt to about half way, where it is finished off with loops, whilst in the other the scheme is a groundwork of crimson satin dotted with white silk rosettes.

Quite different again are Viscountess Stuart's (93) pink and green silk embroidered robe, Lady Newport's (111) pink satin gown with a somewhat crude hand-painted border in blue and green (see page 228), and the Duchess of Worcester's (88) costume of yellow satin with puff sleeves shrouded with Spanish net, all of which are either wholly or partially dressed by the Princess.

Amongst the Court personages I must not forget Sir William Arnold, a comical-



POMONA DUCHESSE DE CONDÉ (62).

evidently twins, though one infant is attired in satin with a white silken girdle, whilst the other wears humble lawn. Perhaps they are boys, and the satin baby is the heir.

Another queer little personage is a "stage soldier" (131), in white duck trousers and a scarlet coat trimmed in military fashion with gold braid. (See page 233.)

But the most lovable creature in the whole collection is a Miss Arnold (81). She is just a sweet natural young girl—a gentlewoman every inch of



MINETTE BROCARD (18). MADAME ZEPHYRINE GALESTIE (38).

her—in the simplest of white muslin frocks with a faintly tinted lilac sash and neck ribbon. Over her shoulders is a lace fichu reaching in long ends to her feet. You forget for an instant about wooden joints and painted cheeks; and, peering beneath her coal-scuttle bonnet, look eagerly for the fair and serious face that goes along with this Puritan maiden. What a bewitching thing this poke bonnet is, too, of rich yellow straw, trimmed with an artist's eye for colour, in severe lines of purple ribbon tying under the demure chin! Was Miss Arnold's name Priscilla or Dorothy, and were all the young dandies sighing for this charming lady, and did she get love-letters and verses about broken hearts and Cupid by the score?

How absurd it seems that such an idea should be evoked by a common twopenny Dutch doll, and how some people will scoff; but I declare that there is something not easily definable about this young creature which would touch the least sentimental of persons.

There are, as we have seen, several little tables and chairs covered in silk and chintz, and some fascinating tiny bead trinkets and little crystal tea services of the kind sold in boxes some

twenty years ago, but which are very difficult to procure nowadays. One of these services, set out upon a tiny table, is here represented. The two ladies who are standing at the table are Madame Proche Brocard as she appeared in the ballet of "Kenilworth" in 1831-33; and Madame Zephyrine Galebstie (38).

This, I think, ends my pleasant task, though a word of mention must be made of a small white satin cradle, made from a cardboard box, containing another set of twins, perhaps the little Rothesays (86); and of a numerous variety of satin quilts edged with lace, and silk and satin cushions, no doubt used for the drawing-room sofas.

But the best of descriptions could not convey any idea of the rich coloured silks

and satins of the robes, or of the cunning needle art which has been expended upon their embellishment, or of the delicate fancy which has been employed with the happiest results. I would that every doll-lover, big and little, could get a glimpse of the charming playthings which made happy the childhood of her who is endeared to her subjects

as a good wife, a good mother, and a wise and exemplary ruler. FRANCES H. LOW.



A CRADLE OF TWINS (86).

The Case of Roger Carboyne.

By H. GREENHOUGH SMITH.



HE mysterious and extraordinary circumstances surrounding the death of

Mr. Roger Carboyne have excited so much interest, that it is not surprising that the room in the "Three Crows" Inn, which had been set apart for the inquest, was crowded at an early hour. The evidence was expected to be sensational—and most sensational, indeed, it proved to be. But for the even more remarkable *dénouement* of the case it is impossible that any person present could have been prepared.

The jury having returned from viewing the body, and the Coroner having taken his seat, the Court immediately proceeded to call witnesses.

Mr. Lewis George Staymer, the dead man's friend and companion, whose name had been in everybody's mouth during the last three days, was of course the first to be examined, and his appearance obviously excited the strongest curiosity. He is a young man of twenty-five, tall, dark, and wearing a slight black moustache. His marked air of self-possession, and his quiet and direct mode

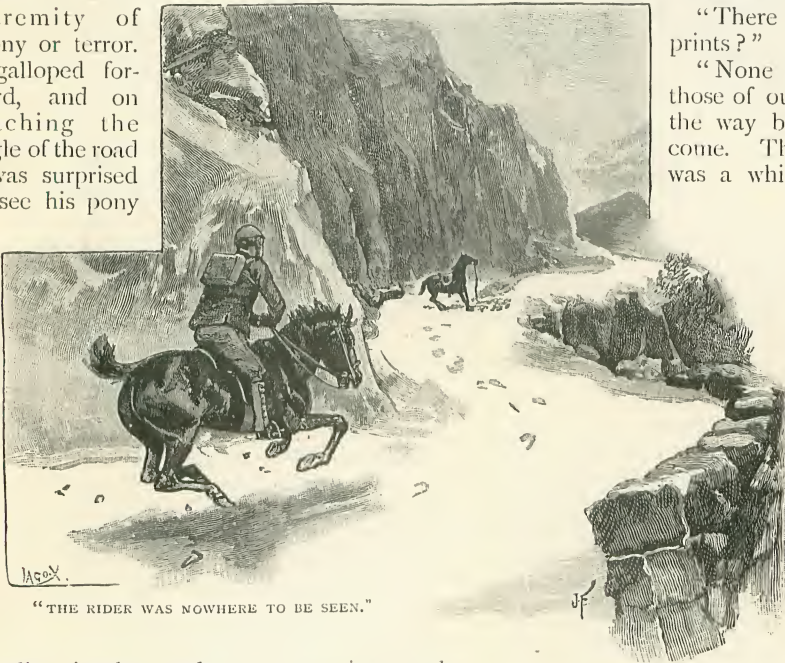
of giving his evidence, were manifestly those of a man who had no other motive than to relate the facts exactly as they happened. His testimony, which it will be seen confirmed in every respect the extra-

ordinary rumours with which the public are familiar, was as follows:—

"My name is Lewis George Staymer. I am a medical student, studying at London University and at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Mr. Carboyne was a fellow student with me; he was two years older than myself, and we were fast friends, attending the same lectures, and generally spending our vacations together. Ten days ago we arranged to spend our Easter holidays on a riding tour on ponies through North Wales. We started on March 15th, and carried out our programme, day by day, until the 21st—last Friday. On the afternoon of that day we mounted our ponies at the door of the inn where we had stopped for lunch, the 'Golden Harp,' at Llanmawr, and rode forward on our way; it was then about half-past two. The weather was fine, but very cold for the time of year, and the ground was whitened by a light fall of snow. It must have been nearly five o'clock when a

"WE RODE FORWARD ON OUR WAY."

slight accident to one of my stirrup-leathers forced me to dismount. I called to my companion to ride on, and that I would overtake him immediately, and he did so. The road at that point runs along the mountain side, between a lofty cliff upon the left and a precipitous descent upon the right—but the path is broad and smooth, being, I should say, from ten to fifteen yards wide, and in no way dangerous. About fifty or sixty yards from the spot where I dismounted the path turned at a sharp angle round a point of rock and became lost to sight. I happened to look up, while still engaged upon the stirrup leather, and I saw my friend disappear round the angle of the road. As soon as I had finished my work, which took me somewhat longer than I had expected, I remounted, and was about to follow him when I was startled to hear his voice cry out for help. It was a shriek—a single ringing scream—uttered as if in extremity of agony or terror. I galloped forward, and on reaching the angle of the road I was surprised to see his pony



"THE RIDER WAS NOWHERE TO BE SEEN."

standing in the roadway, some sixty yards ahead, with the saddle empty. The rider was nowhere to be seen."

"What time had elapsed since he left you?"

"I should say about four or five minutes—possibly six—but not more than that, I feel sure."

"What did you do next?"

"I rode forward, calling his name loudly, and casting my eyes in all directions; but I could see no trace of him, nor of any living

creature. The cliff, which at that point formed a deep bay, round which the roadway ran to the corresponding angle at the other extremity of the arc, was as steep and naked as a wall; on the other hand was the precipice. When I reached the spot at which the pony stood, I perceived that it was trembling, as if strongly startled; it made no effort to escape. One of the stirrups was lying across the saddle; the other was hanging in the usual position. I saw nothing else unusual about the pony, but on casting my eyes upon the snowy roadway I perceived marks as if a struggle had taken place there."

"What was the position of these marks?"

"They were in front of the pony, on the forward track, and appeared as if some heavy body had been dragged for a distance of eight or ten yards. Then the marks ceased abruptly; the snow all round was absolutely undisturbed."

"There were no foot-prints?"

"None whatever, except those of our two ponies on the way by which we had come. The road in front was a white sheet—it was clear that no one could have passed that way since the snow fell."

"Did the marks extend to the edge of the precipice?"

"Oh, no; they did not stretch in that direction at all. The snow between them and the verge of the precipice was absolutely smooth and unbroken."

"Did you approach the verge?"

"Yes; I did. I looked over and saw something white fluttering on the branches of a tree which sprouted from a crevice a few yards below. It was Mr. Carboyne's handkerchief; I knew it by the peculiar coloured border. I had seen him use it that morning. I could not discern the bottom of the chasm, which was hidden by the branches of the trees growing at the base.

The fall was almost sheer and quite impossible to descend. I was greatly agitated, and for some moments was at a loss what to do. I believed my friend lay at the foot of the precipice, but could form no conjecture as to how he could have got there."

"Describe your course of action."

"I returned to the ponies, with the purpose of riding with all speed to find the nearest point of descent, and was in the act of mounting when I saw two men on foot approaching from the angle of the road behind me. They were two working men, and are now in court."

"You rushed to meet them and told them what had occurred?"

"I did. They informed me that I should find a descent about a mile further on, and offered to guide me to the spot. I gladly accepted; we set forward in the direction in which we had been travelling, and had nearly reached the other angle of the bay round which the path again turned, when some heavy object fell from the cliff upon the road, a few yards from us. We darted forward to the spot, and I took it up. It was Mr. Carboyne's field-glass." (Sensation in court.)

"Proceed, Mr. Staymer."

"We all three then looked up and saw, on

the top of a young sapling which shot out almost at right angles to the cliff, a cap hanging. It was about half-way up the cliff—some thirty feet or so."

"You recognised the cap."

"Yes; it was Mr. Carboyne's."

"You formed no idea as to *how it got there?*"

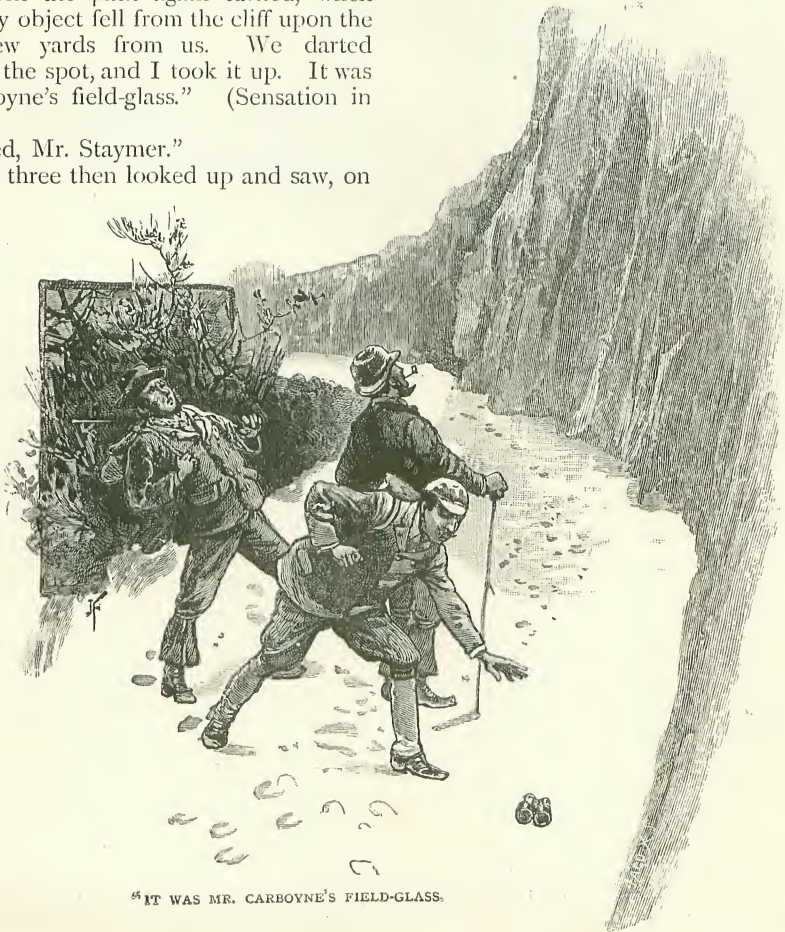
"None. I was completely bewildered, and am still."

"Did you attempt to reach the cap?"

"No—it was impossible to do so. The cliff was sheer wall—a goat could not have found a foothold."

"What happened next?"

"I endeavoured, with the aid of my own glasses, to discover any other trace or clue, but failed to do so. At the top the cliff overhung a little, and then appeared to form a plateau, of which, of course, I could not see the surface. I resolved to ascend to it, and to look down; I hardly know what I



"IT WAS MR. CARBOYNE'S FIELD-GLASS."

expected to gain by this. My companions informed me that by making a *détour* of half-a-mile the summit could be reached. I set off with one instantly, while his comrade stayed below to indicate the spot. After nearly half-an-hour's hard climbing we reached the plateau."

"What did you discover?"

"We discovered the body of Mr. Carboyne." (Renewed sensation.)

"What was its position?"

"It was lying face downwards in the snow, about three feet from the edge of the cliff. It was clear from the marks in the snow that the deceased had originally lain in a position nearly twenty feet further in—that is, further from the edge—and had

"Did you form any opinion as to how the rent was made?"

"No; but it was done by a somewhat blunt instrument; the edges of the rent were ripped—not cut."

"Was anything missing from the body?"

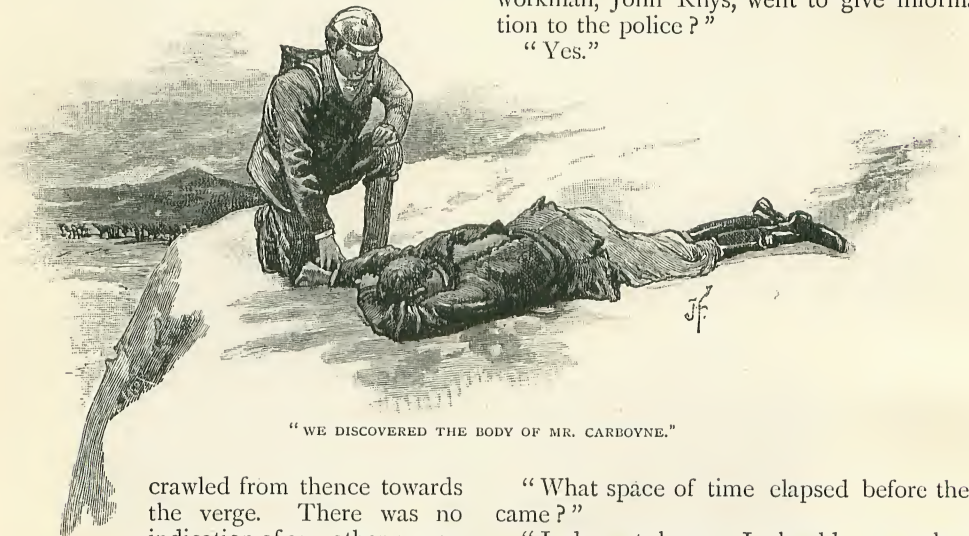
"Yes; the knapsack which deceased wore by a strap across his shou'der had disappeared."

"Anything else?"

"I believe nothing else. His money, which he carried in his breast-pocket, was untouched. His watch and chain were also left, as well as a valuable ring which he always wore, and which was, as I have heard him say, a keepsake."

"You remained with the body while the workman, John Rhys, went to give information to the police?"

"Yes."



"WE DISCOVERED THE BODY OF MR. CARBOYNE."

crawled from thence towards the verge. There was no indication of any other person having been upon the plateau—none whatever."

"The snow was absolutely undisturbed?"

"Absolutely."

"Was the deceased quite dead when found?"

"Yes, quite. He must have died about half-an-hour before."

"You examined him for injuries?"

"I did. I found bruises and abrasions, but no wound sufficient to account for death. The fatal result, as has since been proved, was due, primarily, to shock acting on a weak heart."

"Did you observe any damage to the clothing?"

"Yes. The coat was ripped half-way up the back—that is to say, there was a wide and roughly-torn rent from the middle of the back to just below the collar."

"What space of time elapsed before they came?"

"I do not know—I should guess about two hours."

"During that time did you observe any circumstance which would help to explain how the deceased could possibly have got there?"

"Absolutely none."

"You can form no theory or conjecture on the subject?"

"None whatever. I am completely bewildered, and can only speak to what I saw, without being able to offer any shadow of explanation."

A Juryman: "Do you suggest that the deceased threw the glasses over the cliff in order to attract attention?"

"That is the only explanation that occurs to me. It is almost certain that he was alive at the time they fell; probably he found himself too weak to reach the edge, and therefore threw down the glasses as the first

article that came to hand. He carried them in his side pocket, ready for use."

"Could you identify the missing knapsack if you saw it?"

"Certainly. It was a brown leather knapsack, having the corners bound with brass—a very unusual thing. The strap had been broken and mended with twine."

"You have stated that the snow on the road and also on the plateau showed no footprints of a second person; you are absolutely sure of this?"

"I am absolutely sure."

The witness then stood down.

John Rhys and William Evans, quarrymen, the two men who had come to the assistance of Mr. Staymer, were then called, and confirmed his evidence in every particular, but were unable to throw any new light upon the subject.

Sergeant Wallis, who had been summoned to the scene of the tragedy, was the next witness. He deposed as follows:—

"On receiving notice of the case, I and an assistant rode with all speed to the plateau, where the body of the deceased had been found and where it was still lying. I made a most careful investigation both of the body and of the plateau, and afterwards descended to the roadway, which I also thoroughly examined. I found the marks of a struggle in the snow, as described by the previous witnesses. This is, in my opinion, clearly a case of foul play—of robbery and murder. I infer this from the absence of the knapsack. I am aware, of course, that the money, the watch, and the ring were left. I cannot entirely account for this at present, but I have no doubt of doing so shortly."

"Can you account for the absence of footprints?"

"No."

"Nor for the extraordinary situation in which the body was found?"

"No."

"In short, the police are entirely at fault?"

"Not at all. On the contrary, we have every prospect of arresting the criminal within a very few days."

The Coroner expressed a hope that this would be the case, but hardly seemed to share the sergeant's confidence. He then proceeded to address the jury.

"Gentlemen, I have no hesitation in saying that this is the most remarkable case which I have ever been engaged in investigating. There are three or four points in it which seem to be absolutely unaccountable: the absence of footprints in the snow, the

sudden transference of the victim by some mysterious means from the roadway to the plateau sixty feet above, the handkerchief found in the ravine, and the absence of the knapsack, coupled with the safety of the money, watch, and rings. These circumstances are beyond the scope of my experience, which has been a tolerably long one—a tolerably long one, gentlemen. There can, however, be no doubt that a foul crime has been committed."

At this stage the Coroner's remarks were interrupted by a commotion in the crowd, occasioned by the sudden and violent entrance of a person into the room. The new-comer, a short, middle-aged, grizzled man, who carried a brown-paper parcel under his arm, thrust the spectators excitedly aside, and darted into the midst of the apartment.

The Coroner (angrily): "What do you want, sir? This conduct is most unseemly."

The man took the parcel from under his arm, stripped off the paper covering, and displayed before the eyes of the spectators a brown leather knapsack, brass bound at the corners, and having the strap mended with a piece of twine. At this unexpected sight there was a movement in the crowd, which was as much of horror as of wonder. Sergeant Wallis and Mr. Lewis Staymer took a step forward, while both exclaimed at the same instant—"The missing knapsack!"

"I desire," said the man, quietly, "to give evidence in the case of Mr. Carboyne."

The Coroner: "What do you know of the matter?"

"I know everything."

"As an eye-witness?"

"As an eye-witness."

"You were present when Mr. Carboyne met his death?"

"I was present; nay, more—I was the cause of it." (Sensation.)

"You wish to make a statement?"

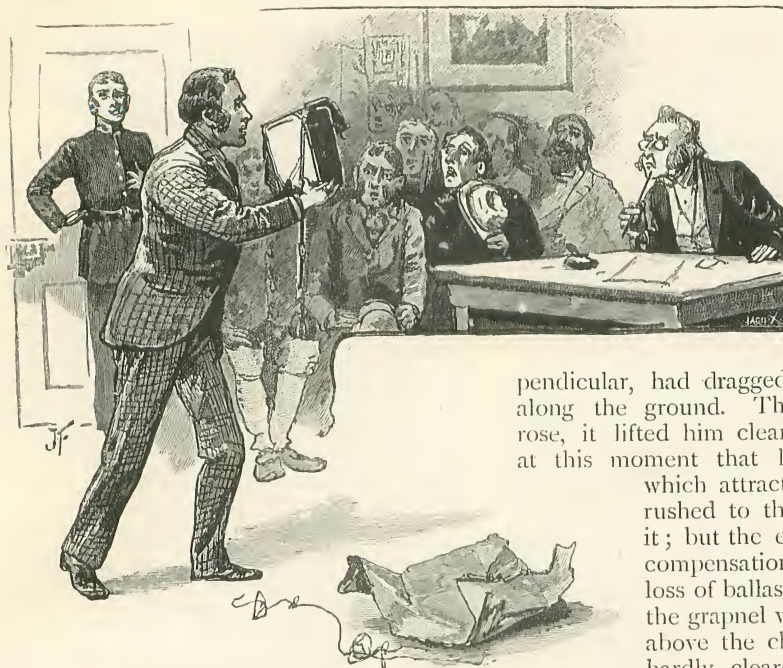
"Yes."

"On oath?"

"Yes."

The witness then took the oath, and at once proceeded to address the Court. His speech was uttered slowly, clearly, and distinctly, and is given here verbatim:—

"My name is James Milford; I am by profession an aeronaut—it is just possible that you may have heard of me. Last Friday—the day on which this sad occurrence happened—I made a private ascent from Chester. I intended to make a journey of a mile or two at most, but when I attempted to descend I found that the escape-valve had



"THE MISSING KNAPSACK!"

stuck fast, and all my efforts to open it were without avail. I must have spent an hour or more in the attempt, during which time I had been driving in a rising wind across North Wales. At last I desisted, and determined to extemporize a valve, as I had done once before, by cutting a small opening in the balloon and thrusting through it the neck of a beer-bottle, broken off, and with the cork still in it. By taking the cork in or out I was enabled to emit or check the flow of gas, and it was not long before I was near enough to the ground to throw out my grapnel. It dragged for some distance along the level summit of a cliff without finding anything to catch on, and finally dropped from the summit into a small bay formed by an indentation in the cliff. I could see the road which ran along the cliff, and a man on horseback riding on it. Almost at the same moment I was menaced by a sudden danger; I saw that I must rise at once at least a hundred feet in order to avoid a pinnacle which lay directly in my path. I thrust the cork into the bottle-neck and threw out every ounce of ballast I possessed, which was about two hundredweight. As I finished I heard a sudden and loud cry beneath me, and, looking downward, was horrified to see that my grapnel in its swing had struck

the rider in the back, and had caught firmly in his coat. The sudden rise of the balloon had taken place at the same instant, and had lifted the rider from the saddle, and then, his weight bringing the slant of the rope to the perpendicular, had dragged him several yards along the ground. Then, as the balloon rose, it lifted him clear off it, and it was at this moment that he uttered the cry which attracted my attention. I rushed to the cork and withdrew it; but the escape of gas was no compensation for the tremendous loss of ballast. In a few seconds the grapnel with its burden were above the cliff, which they had hardly cleared when the cloth in which the grapnel held suddenly gave way, and Mr.

Carboyne fell upon the level summit. The hook of the grapnel had, however, passed under the strap of his knapsack, which it lifted from his shoulders as he fell. I afterwards drew it up into the car, and now produce it. The balloon, released from his weight, shot upwards like an arrow, and in a few minutes he was lost to sight. Before this I could, however, distinctly see his friend searching for him in the roadway, and going towards the verge of the precipice, into which the handkerchief of the deceased had fluttered; it having fallen from him, as did his hat, before the coat gave way. As for me, it was many hours before I could descend, and when I did so I was taken by some peasants swooning from the car. They tended me with every care, but until last night I was too ill to make any attempt to travel. Now, I have come here with all speed, having heard of this inquiry, and knowing that I, and I only, can prevent suspicion from falling on the innocent."

The Coroner (turning to the jury): "Gentlemen, I said just now that this case was the most extraordinary that has ever occurred in my experience, and though Mr. Milford's statement has explained by perfectly natural causes every detail of the mystery, I am bound to say so still."



THE camel is very largely a fraud. That is to say, he contributes his half share to a very large fraud, and the goody-goody natural history books of childhood's days contribute the other half—perhaps rather more than half. First he is a fraud

in the matter of docility—a vile fraud. We read of the kind, patient, intelligent camel, who voluntarily settles on his knees to receive his load, and afterwards carries it for any number of thousands of miles at twenty or thirty miles an hour with nothing to eat

and we approve of the camel and his cheapness.

Then there is a proverb which aids the fraud—most proverbs, by-the-bye, aid a fraud of some sort—a proverb about the last straw breaking the camel's back. What a glamour of oppressed, uncomplaining patience that proverb sets about the camel! You imagine the picturesque but inconsiderate Bedouin, having piled his faithful camel with everything he possesses,

looking about for something else to crown the structure. There are all his tents, blankets, trunks, bags, rugs, hat-boxes, umbrellas, and walking-sticks, with some grocery for Mrs. B. and a wooden horse from the Bagdad Arcade for the little B's. It seems a pity, having a camel, not to load it up enough, so he looks for something else, but can see nothing. Suddenly it strikes him that he has just used a straw to drink a gin-sling, and without for an instant considering what may be the result, he pops it on the top of the rest of the baggage. The patient, loving creature has barely time to give its master one pathetically reproachful look when its back goes with a bang.

Now, this may be the way of the Bedouin, but it isn't the way of the camel. He doesn't wait for the last straw—he won't have the first if he can help it. There's no living thing in the universe that he wouldn't like to bite or kick; and when he isn't engaged in active warfare with creation in general, he is sulking and planning it.

He equally resents being loaded or fed, or banged with a pole. He wants the world for himself, and finding he can't get it, sulks savagely. He has to be shoved forcibly to his knees and tied down by the neck and fore-legs before he is loaded, and while the operation is in progress he grunts and growls like a whole menagerie, and reaches about—he *can* reach—to masticate people. When he is loaded he won't get up—but he will grunt and bite.

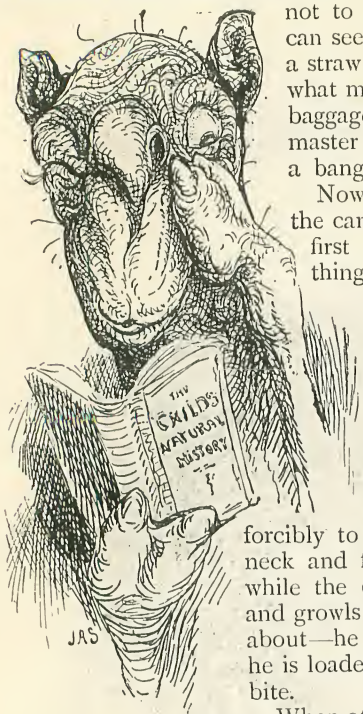
When at last he is persuaded to stand upon his legs he devotes himself to rushing about and scattering his load far and wide—and biting. The unhappy Bedouin's household furniture, hat-boxes, and wooden horse are scattered all over the Syrian Desert, and the unhappy Bedouin himself is worse off than at the beginning; and still the insatiate creature bites. The Bedouin swears—in his own way—hopes that jackals may sit upon the grave of the camel's grandfather, and so forth—and gathers his belongings together preparatory to beginning afresh.

And then, after all this—and supposing that all troubles are overcome and the journey ends without mishap—that delightful camel objects to the

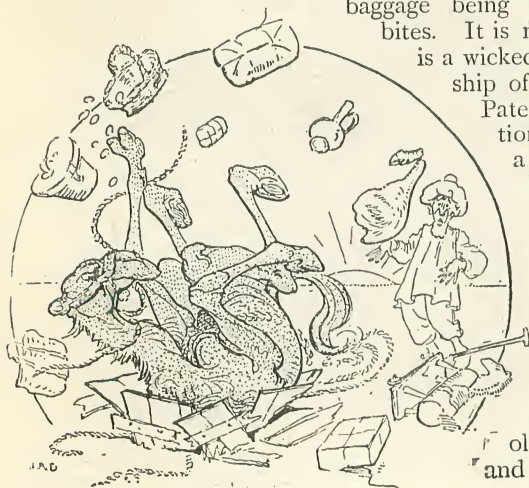
baggage being taken off, and growls and bites. It is not mere poetic imagery, it is a wicked joke to call the camel the

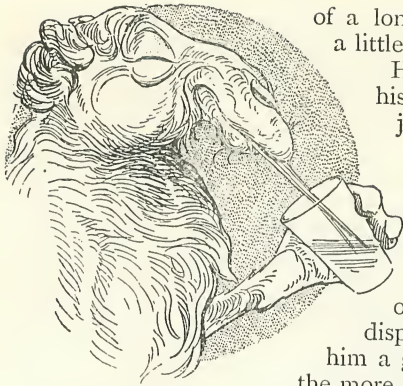
ship of the desert. To call it even the Paterson of the desert would be to cast reflections upon the business conscientiousness of a very respectable firm. One is disposed to be the harder on the camel because of the goody-book fraud, which is a double-barrelled fraud, telling wonderful stories of the camel's speed. As a matter of fact, the ordinary pack-camel, lightly loaded, is barely up to three miles an hour.

He is a provident beast in the matter of drink. He takes a very long drink when he can get it, and saves it, neatly stowed away, against the drought. As a camel gets older and more experienced, he lays by more and more water in this way, arriving in the course



CARTER PATERSON
OF THE DESERT.





A LONG DRINK.

of a long and thirsty life at five or six quarts. If he lived a little longer he would probably add whisky.

He is also provident in the matter of food. He feeds on his hump. I see an opportunity of dragging in a joke just here about a perpetually sulky man doing the same, but I refrain. I take the occasion to renounce and disclaim all intention of saying anything about the morose camel always having the hump, or of his contrary disposition giving him a greater hump the more he has to eat. It is vulgar as well as old.

The only variation in the facial expression of the camel takes place when he eats. Ordinarily the camel wears an immutable, deceptive, stupid, good-natured grin. This is a wise provision of Nature, leading people to trust and approach him, and giving him opportunities to gnaw their faces off with suddenness and less difficulty; or guilelessly to manœuvre the victim near a wall, against which he can rub him and smash him flat.



SECOND.

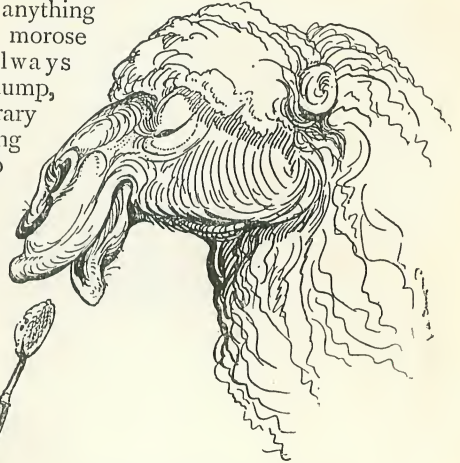
Here at the Zoo probably the first of the camels to attract the visitors' attention is Bob the Bactrian, in his semi-detached villa under the clock.

Bob the Bactrian is a handsome old ruffian when his coat is in full bloom. He sheds twenty-four pounds of hair every year—

and a pound of camel-hair is a good deal. It is frightful to think of the miles of water-colour sketches which might be perpetrated with the brushes made from twenty-four pounds of camel-hair. Self the keeper has sufficient of it by him to weave enough cloth to clothe a regiment—and with good raiment.



FOURTH.



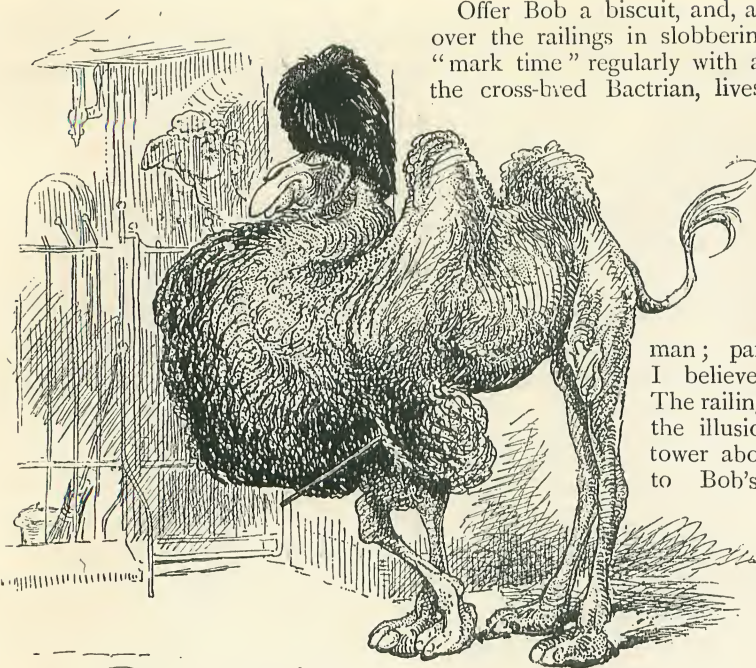
FEEDING: MANNER THE FIRST.

His feeding manners are vulgar, although superior to the tiger's. When he eats he uses his immense lips first as fingers to lift the desired dainty. Then he munches in a zig-zag, using alternately his right upper teeth on his left lower, and *vice versa*, and swinging his lips riotously. And he chucks up his nose, taking full advantage of his length of neck in swallowing.



THIRD.

I think Bob is a little vain of his fine beard and long hair. He poses about in picturesque attitudes when it is in good condition, and nothing short of a biscuit will make him disturb the curve of his neck. Bob is a military character—he came from Afghanistan—and carries out the part with great completeness.



BOB THE BACTRIAN.

inadhesive hair is all his outward show. Poor Bob feels his out-at-elbows state keenly, and lies low. He hides all day in the innermost recesses of his state apartment under the clock, and only ventures forth when the gates of the Gardens are closed, or when Rose is asleep. Sometimes the presence of a piece of biscuit on the floor of his front garden will tempt him sorely for hours, till he ventures forth after it, first looking cautiously about from his door to make sure that he is unobserved.

Neither his periodical seediness of appearance, however, nor anything else under the sun will prevent Bob demanding his meals. He keeps Self the keeper up to his work. If at any time it should occur to him that business in biscuits is becoming slack, or that another meal is due—neither a rare contingency—Bob walks to his back door and kicks with his fore-feet, like a rude boy. The keeper must come then, because Bob's foot never improves a door.

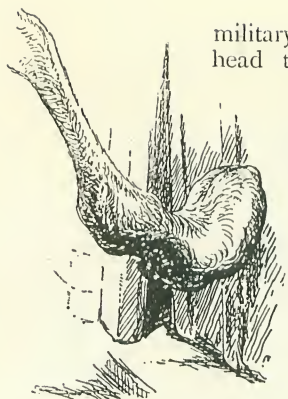
Among Bob's accoutrements a feared and detested place is held by a big leather muzzle, a thing its wearer regards with mingled feelings. He isn't altogether sorry when Self proceeds to buckle it on, because it means that a pleasant walk about the grounds is to ensue. But bitter, bitter, poor Bob's lot to walk among human hands teeming with many buns—buns shut out for ever by that thing of leather! He sees the elephants caressed and fed; Jingo and Jung Perchad amble good-humouredly about, swinging their trunks in affable freedom right and left, and collecting many a pleasant morsel; while he, the magnificent, the bearded, the

Offer Bob a biscuit, and, as he hangs his head over the railings in slobbering expectancy, he will "mark time" regularly with all four feet. Rose, the cross-bred Bactrian, lives next door to Bob, and there is something about the pair, and about their whole environment, that makes one think of them in the characters of an area belle and a fascinating guardsman; particularly as Bob is, I believe, a sort of cousin. The railing between them helps the illusion, just as the clock-tower above them gives a tone to Bob's military bearing—being dimly suggestive of the Horse Guards.

Between Bob in full bloom and Bob in a state of moult, there is a world of difference. A sorry,

ill-upholstered, scraggy shagbag is Bob in his periodical moult. All his beard—all his magnificent frills gone; a bare, mangy hide with a small patch here and there of





"MR. SELF IN?"

military Bob, in that vile nose-cage—but there! He turns his head the other way, and tries to look as though he hated buns. He tries not to see them, but they glisten, gloriously brown and sticky, from all sides—somehow there are always more buns about when that muzzle is on. And Bob becomes a greater misanthrope than is natural to him; which, speaking of a camel, is saying much. But what living thing in all these Gardens could spend half its waking hours in painfully assuming a contempt for buns without becoming a misanthrope?

Rose, who is cross-bred, is, in sheer spite of the hint the word carries, rather an amiable creature, and very rarely cross—for a camel. There has even been no necessity to give her a nose-ring. She is not always of an industrious appearance, having a habit of lying about in an Orientally lazy heap—so Oriental a heap that one instinctively looks for the hookah which Rose ought, in the circumstances, to be smoking.

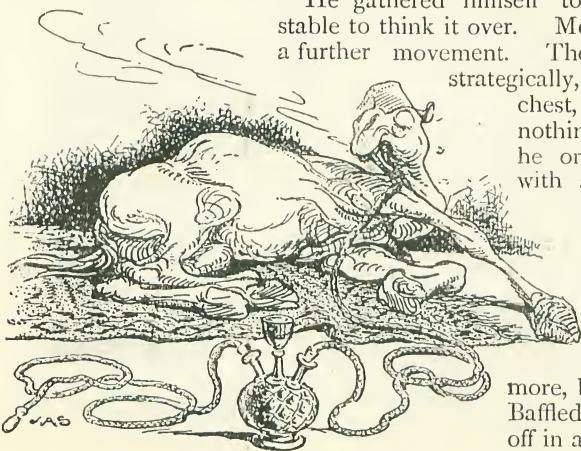
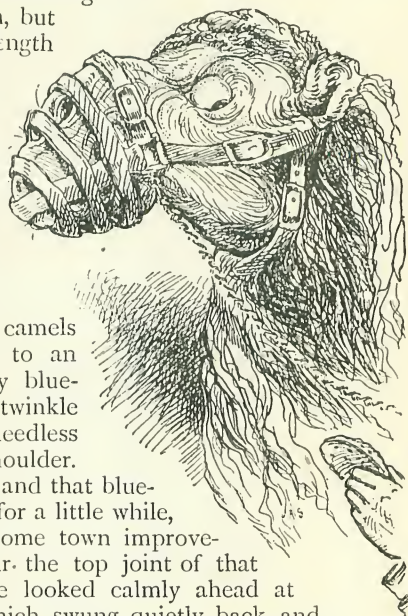
The local flies try a little annoyance now and again, but they have learned a great respect for a camel's length of reach. I remember a country bluebottle—a very raw and self-confident country bluebottle—who made a rash onslaught upon Rose without proper consideration. I knew this fly—I had met him once before, when he madly attempted to burgle a tin picnic box containing nothing.

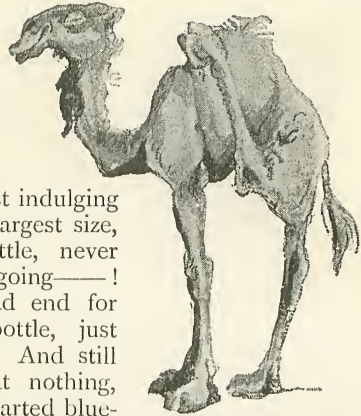
I felt interested to observe how he would get on with Rose, knowing well that, without asking advice of any regular local bluebottle, he would assume her to be a mere scraggy town cow. This is just what he did. Rose stood, looking perfectly amiable—all camels look amiable; it is a part of their system—and, to an unaccustomed eye, quite unconscious of the country bluebottle's existence. Still, there was a certain optical twinkle which should have warned that bluebottle. But, heedless all, he rushed forward and made to settle on Rose's shoulder. With a nonchalant swing the near hind leg came up, and that bluebottle was brushed off his legs. He buzzed about for a little while, puzzled. This was quite a new motion in cow-legs—some town improvement, evidently. So he settled—at least he tried—near the top joint of that hind-leg, where the foot couldn't reach him. Rose looked calmly ahead at nothing, and moved no limb but the near fore-leg, which swung quietly back, and—that bluebottle was projected into space at the instant his feet were landing.

He gathered himself together, and sat on the roof of the stable to think it over. Meanwhile Rose stood at ease, without a further movement. The bluebottle considered the question

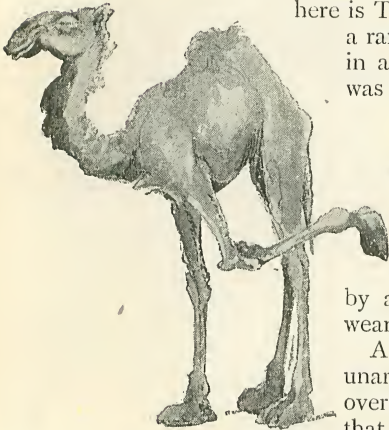
strategically, and made up his mind that on the chest, just before the joints of the fore-legs, nothing could touch him. He tried it. But he only arrived on the spot simultaneously with a hind-foot, which swung neatly out between the fore-legs and drove that bluebottle into the surrounding atmosphere once more. And still Rose gazed amiably at nothing.

Losing his temper he made straight for her nose; but the nose never moved. The hind leg came up once more, however, and made the rout complete. Baffled and disgusted, the rash bluebottle flew off in a pet, over the rails dividing Rose from





Bob. Now Bob was just indulging in a yawn of the very largest size, and that rash bluebottle, never looking where he was going——! Well, well, it was a sad end for a bright young bluebottle, just beginning to see life. And still Rose gazed amiably at nothing, standing just as that departed bluebottle first saw her.

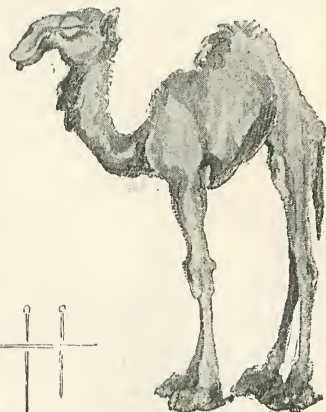
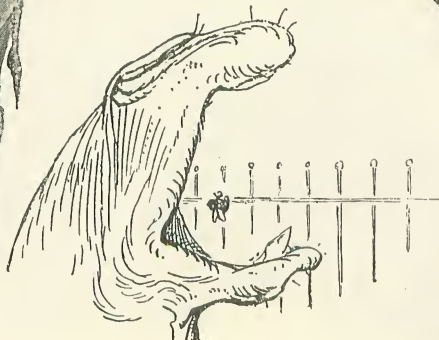
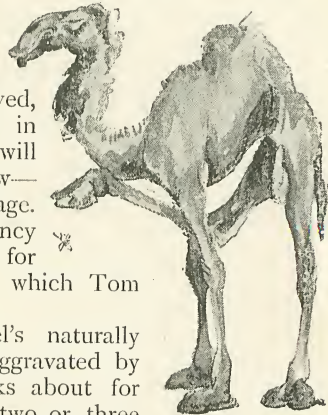


But the aristocrat among the camels here is Tom, who is white, and a rarity. He was captured in an Egyptian fight, and was little more than half-

grown when he arrived, but has increased in seven years, and will grow no larger now—nor any more savage. This latter contingency

has been provided for by a neat little iron ring which Tom wears in his nose.

At the Zoo the camel's naturally unamiable temper is not aggravated by overloading; nobody looks about for that last straw after the two or three small boys have mounted. Wherefore these camels are as well behaved as camels can be. Tom doesn't playfully try to smash his keeper against the wall—at any rate, not quite



G. A. Shepherd

so often as he did at first—chiefly because of that piece of jewellery in his nose. That has made a very peaceable dromedary of Tom, for when he takes a walk the keeper snaps one end of a neat little piece of chain upon the ring, and keeps the other in his hand. And Tom will do anything rather than have his nose pulled.

At a time when Tom is in the seclusion of the stable—perhaps invisible—approach the rails with an air of having a biscuit about you. Promptly Tom will emerge from his lair, with a startling stride and a disconcerting reach of neck.

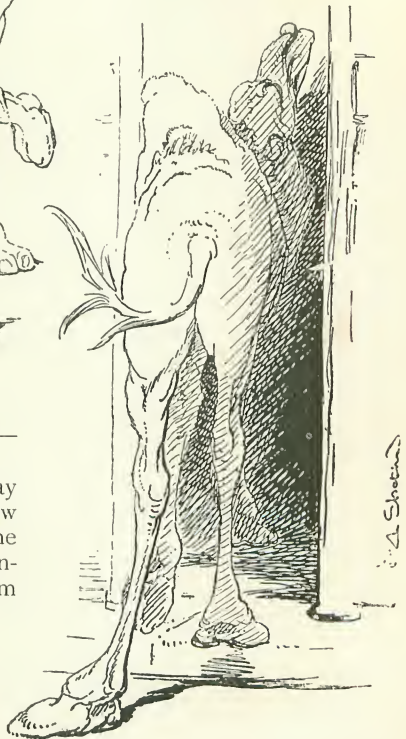
Make no further sign of biscuit. Then, if Self be by, you shall find that he has imparted to Tom a certain polish of manner surprising in a camel. Self will tell Tom to beg, and Tom will beg immediately; the supplication consisting in standing on three legs and throwing the right fore-foot negligently across the left knee. Thereat you probably give him a biscuit. But if you remain obdurate, or have come biscuitless,



Tom's politeness evaporates at once. He turns his back upon his visitor with a certain studied rudeness of manner—a contumelious nose-in-air tail-turning—and stalks disgustedly back to his boudoir.

Any other camel will do this, and it is natural. Why do these human creatures come to the rails unprovided with biscuits? What are they for? So the camel turns up his nose—and a camel *can* do this; watch him—and flounces away.

Now, I like Bob, and I like Rose, so far as one may like a camel; and I like Tom, so far as Tom will allow it. But that doesn't in the least reconcile me to the juvenile natural history book. You can't conscientiously look Bob or Tom in the face and call him a ship of the desert, or a ship of any kind. You might possibly manage to work up a small fit of sea-sickness if you rode a Heirie—the swiftest of the dromedaries—at his best pace; because at a pinch the Heirie can make ten miles an hour, shaking his unfortunate rider's joints loose, even enough he be swathed in many swaddlings. But neither Bob nor Tom is a Heirie. Tom is a fairly quick dromedary, but Bob, if he will pardon my saying so, is only an ordinary



slow camel; nothing more than the "hairy scary oont" sung by Mr. Kipling. In Mr. Kipling's ballad Mr. Atkins is made to call the camel many things, but never a ship of the desert. Contrariwise,

—"the commissariat cam-u-el, when all is said and done,
'E's a devil, an' a ostrich, an' a orphan child in one."

There you have the character of the camel in a dozen words.

Two attendants have the camels in the Zoo, Mr. Self and Mr. Toots. The former is the officially appointed keeper, with the regular badge and uniform. He has been master of the camels for more than forty years, and knows a family (human) infant representatives of which he has led round on camel-rides for three generations.

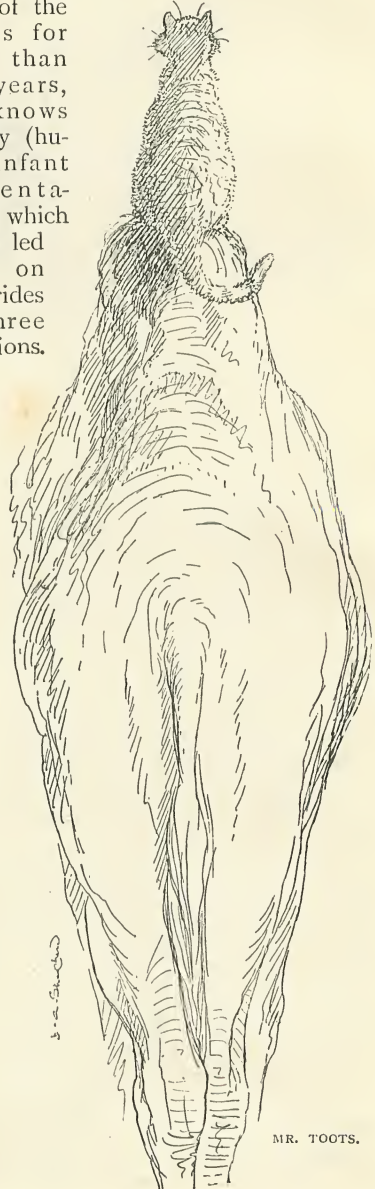


THE CAMEL KEEPER.

What Self
doesn't
know about
the little

fads and fancies of "the hairy scary oont" there is nobody to tell him. He is a wary and observant person, is Self. When a man has been forty years watching the affably-smiling camel, and looking out to avoid being suddenly jammed to death against a wall, or having his face bitten off and his feet viciously trodden on, wary observation begins to be natural with him.

Mr. Toots occupies quite a different position in life from Mr. Self, being a cat. Mr. Toots, as fits his name, is a quiet and reserved cat. Bob and Rose are quite friendly with Mr. Toots, and will, if possible, avoid stepping on him, which is an astonishing degree of amiability in a camel; but, of course, so far as Rose is concerned, she is an unusually amiable camel. Mr. Toots is a noticeable, carrotty cat, and you can't deceive either Bob or Rose with a substitute. Once Mr. Toots was unwell, and a tabby was installed, as a temporary experiment, in his place. Bob was determined to suppress all spurious imitations, and the last worldly sensation of that unhappy tabby was conveyed through the medium of Bob's fantastic toe. Therefore Mr. Toots still maintains his monopoly, and may sit among Bob's or Rose's feet with confidence. Tom, however, doesn't know him, and won't. So that Mr. Toots, with the wisely accommodating spirit of his namesake, says—"Oh, it's of no consequence, thank you—no consequence at



MR. TOOTS.

all, I'm sure," and gets away from Tom to bask in the magnificent patronage of Bob the Bactrian and the lady next door.

Cantankerous and uncertain as is the character of the camel, there is a deal of human nature about him.

When he has packed into his character all the possible devil, and ostrich, and orphan, there is still room for much human cussedness, and it is there.

You shall see it even in his very face. There is a world of expression in a camel's face, misleading often to a stranger, but with a human deceit.

The face lends itself particularly to varied and strongly marked expression. The nostrils



will open and close with a great flexibility, and the lips and eyebrows are more loose and mobile still. What more machinery may the camel want for the facial expression of his ill qualities? With such a lip and nose he can sneer as never can human thing; this at the humble person who brings him no biscuit. He can guffaw coarsely—and with no sound beyond a rare grunt. Furious malice is native to his face, and a self-sufficient conceit and superciliousness comes with full feeding. Even in his least expressive slumber the camel is smugly complacent, although his inborn genius cannot teach him that a piece of cardboard is not a biscuit.

Shafts from an Eastern Quiver.

III.—THE BLACK HORSEMEN OF NISHA, THE SEER.

BY CHARLES J. MANSFORD, B.A.

I.

IT looks as if the grass had been set on fire," responded Denviers, in answer to a remark of mine, when I called his attention to a long, parched tract which formed a striking contrast to the rich verdure around it.

"Very likely that is the reason," I assented; "still, it seems strange that the rest of it should have escaped."

"The Englishman speaks truth," interposed Hassan, "the cause of what we see is far stranger indeed than those who have not travelled hither before would be inclined to suppose."

"I have not the slightest doubt but what Hassan has some mysterious and wholly imaginary explanation of it to offer," said Denviers to me in a low tone, then turning to the Arab, he asked:—

"Well, Hassan, can you enlighten us on the matter? What do the people of Khorassan conjecture about it?"

"It is no idle rumour, sahib, which is told concerning this scorched tract," answered our guide, "for they who have been the cause of it are surely the scourges of the plain through which we are passing, for tears and lamentation in despoiled households do they leave behind them, in obedience to the commands of Nisha, the Seer. But you are wearied with the long journey through the desert of sand and need the repose which the tent affords. At some other time I will explain the cause of this strange tract, even when we are safe in the lovely city of Meshed, or wander amid the plashing fountains and clustering roses of Nishapoor."

"Which is another way of saying that you prefer to tell us the cause when we shall be unable to test its truth, I suppose," interposed Denviers. The Arab shook his head gravely in sign of dissent.

"Allah forbid!" he exclaimed. "If you think that is my motive you wrong me indeed, since my only desire is to keep you from the danger which falls upon those who follow the black horsemen; for the parched tract which you see here, just where the desert gives place to the emerald verdure, has been made by the trampling of the hoofs of Nisha's phantom horses."

"Then, Hassan," said Denviers, quietly, "I think we will pitch our tent yonder," and he pointed to where a grove of majestic wal-



"I THINK WE WILL PITCH OUR TENT YONDER."

nut trees stood out against the grey sky; "the night is fast closing in upon us, and I suppose that spectres, even in Persia, wander abroad in the still small hours, much as they do in other countries."

"Jest not, sahib," said Hassan, in the grave tone which he usually assumed when moved by the recollection of some Eastern tradition; "if you care to hear the story I will narrate it to you, but, by the beard of the Prophet, blame not Hassan if evil befall the English-

men afterwards, for it is a true saying in the land of Khorassan that by his horsemen the Seer has lured many a brave man on to destruction."

"Pitch the tent, Hassan," said Denviers, impatiently, and as he spoke he dismounted from his steed and led it by the bridle towards the spot which he had pointed out to the Arab. A few minutes were sufficient for our horses to be securely hobbled, and as they leisurely cropped the grass before the front of the tent, we assumed a recumbent position while Hassan began his improbable story.

"In the days when the Nasrahee were the ruling people of Persia," said the Arab, "Nisha, the Seer, was a mighty power in the land ruled by On, the descendant of the Sun. He it was who discovered a secret potion by which he gave renewed life to On. So much did the monarch honour Nisha that the latter's name became famous through all the spreading lands, which extended from fair Chaldea to the silvery islands that float like crystal stars in the Eastern seas, wherein even now the descendants of the Shintos dwell."

"But these horses, Hassan," interposed Denviers, "what had On to do with them?"

"Patience, sahib," responded Hassan. "To Nisha, the Seer, came many wise men of the East, sent by the monarchs who ruled the lands far and near, for they feared On and would fain drink of this potion. But Nisha, faithful to On, loyally kept the secret, and was rewarded by the favours of his royal master.

"To On were born many sons, none of whom could hope to obtain sway over the land, since their parent was apparently rendered immortal. Among them was one who was proud and scornful, and wished to possess his father's throne, so he sought, but in vain, to win Nisha over to his cause. He knew that once each year the Seer prepared the potion in a crystal goblet, and that when the exact hour arrived On drank of it, and so there was added another year to his span of life. It fretted the son's proud heart to think that one day he would lie cold and passionless in the tomb while his father should still live on and reign over the land where diamonds and emeralds are the gems which adorn a sceptre.

"About him this son gathered a great following of youths as reckless and impetuous as himself, and together they formed a plot by which their leader might obtain the throne which he coveted. When the stated day

arrived, On sought the abode of the Seer, and entered the tower wherefrom the stars could be seen, and where Nisha nightly increased his lore. As the monarch passed up the winding stairway a sound smote upon his ears. He halted for a moment and looked uneasily around, but nothing could be seen, for the alarmed conspirators hastily hid themselves behind the projecting angle of a mighty pillar. As soon as On had thrown himself upon some cushions to rest in the star-lit chamber of the Seer until the appointed moment came when he was to drink the potion, the youths stole softly behind the heavy tapestry, and noiselessly making slits in it with the points of their daggers, watched the monarch and his subject. Nisha gazed at the stars in silence for hours, then at last he moved to a strangely-carved idol, and touching it, a hollow was revealed from which he drew forth the crystal goblet. Pouring into it a colourless fluid, he next threw into it what appeared to be a ruby, and as a faint sweet fragrance, like that of a blossoming almond vale, seemed to perfume the apartment, he placed the goblet in the hand which the monarch eagerly extended to grasp it.

"The draught was at the lips of On when out sprang those who had been concealed by the hangings. In a moment the crystal goblet was dashed violently from the monarch's hand, and, falling to the ground, shattered into a thousand pieces! Among the conspirators, the frenzied On seemed to rest his eyes upon one alone—his own son! With a wild cry of anguish he covered his face with his hands and fell dead upon the marble floor! So the son of On obtained the throne and tried to make the Seer his friend, but the latter resolutely shunned the advances of the haughty ruler, and shut himself up in the tomb of On, into which few indeed dared to follow him. At last this monarch in turn grew old, and determined to wrest the secret from Nisha, but upon the band of horsemen sent to capture him and to carry him a prisoner to the monarch's palace, Nisha laid a potent spell which bound them motionless until the time when he had need of them. Thus the son perished when old age seized him, Nisha living to enjoy the tidings of the monarch's death. Then, it is said, he began to take vengeance upon the people who had supported the hated one's cause, for he had heard that they said On had lived so long that he grew hateful to them, and their changeful hearts longed for a new ruler. Through all the years which have



"WITH A WILD CRY OF ANGUISH HE COVERED HIS FACE WITH HIS HANDS."

passed Nisha still has lived, and his vengeance is not yet complete. The wayfarers who cross these plains at night have indeed had reason to lament the terrible crime of the son of On and the exaction of its requitement. Upon them suddenly steals a band of horsemen who snatch up the incautious wanderers and bear them away shrieking at their doom, for they are rarely again seen alive by mortal men. The people of Khorassan declare that they are gathered round the dead body of On in an enchanted crowd, and hold up their living yet lifeless hands in vain supplication to Nisha, who stalks among them a strange semblance of humanity. Distorted with age, his long, shrivelled arms reach to his feet as he holds the captives motionless with the glare of his red, bird-like eyes."

"A most interesting story, Hassan," said Denviers, when the Arab had finished; "and you really believe that Nisha has lived since the time when the Chaldeans studied the stars from the top of Babel's uncompleted tower?" and he whistled irreverently.

"The mind of man is a well unfathomed, none know its depths," responded Hassan. "If Allah and the Prophet will it so, why should not Nisha become immortal?"

"Well, Hassan," I interposed, "I must confess that I should like to see both the horsemen and the tomb before accepting your story as true."

The Arab looked gravely at us as we reclined upon the cushions of our tents.

"Rest now," he answered, "and your guide will watch at the door of the tent. If the band of riders should chance to-night to cross the path yonder, I will surely awake you that your eyes may rest upon them."

II.

WORN out with the days of long, dreary riding which we had endured in our journey from Demavend to Khorassan, we had sunk into a profound sleep, when Hassan entered the tent and hastily aroused us.

"See for yourselves, sahibs!" he exclaimed, "the band is returning to Nisha, and bearing away some shrieking captive!" We sprang to the door of the tent and looked out. The sky was growing overcast with clouds, through which at fitful intervals the light of the moon struggled and lit up the scene around. A breeze sprang up for a few minutes, and as the clouds scudded before it, there was revealed to us a strange spectacle,



"THEY FLEW ALONG LIKE THE WIND."

A band of scantily-attired horsemen bestrode about twenty black steeds, while across the front of one of their number was thrown the writhing body of a man whose cries were expressive of the utmost terror. As the horsemen moved at a somewhat swift pace, we noticed that a sound was made by the hoofs of the horses, although their riders sat in their saddles as motionless as the dead. One strange circumstance was noticeable, which was that the horsemen were apparently of a different race to the man whom they were carrying off; indeed, they resembled the natives of Africa in colour so far as we could make out when the moonlight streamed down upon them.

"Hassan is certainly mistaken in supposing that these horsemen are spectres, or their steeds either," said Denviers, "the hoofs of the horses make too much noise for us to accept that theory." Then, turning to the Arab, he exclaimed:—

"The horses, Hassan, quick! for your life!" It took scarcely a minute to unhobble them and for Denviers and I to mount our sturdy Afghans, yet the distance between us and the retreating band had increased considerably. Without waiting for saddles we flung ourselves upon the animals and set off at a breakneck speed. The black horsemen soon appeared to become aware of our pursuit of them, for they quickened their pace considerably, and as they did so the captive, hearing the heavy thud of our horses' hoofs striking the ground behind, redoubled his struggles and cries for help.

On we went, faster and still faster! Flinging the reins from our hands, we leant forward and clasped the necks of our horses, as they flew along like the wind. The clouds above us grew more compact and lowering, and for a few minutes the only guide which led us on in our mad career was the mournful, appealing cry which came from the captive.

"How much longer can we keep up such a pace as this?" I gasped out, as Denviers seemed to be leading a little, while my own steed was beginning to show signs of exhaustion.

"Can't say," he answered laconically, "we started to save this man, and the horses can have no respite till that is accomplished." His words inspired me with new confidence, and I urged on my horse with all the expressions which I had heard Hassan use when coaxing it. The rumble of thunder, followed by a few very heavy drops of rain, convinced us both that to our other perils would be added the discomfort of riding half clothed and with our heads uncovered through a storm the severity of which, at that time of the year, we knew from experience would be considerable, although it would possibly be of short duration. The rain now began to descend in torrents, the effect upon our horses being happily to refresh their flagging energies, for they seemed to dash onward faster than ever. The man's cries were borne louder upon our ears, and we knew that we were drawing nearer to him, so that the prospect of rescuing him seemed to us more hopeful.

Suddenly the storm broke. From across the mountain peaks darted a vivid flash of lightning, followed instantaneously by a terrific peal of thunder, which made our frightened horses gallop forward entirely beyond our control. On we went, till suddenly, to our horror, another blinding flash revealed that before us was a chasm stretching as far as the eye could reach.

With all our might we struggled to restrain the horses, but in vain. Over the side of the chasm apparently those whom we were pursuing went; there was another wild shriek from the captive, and the next moment our horses, recognising the danger when too late, reared almost perpendicularly, then fell headlong down the abyss!

I closed my eyes and felt a strange choking in my throat as we went sheer down, and the horse quivered in terror beneath me. A sensation of drowning appeared to ensue, then the air seemed to fan my cheeks, and wonderingly I opened my eyes again and looked around for my companion. We had fallen into a deep ravine, through which swept a wide mountain torrent, and the horses were now swimming rapidly with the fierce current.

"What an escape!" I called out to Denviers, as I saw him still clinging to his horse.

"I don't know that we have much to be elated about," he answered, "the sides of the ravine are almost perpendicular, apparently; to climb them is impossible, and it is quite likely that the current may bear us away into some greater danger."

Again the cry of the peasant sounded upon our ears—this time beyond the seething waters.

"Keep with the stream," Denviers exclaimed, "he has evidently been carried down

that way. After such an effort as this we shall surely rescue him!"

"Don't you think that this torrent is becoming more rapid?" I asked, as my horse breasted the waters and carried me close to Denviers's side. He looked at the current steadily, then replied:—

"I am inclined to think that it is; watch carefully, and, if you see anything to cling to, make for it, and I will turn my horse's head

that way and try to follow you."

I was now leading the way by a few yards, and soon found that my fears were well grounded, for the stream began to sweep along at an alarming rate, while in the distance a roar as of waters confined to narrow limits seemed to indicate that further danger lay ahead. We knew that an attempt to return would be useless, and on looking up observed that the sides of the chasm now met in a vaulted roof of a reddish colour, through which a light seemed occasionally to steal, from which we concluded that the storm was over, and that the moon was shining forth once more.

The noise of the waters now became almost deafening, and we could describe that ahead of

us was a narrow passage scarcely large enough for a man to pass through, for rocks seemed to rise like buttresses on either side of it. I pointed to the narrow defile, and asked my companion:—

"Do you think that we can get through that on horseback?"

"I am afraid not," he answered, "and, considering the splendid way in which our



"HEADLONG DOWN THE ABYSS."

horses have behaved, I think we ought to give them an equal chance with ourselves." As he spoke, Denviers unclasped his arms, which had hitherto been round his horse's neck, and a moment afterwards was swimming with a grand stroke amid the waters. I raised myself from my own horse, and, plunging into the stream, followed my companion, who was within a few yards of the rocks on either side.

"Grasp the buttress on the left," he called out to me; "I will hold on to the other." I drew a deep breath, and waited for the torrent to hurl me forward. One slip, and I knew that a moment afterwards my body would be sucked into the seething gulf in front, and then all would be over. My hands clasped the buttress firmly, and, steadying myself for a moment, I drew my body slowly out of the water. When I had climbed up hand over hand in this way for several yards, I saw Denviers was already leaning over from what appeared to me to be a huge stone lattice. He stretched out his hands, and, seizing me, dragged me half senseless and exhausted behind it. Resting there until the strain of the efforts which I had made seemed to become less oppressive, I began to observe, in the dim light, the shape of the bases of the pillar which rose from the stone platform on which we were. I traced out the representations of two gigantic feet, just as Denviers looked upwards and exclaimed suddenly:—

"Look at the shape of this support, which reaches to the arched top of the chasm! Surely it is some monstrous idol!" We drew close to the lattice work and, standing with our backs to the latter, found ourselves facing an enormous idol, which we subsequently discovered was the grim guardian of one of the entrances to the tomb of On.

Its repulsive-looking head, adorned with enormous ears, was of a type similar to that of the Nubian race, and was bare of covering. Across its swarthy breast passed a carved band which interlaced a garment bound at the waist by a belt which supported the representation of a loosely-hanging garb reaching to the knees. In one of its giant hands it held a curved sword, while the other was raised to grasp a serpent which twisted in mazy coils about the idol's body.

"The entrance to the tomb of On, without doubt," said Denviers. "I wonder if we shall ever get out of it again!" We moved past the enormous image and found ourselves facing a massive stone door, which yielded readily as we pressed upon it, and

then a moment afterwards we saw before us a wonderful natural hollow apparently in the heart of the mountain, for we were in the tomb of On!

III.

JAGGED and red, from the sides and roof of this gigantic tomb huge boulders protruded, while, lying stretched upon a low bier, was the body of the dead On, apparently embalmed, and conspicuous among the others round it by its length; for the dead king must have been much beyond the stature of the present race of men. A look of infinite despair was upon his face; the hands of the monarch were joined upon his breast, while in them was clasped the handle of a massive sword, the blade of which rested upon his silent form. Peering cautiously out from the position which we had taken behind one of the many boulders which strewn the floor at intervals, we soon discovered the real use to which the tomb was put. Close beside the entrance through which we had come was another, through which the moonlight streamed into the tomb, and apparently led in a direction the same as the ravine into which we had leapt. From this we conjectured that, had we ridden a little further up, we might have succeeded in turning our horses' heads into the entrance of it, and so have avoided the peril in which we had been placed. The man's cry had not come to us from in front, as we had thought when breasting the waters, but from this second entry to the tomb. Looking down the entrance we saw several of the horses behind which we had ridden halted by a rope to some projecting fastenings in the rocky wall.

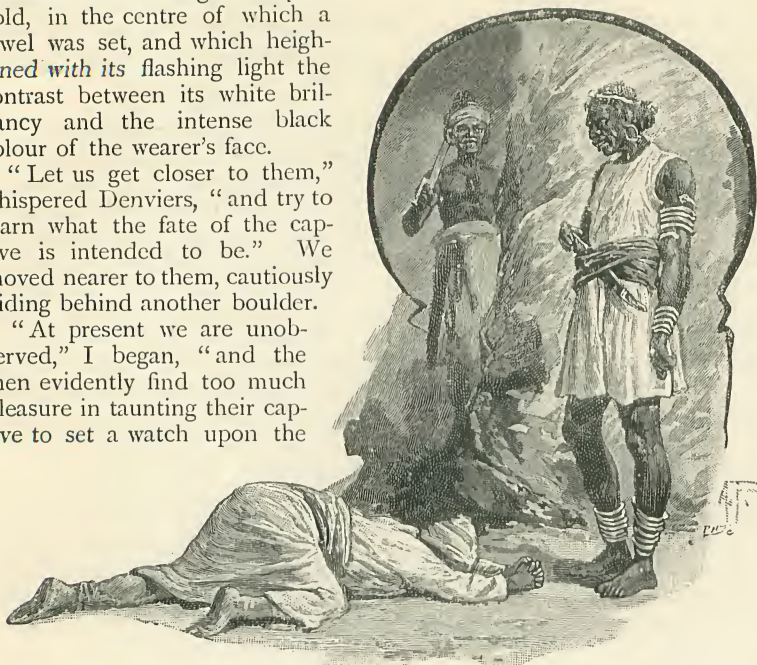
The tomb itself was no mere charnel house despite the many bodies which we saw ranging through it. By the side of the dead On we observed the form of one who must have died of extreme age, and from the description which Hassan had given us, we judged that this was the body of the Seer whom the credulous people of Khorassan believed to be still alive.

The real ruler of the tomb was a negro much like the riders whom we had seen and tracked over the plain. From the throng of men which surrounded him and were evidently narrating the capture of the victim who stood among them, we easily distinguished this leader from the abundance of the jewelry which he wore. His limbs were scantily clothed, but his arms and ankles were heavily bound with bracelets, while round his thickly matted hair where it reached his retreating

forehead was a single hoop of gold, in the centre of which a jewel was set, and which heightened with its flashing light the contrast between its white brilliancy and the intense black colour of the wearer's face.

"Let us get closer to them," whispered Denviers, "and try to learn what the fate of the captive is intended to be." We moved nearer to them, cautiously hiding behind another boulder.

"At present we are unobserved," I began, "and the men evidently find too much pleasure in taunting their captive to set a watch upon the



"SPARE ME."

tomb." As if the hideous negro wished to contradict my words, a shrill scream of laughter rang through the tomb; then a voice exclaimed:—

"Come nearer, thou enemy of On, the mighty one, come, that thou mayest join in the number that are doomed to appease his Great Shade." We saw the captive fling himself wildly at the feet of this strange being as he cried:—

"Spare me, and I will worship at the tomb of On until the sands of my life are run out!" The negro uttered an appalling laugh of derision as he answered:—

"Art thou not of the plain of Khorassan, over which pass many whose wealth makes the eyes of my slaves glad when they look upon it?"

"Frank," I whispered, "this is a band of marauders who have migrated to this tomb, and who rob the people around with impunity because the credulous people think they are not mortals."

"Exactly what I thought when Hassan told us about them, but listen to the questions which they are putting to this captive," he replied. We ceased our conversation and heard the captured one reply:—

"I swear by the Koran I am poor; I could not pay one-tenth of such a sum!"

"Then there is for thee no escape," answered the black ruler, "surely thou shalt die!" He made some movement with his hand, in response to which the men around attempted to seize their captive. The latter turned and made a sudden attempt to escape. He had darted past the boulder behind which we had hidden, when the foremost of the slaves reached him. Just as he did so Denviers wrenched the sword from the hands of the dead On, near to which we had stealthily crept, and thrust himself between the captive and his pursuers.

"Back!" he cried, "lay but a hand upon him and all the magic of the East shall not save the one who does so from the fate which he deserves."

The men stopped for a moment, astonished at our sudden appearance, and then, as we heard the captive retreating down the tomb to the second entrance, we turned and followed him. In a moment we had flung ourselves each upon one of the horses that stood there, and slashed hastily through the halters which held them, and then, as the captive led the way, we dashed wildly through the ravine closely followed by some of the horsemen. It was a race for life that we long afterwards remembered, but, as we urged on our horses, we found that our pursuers were dropping behind, and looking back we saw them in a discomfited crowd watching us with surprise as we galloped over the plain after passing through the ravine. We stopped at last, and while the captive insisted on riding home on the horse which he had so strangely acquired, we dismounted, and turning the animals in the direction whence they had come, saw them rush riderless back towards the tomb.

The peasant, poor fellow, was full of gratitude to us for rescuing him, and called on Allah to reward us. We parted with him some

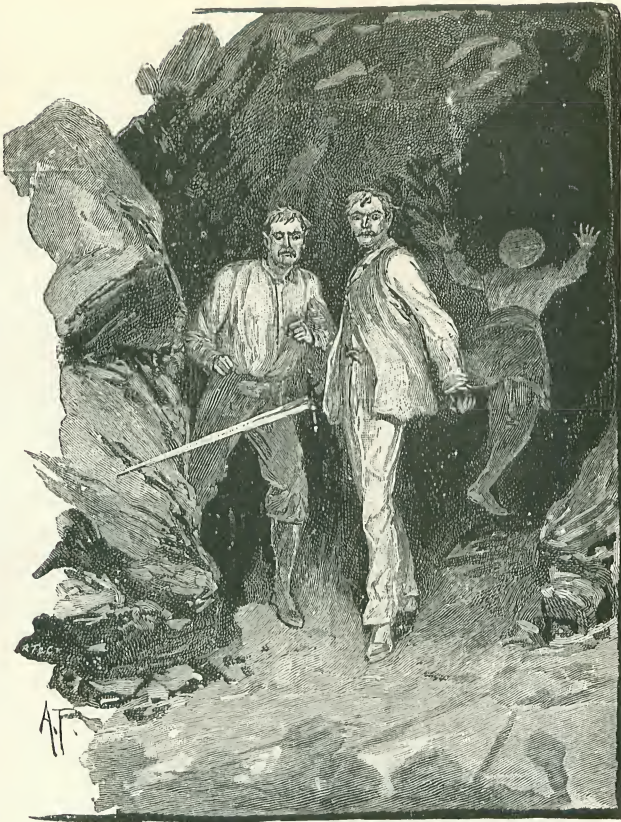
distance after we emerged upon a green and level plain, and having scanned it narrowly, my companion pointed towards the East, exclaiming as he did so:—

"If I am not mistaken, Harold, yonder are the trees under which we pitched our tent."

I looked in the direction indicated and saw the majestic grove of walnut trees which we had left when we set out to follow the black horsemen. Hassan, who was within the tent, came out as he heard footsteps approaching:—

"The Sahibs have lost their horses?" he

said, in his grave inquiring tone, "and have been absent from the tent for many hours, which brought much anxiety



"BACK!" HE CRIED.

was over from a village horsedealer of Sul-tanabad was a convincing testimony to the truth of Frank's remark.

to their faithful slave."

"Well, Hassan, as that is the case," said Denviers lightly, "you will have the pleasure of purchasing two more for us."

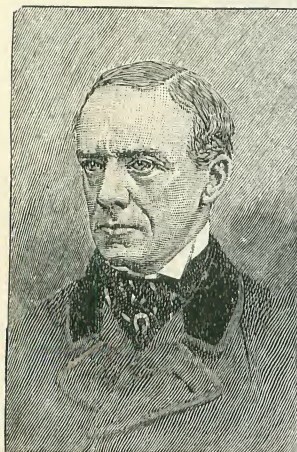
"The lightest word of the Sahib is as a law unto Hassan," responded the Arab.

"No doubt!" said Denviers, then turning to me he added:—

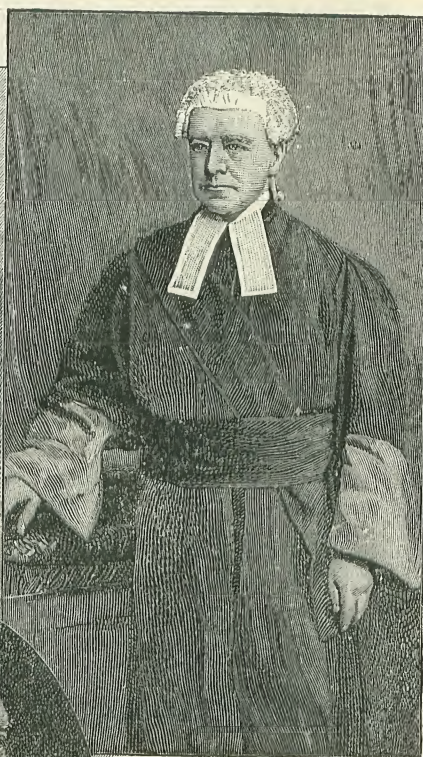
"And I dare say he will make a tolerably good bargain, for our faithful guide doesn't usually forget himself on such occasions!"

Indeed, the amount of back-sheesh which our grave Arablevied before the day

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.



AGE 36.
From a Photo. by
Maull & Co.

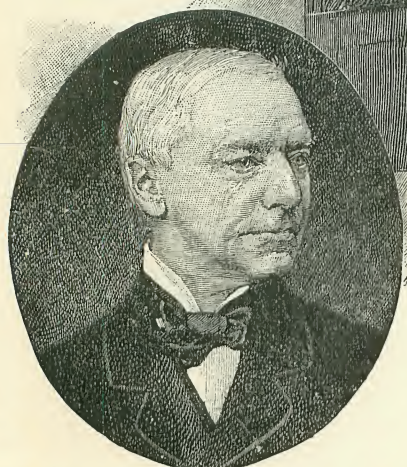


AGE 45.
From a Photo. by
Whitlock,
Birmingham.



AGE 50.
From a Photo. by
Watkins & Haigh.

Judge of the High Court of Justice in the Queen's Bench Division at sixty, the age at which the fourth of our portraits represents him.



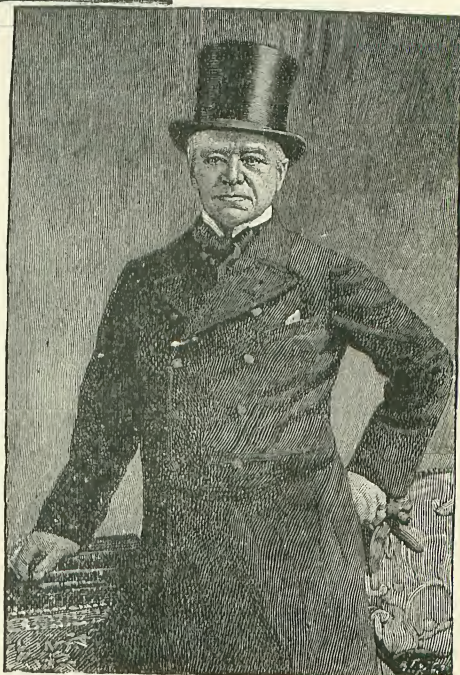
From a Photo. by] AGE 60. [Lock & Whitefield.

SIR HENRY HAWKINS.

BORN 1816.



HE HON. SIR HENRY HAWKINS is a son of Mr. J. H. Hawkins, solicitor, and was born at Hitchin. He was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple at the age of twenty-seven, becoming a Q.C. at forty-two. He enjoyed one of the largest practices ever known, his power of cross-examining witnesses and of addressing the jury being unrivalled. He was engaged in the prosecution of the Claimant in the memorable Tichborne Trial. He was appointed



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY.

[Elliott & Fry



From a] AGE 6 [Painting

GEORGE GROSSMITH.

BORN 1847.



HIS inimitably funny actor and entertainer was the son of a humorous lecturer, and, after being educated at the North London Collegiate School, commenced life as a reporter at Bow Street, at which occupation he continued till he was

thirty, becoming well known as an amateur actor and comic singer of great promise. In 1877 he made his *début* on the London stage as *John Wellington Wells* in "The Sorcerer," and afterwards played in all the Gilbert-Sullivan operas until 1889. Since that time he has chiefly restricted himself to entertain-



From a Photo. by] AGE 25. [Thrupp, Birmingham

ments, writing many of the bright sketches in which he appears. His latest production is the music of "Haste to the Wedding" at the Criterion.



From a Photo. by] AGE 12. [Toullon, Strand.



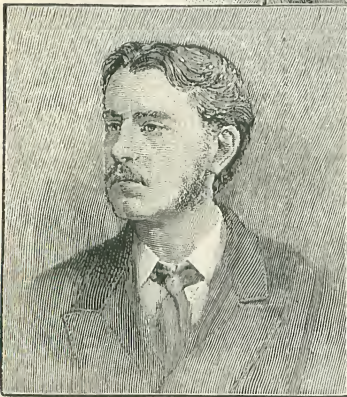
From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Alfred Ellis.

FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.
BORN 1853.

MR. FRANK DICKSEE is the son of Mr. Thomas Francis Dicksee, the artist, from whom he received

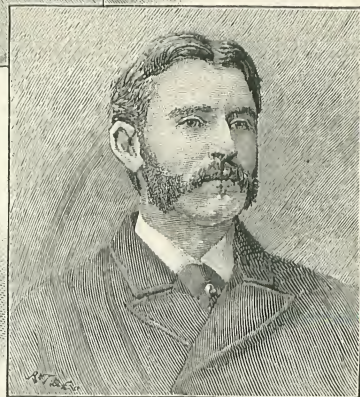


ne exhibited his well-known picture, entitled "Harmony," which has attained such wide-spread popularity as an etching. At the age of twenty-eight he was elected an A. R. A.; his promotion to the rank



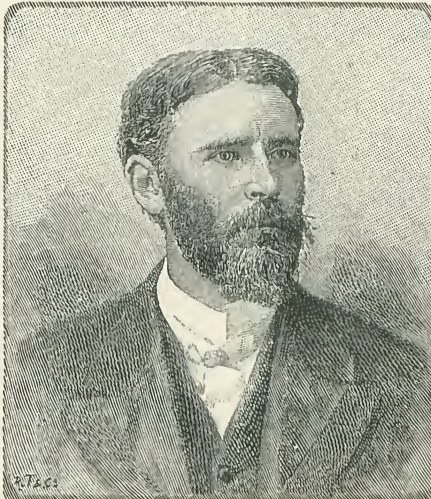
From a Photo. by] AGE 20. [The London Stereo. Co.

AGE 10.
From a Photograph.



From a Photo. by] AGE 30. [Debenham, London.

his first instruction in art. At the age of seventeen he entered the Royal Academy as a student, and two years later gained a silver medal for a drawing from the antique. At twenty-five he obtained a gold medal for an historical painting, "Elijah confronting Ahab and Jezebel in Naboth's Vineyard," and in the following year exhibited the picture. At that time he also worked at drawings for book illustrations, and made some designs for stained glass. Mr. Dicksee was only twenty-four when



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Ball, Waterloo Place, S.W.

of Royal Academician took place a few months ago. Among the best known of Mr. Dicksee's pictures may be mentioned "Evangeline," (1879), "The Love Story" (1883), "Romeo and Juliet" (1884), "Memoirs" (1886), "The Passing of Arthur" (1889), "The Redemption of Tannhäuser" (1890), to which may now be added "Startled," exhibited in the Royal Academy of the present year as his diploma work, on his election as an Academician.

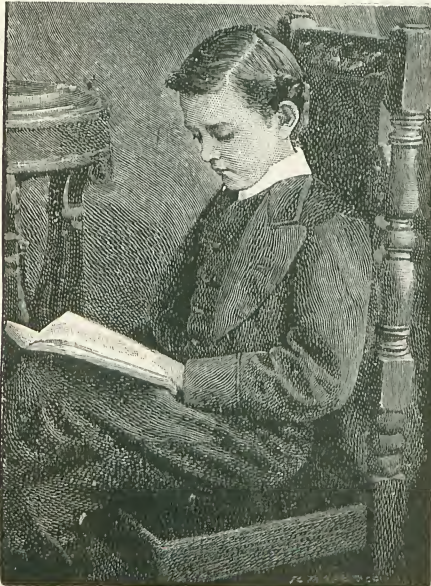


From a Photo. by] AGE 3. [Hills & Saunders, Eton.

CHARLES H. HAWTREY.
BORN 1858.



R. CHARLES HENRY HAWTREY, author, actor, and manager, is the fifth son of the Rev. J. W. Hawtrey, and was born at Eton, where his father was an assistant



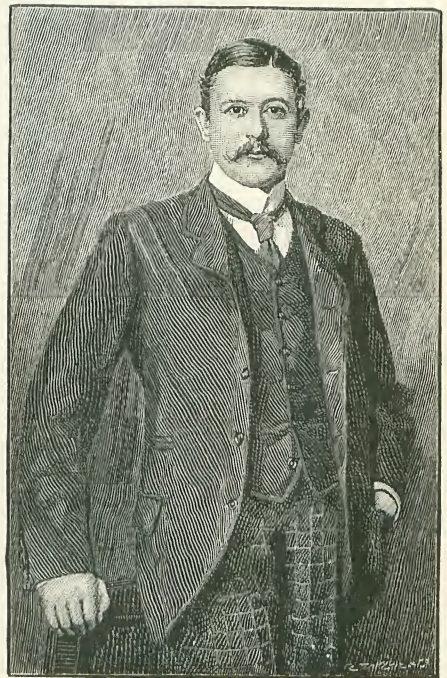
From a Photo. by] AGE 10. [Hills & Saunders, Eton.

master, and was educated at Eton and Oxford. At the age of twenty-three he went on the stage in "The Colonel," and three years later wrote the phenomenally-successful play, "The



From a Photo. by] AGE 18. [Ranicle & Son, Eton.

Private Secretary," which was performed no fewer than 844 times consecutively, and which has lately been revived with fresh success.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Bassano.

Since that time Mr. Hawtrey has produced several plays, of which the most successful, "Jane," had a very long run.

take her place as an actress of the greatest charm and promise. Her impersonation of *Marguerite* and *Olivia* at the Lyceum during Ellen Terry's indisposition received the



From a] AGE 13. [Photograph.

MISS WINIFRED EMERY.

LSABEL WINIFRED MAUD EMERY, now Mrs. Cyril Maude, was born at Manchester, her father being Mr. Samuel Emery, the well-known comedian. Miss Emery appeared in public at the age of eight, as *The Child*, in "Green Bushes," at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool. Some time after this she was sent to school for several



AGE 21.
From a Photo. by
Bazzano.



From a Photo. by] AGE 18. [Deneulain and Blake.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Alfred Ellis.

years, and did not return to the stage until she was sixteen, when she began at once to

warmest praise. Her latest success has been in the part of *Lady Windermere*.

SIR EVELYN WOOD,
G.C.M.G., K.C.B., V.C.

BORN 1838.



GENERAL
SIR HENRY
EVELYN
WOOD, the
son of the late
Rev. John Page Wood,
was educated at Marl-
borough, and served with
distinction in the Naval
Brigade during the
Crimean War, but in
1855 he joined the Light



From a]

AGE 2.

[Chalk Drawing.

the Ashantee Campaign,
and led the advance to
the river Prah. For his
services at the capture of
Coomassie he was made a
C.B. In the Zulu War
of 1879 he led the flying
column on Cetewayo's
Kraal, and played a bril-
liant part in the battle of
Ulundi. In the Boer
War of 1881 he became
Commander-in-chief at
the disaster of Majuba
Hill, and was also com-
mander of the Army of



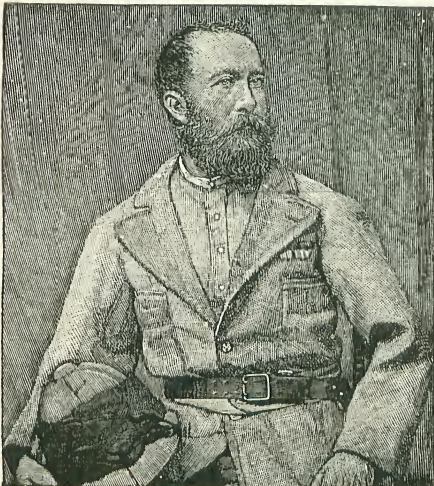
AGE 18.
From a Painting.



AGE 26.
From a Photograph.

Dragoons as ensign, served through the Indian
Mutiny, when he gained the Victoria Cross for
conspicuous bravery. In 1873 he took part in

Occupation in Egypt the year following.
Such is the briefest possible summary of an
exceptionally brilliant career.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 46.

[Mauill & Fox.



From a]

PRESENT DAY.

[Photograph.

His Little Girl; or, Worked Out.

BY PLEYDELL NORTH.

Author of *Monsieur le Curé*; and other Tales.



THE heart of an English valley; a stretch of green slope, where oaks and elms had grown through slow centuries into grandeur; and through the fields, like an arrow of silver, the clear waters of the Lean.

Down by its banks a young girl, wandering alone; singing as she went, her white gown shining in the sunlight.

What was her song, I know not. Possibly it was the effort of a very young and sympathetic nature, seeking some faint expression for a sense of joy and beauty instinctively felt.

She thought she was alone; but presently above the high reeds she saw the head and shoulders of a solitary angler. Then she stopped singing and went on cautiously.

This young lady's chaperon was sitting up among the elms sketching. She had warned her charge not to wander too far away, and of the possibility of encountering strangers; some of the "all sorts of people"—tourists and wanderers—who were said in summer to delight in fishing the waters of the Lean.

There was that, however, in the shape of the head and shoulders, seen outlined against the sky, which attracted Miss Rawdon, and she did not turn back as she might have done.

She was very young, and the world promised to be a fairy tale, with always an impending transformation scene of entrancing possibilities. Only three weeks ago she had left school; the school-house at Norwood and the care of the two kindly Misses Lake, its mistresses, bounded all the horizon of her childish recollection. Now she was longing to come into touch with this world of wonders, the smallest incident of which promised an adventure.

When she reached a willow, half a field's length from the angler, she stopped. The trunk partly concealed her, and she could watch proceedings comfortably.

Nothing might have come of it. She might have returned to Mrs. Montresor sitting under the elms with no distinct increase of impression, beyond the outline of a hat and a pair of shoulders; but swish through the long grass came something—straight in her direction.

It was an Irish terrier, as keenly excursive as herself. He had caught sight of the white gleam behind the willow trunk, and, forgetful of his master and his master's interests, of all a dog's duty, he started to investigate its meaning.

"Back, Rollo—back, you beast!"



The call was imperative; but for once Rollo paid no heed. He had the bit of something white in his mouth in a trice; the next moment, with much sagacity, he was fawning and fondling the little hand laid upon his tawny coat.

Instinct told Miss Rawdon it would be better to come from behind her retreat; so she stood forth in the flicker of sunlight and shadow, a maiden revealed.

Her hat was in her hand, her brown hair was all tumbled and blown; the folds of her white gown hung simple and straight round her slight, lissom figure. She was young, and fair, and sweet, and the dog, fawning upon her, had nestled his muzzle in her hand.

The fisherman forgot the already startled fish; he left his line in the bushes and came towards her.

"Down, Rollo—down, you dog, you——"

Why do we love to picture the birth of the greatest joy which earth has to give out in the open, where the wind comes laden with the songs of a thousand birds, the scents of a million of flowers that have lived and loved and died? For the sake of our poor humanity, let us still think that to love purely is to draw nearer to God—is a step forward upon the way that shall lead to His disclosing. It is at the time of this awakening of our greatest capabilities for joy or sorrow that we are most willing to believe Him near—then, and at the time of that other awakening which we are apt to call death. In both cases the issues are so tremendous, the weakness of our finality turns outward, seeking help from the Infinite.

Like death, love is no respecter of persons, time, or place—he comes upon us when and how and where he wills; but, if we may choose, let it be far from the jarring discords of the world, the flesh, and the devil—for one moment let us enter Eden, let us stand, pure, holy, unstained before God.

The fisherman had no idea that anything tremendous was happening to him as he stood, hat in hand, apologizing for his dog. Only the day had suddenly grown more

fair, his heart younger, God nearer.

Ellinor thought, "What will Mrs. Montresor say? He is worth looking at." And she also felt happier; but in the meantime she must speak.

"Oh, it doesn't signify at all, thank you," looking at her soiled gown; "I love dogs, but I am afraid I have spoiled your sport."

"I have had none to-day—the sun is too bright."

The dog had by this time retreated to his master, and Ellinor felt that she must make a move in the direction of her chaperon.

"My friend is up there," she said, pointing

vaguely in the direction of the trees, "and I must go back to her. I hope you will have better sport—though not a change of weather," she added, laughing gaily, "for the sake of our luncheon."

She turned away; but to lose her just then was not within the calculations of the fisherman.

"Forgive me," he said, with an air of profound anxiety, "but there is a bull up there on the hill. He is, I know, apt to take umbrage at strangers—in fact, he belongs to



"SHE WAS YOUNG AND FAIR."

Sir Arthur, my father. If you will allow us, Rollo and I will see you safely over the bridge."

A mild herd were grazing on the hill. They showed no signs of ferocity; but it was impossible to say where the bull might be hiding. And why should this pleasant-mannered person tell a story?

She felt rather amused. The first young man to whom she had spoken, and, lo, he was walking composedly at her side!

"Is this land your father's? I hope we are not trespassing?"

"Oh, dear no—no end of people come here to sketch the ruins."

"I am Miss Rawdon, of Firholt," said Ellinor, a little stiffly. She did not care to be confounded with "no end of people."

"Oh," he said, eagerly, "I know. Your father has bought that property—a splendid property it is, too."

"I am expecting my father to-night."

"That's jolly for you," he said sympathizingly. "At least, I suppose it is."

She looked at him gravely. How was it that she felt she could say to this stranger what was in her heart.

"Is it not strange?" she said, almost below her breath. "I have never seen him—that I can remember. I have been at school all these years, and he has been in America."

"Well, that *is* rather a stunner—to drop all at once into a parent when you are full grown; but I expect it will be all right."

He smiled at her so kindly that the commonplace words seemed the deepest sympathy. By this time she had taken his image with some clearness into her mind, as she never again quite lost it. A tall, well-made man of thirty, with kind, grey eyes that smiled pleasantly; a broad and rather high forehead, where the hair already grew a little thin about the temples. The rest of the features were straight and finely cut; the chin slightly pointed.

"Somebody would have liked to paint him," she thought; "one of those old men, Velasquez or Rembrandt."

They had reached the bridge, and the vision of Mrs.

Montresor, standing up and looking for her charge, presented itself. Catching sight of her in her present alarming vicinity, she hurried forward.

"There is my friend," said Ellinor, "Mrs. Montresor. Will you come and be introduced to her?"

She felt pleased at the consternation visible on her guardian's face as she drew near.

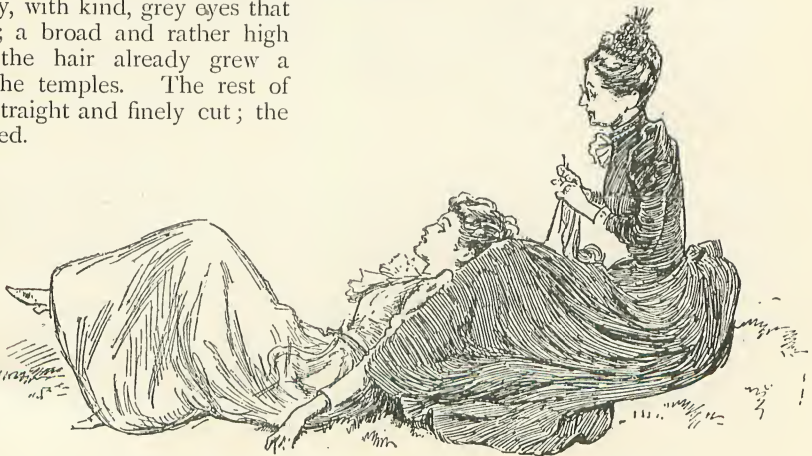
"This is Mr. Peyton, Mrs. Montresor; he has kindly protected me from a ferocious bull in the other field. It seems we are upon Sir Arthur Peyton's ground."

"I am very much obliged to Mr. Peyton; but you should not have wandered so far away, Ellinor, and you are quite heated. Come and sit down."

"I hear you have been drawing the ruins. I dabble in colour a little myself," said Peyton. He seemed to have no intention of leaving. He went back with them to the shade of the elm trees, and stayed chatting, directing most of his conversation to Mrs. Montresor, until Jacky (the page) appeared with the luncheon basket, prompted by his own inner cravings. Then at last Mr. Peyton remembered the claims of his fishing tackle. He held Ellinor's hand for a moment as he said farewell.

"I hope we may soon meet again," he said. "My mother has been meaning to call upon you; but she has scarcely been able to leave the house for some weeks."

When he was gone they spread the snowy cloth upon the grass, and such a collation as women love, cold chicken, and a fresh young lettuce, a bottle of Sauterne, and crisp pastry sheltering green gooseberries.



"SHE LAY WITH HER HEAD RESTING AGAINST MRS. MONTRESOR'S KNEE."

Afterwards Ellinor lay with her head resting against Mrs. Montresor's knee, gazing up through the trellis work of green to the blue depths beyond. She dreamed peacefully a vague, fanciful dream, half pleasant retrospection, half anticipation. She felt that her morning's encounter had broken the isolation of her life. Strange that it should happen upon this day, of all others ; for its close was to reveal to her her one near link with her kind—the unknown father who yet had shaped her destiny. Miss Rawdon was distinctly an heiress, the sum of her expectations had been vaguely hinted at as nearly half a million. She had stepped from her school life to this glorious independence ; to be mistress of Firholt, “the place in Hampshire” bought and fitted up for her reception. And the royal giver of all this was her father, known only through letters delivered to her through the medium of Miss Lake.

Her school days had been watched over vicariously by Messrs. Ridgway and Smithson, solicitors ; but now, he was coming—the being who should crown his gifts with his presence.

She had often pictured him. Tall she fancied him, with hair turning iron grey ; perhaps a little stoop ; tired from the toil of the years in which he had amassed the wealth which he was coming to share with his little girl. That was the name he gave her in his letters. Short letters they had been, explaining little, but often repeating his desire that she should fully qualify herself for the position it would be hers to fill—telling her that all the hopes and desires of the writer's heart were centred upon his little girl, and that he was always “her affectionate father, Matthew Rawdon.”

To-day her dreams were clearer than ever. They seemed a very foreshadowing of his presence. It was the restlessness of expectation which had drawn her to persuade Mrs. Montresor to come out to spend these last hours in the open fields.

It was nearly five o'clock when they started on their homeward drive. On reaching Firholt they were met by the housekeeper with the news that Mr. Rawdon had already arrived—two hours before his time. Ellinor waited for no comment, she flew up the steps, and across the hall, to the small drawing-room where, she was told, he was awaiting her.

An older woman would have paused—tried to prepare herself for the meeting—Ellinor thought only of the end of suspense. She threw open the door.

He had seen the carriage drive up, heard

her coming ; he was standing in the middle of the room awaiting her.

“Father !” then she stopped short.

Was this he—this her father ? There must be some mistake. A small man stood there. His right hand held the wrist of his left, as if seeking support even from himself. One foot shuffled nervously over the other. His clothes hung loosely, and set badly. He was spare and thin ; his scant hair was iron-grey and stubbly, inclined to stand upright ; his beard was stubbly also, and apparently of recent growth. Above all, he did not look a gentleman. He came forward and spoke. His voice was a redeeming point ; it was soft and musical—coming from such a man, it was a surprise. So were his eyes, when he lifted them as he drew near. Habitually they were downcast. He came, leaving the custody of his own wrist, and rubbing his hands together.

“Is this,” he said, “is this my little girl ?”

She lifted her head and blushed. Was it for him, or for her thoughts of him ?

“Yes, father, I am Ellinor.”

He leant forward and kissed her brow—he had no occasion to stoop. As he did so, his eyes met hers. She saw them, wistful, pleading, as though asking forgiveness for she knew not what, perhaps for his presence. Her heart reproached her ; everything was his, even herself. It was a relief when Mrs. Montresor came in. If she felt surprise, she was too clever to show it, and her somewhat effusive greeting gave Ellinor time to recover herself. She gave her father his tea ; he begged her to. His face lit up at every small office she performed for him. He watched her, he gloated over her, her freshness, her sweetness, her beauty.

“My little girl,” he said to himself, more than once, hugging his own wrist.

Mrs. Montresor saw the strained look upon the girl's face, the trembling of her hands among the tea-cups. As soon as the function was over, she proposed to conduct Mr. Rawdon over his own house.

“Messrs. Ridgway and Smithson were so good as to consult me about the arrangements,” she said. “I hope they will meet with your approval.”

“Sure to do that, ma'am—sure to do that,” he answered.

“Ellinor, dear,” said Mrs. Montresor, “you look tired. Had you not better go and take your hat off ? Meet us in the long gallery. We will wait for you there.”

Ellinor was thankful for the respite, for the chance of solitude. In safety within her



'WAS THIS HER FATHER?'

own room, she flung herself upon her bed; she was overwrought, over-excited, and her dismay found vent in ready tears, a fit of childish, heartbroken sobbing.

"What should she do? What should she do? Who was he? What was he? And the Peytons were coming to call!"

Then, the fit of crying over, and being a child still, and simple in her ways, she knelt beside the bed, and prayed for strength to do her duty. When Mrs. Montresor came to seek her nearly an hour later, she was sitting calmly by the window.

"You should have come down, Ellinor," she said, busying herself about the room; "your father was disappointed."

"I was very tired, dear Monty. I am sorry."

There was a quiet, constrained tone in the young voice that was new to it. Mrs. Montresor was a good woman, but of coarser stuff than her charge. She went over to her side. "Tut, dear child—don't fret—he has kind eyes—you must take care of him—£300,000—he's a prince compared to many a man I've seen fêted for half the money."

Ellinor drew back a little.

"It is time to dress for dinner," she said.

"I mustn't vex my father by being late. Is he gone to his room?"

Instinct had revealed to her her lesson. There was a burden she must stoop to carry, but to the world she must walk upright.

With curious consistency she chose the handsomest dinner dress in her wardrobe for her toilette; one which she had put aside as unfitting her years. The train and bodice were of grey velvet, falling open in front over a petticoat of brocade and old lace. Indeed, it was better suited for a woman of forty; but, when her maid had gathered her hair into a tight knot on the top of her little head, and she had fastened a great bunch of roses in her bosom, she looked a quaint and dainty lady, and moved with a newly

born dignity pretty to see. She glanced at herself in the pier-glass. "Had it been different," she thought, "I could have put on my white gown. I could have remained young. Now I see why he educated me; I must make it up to him."

He was waiting for her in the large drawing-room; not in evening dress, but wearing a loose black coat and white waistcoat. He looked at her with pride, almost with awe, as her head held high, she swept into the room. The dinner passed off better than she had hoped. She noted that he was cautious and quick of observation. He watched her and Mrs. Montresor from beneath his eyelids, and followed their lead; also he talked little.

Mrs. Montresor was right in her prediction that the county would call. Before Mr. Rawdon had been a fortnight at Firholt the carriages began to roll up the drive with considerable frequency. Ellinor took her line. She was a little on the defensive, dignified, very quiet, defying criticism. In the daytime she dressed with marked plainness, in the evenings with marked splendour. It was wonderful where the girl had learnt that she could no longer afford to be childish.

Among the first comers were the Peytons;

Guy, with his mother. Sir Arthur was laid up with the gout. The visit was not altogether a success. Mr. Rawdon was at home, and there were no other visitors. He always struck strangers in the light of a surprise. He stood in front of Lady Peyton, clasping and unclasping his wrist, shuffling his feet, replying in short, jerky sentences to her efforts at conversation, and calling her "Ma'am." Guy, after the first shock, was constrained and polite; a different man from the pleasant stranger Ellinor had chatted to in the fields.

She wondered, did he repent having brought his mother to the house. She imagined bitterly the criticisms that would occupy the drive home—could she have been present in body, as she was in imagination, she would scarcely have been reassured. Guy was moody and silent, and his mother looked at him anxiously. She had divined something beneath his anxiety that she should call upon these new people. "You had better go, my dear," her husband had said; "£300,000! and if he should really take a fancy to the girl, and she is presentable! We want the money badly enough, goodness knows. In fact, he *must* marry money."

Lady Peyton had not thought it wise to repeat this advice to her son; now she was feeling very much put out. The girl was well enough, more than presentable, and showed her good sense in her dress. But the man! What a price to pay for the old estate!

She turned suddenly to her son, after thinking of these things in silence for a quarter of an hour.

"What a man!" she said, irritably. "He is like some small City clerk on a hundred a year—a badger!"

"He might be worse," said Guy, nervously; "he might be obtrusive."

"I don't know that it would be worse. You would expect a man with nearly half a million of money to be assertive—but this creature—one asks, who can he be? How did he come by it? He hasn't the brain—he doesn't look one in the face—he is mean as well as low bred!"

It was seldom Lady Peyton spoke with so much vehemence; she was terribly put out, and she overshot the mark. The following day Guy again called at Firholt; rode over alone; he remembered a suggestion he wished to make to Mr. Rawdon about the fishing. He had thought over the situation; had weighed and justly appreciated the change in

the girl which had perplexed him the day before, and thrown him out. He saw her determination not to be taken apart from her father, and it turned admiration into a serious and tender respect. He felt a chivalrous desire to atone to the girl who so bravely set herself to cast aside her frivolities and light-heartedness, and fight society with this terrible little man by her side.

He found Ellinor sitting under the brown beeches on the lawn. Mr. Rawdon was not at home, which, perhaps, was a relief to everyone concerned. Tea was brought out under the trees, and Mrs. Montresor came with her work. Perhaps the threatened destruction of an intercourse which had promised so much made its renewal sweeter. At any rate, from that afternoon the story of these two people ran with even facility to its climax. Guy Peyton asked Ellinor to be his wife in a simple, straightforward way about three months after their first meeting. Tragedy and parting seemed so far removed from their fate, when once the difficulty of her parentage was faced and accepted, that there was no occasion for much protestation. The undoubtingness of their love made it simple in expression; they knew that it dated from the day they had met by the Lean, and Rollo had effected their introduction. Sir Guy and Lady Peyton were forced into cordiality, for the dower offered by Mr. Rawdon was simply magnificent. The £300,000 proved no dream; it was solidly invested, and he proposed to settle almost the entire sum upon his daughter on her wedding-day, retaining only a sufficiency to supply the most simple needs. He also signified his intention of vacating Firholt for her use.

"Perhaps," he said, gently, "he would visit her occasionally—for himself rooms in town would be more to his taste." He explained this to Sir Arthur, who felt compelled to remonstrate, although secretly he thought the arrangement in every way admirable. Lady Peyton was exultant. With Mr. Rawdon's withdrawal, the one fatal drawback to the marriage was removed. But Matthew Rawdon said nothing of his plans to his daughter.

It was within a few months of the date fixed for the wedding that a great dinner was given at Firholt. At the last moment a note arrived from Lady Peyton; could Ellinor find room at the table for a friend, an American on a visit to Europe, who had appeared suddenly at the Hall, bringing letters of introduction impossible to neglect?

They were among the last to arrive.

Ellinor was receiving to-night in the great drawing-room, and she looked fit to reign there. She wore a dress of golden-hued chiffon. Across her bosom and on the skirt were sprays of daisies, and the heart of every daisy was a blazing sapphire—a type of the girl's nature she was totally unaware of.

Her father had taken up his favourite position with his back to one of the fire-places, and she stood near him. Mr. Rawdon had improved during the last few months. He shuffled less; his clothes, thanks to Ellinor, were irreproachable, and, especially since his daughter's engagement, he had grown daily more calm.

The Peytons were announced.

Sir Arthur and Lady Peyton, Mr. Peyton, and Mr. —; the name was lost.

Ellinor saw a spare, tall man, keen-faced and vigilant. He was bowing before her. She heard a slow, slightly nasal monotone beginning—

“I must apologize, Miss Rawdon——” He had reached the slight elevation of the last syllable, when an irresistible impulse made her turn from him to her father.

Matthew Rawdon had grown deadly pale. He had leant back against the mantel, clutching himself nervously.

“Father!”

He gave a swift motion of the hand, bidding her be still, and with an effort recovered himself.

A moment later she heard again the American's voice.

“You have a fine place here, Mr. Rawdon, one of the finest I *should* say in this fine country.”

Her father made some inaudible reply; the curious pallor was still upon his face, but dinner was announced; she had no chance of speaking to him. During dinner she watched him anxiously. She saw that he was more than usually nervous; that he drank a good deal of wine. Once or twice she caught a penetrating glance, swift and direct, thrown by the American to that end of the table.

Throughout she seemed to hear above every other sound the slight rise and fall of that slow, clear monotone, and felt she hated the man. It was a relief and reassuring to turn her head and catch Guy's smile, and she was thankful when she could give the signal for withdrawal.

After the ladies had gone, the American had the field to himself. His metallic bell gradually silenced the other men, and he got the ear of the table.

Mr. Rawdon's chief merits as a host were that he gave good wine, good dinners, and left his guests entire freedom. He usually headed the table in silence, with the result that, on the present occasion, his white, exhausted face escaped remark, except from Guy Peyton. Matthew Rawdon had now something more than toleration from his future son-in-law—partly on Ellinor's account, partly on his own.

The unobtrusive self-effacement of the little man appealed strongly to those who came within his immediate influence.

The American was dilating on the fortunes made and lost on the other side of the Atlantic.

“A curious case,” he was saying, “a curious case I knew once—a poor, wretched little clerk in an office in Boston city—he had a wife and child and one hundred and fifty pounds a year. One fine day he presented a cheque at a bank, signed by one of the best-known names in the city—a cheque for three hundred dollars. The cheque was a forgery, sir—a forgery! The man was caught, trying to escape to Europe, and sent to prison. He had been speculating, gambling—buying small shares out of petty economies; everything failed. When he had no more, he forged a name. Poor little chap, he threw himself at the feet of the man he had wronged and begged for mercy; but he went to the hulks—his wife died of a broken heart.

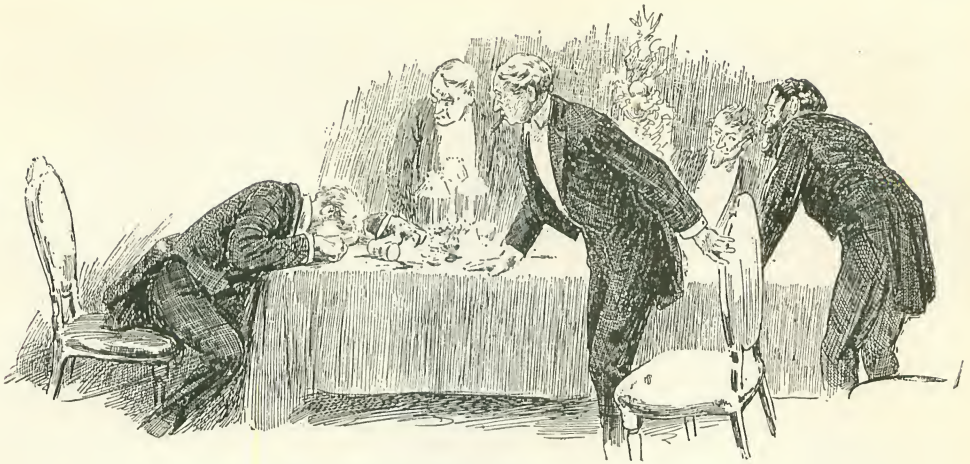
“Now, sir, for the re-markable point. While that man was serving his time, some damned sentimental fool died, and left him every penny of his co-lossal fortune. His time served out, the man went to Europe, where he was unknown, to spend his money. When I saw him again, sir, he was about to ally himself, through his daughter, to one of the oldest and proudest families of this proud old country. He had changed two letters of his name. The name of the clerk, sir, was Daw——”

There was a sound as of a blow, a clatter of silver and glass. The host had fallen forward in his chair; his body lay across the table, the arms stretched out.

“Where is my father?”

Guy Peyton was by Ellinor's side in the drawing-room. Nearly half an hour had elapsed since the abrupt conclusion of the American's story. Mr. Rawdon had been carried from the table, but Guy had taken care that no rumour of alarm should reach Ellinor until he himself could go to her.

“He is not quite himself; he is in the library.”



"THE HOST HAD FALLEN FORWARD IN HIS CHAIR.

"What is the matter? Why was I not told? I must go to him."

"It is not serious. My father is with him. Don't go, Ellinor. It was a slight faintness, that is all. Don't let people imagine anything has gone wrong. I asked Mrs. Montresor to go down."

"Are you sure? Would he rather I stayed here?"

"I am quite sure he would rather you stayed here, and I also, Ellinor."

She obeyed him, but she was uneasy with foreboding, especially when Sir Arthur did not return, and longed to see the last of her guests, that she might be free.

In the library lay the master of Firholt. He had shrunk in this last hour. He was more wizened; his hands and feet seemed drawing themselves up into clothes that had suddenly grown loose and baggy; his face was livid, even to the lips. He lay with his eyes closed.

Sir Arthur Peyton was walking up and down the room, limping still from the gout, his face working; he was in a terrible passion.

"You own to it—that this man's story is true; that you have plotted to bring disgrace upon an honourable house; added crime to crime, the taint of it to fall upon the children of my son?"

The shrivelled figure on the couch trembled.

"I believed that it would never become known. I did it for her."

"Known or not known, the disgrace was there—the d— disgrace! Good God! how can I tell what Guy will do! The exposure alone——"

"Must that exposure come?" said Mr. Rawdon, faintly.

"Come? who is to prevent it?" said the man of title. "The scandal will half kill Lady Peyton. To be sure I have stopped that,—American's mouth for the present. No one but he and myself know for certain."

A faint tinge of colour was coming back to Mr. Rawdon's face. He reached a cordial that was upon a table near, and drank it. Then he stood upright. There was a touch of dignity in his bent figure, his thin hands were folded quietly, his feet shuffled no more.

"Sir Arthur, when I forged that cheque, my wife was dying, and I had no money—none. I had begged five pounds from the father of the man who dined at my table to-day, and he refused it; then I used his name. Now I am going to beg once more—for my daughter—for Ellinor. Stop this thing from becoming public; save her from knowing. It will be better for you, too; and I—I will go to-night. I cannot stay here. I will write to her—telling her that the love of the old roving life is upon me—what you will. I cannot live long; I know it. The attack I had to-night was from the heart."

"And my son?"

"Tell him if you think it right; do as you like. Send him abroad. I will tell Ellinor she must wait for my return, but let it fall upon her gradually—gently; do not break her heart."

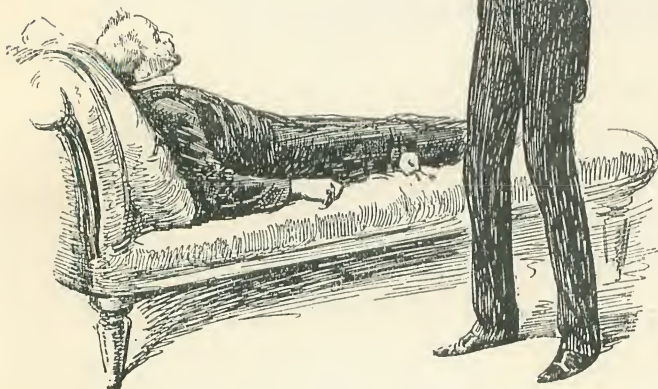
There was something in the absolute simplicity of the man's pleading that touched Sir Arthur's heart—not an unkindly one; also the plan proposed seemed the best for them all.

He did not know that Matthew Rawdon looked to the possibility that, with his self-

effacement, his crime might be forgiven—to his little girl; that he hoped much from Guy's strength and Sir Arthur's need of that £300,000.

Sir Arthur hesitated. "I think," he said, slowly, at last, "it will be the best plan."

"You consent, then? You can assure this man's silence——"



"THE SHRIVELLED FIGURE ON THE COUCH TREMBLED."

"I consent. And as for Mr.—Mr.—, yes, I can silence him."

When at length Ellinor was rid of her guests, she went to seek her father. She found that he had gone to his room, and that the door was locked.

He answered back to her inquiries that he was better—anxious to sleep; she might go to bed without fear. She went back to Guy, who was waiting in the drawing-room. He had declined a seat in his mother's carriage, and meant to ride home. Ellinor slipped her arms about his neck—

"Guy, what is the matter to-night? Something has happened, or is going to happen. What is it?"

He gathered her in his arms, crushing the chiffons of her yellow gown—

"Nothing but your own nervous fears, sweetheart."

"Guy, we have never talked much about our love. Tell me now how much you love me."

"An idle question, Nell. I love you, dear. If you were alone, and poor——"

"And dishonoured—say dishonoured, Guy."

He paused a moment, then said quietly—
"And dishonoured, Nell—outwardly; in your own pure heart you never could be—you are mine; the one woman for whom, by God's help, I live or die."

She clung to him—

"Thank you, Guy."

"It is nonsense," he said; "it is you who give me everything. If I loved you less I could not take it. You believe that, Nell?"

"Indeed, I do."

She lifted up her face to say good-night. Suddenly he caught her back to his arms.

"Oh, my love, my love, I almost wish these things might come upon you, that I might prove it."

When the quiet darkness of night had settled down upon Firholt, the door of its master's room opened softly. Treading as a thief in his own house, Mr. Rawdon stole out. He glided, a small dark blot, through passages where a faint moonlight from time to time illuminated his shrinking figure, until he reached the door of his daughter's room.

He paused, listening. All was so quiet within, he ventured to turn the handle.

The stillness told him that Ellinor was asleep. Treading on tip-toe he stole across to the bed. There was sufficient light for him to see her face plainly, and, stooping over her, he kissed her lightly on the forehead—for the last time.

The poor little outcast was crying; a tear was rolling down his cheek, but he wiped it away, lest it should fall upon her and waken her, following the light touch of his kiss. As it was she stirred a little in her sleep, and he drew back behind the curtain. He waited a few moments, then, without venturing to touch her again, he stole away out into the night. Early the next morning Mrs. Montresor came to Ellinor's room with a letter. She looked grave and anxious.

Matthew Rawdon had written to her, begging her to be herself the bearer of a letter to his daughter, and to break the news of his departure.

"How is my father?" asked Ellinor. "Has John been to him—have you heard?"

"Your father has been called away sud-

denly on business, dear child. He has written; here is his letter."

"What! without telling me? And he was so ill last night!"

Matthew Rawdon, in writing for the last



"MR. RAWDON STOLE OUT."

time to his daughter, had characteristically avoided much self-expansion.

He spoke of his absence as necessary even for her own well-being, and begged her in the matter of her marriage to be guided by the wishes of Sir Arthur and Lady Peyton until his return.

Ellinor read his words in silence. She felt that some heavy blow had fallen, although as yet she could not realize its extent or nature; also she was wounded and amazed. Her father had already formed his plans and discussed them with Sir Arthur when she bade him good-night at his door, and had said no word to her. It seemed that he had purposely avoided seeing her. Had she known of his secret farewell, her pain would have been less. She might have turned to Mrs. Montresor for comfort. Now she was silent and tearless.

She had scarcely left the breakfast-room when Lady Peyton arrived. Sir Arthur had taken his wife into his counsels, and she fully agreed in keeping such secrecy as might still be possible. It was a hard blow for her; the sense of shame, of having been duped, added to the disappointment, the overthrow of all her plans, made it almost unbearable.

She frankly expressed a wish that Mr. Rawdon or Dawson might never be heard of again—might put an end to himself—"it is the only thing left for the little wretch to do with any decency," she explained.

It was easy to induce the American to hold his tongue. He had done mischief enough already in satisfying a feeling of personal animosity. He had no wish to see the doors of a society he was eager to enter closed against him, as Sir Arthur assured him would infallibly be the case did he bring down further scandal upon his present hosts.

It was clear that the breaking off of the engagement must come from Ellinor—there was no knowing what Guy's chivalrous notions might lead him into doing—and Lady Peyton drove over to Firholt in the morning, while her son thought her still in her room.

Her visit was a short one.

She entreated Ellinor for her own sake not to seek to know the reasons of her father's conduct; she told her that his last express wishes, left with Sir Arthur, had been that the marriage should be put off until his return, and implored her, for Guy's sake, to be guided by them.

"And his return—when will that be?" asked the girl, with blanched face.

"I—no one, I think, exactly knows."

"And it is for Guy's sake you ask me this?"

"Indeed it is—to save him from the consequences of a fatal mistake—from an irreparable wrong."

"And this mistake—it was my father's?"

"Yes."

Ellinor walked to the window. Was she to lose everything at one blow—father, lover—all that life held for her? "You are sure? This is best for Guy—is it to save him?" she asked again at last.

"I am quite sure."

The girl walked over to the writing-table without another word.

"You will know that my father has left me suddenly," she wrote. "I believe Sir Arthur and Lady Peyton know more of the cause than I—I learn that it is his wish that our marriage should be delayed until his return. No one knows when that will be. For your own sake I write to give you your freedom. I was mad to ask of you what I did last night—forget it, Guy. Do you think I am cold-hearted that I write so? I think I am dead—I can feel nothing."

When she had finished Lady Peyton was prepared to leave.

"I will send this," Ellinor said; "John shall ride over at once."

"You are a brave woman, Ellinor." She kissed the girl's cheek. It occurred to her that there were things even more potent than wealth to wipe out inherited stain.

Sir Arthur had purposely detained his son that morning, talking over matters totally unconnected with the topic uppermost in both minds. Guy had just escaped and was mounting to ride over to Firholt when Ellinor's letter was put into his hand. He was thunderstruck and furiously angry. Although perfectly aware that something had gone seriously wrong, he had waited, determined that his father should take the initiative, and equally determined that nothing should induce him to give up Ellinor. What he was not prepared for was that his mother should get the start of him, and deal the blow through the hand of his love. He went straight to Sir Arthur, the letter in his hand.

"You knew of this, sir? My mother has seen Ellinor this morning." The elder man felt uncomfortable. There was an unpleasant look of conspiracy about the affair; but, Ellinor having proved reasonable, secrecy was no longer an object, and he told his son simply the whole story. Carefully as he detailed his own action in the matter, it was not difficult to read between the lines. The anger of the younger man deepened.

"Very well, sir," he said, when his father paused. "I more than half guessed the truth last night. In the face of it I renewed my word to Miss Rawdon. You have thought fit to hound away her father, to treat me like a child, and coerce Ellinor into breaking with me, working on her sense of honour. I can only say—if she will not marry me, I will marry no woman alive."

Then he took his hat and went out, over to Firholt. Ellinor came down to him, a haggard, white-faced woman.

"Ellinor, what do you mean——?"

"You know what I mean."

"Don't you know it is simply impossible to separate yourself from me?"

"You must not marry me."

"Nonsense, I mean to marry you."

She clasped her hands and rested the open palms upon his shoulder, looking into his face, her strained, tired eyes meeting his. "Guy, I must find him—find my father."

"Do you love him best?"

"No, but if I married you, even if your father and mother consented, if I could escape from doing you shameful injury, he would keep away, thinking that so we might be happy. I should have his long pain, perhaps his death upon my heart."

"Dear love, I will find him; then we will go away together, he and you and I."

"No, no, it is impossible. Your mother would be heartbroken; and she trusts me."

"She did wrong to appeal to you. If we had been married, they must have accepted everything; there would have been no alternative, and it is the same thing."

"Guy, what has he done?"

"Nothing, love, that has not long ago been wiped out."

But Ellinor kept her word. Guy must go, and she would wait for her father's homecoming.

Guy also kept his word. He told her that he held himself bound, that he would seek Matthew Rawdon through the world and bring him back. In the meantime Ellinor refused to receive his letters or write to him.

The months went by, and Matthew Rawdon did not come, nor Guy. Lady Peyton and Sir Arthur began to console themselves with the thought that the little man must be dead, and to weary for their son. Ellinor advertised, sought the aid of a private inquiry office, all to no avail. She lived on quietly at Firholt with Mrs. Montresor, seldom going into society. She had grown into a grave, slightly reserved woman.

Every evening she went down to a path she loved, shadowed in spring by lilacs, laburnums, and guelder-roses; behind these a plantation of laurels. On the other side it was open to the park. She used to fancy that some evening in the dusk her waiting would be ended, and she should see her father coming.

After two years someone came; not her father, but Guy.

He had been to the house first, and took her unawares. Until she saw him, she did not know the exceeding bitterness of her loneliness and longing; she stretched out her arms with a cry.

"Sweetheart," he said presently, "there must be no more parting between you and me. My people can't stand out any longer—the loneliness of the old place has proved too much for them. I will not stay here without you, and they are ready to welcome you."

"But my father. If he came back would they welcome him? And, until he does, how can I break my word?"

"Listen, love—they think, we all think—Nell, I have tried every means to find him, and failed." There was a rustling among the laurel leaves. "It is only a bird," said Guy, feeling that she started.

"You think," she almost whispered, "that he is—dead?—without saying good-bye—without a word to me? Oh, Guy, whatever he has done I loved him. How can I be happy in the fruit of his pain—to die deserted and alone?"

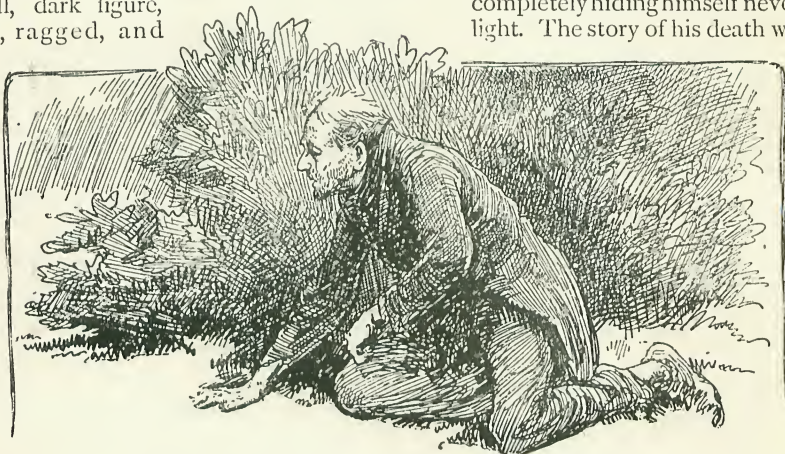
He tried to comfort her. Would not the greatest wish, the one keen desire of the lost man's heart be fulfilled if she were beloved and happy?

Together they walked towards the house; when they were out of sight the laurels rustled once more, and in the dusk there crept out a small, dark figure, unshaven, ragged, and

There Ellinor went to him, and shut the door.

"Father! father! Oh, why will you not speak to me? Say once more, 'My little girl.'"

But Matthew Rawdon, the forger, would never speak again. Medical examination showed that he had been dead for many hours, the immediate cause of death being an old and deeply-seated heart disease, increased by suffering and want. He seemed to have been leading the life of a vagrant, but how and where he had succeeded in so completely hiding himself never came to light. The story of his death was hushed



"IN THE DUSK THERE CREPT OUT A SMALL, DARK FIGURE."

forlorn. A beggar, surely! And the beggar knelt and kissed the dust which the young girl's feet had trodden.

In the morning one of the gardeners came up to the house with a grave face, and asked to see Mrs. Montresor.

"If you please, ma'am, there's a man, a tramp, he looks like; a poor, half-starved creature, he's lying dead among the laurels down by the shrubbery walk."

"Good God! The poor man! Who can he be?"

The man's face was working; he was twirling his cap in his hands. He leaned forward and whispered—

"Ma'am, I think, I al—most think—it's the master, Mr. Rawdon."

So for the second time the master of Firholt came home.

They carried the small, light figure to the house, to his own room, a strange contrast to its luxurious fittings.

up, as had been that of his crime. Lady Peyton carefully talked of him as "highly eccentric," and explained that it was entirely owing to his eccentricity that her son's marriage had been postponed. The odd little man had started off in such an unaccountable manner, and Ellinor had been so resolute in abiding by his wish that she should await his return.

Well, he had come, and he was dead, and there was an end of it. No one had much interest in ferreting out the truth of his story. When the days of her mourning were ended, Ellinor married very quietly.

Sometimes in the summer evenings she takes her children to her father's grave, hoping that he is in some way conscious of the fidelity of her recollection.

She knows what was his crime—surely long ago worked out—and prays that its shadow may never fall upon those she loves.

Illustrated Interviews.

NO. XV.—MR. HENRY IRVING.



From a Photo. by]

IN THE STUDY.

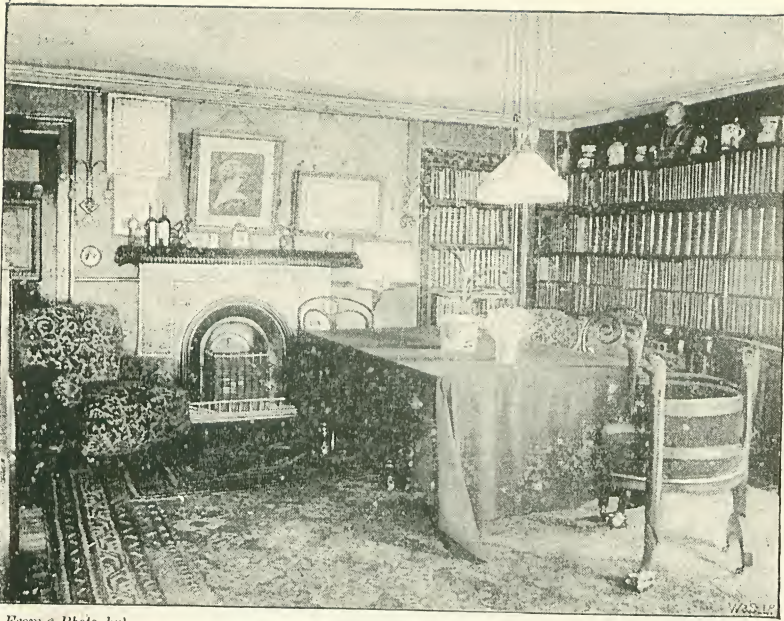
[Elliott & Fry.



GRAFTON Street, Bond Street, is not a particularly attractive thoroughfare, yet the opening of the door of No. 15A secures admission to one of the most interesting domiciles in the country. It is the home of the leading actor in the land. Here lives a man whom to meet and talk with means a real privilege. One whole long day with Henry Irving is something to be remembered. He is the worst possible actor in his own home—there is no suggestion of the theatre whilst sitting talking with him; yet the romance inseparable from the player's life pervades every nook and corner of his house. He tried his utmost to deceive me—he worked hard to conceal the kindly nature which is written in every feature of his face. It was a failure. I remembered those “little cheques.” I thought of his pensioners; of folk who were kind to him in those struggling days—of the story of the Christmas dinner which a worthy

old Scotch couple gave him when, on that day of goodwill and good things, he was almost without one, and innumerable small but welcome acts which to-day are being repaid back a hundredfold. I never met a man who talked less about himself and more about other people than Henry Irving. With delightful diplomacy he evaded my questions which would incriminate himself of kindness. My description of the great actor is of the simplest character. He has the kindest face you ever saw, but—you must look into it first.

I passed with him one long day, first at his home and then in a convenient four-wheeler to the theatre. The staircase of his house is replete with grand bronzes. One of Don Quixote is just opposite the dining-room door. Here, too, are many views of Venice, and a number of sketches by Seymour Lucas. The dining-room overlooks Bond Street. It is a distinctly comfortable room. A bust of Kemble is over the bookcase, with another of



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

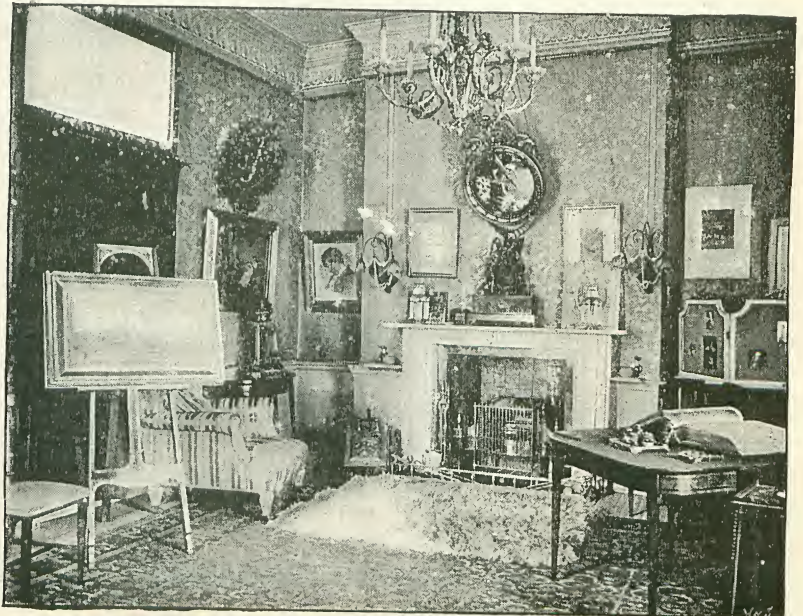
Dante. The exquisite Spanish ware is to be envied. On one side of the mantelpiece is an interesting reminiscence of Mrs. Siddons—a picture of “The Shoulder of Mutton Inn,” Brecon, South Wales, where she was born, an excellent portrait of the famous actress herself, and a letter from her to Lord Avon. The latter is in very tiny running writing, and reads: “Thank you for your kind note, my dear Lord Avon. We shall be most happy to attend you at dinner. Alas! Alas! that these delightful summers are so soon to end.” The pattern of the chairs in this apartment is highly suggestive of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.

The little cigar-room adjoins this. The boxes of weeds are many and are stored in a huge cabinet. The last portrait ever taken of Charles Mathews hangs

here, together with a fine engraving of Charles I. A bronze of a French harlequin stands just in the shadow of the light from the window, quaint old books fill corners, and over the mantel-board are examples of the Venetian school.

There is much of deep interest in the drawing-room and small reception-room upstairs. An old Empire clock has retired from work for some time. It now rests on the white enamel mantel-board. In the

bookcase are some very fine and old editions of Shakespeare. Mr. Irving possesses over thirty different editions, all told. Every one is dated. Here is the third edition of the Bard—once the property of the Duke of Bedford. Another, originally in the possession of the Earl of Aylesford, in red leather and gilt binding, could not be purchased for £500. The



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

lives and memoirs—marvellous in their completeness—of Edmund Kean, Garrick, and Macready here also find their place.

The memoirs of Kean filled a quarter of the room when laid out on the floor. Mr. Irving bought up the innumerable sheets, engravings, and what not, including priceless letters and the like, pasted eight and nine of them on top of one another on a single sheet. It was an unwieldy mass of hidden treasure, and Mr. Irving requested an obliging friend to "amuse himself" with sorting them out, whilst he was in America. On his return the thing was done.

A small case contains the russet boots which Edmund Kean wore as *Richard III.*, and the sword he used as *Coriolanus*. A companion cabinet is in the drawing-room. One by one the treasures are taken out and talked about. Here is David Garrick's ring, which he gave to his brother on his death-bed. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts presented it to Mr. Irving. Two watches are here. One is the gold timekeeper of John Philip Kemble, the other a silver one which formerly belonged to Edwin Forest. As I held the latter in my hand, Mr. Irving said quietly:—

"Do you notice the time by it?"

It was thirty-eight minutes past five.

"That watch stopped at the very moment Forest breathed his last!" said Mr. Irving, as he gently replaced it.

But the treasures of the case are not exhausted. You can handle the silver dagger worn by Lord Byron, a pair of old sandals worn by Edmund Kean, a pin with a picture of Shakespeare, once the property of Garrick, an ivory tablet which belonged to Charles Mathews. Do not overlook this little purse of fine green silk thread and silver band. It was found in the pocket of Edmund Kean when he died. There was not a sixpence in it! It was given to Henry Irving by Robert Browning.

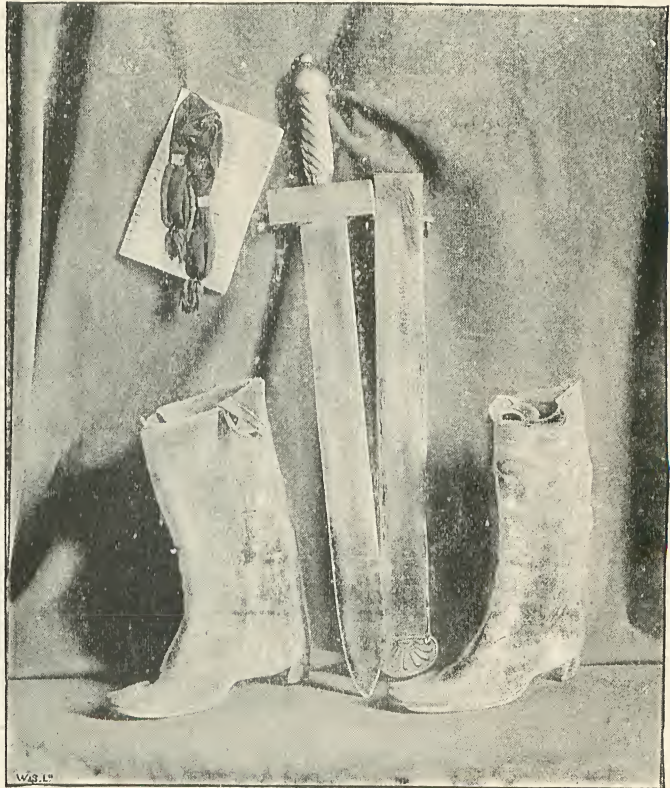
There are some fine pictures in the drawing-

room. A bust of Miss Ellen Terry is in the far corner. The silver shield which was presented to John Kemble in Edinburgh hangs on the wall. It is still surrounded with the wreath of laurel leaves—now faded—which Mr. Irving had thrown to him the last night of the season.

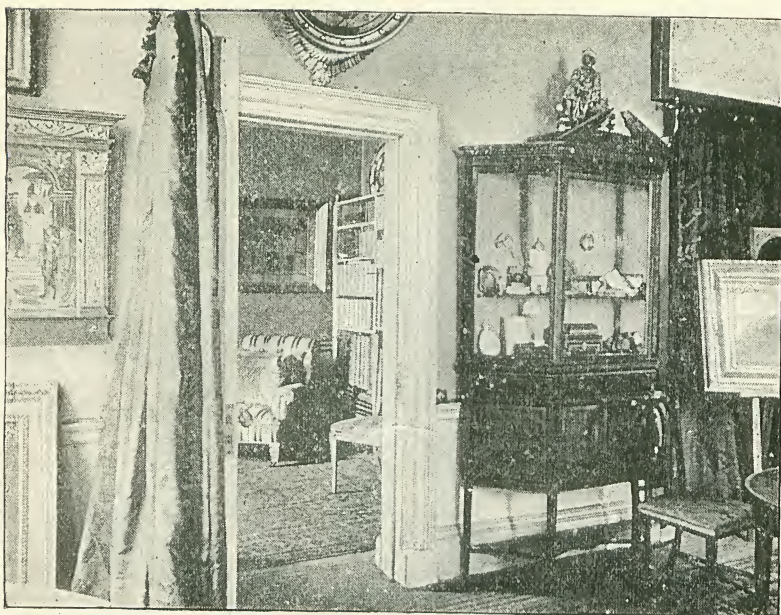
Then the name of Toole is mentioned. If you want an example of friendships, "Partners for Life," link the names of Irving and Toole together. Their companionship is just as real as it is delightful. John L. Toole's delight is to surprise his friend Irving. On a table stands a fine silver-gilt trophy presented to John Philip Kemble on his retirement from the stage. A part of its inscription reads: "Bought from Robert Tait, Esq., and presented to Henry Irving, Esq., by his old friend J. L. Toole, 5th July, 1884."

Scene—Grafton Street. *Time*—morning. Enter Mr. Toole, meeting Mr. Irving.

Mr. Toole: "I've found something that will interest you, Irving. A vase presented to Kemble. Fine piece of plate designed by Flaxman. Come to Messrs. Blanks and look at it."



EDMUND KEAN'S BOOTS, SWORD AND PURSE.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

CORNER OF DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott and Fry.

Exit together. Arrival at shop. Big price asked for it. Toole pooh-poohs the price. Thinks they ought to be only too glad to give it to Mr. Irving. Shopkeeper immovable. Toole won't have it—"only wanted his friend to see it," etc., etc. The two friends leave the shop. Toole induces Irving to go for a stroll. They return to Grafton Street. Toole departs. The vase was upstairs!

"That was *his* way of doing it," said Mr. Irving to me.

Mr. Irving prizes nine volumes of "Dickens." The volumes are full of letters of the great novelist, bits of MSS. and drawings, all associated with his name. They are Foster's "Life of Dickens," interleaved with priceless mementos. Toole quietly left them at Grafton Street one day when Mr. Irving was out.

"Just one little anecdote to show you the wonderful goodness of dear old Toole for everybody. This will illustrate his fondness for children. Many years ago, when we were both young men, we were playing together at a theatre in Edinburgh. Ristori was appearing at another house in 'Marie Stuart.' Our programme consisted of three or four pieces; we had finished the opening piece and were free for the second, so we made up our minds to slip over and see Ristori for half an hour or so. It so happened that the last piece on the evening's bill was 'The Birthplace of Podgers.' As Toole has to appear in this very early he half

dressed for the character, putting on his corduroy trousers, red vest, and a big overcoat to hide them.

"We were just leaving the stage door together when we caught sight of three little boys, who were standing there watching the actors come in and out. It always was, and always will be, a fascinating spot for little boys. Toole turned to me suddenly: 'Can't help it, old chap! Can't help it, must do it!' He

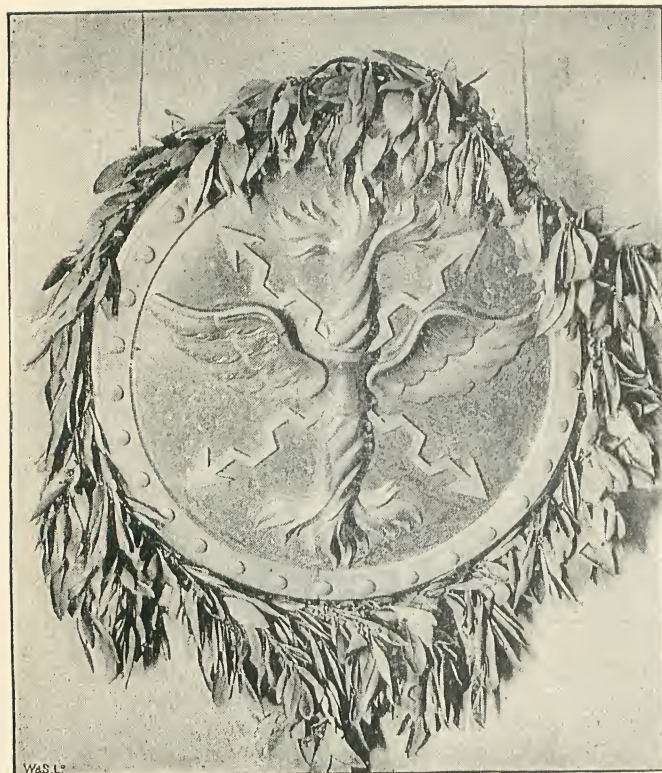
rushed up to the youngsters.

"'Halloa! my little friends! Want to see Podgers? Come along. Look sharp—here he is!' and he displayed to the wondering youngsters his beautiful red waistcoat with the white pearl buttons.

"'Here, wait a minute! There's one for you, another for you, my little man. Why! I have got another left for you. Good-bye, God bless you!' He had given them all a penny each, and we rushed away to see Ristori."

A great black raven stands just over the door which leads to the study. This is an apartment suggestive of much of which one can write very little. The writing-table is placed near the window. Fresh flowers had been put in the tiny vases a few minutes before. The pictures are numerous; the works of reference on every conceivable subject can be counted by the hundred. I liked the simple picture of Miss Ellen Terry with two dogs on her lap. She has written on it: "We wish you many happy returns of the day, and shall ever remain your loving, faithful friends, Fussie and Ned, Feb. 6, 1889."

Here is Fussie, just come into the room. He has been following us about the house all the morning. Who is Fussie? A faithful little black and white fox-terrier, who goes with its master every night to the theatre, patiently sits on a mat in his dressing-room until the performance is over, and then hurries home again. He wakes everybody in the house, sometimes at five o'clock in the morning,



From a Photo. by

JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE'S SHIELD.

[Elliott & Fry.]

then starts out for a tour of Bond Street, Oxford Street, Regent Street, and the neighbourhood, returning in three or four hours' time. Fussie once belonged to poor Fred Archer, and was given to Mr. Irving by Miss Terry. Miss Terry was at Newmarket one day going over some stables, and Fred Archer gave her a little pup, which was appropriately christened Fussie. Mr. Irving assured me that if he went to America and forgot to take the little terrier, the latter would swim the Atlantic after him! Fussie specially sat to Miss Ellen Terry for the photo. reproduced. He was "caught" in the act of carrying his master's walking-stick.

At the far end of the study is a great glass, which reaches from the floor to the ceiling.

Against this lean a number of swords, all suggestive of interest, and many walking-sticks. The sword Edmund Kean wore as *Richard III.* is in a crimson velvet scabbard; another is David Garrick's sword; and here is the one used by Mr. Irving as *Hamlet* for 200 nights, the crape with which it is covered being almost in tatters. There are a score of walking-sticks. One of them belonged to the late Frank Marshall, a cane he carried for years.

Then Mr. Irving sat down in his chair—a chair of incomparable comfort. We spent the afternoon together in "looking back." He spoke with earnestness about everything, and with gentleness about everybody. He seemed to me to always *think* before he spoke. His work has long ago told of the scholarly artist which he is, but you begin to understand it better after you have met the man.

One would like to write much about his brilliant career, a life which he has used to elevate the profession, of which he is the head, into the place it now occupies in the estimation of the public. Mr. Irving lives, and has lived, for

his art; it will surely live after him. Suffice it now to talk about the many pleasant incidents of a well-spent day—which only ended when I said "good-bye" to him at the theatre late at night—and with them something of the work he has done.

John Henry Brodribb was born at Keinton, near Glastonbury, on February



From a Photo. by

"FUSSIE."

[Miss Ellen Terry.]

6th, 1838. Although Irving was adopted as his *nom de théâtre*, it is now his legal name, he having had letters patent granted to him for this purpose. He passed the early years of his boyhood in Cornwall. At eleven years of age

he became a pupil at Dr. Pinches' school, in George Yard, Lombard Street, a locality rendered famous from the fact that it was at a chop-house in this neighbourhood that Pickwick partook of his chops and tomato sauce. It was at Dr. Pinches' academy that young Irving astonished both teacher and taught with a recital of that somewhat weird though dramatic poem, "The Uncle." From the school he went to the desk—to an East India house in Newgate Street, which is still in existence. Mr. Irving admits to learning poems and parts out of convenient books which he managed to hide between the pages of the ledger.

"I know, one day," said Mr. Irving, merrily, "I started to learn a piece on my way to the office. I couldn't leave it. Every moment when the manager's eye was not on me, out came my book. I made up my mind to finish it that day. During my dinner hour I went and hid myself in a huge wooden packing-case. The hour went by, and I knew it not. It appears they were searching all over for me, and it was just on six o'clock before they came across me in the box."

He made his first appearance at the new Sunderland Theatre on September 29th, 1856. Then he worked hard in the provinces, often learning seventeen and eighteen parts a week. The early hours in the morning he passed with wet towels round his head, working at his lines, would astonish the most enthusiastic college "cram." From Sunderland he went to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, and Liverpool. Mr. Toole practically obtained the first London engagement for Mr. Irving. They had met some time previously in Edinburgh. But a small part in "Ivy Hall," at the Princess's, on September 24th, 1859, did not content the young actor. Away he went to the

provinces again, working harder than ever, and not for another seven years did he return to London, as leading man at the St. James's, playing *Doricourt* in "The Belle's Stratagem." His marvellous character-acting as *Digby Grant* in "The Two Roses," at the Vaudeville, is still remembered, and his "little cheque" rings in the ears of many. He played *Grant* for 300 nights. He was not regarded as a tragic actor then, and his magnificent performance of *Mathias* in "The Bells," at the Lyceum Theatre, under H. L. Bateman, came as a revelation, only to be intensified—after appearing as *Charles I.*, *Eugene Aram*, and *Richelieu*—when he appeared as *Hamlet*. He represented the Dane for 200 nights, the



From a Photo. by

THE STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.

longest run of the play on record. More Shakespearean and other work followed, until Mrs. Bateman retired from the Lyceum. On December 30th, 1878, the Lyceum Theatre opened with "Hamlet," which was played another hundred nights. On the memorable 30th December, Miss Ellen Terry commenced her work at the Lyceum. The actor had now become a manager, and no management before or since has been attended by such brilliant results. His productions have been watched and waited for—"The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Vicar of Wakefield," "Macbeth," "Faust,"

"The Cup," "Othello"—in which he alternated the parts of the *Moor* and *Iago* with Edwin Booth—and his last, "Henry the Eighth," which as a spectacle has never been equalled; and now we are promised "King Lear" and Lord Tennyson's "Becket."

Three times has Mr. Irving, accompanied by Miss Ellen Terry and the Lyceum company, crossed to America. As in this country so in America—his genius was instantaneously

tion across the house whilst the play was in progress. Well, I made my first entrance.

"Is that him?—eh?" shouted one youth to another.

"No," came the reply, "them is the young man's clothes; they'll shove him out later on!"

The drift of this little story will be understood.

"Have I ever had any accidents? Only one serious one. It was in the first run of 'Hamlet.' The sword slipped out of *Laertes'* hand and cut me near the eye. A dear friend of mine, Dr. George Critchett, was in front; he came round and stopped the bleeding by twelve hours' application of ice. Fencing? You saw my foils downstairs on the table? I never practise now, for if once learnt the art is never forgotten. I took my first

lessons from a man named Shury, in Chancery Lane, afterwards from Roland, in Edinburgh, and also from McTurk at Angelo's. Have I ever forgotten my part? Yes, I have. It is a curious thing that the more perfect you are in a part, the more likely you are to 'stick.' It is often the case after you have been playing the same character for a hundred or more nights. The worst part of it is that when you want the prompter he is never there.

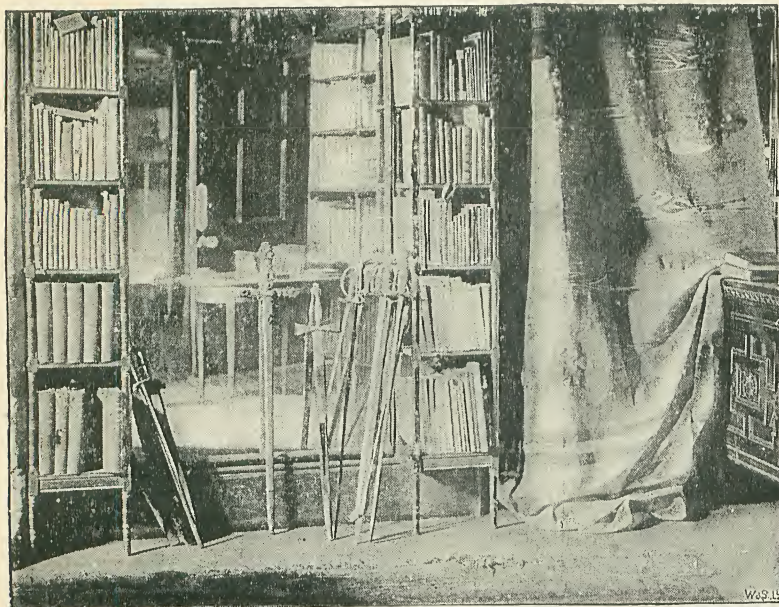
"Give me the word," says the actor.

"What word do you want?" replies the prompter.

The day was going quickly. Mr. Irving suddenly jumped up.

"Half-past six! we must be off. Excuse me whilst I just write a line. Look at that," passing me a letter; "it came this morning. I get many more like it."

It was a letter from a footman inviting Mr.



From a Photo. by)

SOME FAMOUS SWORDS AND STICKS.

[Elliott & Fry.]

recognised. Mr. William Winter, the eminent dramatic critic, said: "He speaks to the soul and the imagination." But little has been said here of Miss Ellen Terry's share in the Lyceum triumphs. Mr. Irving impressed upon me the work she had done—but, I have a little note on my table as I write now. It bears the signature of Ellen Terry. For further information see a future number of this Magazine.

We spoke of many things that afternoon—on matters merry and subjects solid. Mr. Irving is never happier than when telling a story against himself.

"Many years ago," he said, "I was playing in Dublin. I was suddenly called upon to undertake a heavy part—the actor who was cast for it having been taken ill. In those days your gallery boy was a much greater conversationalist than he is now—I mean, if a couple of gallery friends were separated, they thought nothing of holding a conversa-

Irving to produce an original play in blank verse which he had written!

During our drive to the theatre he told me many things of interest. On the question as to whether Mr. Irving thought a school of acting necessary, he said that one could never make an actor. You can teach him elocution, technique, but there is no *making* an actor. Even technique is a life-long study. The fashions in hand-shaking change every day. He studies his parts everywhere; many of the characters we are seeing to-day he had within his mind years ago, and they have been developing and growing ever since. Then, after years of playing, there is still always something to learn in a character.

Mr. Irving is one of the few actors who, at the conclusion of a death scene in a tragedy, always fall forward. Mr. Irving has taken the opinion of physicians and many old soldiers on the subject, and it is the only natural way with those suddenly overtaken by death. When a man was shot his head fell on his breast, and the body always fell in the direction indicated by the head.

Just as we drove up to the private door of the theatre in Burleigh Street, Strand, I asked Mr. Irving if he had ever met the late Cardinal Manning. He never had. Yet as *Cardinal Wolsey* in "*Henry the Eighth*," when the actor smiles, his expression is the exact counterpart of that of the late Cardinal.

Fussie follows us in. Passing through a passage, which leads direct on to the stage, at the end we find some stairs. The walls just here are covered with Indian matting. A very few steps, and you have entered the dressing-room. It is just as cosy as it well can be. The walls are covered with pictures

and prints, including one by Maclise, and Edmund Kean by Clint. Pictures of the actor himself are not wanting, and portraits of Sarah Bernhardt, Ellen Terry, and John L. Toole are in prominent positions. The place of honour is a huge "*King Arthur*" chair. Here princes, poets, and politicians, men of learning and of all nationalities, have sat.

But it is the table which fascinates one

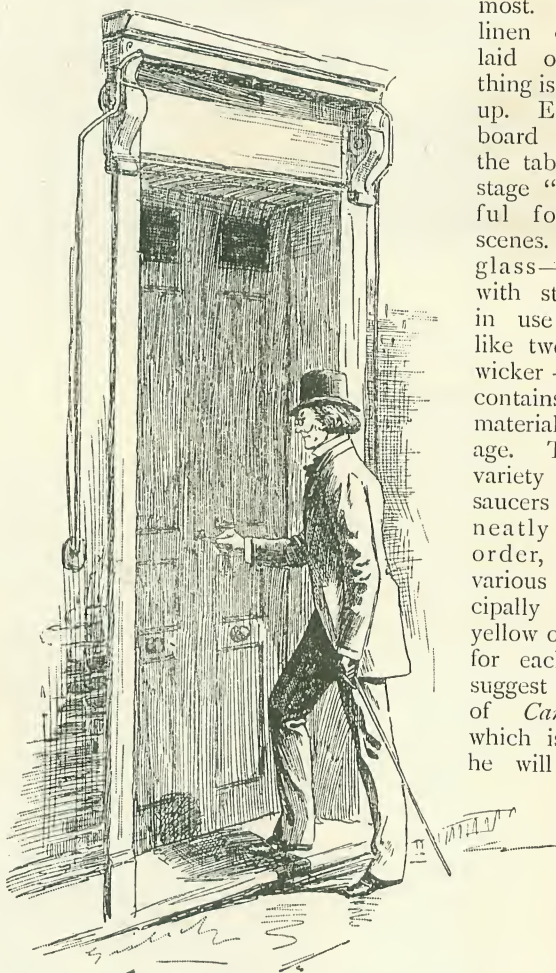
most. A clean white linen cloth has been laid out, and everything is ready for making up. Everything on the board is time-worn—the table itself being a stage "*prop*," and useful for banqueting scenes. The looking-glass—tied together with string—has been in use for something like twenty years; the wicker-basket, which contains the making-up materials, is of a good age. There is quite a variety of puffs. Tiny saucers and plates are neatly arranged in order, containing various powders—principally a mixture of yellow ochre and white, for each will help to suggest the complexion of *Cardinal Wolsey*, which is the character he will play to-night.

The chair—placed in front of the table—is old and rickety, but he who has just sat down keeps it for associations' sake, and it gives

more comfort than a Turkish ottoman.

Fussie never stirs from the spot.

There was still plenty of time to spare, as we had a reason for reaching the theatre early. It was to talk about dear Charles Mathews. Mr. Irving took down his picture. It was given to him by Mrs. Mathews, and represents the electrical comedian at seventy-six. It is a striking likeness; and the face



THE PRIVATE DOOR OF THE LYCEUM THEATRE.



TABLE IN THEATRE DRESSING-ROOM.

of one of Mr. Irving's dearest friends brought many a happy reminiscence to mind.

"Ah!" said Mr. Irving, as he looked at the picture, "the brilliancy and exquisite style of Mathews have never been excelled. In my early days Mathews was a true friend to me—yes, and in the later days too. I remember when I first went to the St. James's Theatre; I went as stage manager, and there were a lot of old actors there—amongst them Frank Mathews and Walter Lacy. I was a young man amongst these old stagers. I admit to feeling nervous, and was fearful lest I might do something which the older men might resent. The first day came. All went very nicely, and we were just commencing to rehearse 'The Belle's Stratagem,' when who should skip on to the stage but Charles Mathews! Stopping the rehearsal for the moment, he rushed up to Frank Mathews and Walter Lacy.

"Ah! Frank, my boy—Walter! One moment. My young friend, Irving—Frank, Walter. Be kind to him. Good-bye. God bless you!" And he was gone.

"Mathews had a tender heart. Here is another kindness of Mathews. I once played a part in London, and was very much cut up by the Press. Mathews was

round at my rooms almost as soon as the papers were out. He talked to me for over an hour, cheered me up, and did more for me in that hour than I can tell. I heard afterwards that as

soon as he read the notices in the papers at his breakfast, he got up there and then, left his meal unfinished, and hurried away.

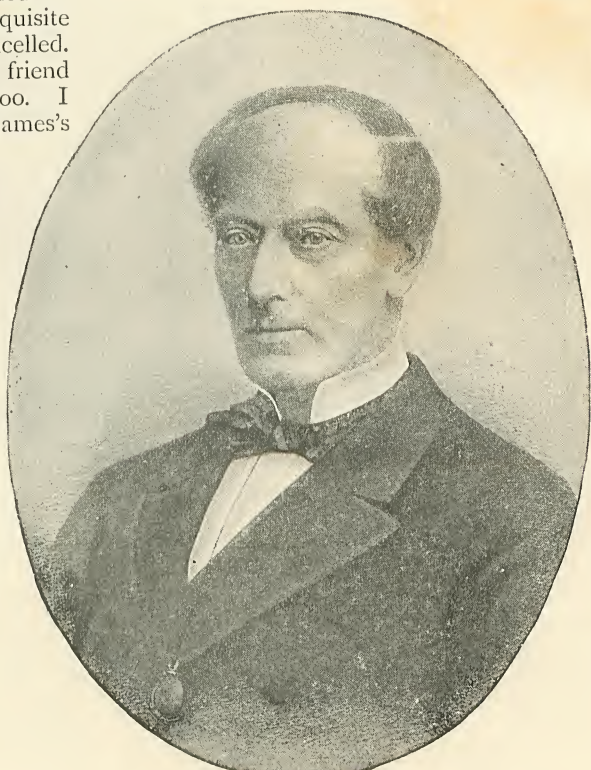
"Mathews and I were one day looking through an album, and came across a drawing of the back of a man.

"'Lafont!' I cried.

"Mathews cried out, 'What do you know about Lafont?'

"'I've seen him act,' I replied.

"Mathews turned to me very quietly, and said: 'To that



CHARLES MATHEWS.
From the Painting in Mr. Irving's Dressing-room.



MR. HENRY IRVING AS CARDINAL WOLSEY.

man I owe all—I built myself up on him! The fact is," continued Mr. Irving, "when I was playing at the St. James's, after I had finished I would often drop into the gallery of the Princess's Theatre and see the end of a French play. From that gallery I saw an actor, which caused me to say inwardly, 'That's my man.' He was great. That actor was Lafont. That is how I recognised him in Mathews' album.

"Mathews was always letter-perfect, and severe with the forgetful ones. Here is an instance. I was once playing at Edinburgh in 'Bachelor of Arts.' A certain actor was

cast for the part of *Adolphus*. Mathews, in the play, was his tutor. It was necessary for the elucidation of the plot for *Adolphus* to tell the story of his life to his tutor. The scene arrived. He did not know his part. He started and stumbled, started again and stumbled worse, until at last, thinking to get out of it, he turned to Mathews and said: 'Well, er—if you'll come into the next room I'll tell you the story!'

"Mathews caught him by the coat.

"'Sit down, sir,' he cried, 'sit down. There are some ladies and gentlemen in this house to-night who would like to

hear you tell that story. Never mind me. Go on.'

"Well, er——" began the youth.

"Just so," said the irrepressible comedian, 'you wanted to tell me that you were born——'

"Yes," faltered the youth.

"And that after spending a few years——"

"Just so."

"So Mathews filed out the whole speech for him. When he had finished he turned to the young fellow and in a voice of thunder cried:—

"Now you may go into the next room!"

"Here is a story just to show you the difference of opinion in two great actors. The —— came to Birmingham, where I was engaged. The play was 'A Scrap of Paper,' and I was cast for the boy's part. In this I have to challenge a man of the world to fight. He treats it as a joke, and suggests that the duel should take place in Japanese fashion, which, according to him, is to each take a knife and rush. Boy gets very fidgety at this.

"I used to take out a pocket-handkerchief to wipe my face at my prospects in the duel, and manage, at the same time, to let an

see me. I got a most severe lecture, and the orange business was forbidden. It didn't occur again.

"Some time afterwards I was at another theatre. Same piece was played; I was cast for the boy again, and Mathews was in it. As I didn't agree with the —— on the orange business, I introduced it again, believing it helped the scene. The orange was dropped. Mathews stopped and coughed.

"Good gracious," I thought. 'I've bothered Mathews!'

"Still, after the play was over, no knock came to the door. On the second night, thinking I inconvenienced Mathews, I left the piece of 'business' out. That night there was a tap at the door. It was Mathews.

"Well, young Irving, what's the matter with you to-night?" he said; 'you're as dull as ditchwater. Where's the orange? Let's have that orange, it's the hit of the piece.'

Now Mr. Irving lays his glasses on one side—it is time to make up. By-the-bye, he considers it an advantage to the actor to be short-sighted—he doesn't see if the audience smiles at the serious parts and cries at the comic portions of the play.

The face finished, Mr. Irving resumes his glasses. The whole make-up has only taken a few minutes. That needed for *Mathias* in "The Bells" is the simplest of all such stage faces; *Shylock* is the most elaborate, occupying three-quarters of an hour, *Richelieu* and *Charles I.* ranking next. Now Mr. Irving dons the silken robes of the Cardinal—the biretta and book are close at hand. A ring is put on the finger; a final glance, and the great actor leaves the dressing-room.

I follow quietly downstairs—talking together until we reach the wings; a door opens in the scene; Mr. Irving hurriedly remarks: "I'm off," and the next moment a shout of welcome tells me that *Cardinal Wolsey* is on the stage. This wonderful

change, so sudden and complete—for he had walked straight from his room to the stage, the entrance being cleverly timed—this sudden transition from the man to the player



CLEANING THE "PROPS."

orange fall. The audience were delighted at this little bit of business. Well, the play was over the first night. A knock at my dressing-room door—Mr. and Mrs. —— wished to

was remarkable. It was so all the evening. Whilst on the stage he at once became another man; with his exit the Cardinal was completely forgotten. One moment he would be in the act of relating some merry anecdote, only to break away without a word of warning, in the midst of it, and the recollection of the story was soon lost in listening to some magnificent speech.

The opportunity was afforded me of witnessing the working of a veritable little army of stage hands behind the scenes. It is a perfect organization, and the enthusiasm displayed by the men, whether in setting a scene or brushing the crimson plush chairs in readiness for a change, seemed to tell that it was as much out of regard for the man under whom they labour as it was for wages. But, when not with Mr. Irving, I spent most of my time on a little wooden seat which has been let into the proscenium wall, and affords an excellent view of the

stage from behind. It is the favourite seat of Mr. W. E. Gladstone when he visits the Lyceum, and many other eminent men have occupied it.

I was sitting there quietly. Mr. Irving had just made his exit, and was by my side.

"Comfortable seat?" he said, with a twinkle in his eyes. "The Chinese Ambassador sat there one night. We were playing 'Hamlet.' Miss Terry was in the midst of her mad scene. I was just going round to see how my honoured Celestial friend was getting on. He was in the act of walking on to the stage—the playing of Miss Terry had affected him so that he was burning to congratulate her on the spot. I was only in the nick of time to hold him back; another half a foot and he would have made his 'first appearance!' I wonder what the audience would have thought of the entrance of somebody in the most gorgeous of robes, whose name was not on the programme?"

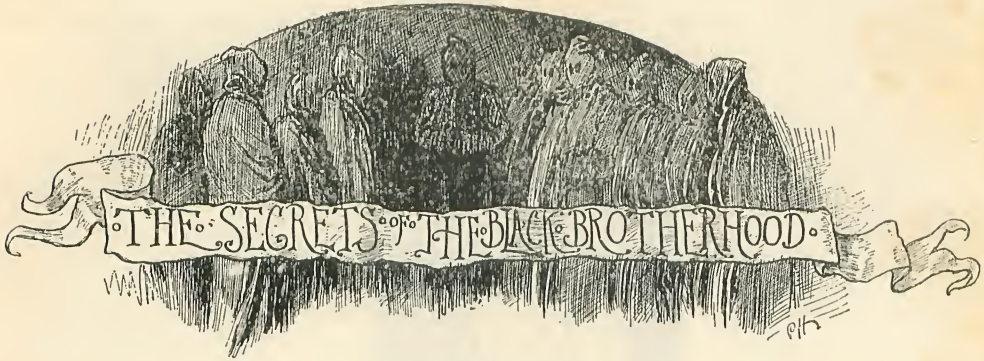
HARRY HOW.



BETWEEN THE ACTS.

[We wish to draw attention to a mistake which inadvertently found its way into the Illustrated Interview, Mr. George Augustus Sala, on page 61 of our July number. It appears that Mr. Sala did not execute the bust of the baby which is given in the illustration by the side of the Dauphin's cabinet, but another one which is at Brighton. He was away from home when the photographer made the photographs for the illustration of the interview, and hence the mistake occurred of selecting Mr. Callcott's statuette, thinking it had been the one that had been described to Mr. Harry How. The one which appears in the Magazine was the work of Mr. Fred. Callcott, and was a gift by him to Mr. Sala.]

A Romance from a Detective's Case-Book.



BY DICK DONOVAN.

Author of "The Man from Manchester," "Tracked to Doom," "Caught at Last," "Who Poisoned Hetty Duncan?" "A Detective's Triumphs," "In the Grip of the Law," etc., etc.

IT was a bitter night in December, now years ago, that a young and handsome man called upon me in great distress, to seek my advice and assistance. It was the third day after Christmas, and having dined, and dined well, I had ensconced myself in my favourite easy chair, before a cheerful fire, and was engaged in the perusal of Charles Dickens's "Cricket on the Hearth," when my visitor was unceremoniously ushered into the room. He held his dripping hat in his hand, and the heavy top-coat he wore was white with snow, which was falling heavily outside. He was well proportioned, of blonde complexion, and his face at once attracted me by its frank, open expression. He had clear, honest eyes, and a graceful moustache shaded a well-formed mouth.

"Pardon me for intruding upon you," he said, in a somewhat excited tone, as he placed his wet hat on the table and began to pull off his thick woollen gloves; "but the fact is, I am in a frame of mind bordering upon distraction. Let me introduce myself, however. My name is Harold Welldom Kingsley; Welldom being an old family name. I am the

son of the late Admiral Kingsley, who, as you may possibly be aware, distinguished himself greatly in the service of his Queen and country."

"Yes," I answered. "I knew your father by reputation, and I remember that when he died some years ago his remains were



"MY VISITOR WAS UNCEREMONIOUSLY USHERED INTO THE ROOM."

accorded a public funeral. I am pleased to make the acquaintance of the son of so distinguished a man. Pray remove your coat and be seated, and let me know in what way I can serve you."

"I am in the Admiralty Office," my visitor continued, as he divested himself of his damp coat, and placing it on the back of a chair sat down. Thereupon I pushed the shaded lamp that stood on the table nearer to him, tilting the shade slightly so that the light might fall upon his face, for it is my habit always to study the face of the person with whom I am in conversation. "And I live with my mother and two sisters at Kensington. For three years I have been engaged to a young lady, who is, I may venture to say, the sweetest woman who ever drew the breath of life."

"Ah!" I murmured, with a smile, as I closely watched my visitor, and saw his face light up with enthusiasm as he thus referred to his *fiancée*, "it is the old story: love is blind and sees no faults until too late."

"In my case it is not so," he exclaimed, with a force of emphasis that carried conviction of his perfect sincerity and a belief in his own infallible judgment. "But we will not discuss that point," he continued. "The business that has brought me here is far too serious for time to be wasted in argument. The young lady who is pledged to me as my wife is, at present, under arrest on the serious charge of having stolen some very valuable jewellery from a well-known firm of jewellers."

"That is a grave charge, indeed," I remarked, with growing interest in my visitor; "but presumably there must have been good *prima facie* evidence to justify her arrest."

"Yes," Mr. Kingsley exclaimed, with an agonized expression, "that is the most terrible part of the whole affair. I am afraid that legally the evidence will go against her; and yet morally I will stake my very soul on her innocence."

"You speak somewhat paradoxically, Mr. Kingsley," I said, with a certain amount of professional sternness, for it seemed to me he was straining to twist facts to suit his own views.

"To you it will seem so," he answered; "but if you have the patience to listen to me I will tell you the whole story, and I think you will say I am right."

I intimated that I was quite prepared to listen to anything he had to say, and leaning back in my chair with the tips of my fingers together and my eyes half closed—an attitude

I always unconsciously assume when engaged in trying to dissect some human puzzle—I waited for him to continue.

"The lady's name is Beryl Artois," he went on. "She was born in France. Her mother was an English lady highly connected; and her father was a Frenchman of independent means. They lived surrounded with every luxury in a small château, on the banks of the Seine, not far from St. Germain. Unhappily, Monsieur Artois was fatally fond of a life of ease and pleasure, and dying suddenly after a night of revel in Paris, at a bal masque, during the *mi-carême*, it was found that he had dissipated his fortune, and left his widow and child totally unprovided for. Even his château was mortgaged up to the hilt, and on his furniture was a bill of sale. Not wishing to be dependent on his relations, Madame Artois and her daughter came to London. Beryl at that time was only six years of age. She was a delicate girl, and needed all her mother's care and attention. For a few years Madame earned her living as a teacher of French, music and drawing, and every spare moment she had she devoted to the education and training of her daughter. Unhappily, before Beryl was twelve years of age her doting mother died, and a bachelor uncle, her mother's only brother, took Beryl under his care, and as he was well off he engaged a highly-qualified governess for her. I first became acquainted with her when she was eighteen years of age. That is now a little over six years ago; and though I have proved the soundness of the old adage which says that the course of true love never did run smooth, I have every reason to congratulate myself, for, as I have before hinted, Beryl is goodness itself."

"In what way has your wooing been ruffled?" I asked.

"Well, Mr. Tamworth, her uncle, refused for some time to countenance our engagement, and threw every obstacle in the way; and as Beryl was much under his influence, she struggled between what she considered her duty to her uncle and foster father, and love for me. The love has triumphed, and Mr. Tamworth has consented to our union on condition that we wait three years, and I obtain the promotion I hope to obtain in the Government service in that time."

"This is a very pretty, even a romantic, story," I remarked; "but it is as old as the hills, and yet, like all love stories, ever new. But now for the sequel. How comes it that this well-nurtured and well-cared-for young

lady has fallen under the suspicion of being a thief?"

"Ah! that is where the mystery comes in," exclaimed Mr. Kingsley in great distress. "I ask you now, is it likely that Beryl, who has everything she requires—for her uncle is wealthy—and who would shudder at anything that by any possible means could be construed as wrong-doing, would descend to purloin jewellery from a jeweller's shop?"

I could not help smiling at what seemed to be the sweet simplicity of this love-stricken young man, nor could I refrain from saying:—



"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE DON'T DRIVE ME MAD!"

"In answer to your question, Mr. Kingsley, permit me to say that the annals of crime contain many such cases. Unhappily, neither education nor moral training is sufficient safeguard against transgression, where the tendency to wrong-doing exists. In the case in point it is very possible that the lady's vanity and love of display have tempted her to her fall."

"For Heaven's sake, Mr. Donovan, don't drive me mad," cried my visitor, with an outburst of passionate distress that begot my fullest sympathy. "If all the angels in Heaven were to come down and proclaim Beryl's guilt, I would still believe her innocent."

"May I venture to remark," I answered, "that in all probability this sentiment does more credit to your heart than your head?"

"I tell you, sir," exclaimed Kingsley, almost fiercely, "that Beryl Artois is as innocent as you are!"

"Well, now, Mr. Kingsley," I observed, "as we have had the sentimental and poetical side of the affair, let us go into the more vulgar and prosaic part of the business. Therefore please give me a plain, straightforward answer to the questions I shall put to you. First, where does Mr. Tamworth reside?"

"He resides at Linden House, Thames Ditton."

"You say he is well off?"

"Yes. He keeps numerous servants, rides to hounds, drives his carriage, and is very highly respected."

"Has he always been kind to his niece?"

"In every possible way, I believe."

"And has supplied her with all she has wanted?"

"Yes. I do not think any reasonable request of hers has ever been refused."

"And now, as regards the charge she has to meet. Give me full particulars of that."

"It appears that the day before yesterday she came up to town in the brougham, and drove to Whitney, Blake, and Montague, the well-known jewellers of Regent Street. There she stated that she wished to purchase a diamond bracelet for a New Year's gift, and some costly things were shown to her. But after more than an hour

spent in the shop she could not make up her mind, for though she saw what she wanted, the price was higher than she cared to go to; and, before committing herself to the purchase of the article, she was anxious to consult her uncle, since she is necessarily dependent upon him for her pocket-money. Consequently, she told the assistant in the shop that she would call again the next day and decide. She thereupon took her departure, and entered the brougham, but had not proceeded very far before the assistant tore down the street, accompanied by a policeman, overtook the brougham, which had been brought to a standstill owing to the congested traffic, and accused Miss Artois of having purloined a

diamond pendant worth nearly a thousand pounds. Of course, she most indignantly denied it. But the shopman insisted on giving her in charge."

"And was the pendant found either in the brougham or on her person?"

"Oh, dear, no. Miss Artois begged that the policeman and the shopman would get into the brougham, and that they should drive straight to Scotland Yard. This was done; and though the young lady and the brougham were alike searched, the pendant was not forthcoming. Nevertheless, the shopman persisted in his accusation, and so there was no alternative but to place Miss Artois under arrest."

"This is a very remarkable story," I answered, "and may prove a very serious business indeed for the firm of jewellers if they cannot justify their charge."

"They will never be able to do that," said

night, but immediately after breakfast the following morning I jumped into a hansom and drove to Whitney, Blake, and Montague's place. As everyone knows, they are a firm of world-wide renown, and I could not imagine them committing such a grave error as to accuse a lady of theft, unless they had very strong reason for believing they were right. I requested an interview with Mr. Whitney, and his version of the affair was substantially the same as that told to me by Mr. Kingsley.

"Of course," added Mr. Whitney, "we rely entirely upon the statement of our manager, Mr. John Coleman, who attended to the lady. Mr. Coleman, I may inform you, has been with the firm since he was seventeen years of age, and he is now over fifty. And as he is a partner in the firm, our faith in him is justified. However, you shall see Coleman and judge for yourself."



"HE GAVE ME HIS ACCOUNT OF THE AFFAIR."

Kingsley, warmly, "and you may depend upon it, they will have to pay dearly for their error. They maintain, however, that they have certainly lost the jewel; that no one else could possibly have taken it except Miss Artois; and that she must have managed to secrete it in some way. The whole charge, however, is preposterous, and I wish you to thoroughly prove the young lady's innocence in order that an action may be commenced against Whitney, Blake, and Montague."

Promising my visitor that I would do my utmost in his interests, he took his departure, and then, lighting a cigar, I fell to pondering on this—as I had to admit to myself—very remarkable case, assuming that all the facts were as stated by Mr. Kingsley.

It was too late to take any steps that

Mr. Whitney sounded his bell and requested that Mr. Coleman would come to the room. In a few minutes Coleman entered. He at once struck me as being a very shrewd, keen-eyed man of business. And without any unnecessary verbiage he gave me his account of the affair; according to which he devoted special attention to the young lady, as he thought she was going to be a good customer. There were other customers in the shop at the time, but he conducted her to one end of the counter where there was no one else. She caused him a good deal of trouble, and looked at a large number of things, but did not seem to know her own mind; and at last went away without purchasing anything.

For some few moments just before she

left, his attention was drawn off by one of the assistants coming to him to ask a question, and during that time he had little doubt she availed herself of the opportunity to abstract the pendant from the jewel tray upon which he had displayed the things for her inspection.

On her deciding not to purchase then, he placed the tray temporarily in the glass case on the counter, locked the case, putting the key in his pocket, and then conducted Miss Artois to her brougham. He was certainly not absent more than five minutes. By that time there were very few people in the shop, and he proceeded immediately to the case, took out the tray and began to sort the jewels preparatory to restoring them to their respective positions amongst the stock. It was then he missed the pendant which Miss Artois had examined with eager interest, and had asked him many questions about the quality of the stones, their intrinsic value, and their setting. The pendant had originally been made to the order of a lady of title from specially selected stones; but she died before the order was completed, and her executors declined to take the pendant, and, therefore, in order to dispose of it quickly, the firm had offered it for sale at the low price of one thousand pounds.

As soon as he discovered the loss Mr. Coleman ran out of the shop and down the street, and passing a policeman on the way, he demanded his services. As it was the busiest part of the day there was a great deal of traffic, and Miss Artois' brougham had been unable to proceed very far. So convinced was he in his own mind that she was guilty, that though he was fully alive to the risks he ran if he made a mistake, he did not hesitate to give her into custody, and he was quite prepared to stand or fall by his act.

Although I subjected Mr. Coleman to a very close questioning, I could not shake his evidence in any way. I pointed out to him that there was one serious fact in connection with the case, and that was, he had failed to find the pendant either in the brougham or on Miss Artois' person; and that, however morally certain he might be that the young lady was guilty, no magistrate would convict her on such evidence.

"I am aware of that," answered Mr. Coleman, "but I have employed Detective Spieglemann, of Scotland Yard, to make some inquiries about the lady, and he informs me that on various occasions when she has visited the shops of well-known tradesmen, goods have afterwards been missed. The victims

have almost invariably been jewellers, and the property purloined has generally been of great value."

"If that is correct there is *prima facie* evidence," I answered; "but still, suspicion is not proof, and unless you have something better to offer, I have no hesitation in saying you will fail to secure a conviction."

Mr. Coleman appeared, for the first time, to be a little disconcerted, and I fancied that I detected signs in his face that he felt he had been somewhat hasty. Nevertheless, he reasserted his belief that the young lady was guilty, though he was utterly unable to suggest what had become of the stolen pendant. Female searchers had subjected Miss Artois to the most rigorous examination, and every nook and cranny of the brougham had been searched.

"May I ask, Mr. Coleman, if Spieglemann was present when the search was made?" I inquired pointedly.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Coleman. "He happened to be in the Yard at the time, and conducted the search."

"Indeed. And did he think of searching the coachman who drove the brougham?"

As I asked this question, a pallor of alarm spread itself over Coleman's face, and he and Mr. Whitney looked at each other, as each saw, for the first time, that a grave oversight had been committed.

Detective Spieglemann was a German, who had long been attached to the force of Scotland Yard. But though he bore the reputation of being almost preternaturally acute, I had never been able to regard him in any other light than as a very ordinary person, whose German stolidity prevented him from getting out of well-worn grooves.

Of course this expression of opinion will be denounced as mere professional jealousy, but I shall be able to justify my view by hard and indisputable facts.

I have always maintained that the unravelling of anything like a mystery is capable of being elevated to the position of a fine art. Spieglemann, on the other hand, asserted that the whole process was merely a mechanical one, and that only a mechanical mind could succeed. On these points we totally differed, and as I had frequently had the good fortune to be successful where my rival had failed, I was entitled to claim that my process was the correct one. Mr. Coleman's answer was another item of evidence in my favour. He confessed with unmistakable concern that the coachman had not been searched, and that nobody had

suggested that he should be. In fact, no suspicion had fallen upon him. I really could not resist something like a smile as I remarked:—

"That was really a most extraordinary oversight, and may prove very serious for you. For, assuming that you are right, and that Spieglemann is right in his statement that the lady lies under suspicion of having been concerned in other cases of a similar kind, is it not highly probable that the coachman has been in collusion with her, and she passed the stolen property to him? If this is not so, how did she get rid of the pendant? Nothing is truer than that in criminal cases it is the seemingly improbable that is most probable.

"Certainly, on the face of it nothing could seem more improbable than that a young lady, well connected and well off, afflicted with kleptomania, should make a confidant of her coachman. Yet it is the most probable thing imaginable, but both you and Spieglemann have overlooked it."

Mr. Coleman was perfectly crestfallen, and freely admitted that a very grave oversight had been committed. Thanking him and Mr. Whitney I withdrew, and it was perfectly clear to me that I left the two gentlemen in a very different frame of mind to what they had been in when I first saw them.

In passing all the facts, as I now knew them, under review, I could not deny that circumstances looked dark against Miss Artois; and putting aside the possibility that somebody else might have stolen the pendant, I admitted the strong probability that she was in reality the thief. That being so, the idea struck me—and it evidently had not struck anyone else, not even the renowned Spieglemann—that she was a confederate, more likely than not a victim, of the coachman. On this supposition I determined to act, and my next step was to seek an interview with

Miss Artois, in order that I might form some opinion of her from personal knowledge. I obtained this interview through the solicitors who had been engaged on her behalf by her devoted lover, Harold Kingsley. Although prepared to find her good looking, I certainly was not prepared for the type of beauty she represented.

I don't think I ever looked upon a more perfect, a sweeter, and I will go so far as to say a more angelic face than she possessed, while her form and mould were such that an artist would have gone into raptures about her. I was informed that she had undergone a preliminary examination before the police magistrate, who had remanded her without bail, although bail had been offered to an unlimited amount by her uncle; but the magistrate had stated that he would consider the question of bail the next time she came before him.

As I entered the little cell she occupied at the police station, and introduced myself, giving her to understand at the same time that I was there by request of Mr. Kingsley, she rose from the table at which she had been sitting engaged in the perusal of a book, which I subsequently discovered to be a well-thumbed, dilapidated, and somewhat dirty copy of Moore's *Lallah Rookh*; and bowing with exquisite grace she said in a low, musical, and touchingly pathetic voice:—

"It is good of you to come, and more than kind of Mr. Kingsley to send you; but I am sorry that you have come, and I wish that you would leave me without another word."

Her soft, gazelle-like eyes, although apparently bent upon me, had a far-away look in them; and she spoke as a person in a trance might speak.

Altogether there was something about her that at once aroused my curiosity and interest.

"That is a somewhat strange wish, Miss Artois," I answered. "I am here in your



• SHE ROSE FROM THE TABLE. •

interest; and surely you cannot be indifferent to the grave charge that is hanging over you."

"I am not indifferent," she murmured, with a deep sigh.

"Then let me urge you to confide in your solicitors," I said, "and withhold nothing from them that may enable them to prepare your defence."

"I shall confide in no one," she replied in the same indifferent, same sweetly pathetic tone.

"But think of the consequences," I urged.

"I have thought of everything."

"Remember also, Miss Artois, your silence and refusal to give information will be tantamount to a tacit confession of guilt."

For a moment her dreamy eyes seemed to lose their dreaminess and to be expressive of an infinite pain, as she answered with quite a fiery energy—

"I am *not* guilty!" She laid peculiar emphasis on the word "not."

"Then," said I, quickly, "do all you possibly can to prove your guiltlessness"—and in order that there should be no ambiguity in my meaning, I added—"if you are the victim of anyone, for Heaven's sake let it be known. For the sake of your lover conceal not the truth."

"For the sake of my lover and the love I bear him I will die," she murmured, with the dreaminess which seemed peculiar to her.

"Then withhold nothing from your solicitors," I repeated.

"Go!" she said, peremptorily, as she sank into her seat again, and resumed her reading.

"Have you no message to send to Mr. Kingsley?" I asked.

"Go!" she repeated, without looking at me.

"Let me take some comforting word from you to Mr. Kingsley," I entreated.

She made no reply, but apparently was deeply absorbed in the book. Feeling that it would be useless to remain any longer, I withdrew, and as I did so she did not even look up from the book, nor did she make any response when I bade her adieu.

I had promised to call upon Mr. Kingsley and acquaint him with the result of my interview with Miss Artois; and I carried out this promise with a sense of distress that I could hardly describe, because I was quite unable to give him the assurance he so much wanted that his *fiancée* was guiltless. Guiltless she was, in one sense, I was sure; but I was conscious of the fact that I was confronted with as complicated a human

problem as I had ever been called upon to find a solution of.

I put the best face I could on matters while talking to young Kingsley; and on leaving him I felt convinced that my first surmise with reference to the coachman being a party to the robbery was a correct one. I had not been slow to determine that Miss Artois' temperament was one of those deeply sympathetic and poetic ones which are peculiarly subject to the influence of stronger wills.

In short, I came to the conclusion that the coachman was the really guilty person, and Miss Artois was his victim. He—in my opinion—had exercised some strange mesmerism influence over her, and she had been entirely under his sway. I was confirmed in this view when I learnt that the great Spieglemann had gathered up a mass of circumstantial evidence which tended to prove that Miss Artois had been in the habit for a long time of visiting some of the leading tradesmen in all quarters of London, and that these tradesmen had been robbed of property which in the aggregate represented many thousands of pounds.

It was altogether a peculiar case, as it presented two startling phases of human nature; and if Miss Artois had sinned, she had sinned not because her inclinations tended that way, but because her non-resisting, sympathetic nature had been made an instrument for the profit and gain of a debased and wicked man who did not scruple to use this beautiful girl as a means to an end.

My next step was to hurry off to the Lindens at Thames Ditton, in order that I might get full particulars from Mr. Tamworth of his coachman, before having the man arrested. The Lindens was a large house, standing in its own grounds, and everything about the place was suggestive of wealth and comfort. I was ushered into an elegantly furnished drawing-room, and a few minutes later the door opened, and a little, podgy, bald-headed man, wearing gold eye-glasses, and dressed in a large patterned dressing gown and Turkish slippers, entered, and eyed me with a pair of strangely keen and hawk-like eyes. It was Mr. Tamworth, and in many respects he was a striking and remarkable man, for his face was strongly marked, his eyes of unusual, almost unnatural brilliancy, the mouth firm, the square jaw indicative of an iron will. He was perfectly clean shaved, so that every feature, every line and angle were thrown into stronger prominence.

I had not sent my name up to him, but simply an urgent message that a gentleman wished to see him on very pressing and important business.

"Whom have I the pleasure to address?" he inquired as he bowed stiffly.

"My name is Dick Donovan," I answered. "I am ——"

He interrupted me by exclaiming:—

"Oh, yes, I have heard of you. You are a detective." I bowed.

"Presumably," he continued, "you have come here in connection with the case of my dear niece?" He seemed to be overcome by emotion, and turning towards the window he applied a large bandana handkerchief to his eyes.

"I am not indifferent to the fact," I answered, "that the subject is necessarily a delicate and painful one. But from an interview I had with your niece I am forced to the conclusion that she is only guilty in degree."

"How do you mean?" he asked, turning quickly towards me, with an expression of mental suffering on his face.

"I mean that she is a victim to the machinations of a villain."

"A victim," he echoed, hoarsely. "A victim to whom?"

"To your coachman."

He almost reeled at this announcement, and passed his hand over his bald head in a confused, distressed way; and then, with something like a wail he exclaimed:—

"My God, this is an awful revelation."

He rushed towards the bell and was about to ring it when I stopped him by saying:—

"What are you going to do?"

"Send for Tupper, the coachman."

"Wait a bit," I said. "I should like to have some particulars of Tupper. What is his Christian name?"

"John."

"Has he been with you long?"

"Just twelve months, I think."

"Have you ever had occasion to suspect his honesty?"

"Never for a single instant."

"Is he married?"

"I cannot tell you. I absolutely know nothing about his family affairs."

"Well now, I have a suggestion to make, Mr. Tamworth. I should like you to send for Tupper, and question him closely about what happened on the day that the pendant

was stolen. And particularly I would like you to put this question to him, after you have skilfully led up to it: 'Is it possible, Tupper, that my unhappy and misguided niece handed you the pendant, and you know what has become of it?'"

"I will do so," answered Mr. Tamworth, as he went towards the bell.

"Stop a minute, sir," I said. "There is one other important point. It is desirable that Tupper should not see me. Can you conceal me behind that screen in the corner, and in such a position that I can see without being seen? And you must not forget to place Tupper in such a way that I can get a full view of his face."

"I don't think there will be any difficulty in that," Mr. Tamworth answered, and he requested me to follow him behind the screen. I did so, and taking out his penknife he bored a hole in one leaf of the screen, so that anyone looking through the hole commanded a full view of the room.

"There," he said, "I think that will answer your

purpose. And now we will have the old villain here."

He rang the bell, and a very respectable-looking man-servant appeared.

"Robert," said Mr. Tamworth, peremptorily, "send the coachman here."

"Tupper's away, sir."

"Away!"

"Yes. He went out last night and didn't come back."



"MR. TAMWORTH."

"Where has he gone to?" roared Mr. Tamworth, in his excitement.

"I haven't the remotest idea, sir," answered Robert.

"The double-dyed villain," hissed Mr. Tamworth between his clenched teeth. "The double-dyed villain," he repeated. "But by Heaven he shall be brought back, even if it takes all my fortune to effect his capture. That will do, Robert. You may go."

As the man took his departure and closed the door, I stepped from behind the screen. Mr. Tamworth seemed terribly distressed.

"This is an awful bit of business," he exclaimed; "you see the arch villain has anticipated this discovery and bolted. What is to be done now?"

"We must arrest him in his flight," was my answer. "And to facilitate that you must furnish me with a full description of him."

"Unless the rascal has removed it," said Mr. Tamworth, "his likeness hangs over the mantelpiece, in his room above the stable. I will go and get it. You will excuse me."

He hurried from the room, and was absent nearly a quarter of an hour. Then he returned bearing a framed photograph in his hand. It was the likeness of a short, thick-set man in coachman's garb. He had grey whiskers and moustache, and grey hair; and rather a scowling expression of face. I asked Mr. Tamworth if it was a good likeness of John Tupper, and he assured me it was a most excellent likeness.

Promising Mr. Tamworth to do all I could to effect Tupper's arrest, I left Linden House, taking the photograph with me. As soon as I got back to London I hailed a hansom and drove to Whitney, Blake, and Montague's.

"My surmise about the coachman is correct," I said, as I showed them the likeness, and told them that the man had fled. They acknowledged that the likeness was a very striking one, and as I intended to have it reproduced and sent broadcast all over the country, I was hopeful that I should be able to speedily bring about Tupper's arrest.

I lost no time in putting the photo. in hand for reproduction, and in the meantime Miss Artois was again brought up before the magistrate, and in view of the facts the

solicitors were able to lay before him with reference to Tupper's flight, he no longer hesitated to admit the young lady to bail, her uncle being accepted for two thousand pounds. Two days after her release, young Kingsley called upon me again. He was terribly agitated, and throwing himself into a chair he rocked himself to and fro, and groaned with the anguish that tortured him. When he had somewhat calmed down, he exclaimed in a voice that was broken up with the passion of his grief:—



"JOHN TUPPER."

"Mr. Donovan, help me with your advice, or I think I shall go mad. And above all, do not betray the confidence I am going to repose in you." I assured him that he might trust me, and he proceeded.

"Miss Artois came to me yesterday, and acknowledged that she was an unconscious victim in this terrible business, and said that I must give her up. In spite of my entreaties, my prayers, my tears, she most resolutely declined to tell me whose victim she was, and with a great shudder she said her lips were sealed with a seal she dare not break. I urged her to fly with me. I told

her we would be married at once, and seek some corner of the earth where she would be safe, and her answer was that nowhere in the world would she be safe except in the grave."

"You did wrong in urging her to fly," I answered.

"I care not. Wrong, or no wrong, I will take her," he cried, passionately. "I tell you, Mr. Donovan, that there is some hideous mystery about this affair, and I will move heaven and earth to save Miss Artois from the machination that is destroying her body and soul."

"Your devotion, your chivalry do you infinite credit," I replied. "Miss Artois shall be saved if it is possible to save her, but, believe me, she cannot be saved by flight. She must remain here subject to the law. To defy the law will be a fatal mistake."

Although he did not seem to be quite convinced of the soundness of my advice, he promised to be entirely guided by me, and in a little while he took his departure, and then I sat down to reflect and ponder, and endeavour to unravel the threads of this tangled skein. One thing I resolved on was to go down to Thames Ditton early on the morrow, and have an interview with Miss Artois in the presence of her uncle. In a little while my servant entered the room and handed me a postal packet, which, on opening, I found was from the lithographers who were reproducing the photograph. It contained the original and a note to say that the reproductions would be ready for distribution the first thing in the morning.

Placing the photo. of Tupper on the table, I lit my pipe, and once more throwing myself in my favourite easy chair, I tried by the aid of smoke to solve the mystery surrounding Miss Artois. Presently I found myself almost unconsciously gazing on the photo. that lay on the table, in the full rays of the shaded lamp. Suddenly that face presented itself to me as one I had seen before; and I beat my brains, so to speak, to try and think where and when. "Whose face is it? Where have I seen it?" This was the question that, mentally, I repeated over and over again.

After much cogitation, I threw away the stump of my cigar, went to my desk, and taking out a powerful magnifying glass, I returned to the table, and examined the likeness of John Tupper by means of the glass, until suddenly, like an inspiration, it flashed upon me where and when I had seen

the face. It is not often I get excited, but I think I did on that occasion, for I felt certain that I had got hold of a clue to the mystery. I did not sleep much that night, and was up betimes in the morning, and hastened to call upon Mr. Kingsley, to assure him that I believed I was in a fair way to solve the mystery, and I hoped all would be well with Miss Artois.

A week later, on as dark and stormy a night in January as had been known during that winter, I was in an upper room in an old, untenanted house in the Borough. The owner of the house was Mr. Tamworth, of Thames Ditton. Stretched at full length on the dusty floor, with my eye glued to a hole that enabled me to command a view of the room beneath, I was witness of one of the most remarkable and dramatic scenes I had ever looked upon. Thirteen men were in the room, seated at a long deal table. Six sat on one side, six on the other. The thirteenth sat at the head, and was evidently the president. Every man's face was concealed by a hood that entirely covered up the head, two holes being pierced for the eyes. Before the president was a china bowl, and laid across the bowl was a naked dagger.

A small lamp was suspended from the ceiling and threw a feeble light over the scene. In a few minutes one of the men arose and placed a bull's-eye lantern on a shelf in a corner of the room, and in such a position that its rays fell full upon the doorway. That done the president rapped on the table with a wooden mallet. Then the door opened and three men appeared. Two were hooded like the rest. The third was not hooded, and was placed at the end of the table opposite the president, and so that the light of the bull's-eye fell full upon his face. It was a cruel, cunning, almost fierce face. The man was without coat or waistcoat, and his shirt was opened and turned down, exposing his breast, while round his neck was a rope with the free end hanging behind. In a few minutes the president rose, and addressing the bareheaded man, said:—

"Your name is Henry Beechworth?"

"It is."

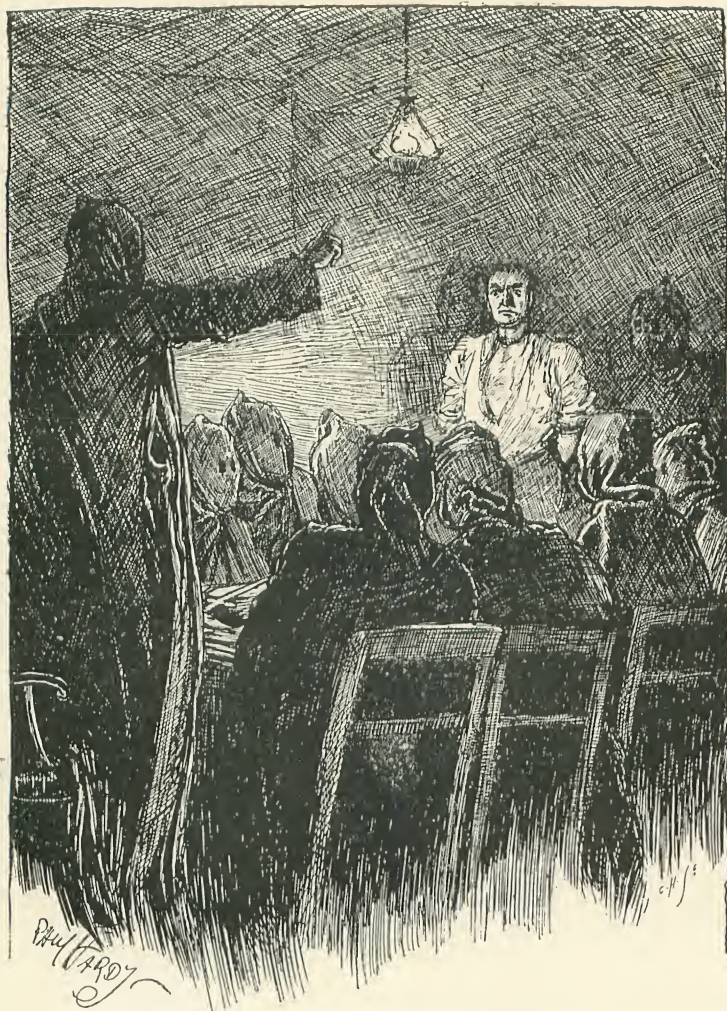
"Are you willing, Henry Beechworth, to join the Black Brotherhood?"

"I am."

"And you are willing to take the oath that will bind you to us?"

"I am."

"Then listen, and I will read the oath to you." Here the president unrolled a little



"YOUR NAME IS HENRY BEECHWORTH?"

scroll of paper he had held in his hand, and read out as follows:—

"I, Henry Beechworth, hereby of my own free will join the Black Brotherhood, and I vow solemnly by heaven and earth to be true to them, and never utter a single word or give a sign that would be likely to betray any individual of the Brotherhood, or the Brotherhood collectively. And that at any time, should I be arrested, I will give no information against the Brothers, even though my life is at stake. Everything I obtain I will add to the common treasury, and I will at all times be subject to the ruling of the president, whoever he may be. These things I swear to do; and should at any time I break my oath, I hope that I shall go blind. I am aware that the rope I now have round my

neck is a symbol that in the event of my betraying the Brotherhood their vengeance will pursue me to the ends of the earth, and that my life will be forfeited."

"You have heard what I have read?" asked the president.

"I have," answered Beechworth.

"And you will subscribe your name to it?"

"I will."

Here the president made a sign, and one of the two hooded men at the head of the table approached, and receiving the bowl and the dagger, he returned to the novitiate, who, instructed by the president, bent forward. Then the man took up the dagger and with its sharp point made a wound in the fleshy part of the novitiate's breast. Beechworth then bent right over the bowl, so that the

blood dropped into it. And when a little had thus been caught, a new quill pen was dipped into it, and handed to Beechworth, who thereupon wrote his name with his own blood on the scroll. This senseless ceremony ended, the wound in the man's breast was sponged, a piece of plaster placed upon it, and he was told that he was now one of the Black Brotherhood, and that his interests were bound up with theirs, and that he must stand or fall with them.

"It only remains now for me to give you the sign," the president added, "by which you may always know a Brother. It is changed every month. For the current month it is the index finger of the left hand placed in the palm of the right hand, thus." Here he gave a practical illustration of how it was to be done. "Then we have a pass-word, also changed every month. The one in use at present is 'Creasus.' We meet here again in three weeks' time, when you will be expected to contribute to the common fund value or money to the extent of a hundred pounds."

The business being ended, all the members of this precious Brotherhood removed their hoods, and the hand of the new member was shaken by the others. Amongst them I recognised the fellow called Robert, who had acted the part of the servant at Linden House when I went there. In a little while the lights were extinguished and the Brotherhood commenced to leave the house, and as they reached the street, to their utter amazement and consternation they were arrested, for the house was surrounded by a cordon of policemen.

It will, of course, be asked how it was I managed to unearth the secrets of the strange society, whose members were banded together with the sole object of enriching themselves by plundering their fellow-men. The question is easily answered. On the night when it dawned upon me that I had seen the face represented by the photograph of John Tupper somewhere before, I was enabled to detect by aid of the magnifying glass that the whiskers were not natural. There were two or three places where the hair did not adhere to the face. I came to the conclusion at once that Tupper was none other than Tamworth, disguised by false whiskers and moustache, and a wig. The dark piercing eyes, too, I was perfectly convinced were Tamworth's eyes. It was naturally a very startling discovery, and I immediately took steps to prove it right or wrong. For several days I shadowed Mr. Tamworth, and at last followed him to the old house in the Borough.

Later on I obtained entrance to the house by means of a false key. In a drawer in a table I found a written circular summoning a meeting for a certain night; and I resolved not only to witness that meeting, but as there could not be a shadow of a doubt that the Black Brotherhood, as they chose to call themselves, met for an unlawful purpose, I took means to have every man jack of them arrested.

At first when the news leaked out people were inclined to think that the Brotherhood was a hoax, but the revelations that were gradually made of their doings caused intense excitement throughout the country. Not only were they bound together by oath, which each man signed with his blood, but they had a formal set of rules and regulations for their guidance. Tamworth was the president, and he, with two others, took charge of all the things that were stolen.

Periodically this property was conveyed to the Continent by some of the members, and there disposed of; the proceeds of the sales being equally divided. In the event of a man being arrested the Brotherhood secretly provided funds for his defence; and if it was a bailable case the bail was always forthcoming, but the accused invariably disappeared unless he felt pretty sure he would only get a light sentence.

The Brotherhood owed its origin and success entirely to the arch villain Tamworth, who had, by some strange mesmeric influence he possessed, been enabled to obtain entire control over the will of his unfortunate niece, Beryl Artois. In order to keep up this influence, he drove his own brougham disguised as a coachman, and whatever she obtained she handed to him immediately and he concealed it. Of course, nothing bulky was ever taken on such occasions. The plunder was either precious stones or jewellery.

In spite of their oath, three of the gang turned Queen's evidence, and the conviction of the rest was secured. Tamworth, as the ringleader, was sentenced for life, and the others were dealt with only a little less severely. Tamworth was one of the most accomplished and consummate villains I ever had to deal with; while his power of acting a part, and of concealing his true feelings, was simply marvellous, and would have enabled him to have made a fortune if he had gone upon the stage.

In the face of the exposure I was thus enabled to make, and which left not the slightest doubt that poor Miss Artois had



"THEY WERE ARRESTED."

been an unconscious victim of the strange power possessed by her uncle, she was, after being committed for trial and duly tried, acquitted, and her faithful lover, Kingsley, lost no time in making her his wife. And as

great sympathy was shown for him and her, a position was found for him abroad, whither he removed with his beautiful bride until time should have wiped the scandal out of the public memory.

Types of English Beauty.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEX. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

MISS HOPE TEMPLE.



MISS TAYLOR.

MES HEATON.

MISS ROSE MURRAY



MRS. WEBB.



MISS NORAH
WILLIAMSON

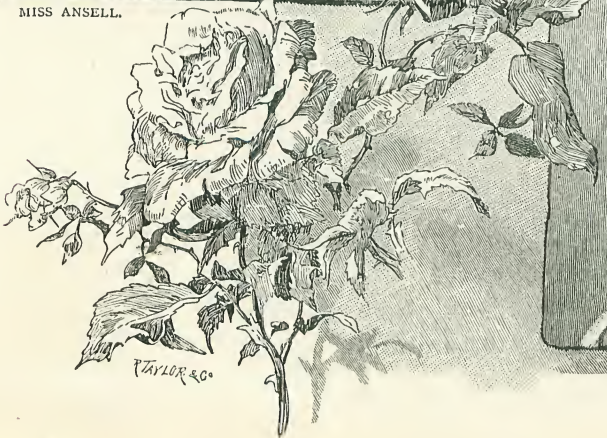


MISS MARION HOOD.

MISS ETHEL MATTHEWS.



MISS ANSELL.



MISS REYNOLDS.

The Prisoners.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT.



HERE was no sound in the forest except the slight rustle of the snow as it fell upon the trees. It had been falling, small and fine, since mid-day; it powdered the branches with a frosty moss, cast a silver veil over the dead leaves in the hollow, and spread upon the pathways a great, soft, white carpet that thickened the immeasurable silence amid this ocean of trees.

Before the door of the keeper's lodge stood a bare-armed young woman, chopping wood with an axe upon a stone. She was tall, thin and strong—a child of the forest, a daughter and wife of game-keepers.

A voice called from within the house: "Come in, Berthine; we are alone to-night, and it is getting dark. There may be Prussians or wolves about."

She who was chopping wood replied by splitting another block; her bosom rose and fell with the heavy blows, each time she lifted her arm.

"I have finished, mother. I'm here, I'm here. There's nothing to be frightened at; it isn't dark yet."

Then she brought in her fagots and her logs, and piled

them up at the chimney-side, went out again to close the shutters—enormous shutters of solid oak—and then, when she again came in, pushed the heavy bolts of the door.

Her mother was spinning by the fire, a wrinkled old woman who had grown timorous with age.

"I don't like father to be out," said she. "Two women have no strength."

The younger answered: "Oh, I could very well kill a wolf or a Prussian, I can tell you." And she turned her eyes to a large revolver, hanging over the fire-place. Her husband had been put into the army at the beginning of the Prussian invasion, and the

two women had remained alone with her father, the old game-keeper, Nicholas Pichou, who had obstinately refused to leave his home and go into the town.

The nearest town was Rethel, an old fortress perched on a rock. It was a patriotic place, and the townspeople had resolved to resist the invaders, to close their gates and stand a siege, according to the traditions of the city. Twice before, under Henry IV. and under Louis XIV., the inhabitants of Rethel had won fame by heroic defences. They would do the



"COME IN, BERTHINE."

same, this time ; by Heaven, they would, or they would be burned within their walls.

So they had bought cannons and rifles, and equipped a force, and formed battalions and companies, and they drilled all day long in the *Place d'Armes*. All of them—bakers, grocers, butchers, notaries, attorneys, carpenters, booksellers, even the chemists—went through their manœuvres in due rotation at regular hours, under the orders of M. Lavigne, who had once been a non-commissioned officer in the dragoons, and now was a draper, having married the daughter and inherited the shop of old M. Ravaudan.

He had taken the rank of major in command of the place, and all the young men having gone to join the army, he enrolled all the others who were eager for resistance. The stout men now walked the streets at the pace of professional pedestrians, in order to bring down their fat, and to lengthen their breath ; the weak ones carried burdens, in order to strengthen their muscles.

The Prussians were expected. But the Prussians did not appear. Yet they were not far off ; for their scouts had already twice pushed across the forest as far as Nicholas Pichou's lodge.

The old keeper, who could run like a fox, had gone to warn the town. The guns had been pointed, but the enemy had not shown.

The keeper's lodge served as a kind of outpost in the forest of Aveline. Twice a week the man went for provisions, and carried to the citizens news from the outlying country.

He had gone that day to announce that a small detachment of German infantry had stopped at his house, the day before, about two in the afternoon, and had gone away again almost directly. The subaltern in command spoke French.

When the old man went on such errands he took with him his two dogs—two great beasts with the jaws of lions—because of the wolves who were beginning to get fierce ; and he left his two women, advising them to lock themselves into the house as soon as night began to fall.

The young one was afraid of nothing, but the old one kept on trembling and repeating : "It will turn out badly, all this sort of thing. You'll see, it will turn out badly."

This evening she was more anxious even than usual.

"Do you know what time your father will come back ?" said she.

"Oh, not before eleven for certain. When he dines with the Major he is always late."

She was hanging her saucepan over the

fire to make the soup, when she stopped short, listened to a vague sound which had reached her by way of the chimney, and murmured :—

"There's someone walking in the wood—seven or eight men at least."

Her mother, alarmed, stopped her wheel and muttered : "Oh, good Lord ! And father not here !"

She had not finished speaking when violent blows shook the door.

The women made no answer, and a loud guttural voice called out : "Open the door."

Then, after a pause, the same voice repeated : "Open the door, or I'll break it in."

Then Berthine slipped into her pocket the big revolver from over the mantelpiece, and having put her ear to the crack of the door, asked : "Who are you ?"

The voice answered : "I am the detachment that came the other day."

The woman asked again : "What do you want ?"

"I have lost my way, ever since the morning, in the forest, with my detachment. Open the door, or I will break it in."

The keeper's wife had no choice ; she promptly drew the great bolt, and pulling back the door she beheld six men in the pale snow-shadows—six Prussian men, the same who had come the day before. She said in a firm tone : "What do you want here at this time of night ?"

The officer answered : "I had lost my way, lost it completely ; I recognised the house. I have had nothing to eat since the morning, nor my men either."

Berthine replied : "But I am all alone with mother, this evening."

The soldier, who seemed a good sort of fellow, answered : "That makes no difference. I shall not do any harm ; but you must give us something to eat. We are faint and tired to death."

The keeper's wife stepped back.

"Come in," said she.

They came in, powdered with snow and with a sort of mossy cream on their helmets that made them look like meringues. They seemed tired, worn out.

The young woman pointed to the wooden benches on each side of the big table.

"Sit down," said she, "and I'll make you some soup. You do look quite knocked up."

Then she bolted the door again.

She poured some more water into her saucepan, threw in more butter and potatoes ; then, unhooking a piece of bacon that hung in the chimney, she cut off half, and added



"THEY CAME IN, POWDERED WITH SNOW."

that also to the stew. The eyes of the six men followed her every movement with an air of awakened hunger. They had set their guns and helmets in a corner, and sat waiting on their benches, like well-behaved school children. The mother had begun to spin again, but she threw terrified glances at the invading soldiers. There was no sound except the slight purring of the wheel, the crackle of the fire, and the bubbling of the water as it grew hot.

But all at once a strange noise made them all start—something like a hoarse breathing at the door, the breathing of an animal, deep and snorting.

One of the Germans had sprung towards the guns. The woman with a movement and a smile stopped him.

"It is the wolves," said she. "They are like you; they are wandering about, hungry."

The man would hardly believe, he wanted to see for himself; and as soon as the door was opened, he perceived two great grey beasts making off at a quick, long trot.

He came back to his seat, murmuring: "I should not have believed it."

And he sat waiting for his meal.

They ate voraciously; their mouths opened from ear to ear to take the largest of gulps;

their round eyes opened sympathetically with their jaws, and their swallowing was like the gurgle of rain in a water pipe.

The two silent women watched the rapid movements of the great red beards; the potatoes seemed to melt away into these moving fleeces.

Then, as they were thirsty, the keeper's wife went down into the cellar to draw cider for them. She was a long time gone; it was a little vaulted cellar, said to have served both as prison and hiding-place in the days of the Revolution. The way down was by a narrow winding stair, shut in by a trap-door at the end of the kitchen.

When Berthine came back, she was laughing, laughing slyly to herself. She gave the Germans her pitcher of drink. Then she too had her supper, with her mother, at the other end of the kitchen.

The soldiers had finished eating and were falling asleep, all six, around the table. From time to time, a head would fall heavily on the board, then the man, starting awake, would sit up.

Berthine said to the officer: "You may just as well lie down here before the fire. There's plenty of room for six. I'm going up to my room with my mother."

The two women went to the upper floor. They were heard to lock their door and to walk about for a little while, then they made no further sound.

The Prussians stretched themselves on the stone floor, their feet to the fire, their heads on their rolled-up cloaks, and soon all six were snoring on six different notes, sharp or deep, but all sustained and alarming.

They had certainly been asleep for a considerable time when a shot sounded, and so loud that it seemed to be fired close against the walls of the house. The soldiers sat up instantly. There were two more shots, and then three more.

The door of the staircase opened hastily, and the keeper's wife appeared, barefooted, a short petticoat over her nightdress, a candle in her hand, and a face of terror. She whispered: "Here are the French—two hundred of them at least. If they find you here, they will burn the house. Go down, quick, into the cellar, and don't make a noise. If you make a noise, we are lost." The officer, scared, murmured: "I will, I will. Which way do we go down?"

The young woman hurriedly raised the narrow square trap-door, and the men disappeared by the winding stair, one after another going underground, backwards, so as

to feel the steps with their feet. But when the point of the last helmet had disappeared, Berthine, shutting down the heavy oaken plank, thick as a wall, and hard as steel, kept in place by clamps and a padlock, turned the key twice, slowly, and then began to laugh with a laugh of silent rapture, and with a wild desire to dance over the heads of her prisoners.

They made no noise, shut in as if they were in a stone box, only getting air through a grating.

Berthine at once re-lighted her fire, put on her saucepan once more, and made more soup, murmuring: "Father will be tired to-night."

Then she sat down and waited. Nothing but the deep-toned pendulum of the clock went to and fro with its regular tick in the silence. From time to time, the young woman cast a look at the dial—an impatient look, which seemed to say: "How slowly it goes!"

Presently she thought she heard a murmur under her feet; low, confused words reached her through the vaulted masonry of the cellar. The Prussians were beginning to guess her trick, and soon the officer came up the little stair, and thumped the trap-door with his fist. Once more he cried: "Open the door."

She rose, drew near, and imitating his accent, asked: "What do you want?"
"Open the door!"
"I shall not open it."

The man grew angry.

"Open the door, or I'll break it in."

She began to laugh.

"Break away, my man; break away."

Then he began to beat, with the butt end of his gun, upon the oaken trap-door closed over his head; but it would have resisted a battering-ram.

The keeper's wife heard him go down again. Then, one after another, the soldiers came up to try their strength and inspect the fastenings.



"THE MEN DISAPPEARED BY THE WINDING STAIR."

But, concluding no doubt that their efforts were in vain, they all went back into the cellar and began to talk again.

The young woman listened to them ; then she went to open the outer door, and stood straining her ears for a sound.

A distant barking reached her. She began to whistle like a huntsman, and almost immediately, two immense dogs loomed through the shadows, and jumped upon her with signs of joy. She held them by the neck, to keep them from running away, and called with all her might : "Halla, father !"

A voice, still very distant, answered : "Halla, Berthine !"

She waited some moments, then called again : "Halla, father."

The voice repeated, nearer : "Halla, Berthine."

The keeper's wife returned : "Don't pass in front of the grating. There are Prussians in the cellar."

All at once the black outline of the man showed on the left, where he had paused between two tree-trunks. He asked, uneasily : "Prussians in the cellar ! What are they doing there ?"

The young woman began to laugh.

"It is those that came yesterday. They got lost in the forest ever since the morning ; I put them in the cellar to keep cool."

And she related the whole adventure ; how she had frightened them with shots of the revolver, and shut them up in the cellar.

The old man, still grave, asked : "What do you expect me to do with them at this time of night ?"

She answered : "Go and fetch M. Lavigne and his men. He'll take them prisoners ; and won't he be pleased !"

Then Father Pichou smiled : "Yes ; he will be pleased."

His daughter resumed : "Here's some soup for you ; eat it quick and go off again."

The old keeper sat down and began to eat his soup, after having put down two plates full for his dogs.

The Prussians, hearing voices, had become silent.

A quarter of an hour later,

Pichou started again. Berthine, with her head in her hands, waited.

The prisoners were moving about again. They shouted and called, and beat continually with their guns on the immovable trap-door of the cellar.

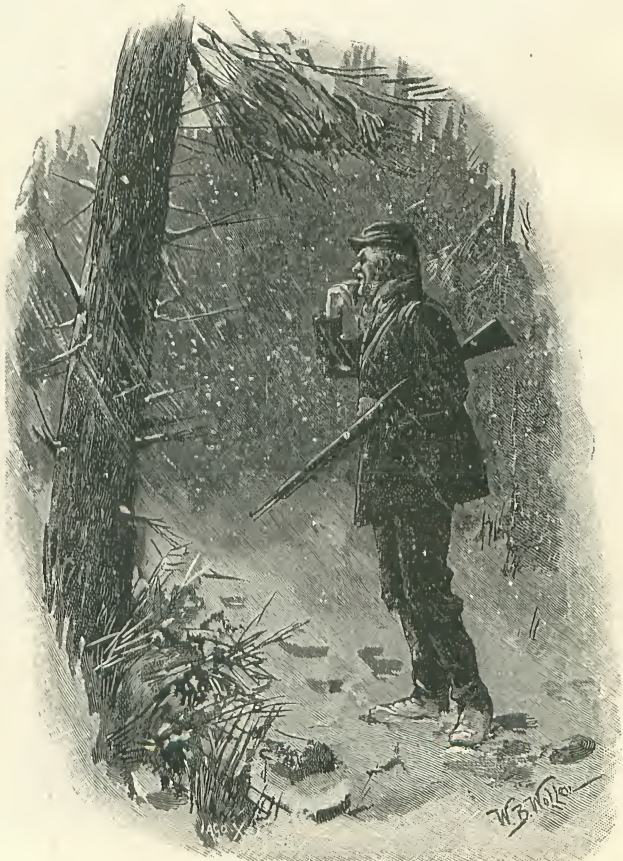
Then they began to fire their guns through the grating, hoping, no doubt, to be heard if any German detachment were passing in the neighbourhood.

The keeper's wife did not stir ; but all this noise tried her nerves, and irritated her. An evil anger awoke in her ; she would have liked to kill them, the wretches, to keep them quiet.

Then, as her impatience increased, she began to look at the clock and count the minutes.

At last the hands marked the time which she had fixed for their coming.

She opened the door once more to listen for them. She perceived a shadow moving cautiously. She was frightened, and screamed. It was her father.



"HE GAVE A LONG, STRIDENT WHISTLE."

He said: "They sent me to see if there's any change."

"No, nothing."

Then he in his turn gave a long, strident whistle into the darkness. And soon, something brown was seen coming slowly through the trees—the advance guard composed of ten men.

The old man kept repeating: "Don't pass before the grating."

And the first comers pointed out the formidable grating to those who followed.

Finally, the main body appeared, two hundred men in all, each with two hundred cartridges.

M. Lavigne, trembling with excitement, posted them so as to surround the house on all sides, leaving, however, a wide, free space round the little black hole, level with the earth, which admitted air to the cellar.

Then he entered the dwelling and inquired into the strength and position of the enemy, now so silent that it might be thought to have disappeared, flown away or evaporated through the grating. M. Lavigne stamped his foot on the trap-door and called: "Mr. Prussian officer!"

The German did not reply.

The Major repeated: "Mr. Prussian officer!"

It was in vain. For a whole twenty minutes he summoned this silent officer to capitulate with arms and baggage, promising him life and military honours for himself and his soldiers. But he obtained no sign of consent or of hostility. The situation was becoming difficult.

The soldier-citizens were stamping their feet and striking wide-armed blows upon their chests, as coachmen do for warmth, and they were looking at the grating with an ever-growing childish desire to pass in front of it. At last one of them risked it, a very nimble fellow called Potdevin. He took a start and ran past like a stag. The attempt succeeded. The prisoners seemed dead.

A voice called out: "There's nobody there."

Another soldier crossed the space before the dangerous opening. Then it became a game. Every minute, a man ran

out, passing from one troop to the other as children at play do, and raising showers of snow behind him with the quick movement of his feet. They had lighted fires of dead branches to keep themselves warm, and the flying profile of each *Garde-National* showed in a bright illumination as he passed over to the camp on the left.

Someone called out: "Your turn, Maloison."

Maloison was a big baker whom his comrades laughed at, because he was so fat.

He hesitated. They teased him. Then, making up his mind, he started at a regular breathless trot which shook his stout person. All the detachment laughed till they cried. They called out: "Bravo, Maloison!" to encourage him.

He had gone about two-thirds of the distance when a long flame, rapid and red, leapt from the grating. A report followed, and the big baker fell upon his nose with a frightful shriek.

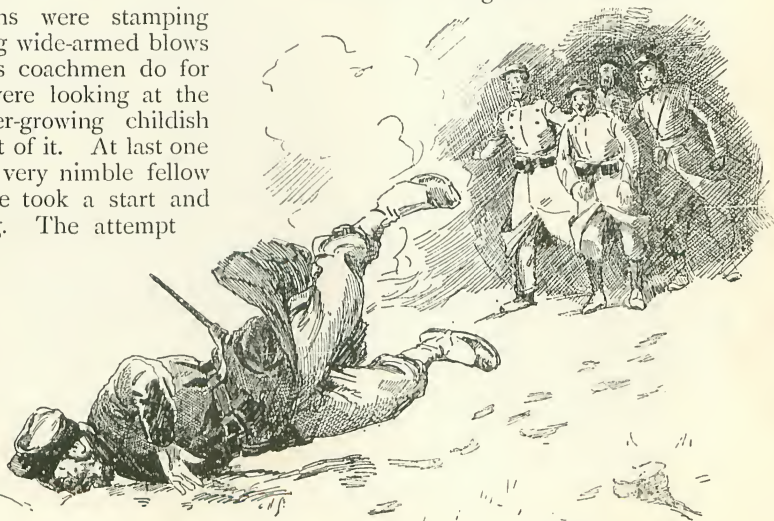
No one ran to help him. Then they saw him drag himself on all fours across the snow, moaning, and when he was beyond that terrible passage he fainted. He had a bullet high up in the flesh of the thigh.

After the first surprise and alarm there was more laughter.

Major Lavigne appeared upon the threshold of the keeper's lodge. He had just framed his plan of attack, and gave his word of command in a ringing voice: "Plumber Planchet and his men!"

Three men drew near.

"Unfasten the gutters of the house."



"THE BIG BAKER FELL UPON HIS NOSE."

In a quarter of an hour some twenty yards of leaden gutter pipe were brought to the Major.

Then, with innumerable prudent precautions, he had a little round hole bored in the edge of the trap-door, and having laid out an aqueduct from the pump to this opening, announced with an air of satisfaction: "We are going to give these German gentlemen something to drink." A wild cheer of admiration burst forth, followed by shouts of delight and roars of laughter. The Major organized gangs of workers, who were to be employed in relays of five minutes. Then he commanded: "Pump!"

And the iron handle having been put in motion, a little sound rustled along the pipes and slipped into the cellar, falling from step to step with the tinkle of a waterfall, suggestive of rocks and little red fishes.

They waited.

An hour passed; then two, then three.

The Major walked about the kitchen in a fever, putting his ear to the floor from time to time, trying to guess what the enemy was doing and whether it would soon capitulate.

The enemy was moving now. Sounds of rattling, of speaking, of splashing, could be heard. Then towards eight in the morning a voice issued from the grating: "I want to speak to the French officer."

Lavigne answered from the window, without putting out his head too far: "Do you surrender?"

"I surrender."

"Then pass out your guns."

A weapon was immediately seen to appear out of the hole and fall into the snow; then a second, a third—all; and the same voice declared: "I have no more. Make haste. I am drowned."

The Major commanded: "Stop."

And the handle of the pump fell motionless.

Then, having filled the kitchen with soldiers, all standing armed, he slowly lifted the trap-door.

Six drenched heads appeared, six fair heads with long light hair, and the six Germans were seen issuing forth one by one, shivering, dripping, scared.

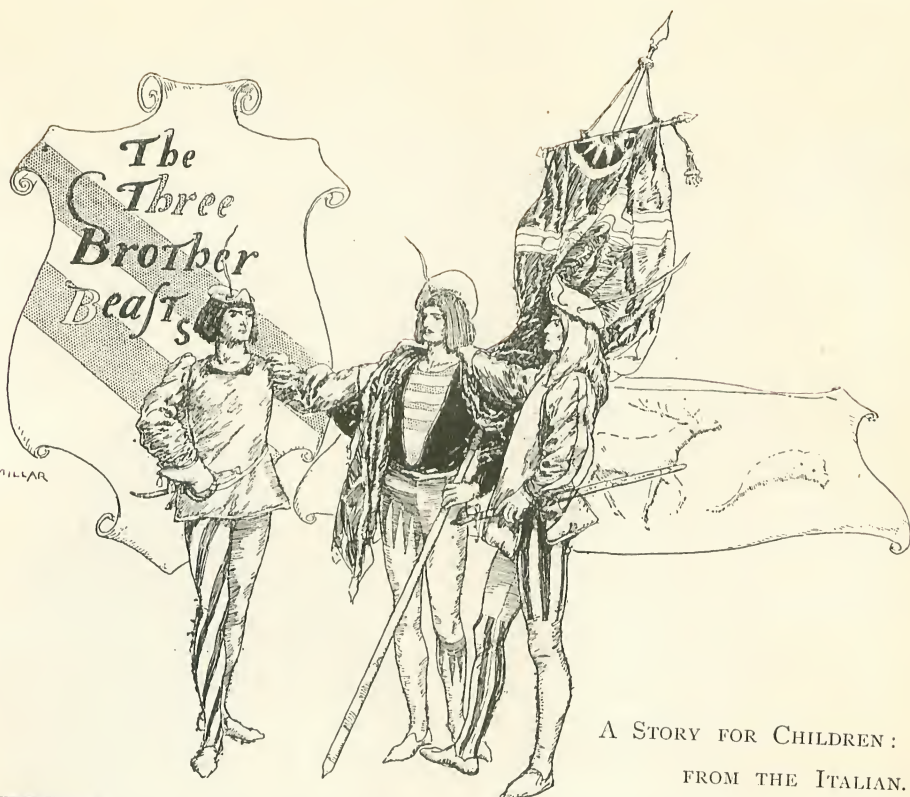
They were seized and bound. Then, as a surprise was apprehended, the troops set out in two parties, one in charge of the prisoners, the other in charge of Maloison, on a mattress, carried on poles.

Rethel was entered in triumph.

M. Lavigne received a decoration for having taken prisoner a Prussian advance-guard; and the fat baker had the military medal for wounds received in face of the enemy.



"THE SIX GERMANS WERE SEEN ISSUING FORTH."



A STORY FOR CHILDREN :
FROM THE ITALIAN.

THERE was, once upon a time, a King of a country called Verdecolle, who had three daughters, each one more lovely than the other. The three sons of the neighbouring King of Velptrato fell very much in love with these beauties, but just as the weddings were going to come off, the three Princes fell under the power of a wicked Fairy, who turned them all into different animals, and the father of the Princesses very naturally refused in consequence to let his daughters marry them. Thereupon the eldest Prince, who had been changed into an Eagle with magic power, summoned all the birds of the air to his aid. They came in swarms—sparrows, larks, thrushes, starlings, and every other bird you can think of; and the Eagle commanded them to devastate the whole country, not leaving a leaf or blossom on any tree.

The second Prince, who had been changed into a Stag, called the goats, rabbits, hares, pigs, and all the other four-footed beasts, and ordered them to lay waste all the fields and ploughed land, and not to leave a single root or blade of grass.

The third Prince, who had been changed into a Dolphin, assembled all the monsters of the deep, and raised such a storm on the coasts of the country, that all the ships and trading vessels were lost and shattered to pieces.

When the King saw that the only way to put an end to these troubles and disasters was to give the three Beasts his daughters in marriage, he gave in at last, though with much foreboding and many tears.

When the Eagle, the Stag, and the Dolphin arrived to carry their brides off, their mother gave each of the Princesses a ring, saying as she did so: "My dear daughters, keep these rings carefully and always wear them, for if you separate and do not meet again for many years, or if at any time you come across any one of your own blood, you will always recognise each other by these talismans."

So they took their departure and set out on their different ways. The Eagle carried Fabiella, who was the eldest sister, off to a lofty mountain above the clouds, where it never rained, but the sun shone perpetually, and here he gave her a magnificent palace, and treated her like a queen.

The Stag bore Vasta, the second sister, away with him, right into the heart of a dark wood, and here he lived with her in the most beautiful house and garden you can imagine.

The Dolphin swam with Rita, who was the youngest sister, on his back, right across the sea, till he came to a huge rock, and on the rock stood a house in which three crowned kings might have lived in comfort and luxury.

In the meantime the Queen gave birth to a beautiful little boy, whom she called Tittone. When he was fifteen years old he determined to set out into the world and seek tidings of his three sisters, for his mother did nothing but bewail their loss, and the unhappy fate which had given them three Beasts for their husbands. At first his father and mother could not be prevailed on to let him go, but at length they yielded to his entreaties, and having provided him with a suitable escort and with a ring the same as his sisters, they took a tender farewell of him. So the young Prince set forth on his travels, and wandered for many years through all the different countries of the world without ever coming on a trace of the three Princesses. At last one day he came to the mountain where Fabiella and the Eagle lived, and when he saw their palace Tittone stood still, lost in admiration of its marble pillars and alabaster walls, its windows of crystal and roof of glittering gold.

As soon as Fabiella saw him she called him to her and asked him who he was, where he came from, and what business had led him thither. When the Prince had described his native land, his father and his mother, and answered all the Princess's questions, Fabiella recognised him as her brother, and she became quite certain of the fact when she compared his ring with the one she always wore. She embraced her brother tenderly; but, fearful lest her husband should object to his arrival, she hid him in a cupboard.

When the Eagle came home that evening Fabiella confided to him that she was very home-sick, and that she had been suddenly seized with a strong desire to see her own people once more. The Eagle answered: "Try and get over this wish, my dear wife, for it cannot be fulfilled till I become a man again."

"Well, then," said Fabiella, "if it is impossible for me to go to them, let

us invite one of my relations to come and visit us here."

"With all my heart," replied the Eagle, "but I don't think anyone would take the trouble to come such a long way to see you."

"But suppose someone had come, and was in the palace at this moment, would you object?" asked his wife.

"Of course not," answered the Eagle. "Any relation of yours would be as dear to me as the apple of my eye."

When Fabiella heard these words she took heart, and, going to the cupboard, she opened it, and showed the Eagle her brother hidden there.

The Eagle greeted him warmly, and said:



"FABIELLA OPENED THE
CUPBOARD."

"You are most welcome, and it is a great pleasure to me to make your acquaintance. I hope you will consider yourself quite at home in my palace, and ask for anything you want." And he gave orders that everything was to be done for the comfort and entertainment of his brother-in-law.

But after Tittone had stayed on the mountain for a fortnight, he remembered that he had still to find his other two sisters. He therefore asked his sister and her husband for permission to depart from their hospitable roof; but before bidding him farewell, the Eagle gave him one of his feathers, saying as he did so: "Take this feather, dear Tittone, and treasure it carefully, for it will be of great use to you some day. If any misfortune should overtake you, throw it on the ground, and call out 'Help, help!' and I will come to you." Tittone took the feather and put it carefully away in his purse; then he took a tender leave of his sister and the Eagle, thanking them a thousand times for their goodness and hospitality to him.

After a long and weary journey he came at length to the wood where the Stag lived with Vasta; and as he was nearly starving with hunger he went into the garden and began to eat the fruit he found there. His sister soon noticed him and recognised him, in the same way that Fabiella had done; she hastened to introduce him to her husband, who received him in the most friendly manner, and entertained him sumptuously.

After spending a fortnight with Vasta and her husband, Tittone determined to set out and look for his third sister; but before his departure the Stag gave him one of his hairs with the same words that the Eagle had spoken when he gave him one of his feathers to guard carefully.

So Tittone departed on his way, and with the money the Eagle and Stag had given him he wandered to the uttermost parts of the world, where the sea at last put an end to his travels by land, and he was obliged to

take ship and search through the islands for his third sister. At length, after many days, he came to the rock where Rita lived with the Dolphin. Hardly had he stepped on land when his sister perceived him, and recognised him at once, as the *others had* done. His brother-in-law gave him a warm welcome, and when, after a short time, Tittone expressed his desire to return home once more to his father and mother, the Dolphin gave him one of his scales with



"HIS SISTER SOON NOTICED HIM."

the same words that the Eagle and Stag had spoken when they gave him the feather and hair. So the young Prince took ship again, and when he reached the land he mounted a horse and rode on his way.

But he had hardly ridden a mile from the coast when he came to a gloomy wood overgrown with thick brushwood and rank weeds. The Prince forced his way through it as best he could, and at last reached a lake with a high stone tower in the middle of it, at one of the windows of which sat a lovely maiden,

with a terrible-looking Dragon asleep at her feet. As soon as she perceived the Prince she called out in a piteful voice :

"Oh ! beautiful youth, my Heaven has sent you to rescue me from my sad fate ; I implore you to free me from the clutches of this horrible monster, who has carried me away from my father, the King of Merovalle, and has shut me up in this gloomy tower, where I am nearly dead with loneliness and terror."

"Woe is me," answered the Prince, "but what can I do to help you, lovely maiden, for what mortal could ever cross that lake ? and who could face this terrible Dragon, who spreads terror and desolation wherever he goes ? But wait a little, perhaps I may be able to summon other help to your aid." And with these words he threw the feather, the hair, and the scale, which his three brothers-in-law had given him, on the ground, calling out at the same time : "Help ! help ! help !"

In a moment the Eagle, the Stag, and the Dolphin appeared before him, and cried in one voice : "Here we are. What are your commands ?"

Tittone, who was overjoyed at their appearance, exclaimed : "I desire that this poor Princess should be freed from the clutches of that Dragon, and that I should carry her home with me as my bride."

"Very well," answered the Eagle, "all shall be done as you desire" ; and turning to the Stag he said, "let us lose no time, but let us strike while the iron is hot !"

With these words the Eagle gave a shrill cry, and in one moment the air was black with a flight of vultures, who flew into the window of the tower, and seizing the beautiful Princess, they bore her over to the spot where the Prince and his brothers-in-law stood. And if the maiden looked as fair as the moon in the distance, when you saw her near she was as beautiful and radiant as the sun.

But while Tittone was embracing her, and saying all manner of pretty things to his fair bride, the Dragon awoke, and flying out of the window he set upon Tittone, intending to kill him on the spot. But in a second the Stag caused a quantity of lions, tigers, panthers, bears, and wild cats to appear, who sprang upon the Dragon and tore him to pieces with their claws.

When Tittone and the Princess saw that their enemy was dead for ever, they determined to leave the place as soon as possible, but before they started the Dolphin said :

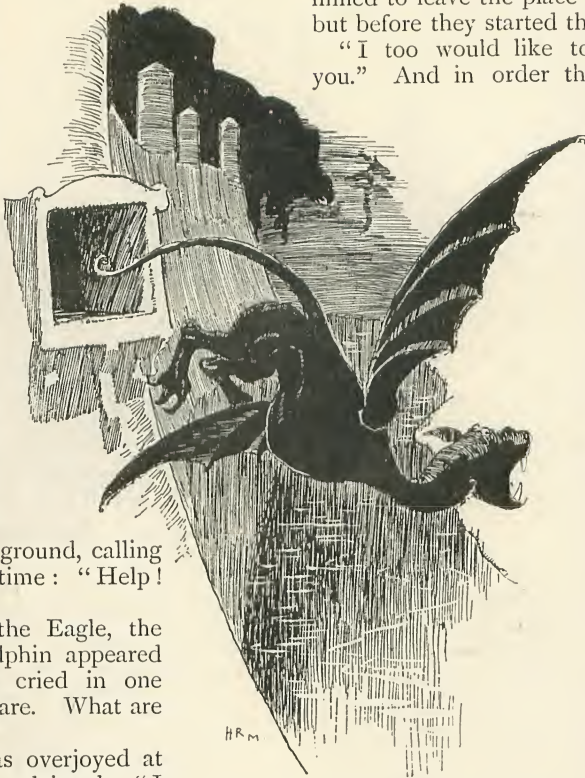
"I too would like to do something for you." And in order that no trace should

remain of the grim castle where the Princess had spent such unhappy hours, he caused the waters of the lake to overflow, and to beat so violently against the tower that it fell, and the ruins disappeared in the waves.

Tittone thanked his brothers-in-law warmly for having thus rescued his beautiful bride, but the Beasts replied : "Our thanks are rather due to the Princess, because it is through her that we are able once more to assume our human forms. At our births, a wicked fairy, who owed our mother a

grudge, condemned us, when we grew up, to go about the world in the shape of three beasts, until we should have rescued a King's daughter from some great danger ; the longed-for moment has come at last, and already we feel new life in our breasts and fresh blood flowing through our veins," and even as they were speaking, they turned into three beautiful young men, who, each in turn, embraced their brother-in-law, and made low bows to the Princess, who was nearly beside herself with joy and amazement.

Then Tittone spoke with a sigh : "Ah ! why can my poor father and mother not



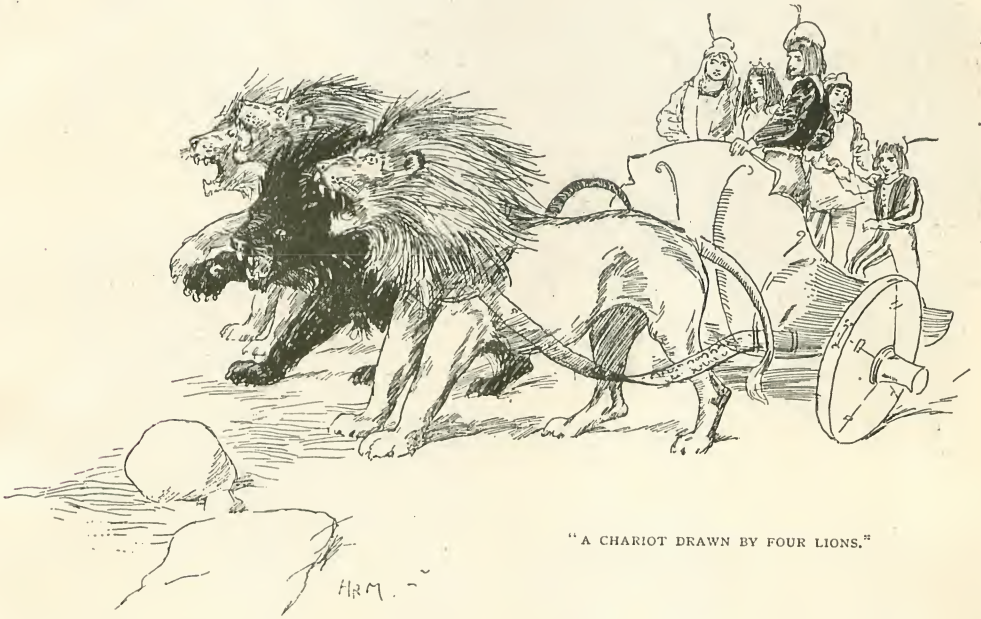
"THE DRAGON FLYING OUT OF THE WINDOW."

share this joy with us? What would they not give to see three such charming and beautiful sons-in-law?"

"We will go to them at once," answered the three Princes; "but first we must go and fetch our wives, so let us lose no time in setting forth on our journey."

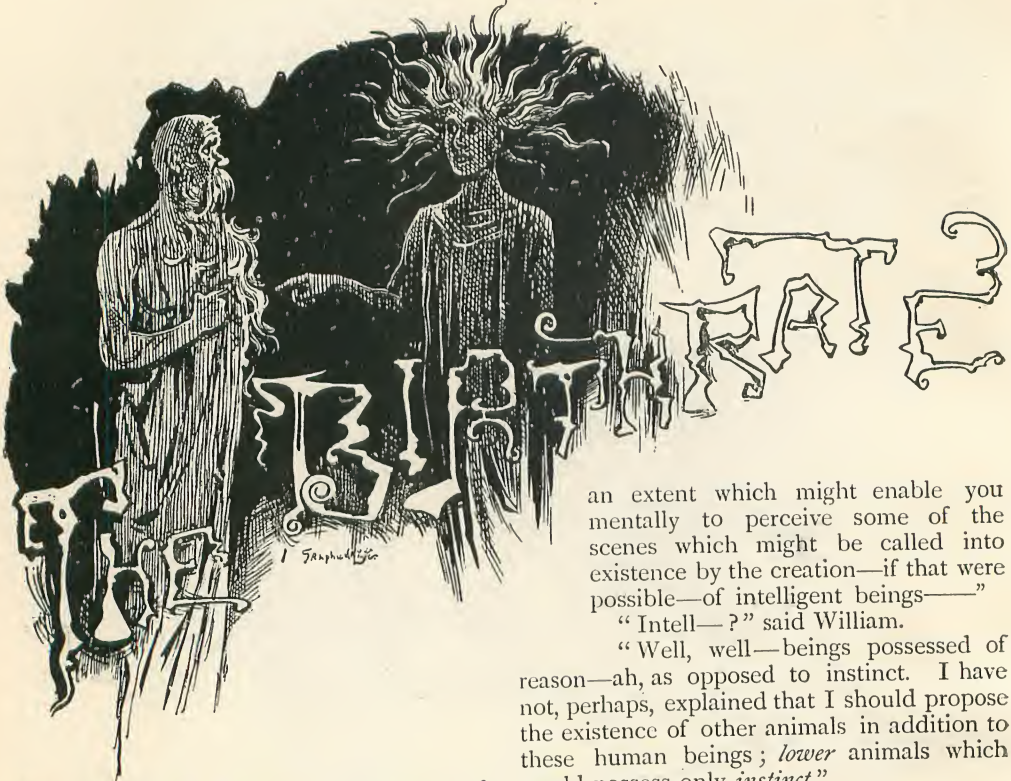
But as they could not go on foot, and as they had no means of conveyance, except Tittone's one old horse, the brothers commanded a chariot to appear drawn by four lions, in which they all five seated themselves. They travelled all through the night, and with such speed that they came next day to the various places where the wives of the three beast-brothers were waiting for them.

After much rejoicing and embracing the whole eight of them continued their journey to the Kingdom of Verdecollé, where the King and Queen received their long-lost children—with what joy you can imagine! which was only increased when they perceived their sons-in-law in their human shape, and the beautiful bride Tittone had brought back with him. They sent at once to tell the Kings of Velprato and Merovalle of the good fortune that had befallen their children, and invited them to a feast, the like of which for splendour and magnificence had never been seen before, and all the woes and troubles of the past were forgotten in the rejoicing and merry-making of the present.



"A CHARIOT DRAWN BY FOUR LIONS."

The Queer Side of Things.



THE two spirits, William and James (whom it again becomes the duty of the faithful reader of THE STRAND MAGAZINE to remember; whose images, indeed, should be deeply imprinted on his consciousness), had again foregathered in the solemn boundlessness of space and darkness.

"Touching those worlds and human beings whose existence I imagined——" said James.

William yawned wearily, but, unable to plead any sudden excuse for departure which would not be too discourteously transparent, resigned himself to the unavoidable.

"I have been studying this hypnotism of which I spoke as one of my fancies, and if you have no objection I fancy that I could—with your assistance—influence your mind to

an extent which might enable you mentally to perceive some of the scenes which might be called into existence by the creation—if that were possible—of intelligent beings——"

"Intell—?" said William.

"Well, well—beings possessed of reason—ah, as opposed to instinct. I have not, perhaps, explained that I should propose the existence of other animals in addition to these human beings; *lower* animals which would possess only *instinct*."

"And what would be the difference between reason and instinct?" asked William.

"Well," replied James. "Ah—well—instinct would be infallible, while reason would not. Instinct would arrive—er—instinctively—at fact and truth."

"Ah," said the objectionable William, "now I perceive the meaning of your phrase, 'Reason *as opposed to* instinct.' However, let us have a game at this hypnotism which you propose to try. I presume I am to attempt to subordinate my mind to yours—subordinate, as it were, instinct to mere reason—for the time being?"

They took the matter methodically in hand, and with such success that, within a few particles of eternity, James asked his companion spirit whether he seemed to perceive anything, and William replied:—

"Why—upon my word, yes! I seem to be conscious of a most hideous hubbub, discord, babel, and confusion—of an incessant

very eccentric fellows, to be sure! What *can* they require all these babies for?"

"To—er—kill! Not to kill while babies, but after they are grown up into soldiers. The beautiful philoprogenitive *instinct* is very strong in these human beings of mine; their tenderness towards children is really touching. There are many societies for the protection of children; and human Governments are very severe upon violence to children. You see—er—if an infant is killed



"ALL STRUGGLING AND KICKING."

wrangling, recrimination, and grumbling. It's perfectly bewildering and awful. I seem to see masses of forms, all struggling, and kicking, and rending one another—crawling over and treading on each other. What a horribly unpleasant state of affairs!"

"That's it!" cried James, with excited enthusiasm. "That's one of my worlds! Those are my human beings! You perceive it all perfectly! Now I wish you to tell me what strikes you most forcibly amid the confusion."

"Why—well—here are a group of human beings screaming with acute lamentation all in one key. They appear to be screaming for 'babies': they are calling upon the sky to rain down babies on their land, and upon the sea to wash up babies on the shore in shoals, like herrings! What can they require all those babies for? Surely not to eat?"

"Oh, no; not to eat. To increase the population. You will recall our touching upon the mania of these human creatures for increase of population, in our last talk on the subject? Well, this group of creatures are the legislators of one of the nations, and they are frantic with grief because the population does not increase with sufficient rapidity."

"Ah, yes," said William, "I perceive that they have temporarily ceased their shrieks of lamentation in order to discuss various wild projects for increasing the population more rapidly. They are proposing taxes on bachelors, and premiums on large families, and other equally strange expedients. What

it is—er—disqualified for being subsequently slaughtered on the field of battle.

"Infanticide is regarded as a most heartless crime. You now perceive that that group of legislators are glaring at an adjacent island containing another nation, and are shrieking with anger and envy! That is because that insular nation has so many more babies, and increases so much more rapidly in population."

"Oh, ah, yes! I perceive the island you mention," said William. "It appears to me to be inconveniently crowded already; in fact, it seems unable to produce food enough to support its population."

"Oh! it is—it is! It is a most happy island; the happiness of a given district being always measured by its population. A large tract of land filled with the beauties of inanimate nature, but having a population insufficient to pollute the air, is considered a very sad sight; and earnest efforts are always made to crowd it with immigrants."

"I perceive an enormous congregation of your human beings on this island—a dense mass of them, all pushing and squeezing for want of space, and seething over each other as if they were boiling," said William.

"Yes," explained James, "that is the capital of the island, and the largest city in this particular world. It is so crowded that the air is unfit to breathe, and is full of sulphur and other poisons from the fires made by the inhabitants. Perfect health is unknown within its bounds. Everybody suffers perpetually from his liver, and has to



"THE DOCTORS ARE GENERALLY MORE ILL THAN THE PATIENTS."

suddenly 'knock off' from active business for about three weeks in every month; everyone is in the doctor's hands all the year round—that is, while the doctor is not prevented from attending him by being ill in bed himself; you see, as the general illness originates from overwork, and as the doctors are, under the circumstances, the most overworked section of the community, the doctors are generally a little more ill than their patients.

"Everybody suffers from chronic nerves, and 'jumps,' and 'blues,' and various other diseases with similar scientific names; in fact, everybody has nothing particular the matter with him—no serious illness—and is in consequence always seriously ill. It is all the result of civilization, or over-population—which are exchangeable terms for the same thing."

"Hum!" grumbled the unreflecting William. "Don't quite see why they need be! Why can't your civilized communities draw the line when the population has reached its comfortable limits, and smother the superfluous individ—"

"Oh, William! How can you? What a

horrible idea! Smother their fellow-creatures! No, William; morality, piety, the better feelings of the community would, with one accord, rebel against so hideous and shocking an expedient—nay, it would not do at all. I have told you that the surplus population are *required* to be smashed and torn to death by explosives, and cut to pieces with swords, and so forth. Pray, do not make such dreadful suggestions again! This city increases its population with incredible rapidity; is, in fact, the envy of the world, and is always pointed to as a model."

"What a noise of cheering there is over in that part of the city!" exclaimed William. "There are all sorts of decorations, and illuminations, and triumphal arches."

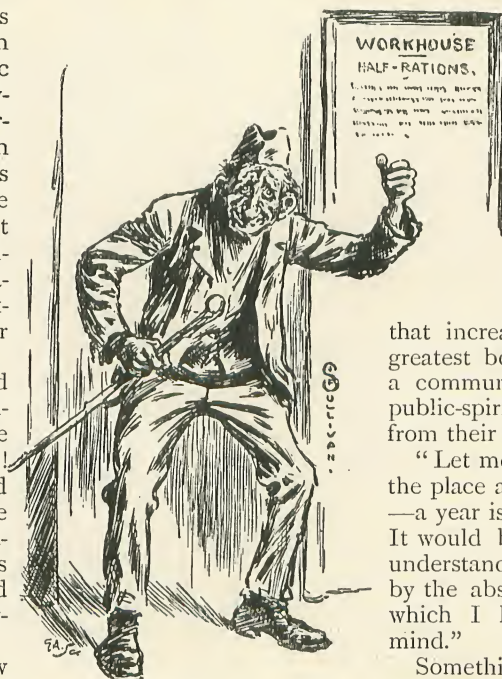
"Ah! that parish has gained the prize for the highest birth-rate; and you perceive it is erecting immense buildings within its bounds. These are new workhouses to receive the increment of population, which will, of course, be unable to find a means of livelihood. That parish is the champion

parish of that great city—a guiding star for all the parishes in the world. The paupers in it—two-thirds of the entire population—have just been put on half rations in consequence of the increasing strain on the parish resources; but those paupers are wise enough to perceive

that increase of population is the greatest boon, the highest aim, of a community; and are filled with public-spirited joy at the deduction from their allowance of food.

"Let me show you a picture of the place a few hundred years later—a year is a small division of time. It would be difficult to make you understand exactly what I mean by the abstract thing called Time, which I have conceived. Never mind."

Something seemed to whirl past the consciousness of William; and



"PUBLIC-SPIRITED JOY."

then another picture of the same island seemed to present itself before him. He fell to coughing and gasping violently, and grew purple in the face.

"Oh, dear — what a horrible atmosphere!" he exclaimed. "I can't breathe! Whatever is the matter? What a dreadful pressure of elbows there is all round me; and how the ground moves about under one's feet as if there were an earthquake!"

"It isn't an earthquake," explained James; "it is merely that part of the population which, being weaker, has got trodden under foot—there being insufficient standing-room on the island for all. The stratum of those trodden under foot is about 15ft. deep by this time; and you may perceive that fresh numbers are continually falling from pressure and suffocation, there being, of course, insufficient air for all.

"But, just consider!—the birth-rate is always steadily on the increase, and the population is more jubilant than ever. It is a most happy island; and all the other nations are mad with envy."

"Here! Help! I don't like this!" screamed William. "I'm being whirled away by the crowd, and nearly torn to pieces! Why are they all rushing so? What's the matter?"

"Oh, they have only caught sight of a scrap of food," said James. "You see, the island can neither produce nor import anything approaching a sufficiency of food for the population, so everyone is chronically ravenous. But this by no means discounts the jubilation at the magnificent birth-rate. Here, give me your hand, and let me help you up to this place of comparative safety, on the roof of this cathedral, where the pressure of the crowd is less great. That's all right."

"What is the matter with that throng over there? Why do they give evidence of such wild indignation?"

"It is a meeting of working-men, convened to express indignation at a

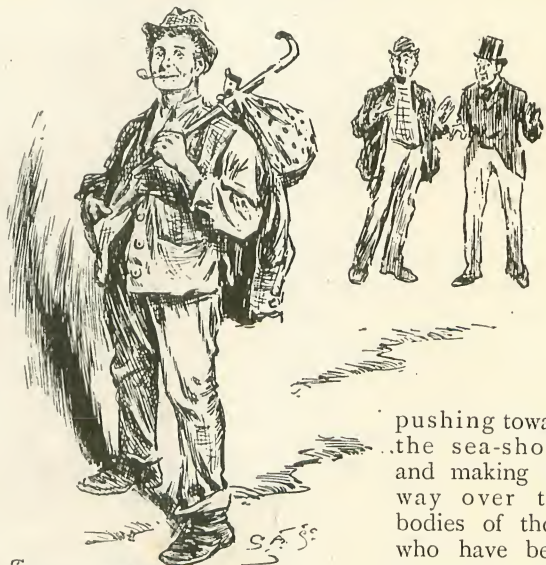


"NEARLY TORN TO PIECES."

suggestion lately made that some of them should emigrate in search of the employment and subsistence which they cannot find here. If they can get hold of the author of the heartless suggestion, they will tear him in pieces. He has had the cynical effrontery to propose that they shall proceed across the ocean, and settle on a fertile tract of country where every one of them would have room, pure air, and plenty of food! As he has gone there himself, they unfortunately cannot get at him to rend him limb from limb."

"And who is this young man over whom so many people are weeping, and who is evidently the victim of some terrible misfortune?"

"Oh! why, he is a very extraordinary person, with a strangely warped mind; in fact, the majority of the population look upon him as insane. He has actually decided to emigrate to that country across the ocean, and get a breath of fresh air and sufficient meals. He is looked upon as the victim of pernicious machinations, and sincerely pitied. See, he is



"HE HAS DECIDED TO EMIGRATE."

pushing toward the sea-shore, and making his way over the bodies of those who have been squeezed out at the edge of the

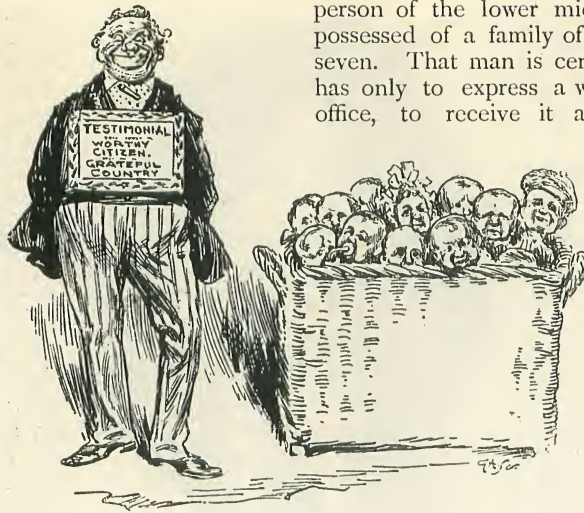
land into the sea. Now he reaches one of the ships which lie, packed like pilchards, in the channel. Poor fellow! Perhaps he may never more behold the happy land of his childhood, where the birth-rate is so high!"

"There is another meeting," said William. "They are lamenting the increasing tendency of young men to remain bachelors, instead of marrying and bringing up large families. This state of things is deplored as very serious and regrettable, and as a very unfortunate omen for the future of the population; and they proceed to suggest and consider means for inducing young men to marry at as early an age as possible. It is a very sad meeting!"

"Yes," said James; "you see they are beginning to fear that the race is dying out. That person speaking is a celebrated statistician, who has made a calculation, showing that, should the birth-rate continue on the same meagre lines, in the course of one hundred years everyone would find space to sit down; in two hundred years folks would be obliged to stick out their elbows in order to touch one another continuously over the whole island."

"What a terrible picture! Tears come into the eyes of the orator as he draws it: 'Where,' he asks, would be that compactness and unity which are the only safeguards of a nation? How could man keep touch with man? Think of that cold, hopeless, terrible void between one beating human heart and another!"

"See—they are presenting a testimonial to an extremely deserving citizen, one Jones, a



"JONES."

person of the lower middle classes, who is possessed of a family of no less than thirty-seven. That man is certain of a career; he has only to express a wish for any public office, to receive it at once; and see, even now the meeting suggests the creation of a new office in the Ministry on purpose for Jones—the office of 'Encourager of the Birth-rate,' at a salary of five thousand a year."

"Dear me, that is very unfortunate!" exclaimed William.

"What's the matter?" asked James.

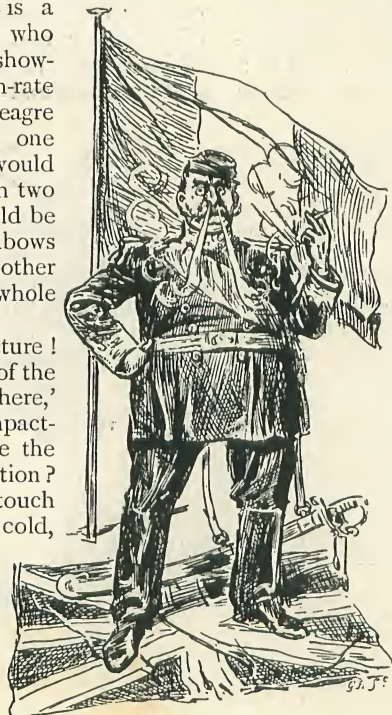
"That meeting, just when about to hit upon a practical plan for arresting the decline of the birth-rate, have been all smothered by the pressure of numbers! Ha! What is that? Surely the sound of a trumpet! See—look! That nation which is so filled with envy of the insular nation is about to make war upon it."

"Ha!" cried James, triumphantly. "Now we shall see how the birth-rate tells! Now we shall see how the nation with the largest population has the incalculable advantage over the one which—What is the matter now?"

"Why, the envious nation with the low birth-rate has completely conquered the insular one, and is jumping on its flag!"

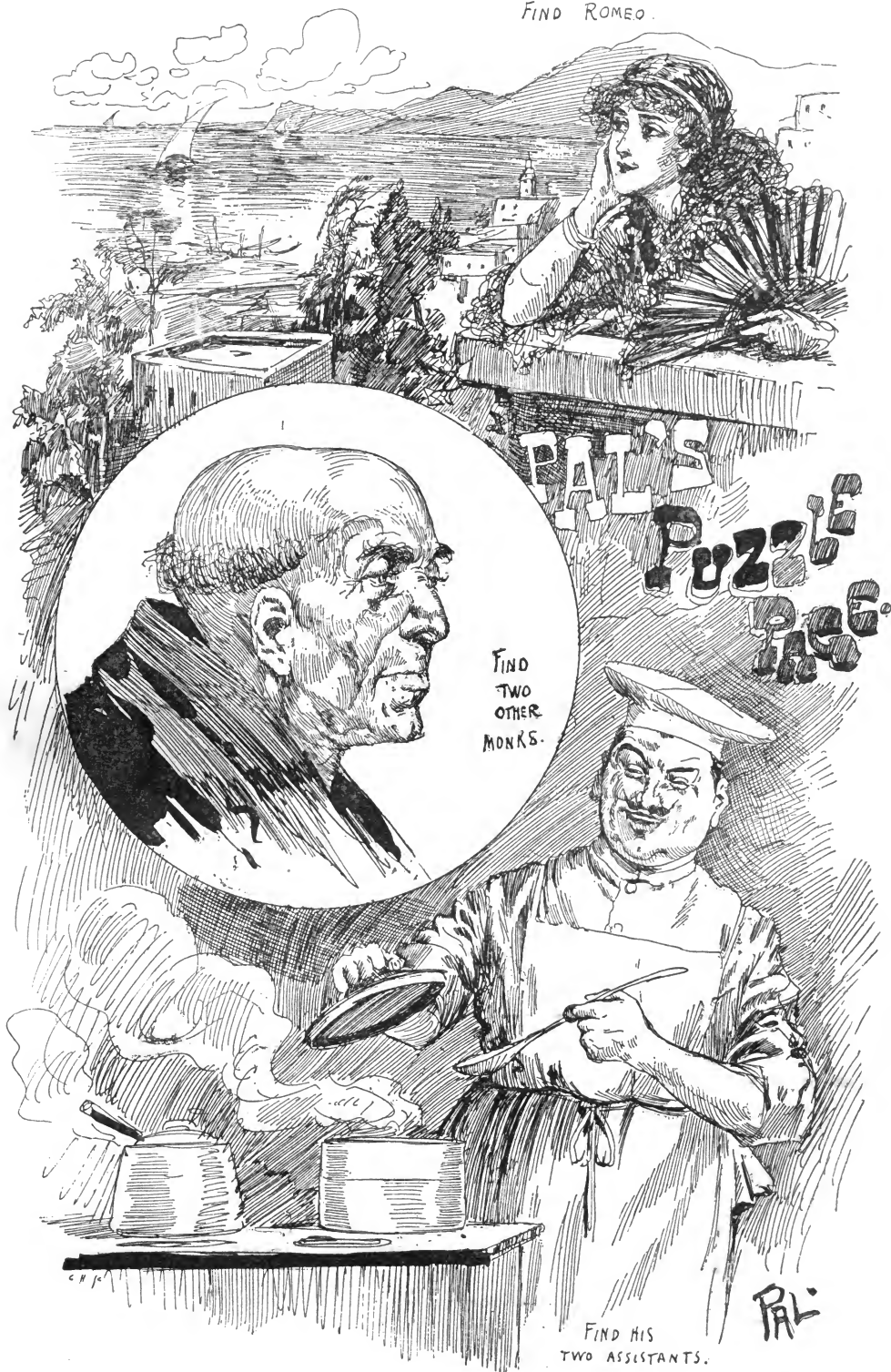
"Pooh! All a mistake!" screamed James. "Impossible. How about its vast population, ready at the call of its native land to rise against the foe?"

"Why," replied William, "the vast population ready at the call of its native land somehow smothered and crushed itself to death in the attempt to get to the foe; and, as it was a dense mass, the foe's cannon had greater effect upon it; and then the foe, having a lower birth-rate, and consequently more elbow-room—"



F. F. SULLIVAN.

FIND ROMEO.



Club Types.

By H. M. BEERBOHM.



THE PLAYGOERS'.



THE SAVAGE.



NATIONAL LIBERAL.



THE AMPHITRYON.



WHITE'S.



THE JOCKEY.



THE REFORM.



THE BEEFSTEAK.



THE GARRICK.



JUNIOR UNITED SERVICE.



THE DEVONSHIRE.



SENIOR UNITED SERVICE.



THE ARTS.



THE ST. JAMES'S.



THE JUNIOR CARLTON.



THE TRAVELLERS'.



THE LYRIC.



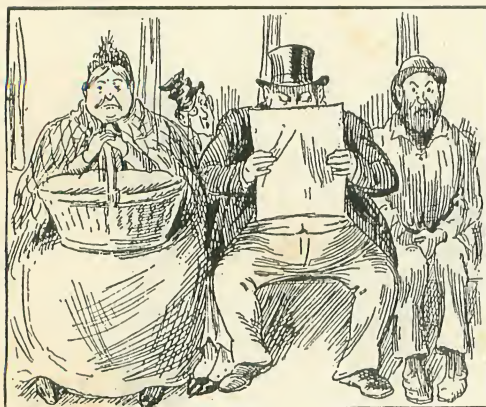
THE CARLTON.



COMFORTABLE.



SQUEEZED.

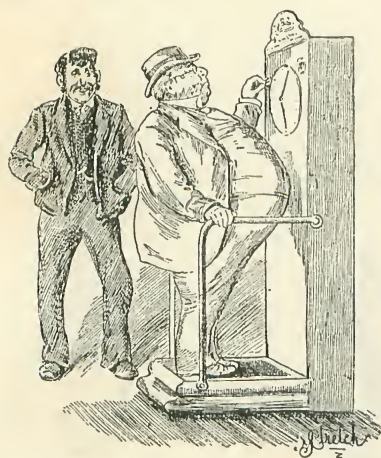


JAMMED.



CRUMPLED.

IN A TRAM CAR.



SPECTATOR: "NO USE WASTING PENNIES, GOVERNOR,
IT ONLY WORKS UP TO TWENTY STONE."

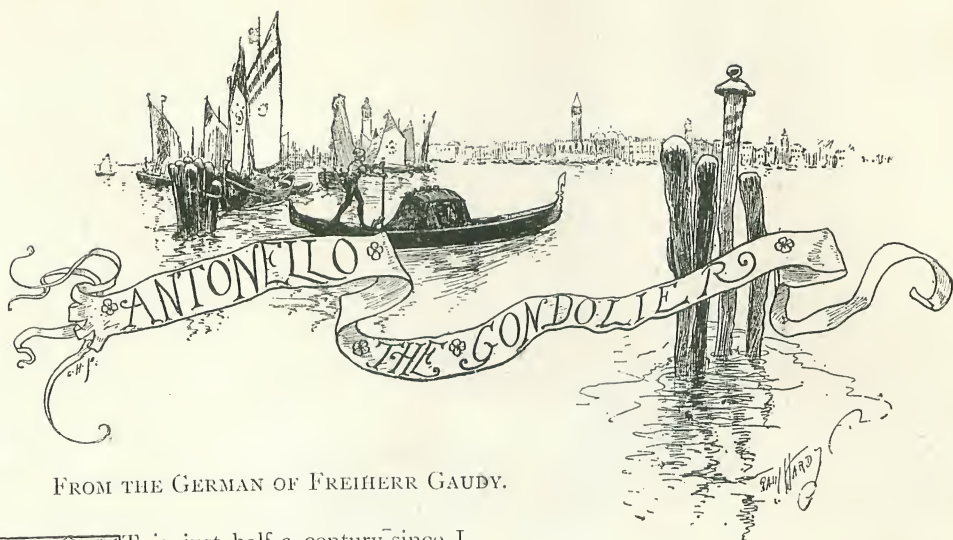


THE CLOCK BED.

THE NEWEST THING IN LODGING-HOUSE FURNITURE.



"SHE DISCOURSED SWEET MUSIC."
(ANTONELLO, THE GONDOLIER.)



FROM THE GERMAN OF FREIHERR GAUDY.

IT is just half a century since I closed the eyes of my good father—the best of comrades, the fondest of husbands, the most honest Venetian of his time. Ah, if you had known my father, you would have acknowledged him the hardest, boldest fellow in the Republic, the cleverest mandolin-player, the best singer of Tasso, the smartest gondolier whose oars ever lashed to foam the waters of the Canalazzo. All this must be my excuse for rescuing from the oblivion of the fleeting years the fragment of his life I now relate.

My father felt his end approaching. With closed eyes he lay on a couch stuffed with maize-straw, a rosary in his wrinkled hands, and his pale lips moving in silent prayer. A death-like stillness filled the room, broken only by the sobs of wife and children. The rays of the evening sun burst through the vine-espalier that grew round our home; and over the face of the dying passed now patches of rosy light, and now the shadows of the broad leaves. Presently he opened the large, black, deeply-sunken eyes once more, looked slowly round as if to make sure that we were all there, and then began wearily and with difficulty to speak.

“For years, now,” he said, “I have been wanting to make you the confidants of a strange, almost incredible, event which happened to me in my youth. I put it off from

day to day, for one reason or another—but I put it off too long. Now, I know not whether the time that is left me suffices for the telling of this long-guarded secret. Listen, however—but first swear on this dying hand that no word of the secret shall pass your lips till fifty years have gone. The heir of a great and powerful family has been involved in the destiny of so humble a man as myself—and the Tribunal of the Inquisition was compelled to intervene. An unguarded word may expose you to the vengeance of an undisciplined and powerful nobility, or to the severity of the legal authorities. Swear, therefore, a silence of fifty years!”

We obeyed the last command of our father; we laid our hands in his, and pronounced the binding oath. We have kept it faithfully—my mother and sisters till their death; I, the last surviving, till the period assigned has expired, and the time arrived when I have to fear neither the vengeance of the nobles nor the tyranny of the Council of Ten; but to the point.

“It was at three o’clock on a sultry summer afternoon”—began my father—“that I sat myself down at the base of the granite pillar which supports the saintly Teodoro, and stretched my lazy limbs on the stone slabs below it. I fell to counting, with sleepy eyes, the pillars of the Doge’s Palace, up and down, then down and up; miscounted them,



"ALL THE WORLD WAS HAVING ITS SIESTA."

and tried again—feeling my eyelids becoming heavier with each number I told. The footsteps of the guard holding watch under the colonnade fell ever duller and fainter on my ears. Now and then one of the pigeons from the Place of St. Mark whirled past over my head, hastening to seek refuge from the glowing heat under the eaves of the church. It was so still, that I could hear the little wavelets as they broke against the bows of the gondolas. All the world was having its siesta, and I was in a good way to follow suit, when the shout, 'Hi! Antonello, up there! A league's row on the canal!' startled me out of my doze.

"The shout proceeded from Count Orazio Memmo—the most amiable good-for-nothing in all Venice. Three-and-twenty years old, tall and slim, a well-cut pale face, with the blackest and most brilliant eyes in the world; as clever as daring, as rich as generous, a bold gamester, a passionate worshipper of women—such was my patron.

"Mistrustful of the gondoliers of his uncle, the Councillor, in whom, not without ground,

he suspected spies on his goings and comings, the young gallant needed on his adventures a quick-witted, fearless fellow, a silent, perfectly reliable assistant—and in me he had found his man. Ah, when I think of those old wild times, those brilliant Carnivals, those nightly revelries and serenades, those mysterious rendezvous in the gardens of the Giudecca! Fathers and lovers cursed Orazio Memmo worse than the Grand Turk, and many a handful of silver coin has poured into my cap when my swift gondola has distanced the enraged pursuer, and I have, landed the happy lover, un-

discovered, on the marble steps of the Casa Memmo.

"Quick as thought did I spring to my legs at the sound of the well-known voice, then loosed the chain from the stake, and when his Excellency had seated himself on the luxurious cushions, pushed off vigorously from the land.

"The boat may have been gliding gently over the water for about a half-hour. Inaudibly fell the oar into the green waves—but there was no hurry, and my patron had no aim but to dream away an hour in *dolce far niente*. Presently, however, a foreign gondola rushed up with hasty strokes of the oars behind us, and then shot quickly past. The deck was covered with a silver carpet streaked in red, and the heavy silk tassels that hung from the gunwales trailed along the surface of the water. The two rowers were clothed in a rich stuff of the same design. In front of the cabin sat on a brocaded cushion a Moorish boy, with a broad golden neck-band, a dagger hanging from glittering chains by his side, and balanc-



"WITH A SKILFUL THROW, SHE CAST A LILY INTO OUR CABIN."

ing on his fist a shrill, rainbow-coloured parrot. The Venetian blinds were drawn up on both sides, and the eye could penetrate into the interior of the boat as she flew past.

"On the cushions reclined a divinely beautiful woman. A closely-fitting, gold-embroidered over-garment enveloped her dainty figure, and wide, open pantaloons of Eastern cut fell over her little slippers prettily worked in flowers. The long golden hair descended from the snowy whiteness of the brow, and fell in curly waves upon the shoulders and bosom. But how can I describe to you the sorcery of that lovely countenance, the moist glance of those black eyes, the smile that played around those pomegranate lips? As the foreign boat floated past our own, the lady put down the long-necked guitar, on whose golden strings her fingers had been dallying, and, with a skilful throw, cast a lily into our cabin, calling out at the same time a few foreign-sounding words. The rowers at once began to ply their oars lustily, and in the twinkling of an eye were a hundred yards in front.

"Follow, follow, Antonello!" cried the patrician—"twenty sequins are thine if we overtake her, if we discover the home of this angelic stranger."

"You may rely upon me, Excellenza; so long as the oar does not break, and my arm retains its strength, the beautiful heathen shall not escape us."

"And now to keep my word—to maintain my hard-won fame. Swift as the flight of doves fled the stranger before us, and like a

bloodthirsty falcon we followed up behind. On the left they turned into one of the side streets, and there seemed to slacken their speed as if to make sure that we had not lost their track, as if they *wished* to be followed—and then once more started in wild haste through large and small canals—right and left, and then straight forward—past San Nicolo—till at last both the gondolas were rocking on the waters of the lagoon that lies on the road to Fusina.

"Still onwards fled the enchanting boat. Sometimes it was as if a shooting star was before us, so gloriously did the sun stream down on the glittering deck, and I was obliged to close my eyes to shut out the glare, and cease for a moment to row. Then the Count would urge me on to still greater efforts, and I would fall on my knee, and drive the oar deep into the water till the foam swirled high to the iron-comb of the figure-head.

"From out of the pursued gondola sounded now and then the sharp cry of the parrot, and then again the notes of a lute, to which the Moorish boy answered with the rattle of the tambourine, and at intervals the bewitching, enticing voice of the Eastern. She sang:—

Where arcades of oleander,
Purple in the gloaming show,
Where in founts marmorean wander,
Fish that gold and silver glow;
Where nightingales
Sigh out their wails,
To love-sick maidens murr'ing low—
There, there,
Shalt thou with me my secret share.

Where the darts from Phebus' quiver
 Never pierce the myrtle groves,
 Where by many a lonely river
 Birds trill out their happy loves ;
 Where the gushing
 Streamlet rushing
 Through the starlit dingle roves—
 There, there,
 Shalt thou with me my secret share.

Orazio Memmo, one of the cleverest improvisers of his time, seized my zither, and answered at once :—

Where thou ledest I will follow,
 Sweet enigma, after thee ;
 Heed I not if joy or sorrow
 The guerdon of my quest shall be—
 Yet on the strand,
 Enchantress, land,
 And if thy heart incline to me—
 There, there,
 Shall I with thee thy secret share.

"We were approaching nearer and nearer to the strange gondola. Our bow cut anew the waves before the track of theirs had



"SLOWLY SHE TURNED HER FACE."

disappeared on the water, and the foam that followed her was like a silver cord which she had thrown out to drag us, like prisoners, behind her. Thus we ran into the Brenta Canal, flew past the sumptuous villas and pleasure houses of the rich Venetians, and stopped before a high marble portal, through the gilt bars of which we could look into a spacious garden laid out with princely magnificence.

"The stranger stepped out. By San Marco! a queenly form with witching grace in every movement. Slowly she turned her face, lighted with the sweetest smile, once more toward my master; from the soft, black, gazelle-like eyes gleamed on him a friendly light, and then she moved forward from the spot. The little Moor, holding a gaudy sunshade over the head of his mistress, and the chattering bird on his fist, followed close at her heels. The gates flew open, shut clashing behind them; the pair then slowly approached the castle through a lane formed of laurels and myrtles, and vanished.

"Beautiful as a dream!" cried Signor Memmo, rousing himself from his bewilderment; 'and to whom does the garden, the castle, belong?'

"I do not know at all, Eccellenza; I see them to-day for the first time; and yet this is the Brenta Canal—a thousand times have I rowed over it; I know every gate, every villa, every bush—but, by San Antonio, never have I seen a stone of this castle before. Ah, Illustrissimo, take my word for it, all is not as it should be here! It is the delusion of the devil, nothing more. Utter but one "paternoster," and the whole phantasm will vanish like a streak of mist. Have you not heard of vampires? You have only to ask the Grecian and Illyrian boatmen, and they will tell you how the wraiths of these child-murderers appear as young and beautiful women, and fill with love the brains of the young men, and suck out their hearts' blood as they slumber. And such a vampire is the Eastern princess there—I will take the sacrament to it! Take my advice, Eccellenza. Let us return, and that as quickly as possible. Here we stand on unholy ground.'

"I looked round now for the strange gondola; she had vanished completely, as though swallowed by the Brenta. I pointed this

out to my master; he called me superstitious and a simpleton. I began to repeat an 'ave,' but the castle refused to vanish, and remained before my eyes a substantial and obstinate fact. Black cypresses looked with elongated necks over the wall, and fig-trees stretched gnarled branches like fingers towards us, as if to beckon us in. Glittering lizards crept up the parapets and looked at us with sparkling, spiteful eyes. On the cornices stood hideous figures in marble of the most repulsive ugliness—goat-footed satyrs that made faces at us, little hunch-backed creatures with three-cornered hats, crinolined dames with horses' heads, dragons, griffins, monsters with grins and leers and distortions that only *diabolus* could invent. Among the hateful masks walked a peacock with a long trailing tail, its blue neck shimmering in the sun.

"How to get into the garden?" murmured Count Orazio, staring dreamily before him. 'The gate might be scaled—a bold spring, and—'

"What are you thinking of, Eccellentissimo?" said I, warningly. 'For the Madonna's sake, give up the thought. Your body and soul are alike at stake. Believe me, the devil walketh about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.'

"My warning sounded in deaf ears. He had already sprung from the gondola, when a wicket opened, and an old Moor stepped before him with a deep curtsy; he brought a request from his mistress, the Signora Smeralda, for the honour of a visit in her garden. In vain did I hold back the blinded and intoxicated patrician by his black silk mantle; in vain did I try to excuse myself from following him; he rushed through the gate, dragging me with him, while the old slave remained to guard our gondola.

"Strange flowers, never seen before, such as can only be supposed to grow in the pleasure-gardens of the Great Mogul himself, nodded drowsily to us as we passed. Rainbow-coloured birds flew from branch to branch, twittering, singing, shouting with almost human voice, like a chorus of happy, chattering maidens. Once an ugly, long-tailed monkey swung himself down from a tree before us, holding on with his tail to a branch; grinned spitefully at us, and then hurried off once more into the wilderness of foliage. From one of the side alleys stepped a purple-coloured stork, as gravely as a major-domo, before us, swayed his long neck hither and thither, as if bowing to us, and then walked forward as our guide, ever and

anon looking round to see if we followed. For my part, I followed as in a dream, resisting, and yet drawn forward as by some inexplicable magic.

"Presently we stood before an immense, strange-looking tree, with broad shining leaves hung thick with silvery bell-shaped blossoms. In the shade of its branches lay costly Persian carpets and cushions of crimson velvet embroidered in pearls, and on them the heathen Princess, surrounded by a bevy of beauteous maidens, was reclining with the utmost grace. The little Moor stood at her head, fanning her with a broad fan of bright peacock's feathers. The red stork, which had hitherto walked before us, now stood still, opened wide his legs, drove his long beak into the earth, and so, slightly raising its wings for cushions, formed a three-legged easy chair on which Count Orazio, at a sign from the lady, sat down.

"Lost in gazing at the fair Smeralda, the Count had sat down speechless before her, while she, calling for her lute, discoursed sweet music; I had stood beside his tripodal chair torn by many feelings, when the young Moor with a cunningly-worked golden goblet full of a dark-red foaming wine stepped up to my master. 'Drink not of this brew of hell, Signor!' I whispered, and at the same time felt myself embraced by the white arm of a lovely little witch who offered me a similar draught.

"My first instinct was to spurn from me the beautiful little elf, to dash away the magic draught—but the wine gave out so sweet an aroma, sparkled so enticingly, so brightly, within the golden walls! The eyes of the elf glanced so entreatingly at me, her arms wound themselves so tenderly about me—ah, the spirit truly was willing, but the flesh was weak!

"Only one sip, thought I, only the wetting of the tip of my tongue—that will hardly cost me my neck. And then I sipped, I tasted, I sucked, I gulped down the liquid to the very last drop—then I fell on the neck of the pretty temptress, and on looking round saw my master on his knees before the seductive Smeralda. I touched with my own the lips of my charmer—my senses whirled in a transport of delight—when, breathless from out the bushes rushed the negro boy, crying: 'Fly! Fly! All is lost! Porporinazzo, our gracious master, is coming! He raves in his rage!'

"Ah, the warning voice had come too late; scarcely had it sounded when a short, globular creature, of the form and colour

of a dark-red apple, rolled up to Smeralda and her *inamorato*. On close observation there might certainly be discovered some indications, at the extremities of the creature, of the existence of limbs, which you might or might not take to be head, arms, and legs; but of the depressions and bumps at the north pole of this globe, to construct in fancy eyes, nose, and mouth, required a quite special faculty of which I was not the master.

"Is this the thanks, serpent, for the trust reposed in you?" shrieked Porporinazzo to the pale Smeralda. "Is this the reward of my true and constant love? You stoop to this unbelieving dog; and me, me, Don Porporinazzo, the Grand Master of the Wardrobe of the Sultan, thou desertest! Ha, by Mahomet's sacred cat, this cries aloud for bloody vengeance! Slaves, approach!"

"Six negroes, with diabolical physiognomies, with arms and sabres bare, started from the hedges, seized Orazio and myself, and tied our hands behind our backs. In vain did the Count plead his inviolability as a Venetian noble; in vain did he threaten with the wrath of the Doge and of the Senate. The little Grand Master made a sign with his little arm—a flash, a sabre-stroke—and our two heads were rolling on the ground!"

"My fair one had long ago fled behind the myrtle hedge, and Signora Smeralda had taken the stereotype step of ladies in desperate circumstances—she had fainted. The tyrant Porporinazzo, proud of his bloody deed, had now retired once more into the palace. I could see all, for my head was lying on the ground, with its nose turned skywards. Once or twice I made convulsive efforts with my arms to catch it, and fix it on my trunk again—but my hands clutched only empty air, and sank, nerveless, down. No words can describe my condition; only those who have found themselves in a like position, and felt their heads at so unreasonable a distance from their bodies, can at all appreciate my emotions at that moment.

"The spherical Grand Master of the Wardrobe had scarcely turned his back, when Smeralda awoke out of her faint, burst into a flood of tears, and despairingly wrung her hands. At the same moment my fugitive loved one emerged from her hiding place, but lost no time in meaningless common-places, urging on her mistress to make the best of the precious moments.

"For heaven's sake, Signora," she said,

'send for a doctor, the cleverest there is to be had. Quick! With every second the blood grows colder and colder. In five minutes it will be too late. The magic doctor, Bartolinetto, of Padua, would be just the man—only quick, quick! Send Don Flamingo to Padua—for on his activity and fidelity we can safely rely.'

"Happy thought, Libella," answered the Princess; 'call the Don.'

"She clapped her hands thrice. The great red stork strode quickly up, and at a few whispered words from the elf, nodded as if in assent, and flew crowing into the air.

"Four pairs of eyes gazed now with anxious expectancy towards heaven. A horrid pause, during which the fair ladies dared not, and the Count and I could not, breathe, ensued. But before you could say a 'paternoster' there was once more a rushing noise high in the air, and the mighty bird stormed down, holding Doctor Bartolinetto, like a halfpenny doll, in his beak, and placed him, a little thin brown man, neat and well dressed, though a little out of breath, upon the ground.

"A glance sufficed to make the learned man acquainted with the state of affairs. He felt our pulse, then drew from his pocket the famous Perlimpimpino powder, his own infallible discovery, and turned up his coat sleeves. He was grumbling all the time at the indelicacy of his being interrupted in the middle of a lecture and dragged forcibly out of his college, to the scandal of his audience, and loudly bemoaned the derangement of his powdered wig, which had somewhat suffered in his aerial journey; then he seized my head by the nose, sprinkled some of the Perlimpimpino powder on the neck, dabbed it on to the defective part, took Orazio's head, did the same with that—we sneezed three times with some emphasis, sprang blithely up, shook ourselves, sneezed once more—the cure was complete!

"The fair ones flew joyfully to our arms; on my cheek burned the kiss of the beautiful Smeralda, while Libella hugged the Count—but to kiss, to tear away from the embrace, to utter a startled cry, was the work of an instant. Dreadful mistake! The doctor in his hurry had stuck my head on Orazio's shoulders, and that of the noble on the trunk of the poor gondolier!

"On recovering from the first shock at the discovery we turned to vent our wrath on the doctor. The nobleman promised him a hundred lashes, and I threatened still worse things, unless he restored to each his own.

Poor Bartolinetto shrugged his shoulders till they reached his ears, made the most profuse apologies, and sought to pacify us with the

soon hopelessly confused, and ended by advising us to return to Venice and lay our case before the magistrates.



"AFTER ALL, A HEAD WAS A HEAD."

sophism that 'after all, a head was a head.' But everyone felt the hollowness of the plea; Smeralda called him a 'wretched old quack,' Libella threatened to make for his eyes. His reproaches of ingratitude were unheeded, his suggestion of a fee was rejected with scornful laughter. At a sign from Libella, he was again seized by the stork, and carried back thus ignominiously to Padua.

"We now directed our rage against each other. Our imprecations and threats would soon have developed into actual violence, had not each feared to do a part of himself some injury while belabouring his antagonist. Which was now Orazio, which Antonello? Which noble man, and which gondolier? My old head pleaded its new and noble body as the most important half, maintaining that the hull of a ship alone determined its class, the flag which might happen to be hoisted at its stern being a mere secondary detail. My opponent, on the other hand, compared himself to a column in which the capital is the sole feature determining to what order it is to belong. The two fair ladies tried to settle our dispute—but they were themselves

"Coldly we bid them farewell and departed. Antonello-Orazio, or the peasant head on the noble trunk, threw himself in a lazy and distinguished way on the cushions, and haughtily commanded Orazio-Antonello to row back. The latter was compelled to obey, for his plebeian arms alone could ply the oars and guide the helm—but he gnashed his teeth, and swore to take dreadful vengeance for this insult; and so we rowed back—the grandee with the coarse red gondolier's cap sitting on the cushions, and laughing to scorn the proud peasant in the bows with his feathered hat and faultlessly dainty wig.

"We landed at the *piazzetta*. Negligently I drew out the purse which I found in my new clothes, and tossed the rower a coin.

"Give me back my money!' he cried; 'give me my rings, my watch, my head!'

"Silence, wretched slave,' I cried; 'darest thou lay hands on my inviolate person? Help, help, against this crack-brained gondolier!'

"Help, help,' he exclaimed, 'against this insolent boatman!'

"A crowd had by this time assembled, some taking my part and some his. The Doge, who was just then walking up and down the



"SILENCE, WRETCHED SLAVE."

colonnade of his palace, heard the scandal, and ordered us to be placed in the inner dungeon of the Inquisition, and brought up for trial the same evening.

"The Public Prosecutor accused us, not only of the black art itself, but of being disturbers of the public peace and conspirators against the safety of the State. 'What have we come to,' he declaimed, 'when our senators and patricians begin to change their heads as often as their wigs? To lose the head is human. The history of the illustrious Republic is not poor in examples of senators and generals, aye, and Doges too, who have suffered this misfortune—but an exchange of heads, that is, indeed, an unparalleled proceeding! What endless upheavals of the Constitution may not be expected when noble and common blood begins to mingle in

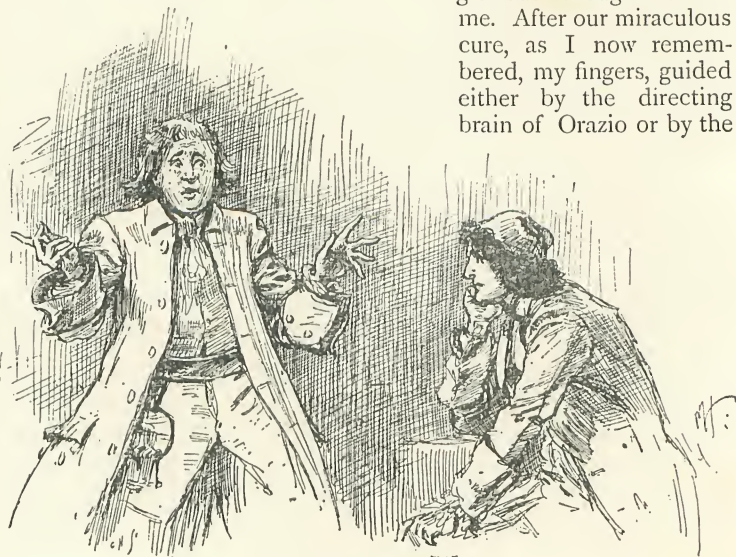
the same body? What endless confusion of aristocratic and democratic principles in the same man! A shortsighted leniency in this matter may mean the disruption of the State, the crumbling into atoms of the Republic. I decree therefore the death

by beheadal of both the criminals."

"The Secretary of the Inquisition informed us of our doom; at midnight we were to pay the penalty of the little doctor's mistake. Ah, what mortal has ever met a fate like ours? Who is there can boast of being, like us, beheaded twice within the space of four-and-twenty hours?

"The keeper of the prison was, as it happened, an old friend of mine, and a second cousin. The unspeakable pickle I was in moved him even to tears, and he tried to comfort me by the assurance that the pain of beheadal was nothing to speak of—a short electric shock—a tickling sensation made piquant with a dash of pain—that was all! But I shook my head sadly, and wept. Of all this I already knew somewhat more than he could tell me. Suddenly a

glorious thought struck me. After our miraculous cure, as I now remembered, my fingers, guided either by the directing brain of Orazio or by the



"HE TRIED TO COMFORT ME."

old instinct of Antonello, had picked up the remnants of the Perlimpimpino powder left by the doctor. 'Cousin!' I now exclaimed, 'you can save me yet; you can save the Count! Hasten to his cell, remind him of the remains of the powder in his pocket, and learn from him the way to use it, and all will yet be well!' He shook his head incredulously, pressed my hand, and went.

"Sadly passed the minutes away. The horrid doubt oppressed me, whether the powder would exercise its wondrous efficacy in the absence of the doctor; whether the mystic sentences he spoke over it had not everything to do with its power; whether the gaoler could exercise the necessary quickness and accuracy in its use. The lamp that half lit up my low vault burnt darkly and sadly, as if impatiently waiting my departure, so that it, too, might go to sleep. In despair I threw myself on the marble bench and shut my eyes, but the glitter of the dreadful axe shone through my fast-closed eyelids. Then a knock at the door sounded in my ears, and the words: 'Wake up, Antonello, the priest is waiting; take thy beheading, cousin, and afterwards thou mayest sleep till the trump of doom!'

"The memory of what followed—of confession and absolution, of the executioner's block—has completely vanished from my brain. I only know that I sneezed violently, opened my eyes, and found myself once more in my usual dress, lying at the foot of the column under the shadow of the holy Teodoro; that I saw standing at my feet the patrician Orazio Memmo, and that I heard him calling: 'Hi, wake up, Antonello! A league's row on the canal!'

"'Eccellenza!' I cried, 'and you will go again to the enchanted garden of Proporzio-nazzo? And we are both really alive and

free, and the confusion with our heads is now happily disposed of?'

"He measured me with his eye, shook his head as if at a loss to understand me, and asked if I was still dreaming, or if the cheap Vincentin wine was muddling my brain. Dejected and silent I loosed the chain and rowed the nobleman up and down. No trace of any strange red and silver gondola could be seen, far or near. Count Orazio dozed away the hour on the water with a composure that seemed inexplicable to me. When we landed, I implored him at least to tell me whether we had no further consequences to fear on the part of the Tribunal; whether he had not saved a pinch or two of the Perlimpimpino powder for future contingencies. But he persisted in pretending surprise and called me a fool; and I then concluded that a stony silence had been imposed on him by the Inquisition, and that he pretended ignorance with design.

"Since that day I have not breathed a word of the incident to any human being; and you, my children, are the first to whom, under the seal of an oath, I entrust it. Had I not, since that day, suffered from a peculiar twitching sensation in the neck, at the place where the double wound was made—especially when the weather changes—I might have taken the whole for a dreadful dream. As it is, however, the plain facts remain, burned in, in vivid colours, on my brain."

With these words my father closed his story, the telling of which had used up all his remaining strength. We sent at once for the priest of San Moise. He came with the holy Viaticum, and anointed the forehead of my father, who soon after breathed out his last sigh. Peace be with the soul of the honest man!



A Visit to the Eddystone Lighthouse.

By F. G. KITTON.



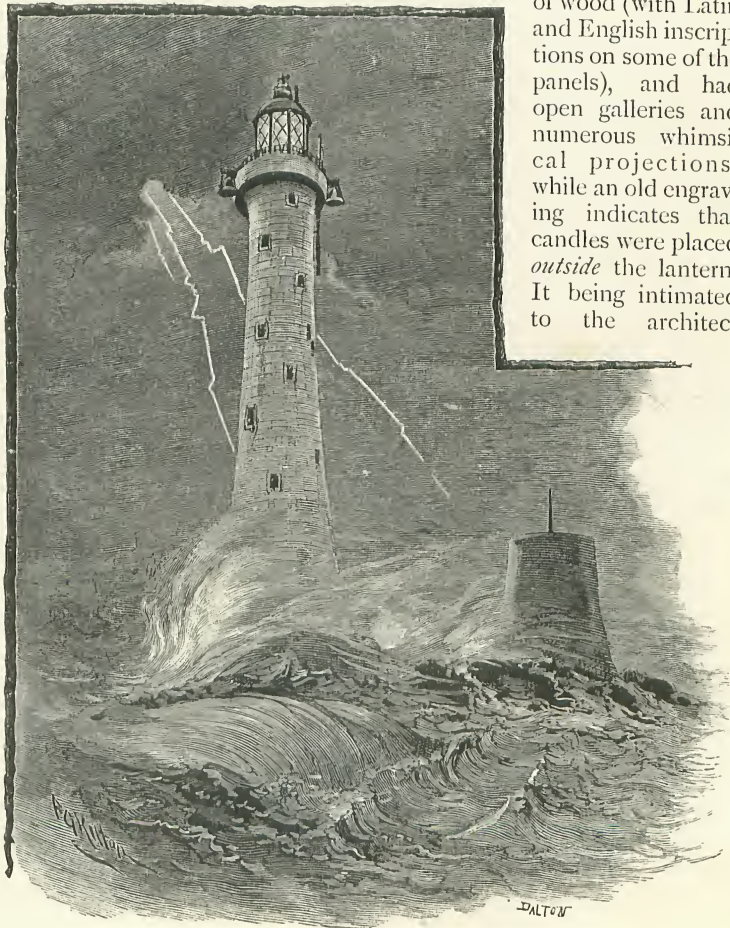
OF all lighthouses that surround our coast the most familiar is the noble structure which proudly rears its head above the dangerous Eddystone rock. The story of that interesting building and its predecessors on this extensive reef is enhanced by a touch of romance which makes it worth the telling, and is deserving of record if only as an illustration of man's perseverance, and of his determination to overcome almost insuperable difficulties. Everyone knows that the present lighthouse was preceded by those to which I shall briefly allude, but it is not common knowledge that the earliest intimation (to be found in contemporary records) of a lighthouse on the Eddystone dates back as far as 1664, when (says a writer in the *Morning Post*) the proposal was made by Sir John Coryton and Henry Brunker, but nothing further has transpired regarding the scheme.

The first lighthouse was built by Henry Winstanley, an Essex gentleman, whose eccentricities were combined with great mechanical ingenuity, who began his difficult task in 1696, and completed it four years later. It was a wooden structure of the most fantastic kind, entrance to the various rooms being obtained by means of external ladders. Beneath the lantern (which was surmounted by a huge vane, supported by ornamental scroll work) was a dome or cupola resting on an open arcade with a gallery, and under the latter were the living

and store rooms. This quaint design is preserved in the form of a large silver model of contemporary workmanship, which once formed part of the well-known Morgan collection of family plate; it was intended to serve as a table ornament, or for use as a salt-cellar and spice-box, and is curious as being probably the only accurate model in silver of a structure of any kind.

Soon after Winstanley completed this lighthouse he discovered that it was not substantial enough to withstand violent storms and the fury of the waves, and he therefore altered it considerably, the second design being much more ornate in character; the tower was partly circular and partly polygonal, was

mainly constructed of wood (with Latin and English inscriptions on some of the panels), and had open galleries and numerous whimsical projections, while an old engraving indicates that candles were placed *outside* the lantern. It being intimated to the architect



THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE—STORM.

(one day during the progress of the alterations) that the lighthouse would certainly be over-set, he (feeling so well assured of its stability) replied that he should only wish to be there in the greatest storm that ever blew, in order to see its effect upon the structure. His wish was gratified, for a dreadful tempest raged in 1703, while he and his workmen and light-keepers were in the building, which carried away the lighthouse and its inmates, and all perished in the sea, the only sign remaining being the larger irons whereby the work was fixed to the rock. It is very remarkable that at the same time this catastrophe happened the model of the lighthouse at Winstanley's residence in Essex fell down and was broken to pieces.

It being absolutely necessary, as navigation increased, that a guiding light should be maintained upon this reef so fraught with danger to mariners, it was decided to construct a second lighthouse, and in 1706 John Rudyerd (a common labourer's son, who rose to the position of a silk mercer on Ludgate Hill) commenced to build one of wood upon a stone and timber foundation, the general design—a cone-shaped column—being much more appropriate.

Louis XIV. was then at war with England, and in addition to the natural difficulties with which the workmen engaged upon the building had to contend, was the constant apprehension of being taken prisoners by French privateers who infested the coast; indeed, some of the men employed by Winstanley were thus carried off to France, but immediately released by order of the French King, because the work they were executing was one for universal good, his Majesty explaining that "he was at war with England, and not with humanity." Rudyerd's lighthouse successfully resisted the elements for more than forty years, but in 1755 it was burned down, the fire originating in the lantern. In connection with this unfortunate disaster a strange incident is recorded and duly authenticated. During the conflagration one of the

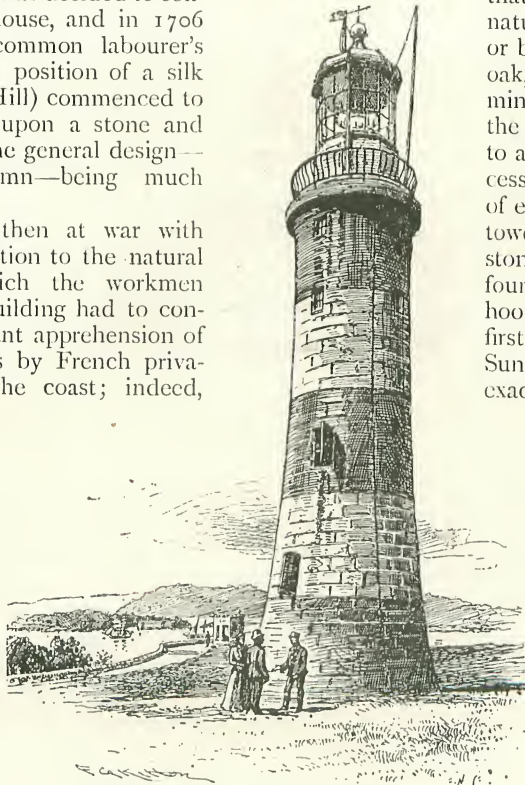
men, on looking upward to watch the effect of the water thrown upon the flames, received upon his person a copious shower of lead, some of which entered his throat; but, curious to relate, he survived the painful experience many years, and when he died a solid piece of lead weighing over seven ounces was found in his body!

With the third Eddystone lighthouse is associated the more familiar name of John Smeaton, who, in 1759, completed a tower entirely of stone, which was considered at the time as one of the wonders of the world. This famous engineer's description of the building of his lighthouse (contained in a large folio volume, published in 1791, and dedicated to the King) is most circumstantial, and with the aid of the illustrations the reader may easily comprehend the enormous difficulty of the undertaking. The form he adopted was

that presented by the natural figure of the waist or bole of a large spreading oak, which suggested to his mind the shape a column of the greatest stability ought to assume in order to successfully resist the action of external violence. The tower was built of moor-stone (the true granite), found in the neighbourhood of Plymouth, and the first block was laid on a Sunday in June, 1757, the exact date being deeply in-

cised in the stone itself; and after four years' labour upon the rock, hindered by innumerable obstacles and dangers, the lighthouse was satisfactorily completed, without any loss of life or limb, or accident by which the work could be said to be materially retarded. Every stone was ingeniously dovetailed to its neigh-

bour, and so substantial was the whole structure that the most violent storms had no effect upon it, although the waves would frequently enwrap the tower like a sheet, rising at times to double its height, and totally hiding it from view. In 1762 there raged a



SMEATON'S LIGHTHOUSE—ON PLYMOUTH HOE.

tempest so severe that those who had ventured to predict the downfall of Smeaton's tower were heard to say, when the storm ceased, that "if the Eddystone Lighthouse is now standing, it will stand to the Day of Judgment."

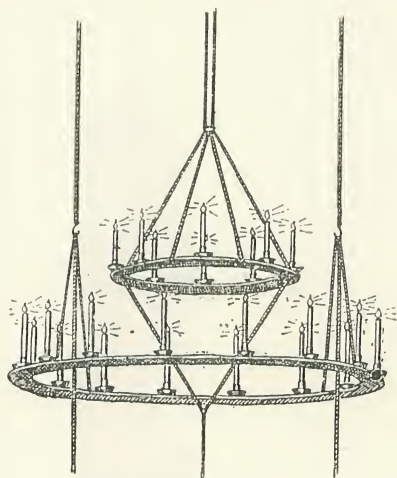
Smeaton himself, although conscious of the strength of his great work, was sometimes anxious for its safety, and often he might have been seen in the early grey of the morning, standing on Plymouth Hoe, gazing with his telescope in the direction of the rock—his sole thought being of his lighthouse. Smeaton's tower would be marking the reef to-day but for the fact that the sea had gradually undermined the rock upon which it stood, to such an extent that the oscillation of the building became so alarming as to render it unsafe. It was accordingly abandoned, and in 1877 it was decided to erect a new lighthouse, more commodious and comfortable than the old one, the result being the present structure, designed by Mr. James (afterwards Sir James) N. Douglass, engineer-in-chief of the Trinity House.

Before relinquishing the subject of Smeaton's lighthouse it is desirable to explain that, after the completion of the new one, it was taken down to the level of the first room and re-erected on Plymouth Hoe, as a memorial to the great engineer, on the site formerly occupied for about two centuries by the Trinity Landmark; the lower portion still remaining intact on the rock, as a distinguishing mark, an iron pole being fixed in its centre. The old tower is now a show-place, so that visitors can inspect the interior of the historic edifice, as well as some portraits and relics of its founder, including a copy of his famous narrative, carefully preserved in a glass case. In the lantern hangs the original chandelier as used in 1759—two circular frames (a large one suspended beneath a smaller) carrying twenty-four wax candles of six to the pound—a method of illumination which, although decidedly primitive in these days, was a great improvement on the old system (fires blazing in open grates and, later, candles

shaded by horn or glass) that had hitherto prevailed.

The present Eddystone Lighthouse, opened in 1882, was completed in three-and-a-half years, and is founded on the actual body of the reef at a distance of forty yards from its predecessor. Sir James Douglass greatly improved upon Smeaton's design in adopting a cylindrical base instead of the curved shaft commencing at the foundation—this base not only preventing the heavy seas from breaking upon the structure, but affording a convenient landing platform—a convenience much appreciated by the keepers. Operations in connection with the Douglass lighthouse were begun in July, 1878, the men during the early stage being compelled to work below the level of low water; and about

twelve months later the foundation stone was laid by the Duke of Edinburgh, Master of the Trinity House, who, two years subsequently, also placed in position the top stone of the tower. The work (says Mr. E. Price Edwards, in his concisely-written volume on the subject) was executed more rapidly in proportion to dimensions than any rock lighthouse previously undertaken, this owing chiefly to superior mechanical contrivances; and it is satisfactory to learn that no loss of life or limb resulted there-



SMEATON'S CHANDELIER, 1759.

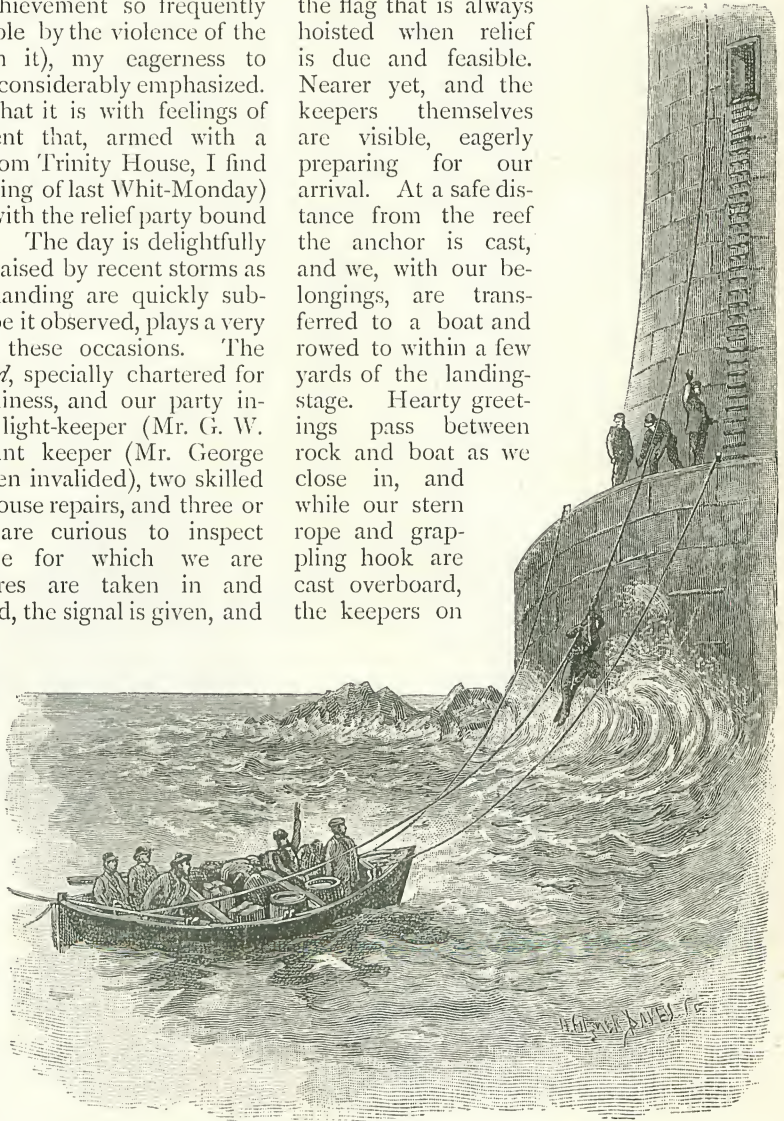
from, although a strange and nearly fatal accident happened to the son of Sir James Douglass, who, while superintending the demolition of the Smeaton tower, was standing at a height of 70ft. above the sea when a portion of the chain guys of the shears gave way, and, striking him, hurled him to the rocks below. All his colleagues thought he was killed, but at the critical moment a wave rose over the rock, and he fell into the water and was carried by the receding wave out of danger. A great deal of interesting information respecting the present lighthouse may be gathered from Mr. Price Edwards's little book, from whence we learn that the stones are of granite, dovetailed together, and up to a height of 25ft. above high-water level the tower is solid, with the exception of a large water tank let into it. From the same level to the centre of the lantern is

130ft., that is, nearly double the height of Smeaton's tower. It contains nine compartments, as compared with four in Smeaton's, and all the rooms have domed ceilings, their height from floor to apex being 9ft. 9in., and the diameter 14ft., with the exception of the two oil-rooms, which are somewhat smaller.

On learning that no journalist, intent on describing the Eddystone Lighthouse, had hitherto succeeded in landing on this most difficult rock (an achievement so frequently rendered impracticable by the violence of the waves beating upon it), my eagerness to attempt the feat was considerably emphasized. It will be imagined that it is with feelings of suppressed excitement that, armed with a special "permit" from Trinity House, I find myself (on the morning of last Whit-Monday) at Plymouth Dock, with the relief party bound for the Eddystone. The day is delightfully fine, and all doubts raised by recent storms as to the possibility of landing are quickly subdued—for weather, be it observed, plays a very important part on these occasions. The steam-tug *Deerhound*, specially chartered for the relief, is in readiness, and our party includes the principal light-keeper (Mr. G. W. Cooper), an assistant keeper (Mr. George Norton, who has been invalided), two skilled mechanics for lighthouse repairs, and three or four visitors who are curious to inspect the lonely sea-home for which we are bound. When stores are taken in and everybody is on board, the signal is given, and off we start in a southerly direction. Although the waves have not yet subsided after recent disturbance, there is every prospect of a successful voyage, and we feel exhilarated by the fresh breeze and the beauty of the constantly changing scene. In passing the Breakwater Light we hail the keepers, who give us a parting cheer; while further on our right we see Ram Head (the point of land nearest to the Eddystone), with the signal-station recently established by a telephone company for the purpose of signalling any

vessels entering the port, or passing up or down the Channel. Our trip will take about an hour and a half, but long before that time expires we endeavour to catch a glimpse of the lighthouse.

Presently, "There she is!" becomes the cry, as soon as the keen-sighted members of our party can discern its slim proportions on the distant horizon, six or seven miles away. A nearer approach enables us to perceive, close to the lantern, the flag that is always hoisted when relief is due and feasible. Nearer yet, and the keepers themselves are visible, eagerly preparing for our arrival. At a safe distance from the reef the anchor is cast, and we, with our belongings, are transferred to a boat and rowed to within a few yards of the landing-stage. Hearty greetings pass between rock and boat as we close in, and while our stern rope and grappling hook are cast overboard, the keepers on



LANDING.

the "set-off" (as the landing-stage is generally called) dexterously throw a couple of lines to be fastened to the prow, so that the boat may

be thus held in position while effecting the relief.

A strong rope, controlled by a winch, is then let down from a projecting crane half-way up the tower, the lower end being firmly held by one of the boatmen giving it a turn round a wooden pin at the stern. This satisfactorily accomplished we prepare to land, and to a novice the process is somewhat exciting. The principal keeper leads the way, and this is his method of procedure. He first grasps the rope tightly, then puts his foot in a loop attached thereto, and with a "Heave away!" the men at the winch steadily wind up the rope until the suspended figure is near enough for the man on the "set-off" to seize him and put him on his feet. Presently it is my turn to be hoisted, and with the boat tossing about it is difficult for a beginner to make a start; but I am soon in a position to realize the thrilling sensation of hanging on a rope in mid-air, jerking and swaying over the boiling surf, with the salt spray dashing around. However, it is quickly over, and we are all safely landed at last, with the exception of two visitors, whose courage gives way at the critical moment. From the "set-off" the entrance is approached by a ladder, formed by a series of gun-metal rungs let into the stonework, and on gaining the summit of this perpendicular climb of 20ft. I watch the men landing the stores, and make a rough sketch of the operation, at the conclusion of which (after much shouting and gesticulation) those bound for the shore are slung back into the boat, anchor is raised, and the released keepers give vent to their joyous feelings by lustily singing the refrain of a certain familiar song from which, in this benighted spot, one might reasonably have hoped to escape.

After our recent exertions we make for the kitchen and enjoy a plain substantial meal, followed by a smoke and a chat; then, escorted by Mr. Tom Cutting (third light-keeper), I make a *détour* of the building. Beginning at the entrance—the most conspicuous objects are life-belts and buoys, coils of rope on the walls, fishing-rods, and a

home-made lobster pot; under foot is the water-tank, capable of holding 3,500 gallons, the walls are 9ft. thick at this point, and the gun-metal doors weigh a ton, thus massively constructed in order to withstand the shock of heavy seas.

Thence, by a flight of sixteen steep iron steps (a similar flight connects each room), we proceed to the next compartment, where, as well as in that above it, is kept the mainstay of the light. In these two oil-rooms the mineral oil is stored, each of the huge cisterns being capable of containing 140 gallons, a quantity which will not be much more than enough to last nine months. The second oil-room is also used for storing gun-cotton charges and detonators for working sound signals in foggy weather, and rockets for signalling purposes.

In the next compartment—the winch-room—are two doors (one directly over each land-



TAKING IN STORES—A SKETCH FROM THE ENTRANCE.

ing-place) for receiving stores from the boat by means of a sliding crane working through a porthole over either door, as well as for landing and embarking in rough weather. Besides the winch, there are lockers for coal and paint. Room No. 5—the store-room—contains the crane and a provision cupboard for each man—note the string of herrings hanging outside the window.

Then comes the kitchen or living-room, where the small party of three cook and eat their meals and enjoy their leisure moments



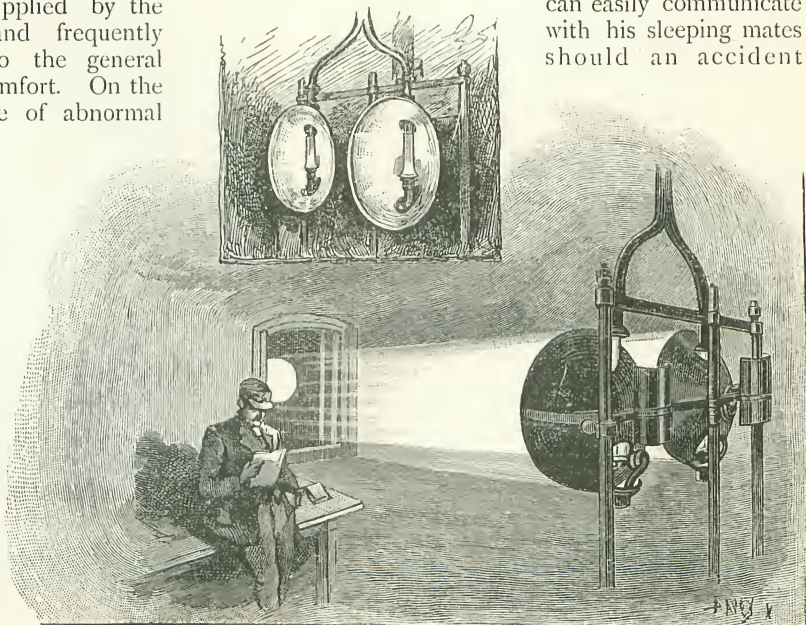
AN AFTER-DINNER CHAT.

—decidedly cosy and scrupulously clean, with a specially made cooking-range and every domestic convenience. Although the granite walls are exposed (as in every room), their bareness is relieved by shelves and a dresser, containing pots, pans and dishes ; while a bookcase filled with readable volumes (supplied by the Trinity House, and frequently changed) adds to the general appearance of comfort. On the hob stands a kettle of abnormal dimensions, and a window is converted for the nonce into a meat safe, the suspended legs of mutton kept fresh by exposure to the cool air. Here I am shown some interesting relics of the Smeaton lighthouse, viz., a tea-canister (probably a century old, and still in use)

and some tools of little utility.

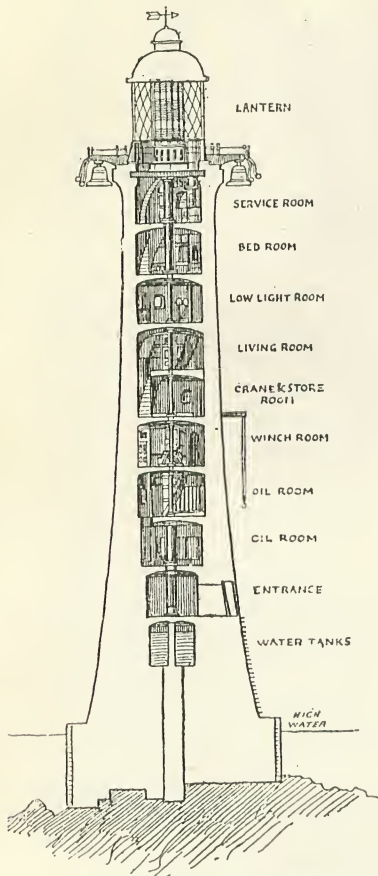
Still ascending, we reach the low-light room, devoted mainly to an apparatus for giving a white fixed subsidiary light, the rays from two powerful argand burners with reflectors being sent through the opposite window at night, to mark some dangerous rocks known as the Hand Deeps about three and a half miles distant. The medicine chest also finds a place here. The

eighth compartment is the bedroom, having five berths (two above and three below) with cretonne curtains, and below are cupboards for clothes ; the two speaking-tubes fixed on the wall are connected with the lantern and low-light room respectively, so that the keeper on night duty can easily communicate with his sleeping mates should an accident



THE LOW-LIGHT ROOM.

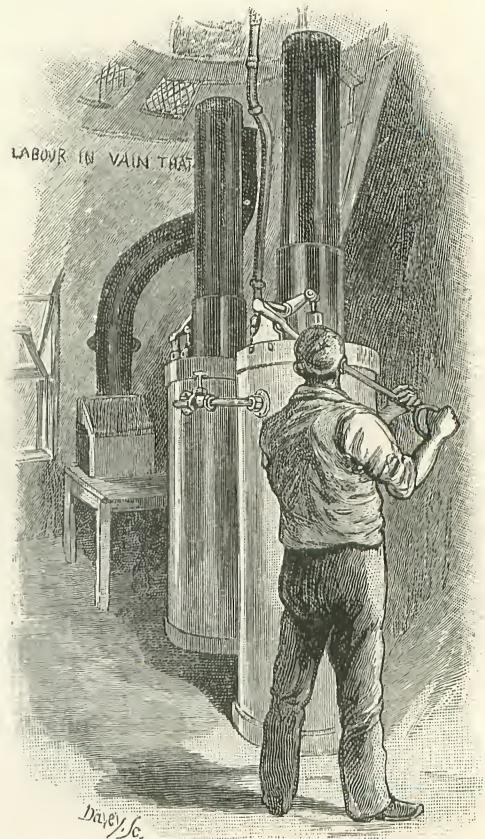
happen and assistance be required. The room over the bedroom is called the watch or service room, and may be properly



SECTION OF EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

regarded as the office of the establishment, for it contains official books and papers (in bookcases and on shelves), electric machines, galvanometers, and barometer, as well as spare burners and spare glass for lantern, lamp cylinders, and various diagrams on the walls; around the room, deeply incised in the course of the ceiling, is the text from Psalm cxxvii., adopted by Smeaton for his tower: "Except the Lord build the house they labour in vain that build it." Considerable space is here devoted to the two pressure pumps for supplying oil to the lamps by means of weighted rams, which, being first raised by a pumping lever, descend gradually into the oil, forcing it up the pipes into the lamps. The chief work performed in the service room is at night, when the light is going and a keeper is on duty.

Surmounting the last flight of stairs we enter the most interesting compartment of all, namely, the lantern. It is 16ft. high, 14ft. in diameter, and cylindrical in form. The framings are made of steel, covered externally with gun-metal, and there is a very careful arrangement for thorough ventilation, having regard to the great heat thrown off by the lamps. But the lighting apparatus is clearly the most important feature, the present system being the outcome of many costly experiments in optical science. The special kind of lamp in use is known as a Douglass improved six-wick burner, that is, one having six tubes of wick of varying sizes, the larger encircling the smaller, which, when burning, produce a solid flame equal to the intensity of 722 standard sperm candles. Two such burners are fitted, one above the other, within the revolving drums (now to be described), so that in bad weather flashes of enormous intensity are sent forth, the combined illuminating power being equivalent to a quarter of a million candles, or about six thousand



PRESSURE PUMP FOR SUPPLYING OIL TO LAMPS.

times that of the original candle light of Smeaton's time!

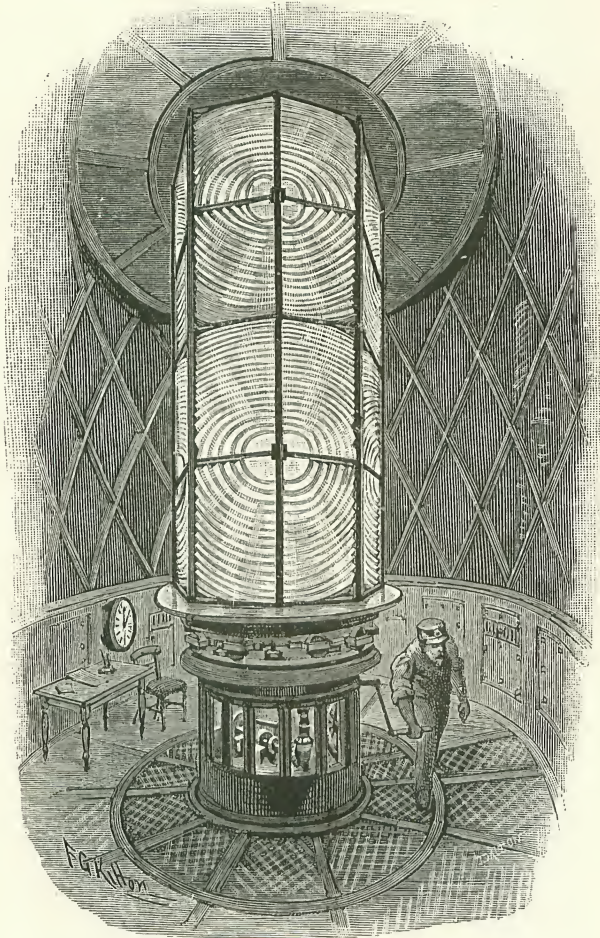
The glass apparatus, by which the effect of each burner is augmented and economized, consists of two twelve-sided drums, each 6ft. in height, and each side or panel of which is formed by a central lens or bull's-eye, and surrounded by concentric rings of larger bull's-eyes, so that the same effect is obtained as though a portion of one huge lens were employed. The two bull's-eyes of adjoining panels (as Mr. Price Edwards clearly explains) are brought close together, much resembling two eyes squinting; and on the rotation of the drums, with the inside central light burning, each bull's-eye and its surrounding rings carry round a concentrated beam of light, which becomes visible to the outside observer as soon as the focus of the bull's-eye falls upon him. A very short interval occurs between the flash of the first bull's-eye and that of

the second, and after two such flashes nearly half a minute elapses before another pair of squinting eyes comes round and discharges the two flashes; and thus is obtained the distinctive light of the Eddystone. The two drums are superimposed, with a lamp in each, so that, in foggy weather, when both act together, a double lighting power is procurable. During the day crimson curtains are suspended inside the lantern, to match the colour of

the paint outside, when the whole exterior of the lantern appears red, to serve as a day-mark for mariners.

It is one of the duties of the keeper on watch to record on a printed form, night by night, particulars as to the state of the lamps, height of flame, temperature, climatic conditions, etc., etc., such reports being forwarded to the Trinity House every month.

An iron door in the lower part of the lantern communicates with the outside gallery of the tower, and from this breezy position an extensive view is obtained, the Devonshire coast-line being faintly discernible. During holiday time there are cheap excursions from Plymouth to the lighthouse by large steamers, and one of them is now nearing us, crowded in every part with its living freight. When it comes within a hundred yards of the rock, we on the gallery signal to it by dropping the clapper of one of



IN THE LANTERN—WINDING UP REVOLVING GEAR.

the two large fog-bells, which is responded to by a vigorous waving of handkerchiefs on deck. The bells just referred to (which hang under either side of the gallery) were used in foggy weather until last October, when the more effectual method of exploding small charges of gun-cotton by electricity was substituted. It so happens that during my visit a sea-fog suddenly comes on, and this signalling apparatus is brought into action, there being one explosion every five minutes. The

jib of the crane (placed vertically outside the lantern) is first lowered, detonators are securely fixed to the charges and connected with the battery, and then placed at either end of the semi-circular bar at the top of the jib. The latter is then raised and the current set in motion, when an explosion ensues which can sometimes be heard eighteen miles away. The open door in my sketch should really be closed, but my object in so representing it is to show the working of the battery at the moment of connecting the current.

The liability of such an isolated object as the tower being struck by lightning is ingeniously provided against by connecting all the metal-work with copper conductors, and ultimately fixing a rod down the tower to the rock below water. Should the lightning strike any portion of the metallic system it will probably go through the whole, and discharge itself harmlessly into the sea. As further precautions against fire, the floors are of stone covered with slate; all doors and window frames and sashes, and all external doors and shutters are of iron or gun-metal, so that the building is completely fireproof.

Now let me describe the duties of the light-keepers and their mode of life in this solitary abode, so far removed from busy humanity. To this lighthouse, as to all other rock stations on the coast, four keepers are attached, the principal (G. W. Cooper) and three assistants (T. Cutting, G. Norton, and W. Davies); but three only are on duty at one time.

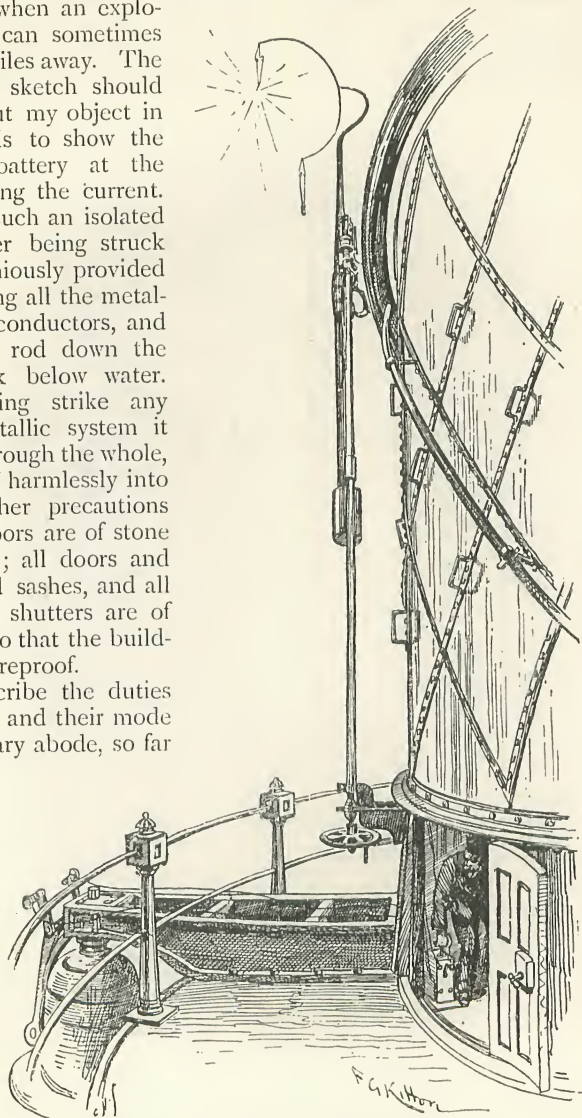
Each keeper has three months on the rock, followed by a month ashore, a much longer period in each case than was customary when the lighthouse was first opened.

If the authorities could be persuaded to reduce such a long spell of duty by one-third, thus making it two months—a consummation devoutly desired by the men—it would be a

generous act, and the kind consideration would be keenly appreciated, for it seems that such a monotonous round of duties, carried on day by day so far away from their fellow men, invariably induces, after the first month, acute depression of spirits, the attack

lasting from twelve to twenty hours, and, work being temporarily impossible, the sufferer remains in his berth until the sickness moderates, his mates kindly fulfilling his duties meanwhile. Every month (weather permitting) a relieving vessel goes out to the lighthouse, taking with her the man who has had his month ashore, and returning with the keeper who has completed his three months; but it frequently happens that the weather upsets their calculations, when communication by signals alone can be effected. In fine weather each man is on duty four hours and eight hours off, but when the atmosphere is thick there is double duty to perform, two men being on watch at the same time.

In the day-time there is work of another kind to be done. Besides keeping in order the lighting apparatus and polishing metal-work throughout the building, the men take it in turns to carry out domestic arrangements, such as scrubbing floors and tables, for the whole place is kept absolutely free from dirt. The cooking and preparation of meals must, of



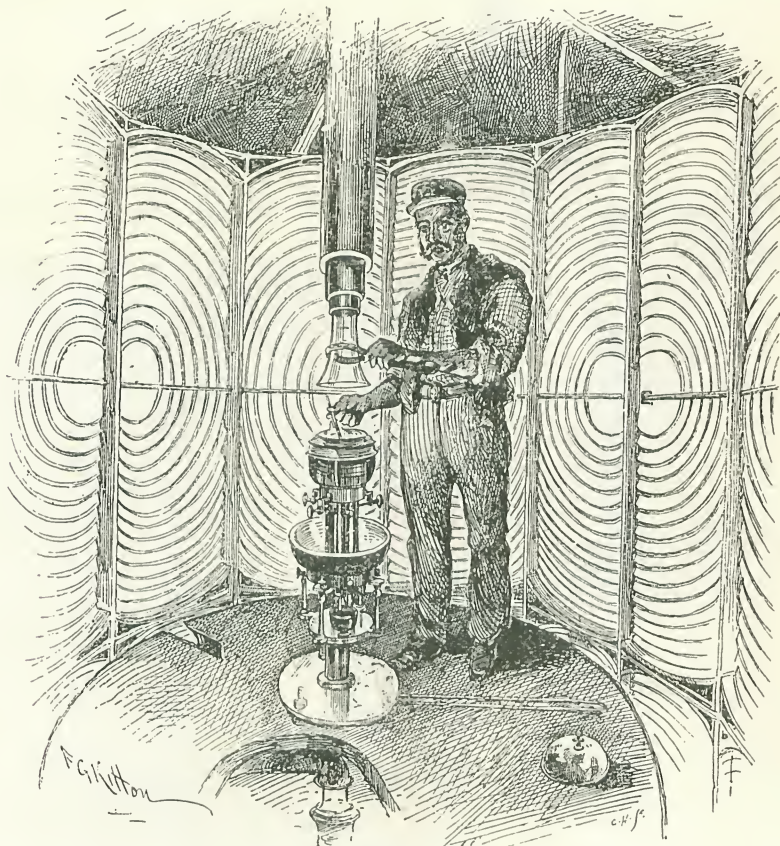
FIRING FOG-SIGNAL.

course, be attended to, and every Saturday night the *chef* appointed for the week concocts a plain but wholesome plum-pudding, which has become a regular institution. Light-keepers, nowadays, are not reduced to the necessity of *eating the candles*, as they occasionally were in Smeaton's time, for a large supply of tinned meats and biscuits, provided by the Trinity House, is always kept ready for emergencies.

At the hour of dusk the lamp is lighted,

column, running centrally through the whole length of the lighthouse, was constructed to hold both weight and chain for working the machinery which rotates the drums. Now, as the beams of light flash out seaward, I leave our friend to his solitary task for a chat with his mates in the snug kitchen below.

I find the light-keepers quiet and intelligent, having a full sense of their responsibility, although they do not take kindly to their occupation.

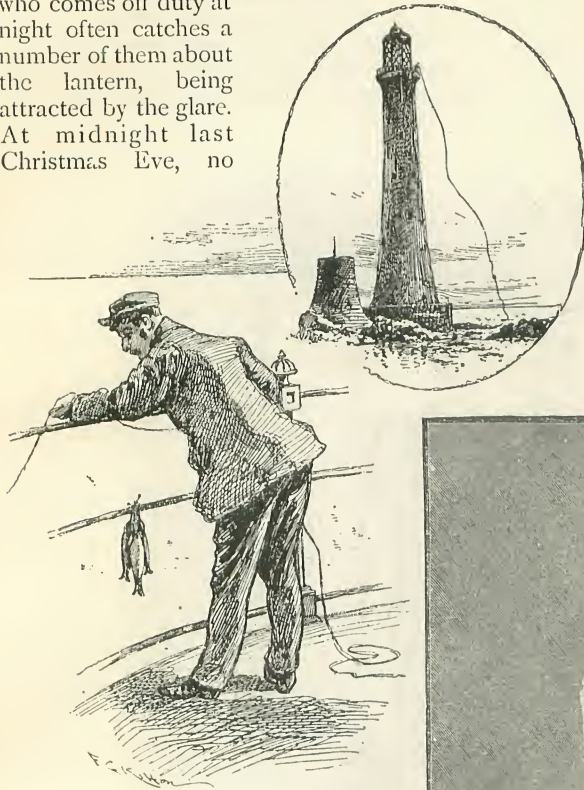


LIGHTING UP.

so I accompany the keeper (who now begins his watch) into the interior of the glass drum, and observe how, with a spring grip, he raises the lamp-chimney and ignites the wicks; but, being still daylight, the illumination is not brilliant, although it increases in brightness as night comes on. The next proceeding is to wind up the gear which rotates the drums, and as the weight to be lifted is equal to a ton, and the operation lasts about an hour, it is somewhat fatiguing. The weight is contained in that portion of the column situated in the two lower rooms, which hollow iron

Even here, however, they are able to enjoy a modicum of pleasure, for fishing is practicable all the year round—in summer from the “set-off,” with rod and line, in winter from the lantern gallery, because then the fish, being shy, keep away from the rocks and can only be caught by means of a long line with a bladder attached, which is blown by the wind in the direction required, the fish thus captured including bass, pollock, bream, horse mackerel, and congers. The bladder-line is also used for transferring letters to pilot-boats, when they

come sufficiently near the rocks, and the presence of these boats is especially welcome in bad weather, as the only means of communication with the shore. During the season when birds migrate, the keeper who comes off duty at night often catches a number of them about the lantern, being attracted by the glare. At midnight last Christmas Eve, no



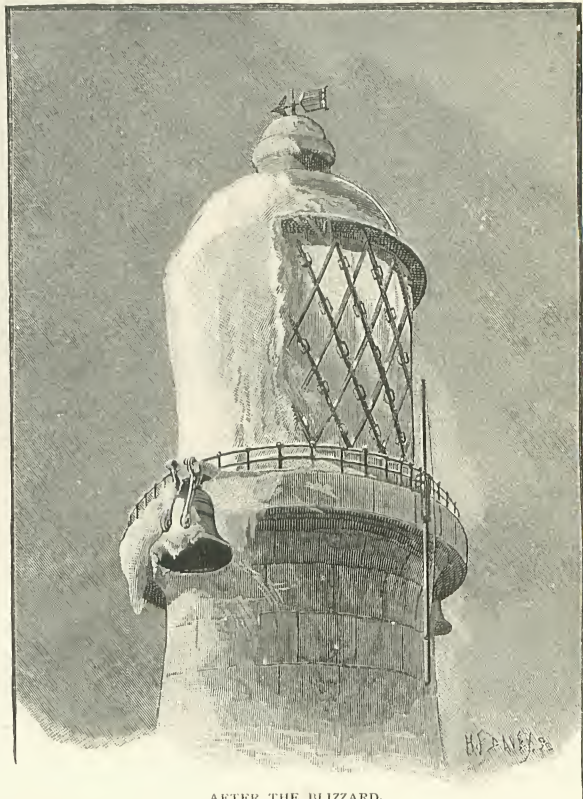
FISHING FROM THE LANTERN GALLERY.

fewer than three hundred lapwings, with a few larks, thrushes, and plovers, were secured in the course of a few hours. In winter months the men are fond of reading; but cards, draughts, bagatelle, and such hobbies as fretwork and picture-frame making offer superior attractions.

On a fine summer's day it is delightfully quiet in the lantern, the gentle lashing of the waves and subdued humming of the wind being the only sounds that reach the ear. But there are times, as the fury of the tempest beats upon the massive tower and the blinding flash of lightning permeates every apartment, when the men in their solitude cannot fail to be impressed by the mighty power and majesty of Nature's forces; 'tis then that the roaring sea rises mountains high, dashing with thundering roar upon the surrounding

reef, the huge waves sometimes leaping up the tower to break with great force under the lantern gallery. It was a terrible experience, ever to be remembered by the light-keepers, when, on the night of the blizzard in March, 1891, the lantern was partly embedded in snow, entirely obscuring the light on one side, and effectually blocking up the exit. The storm was of such severity that nothing could be done to clear away the obstruction till the next morning, when the tempest had abated.

At midnight I turn into one of the berths, but my attempt to sleep begins as a failure, owing principally to the periodical clanking of the winding gear, and partly, no doubt, to the novelty of the situa-



AFTER THE BLIZZARD.

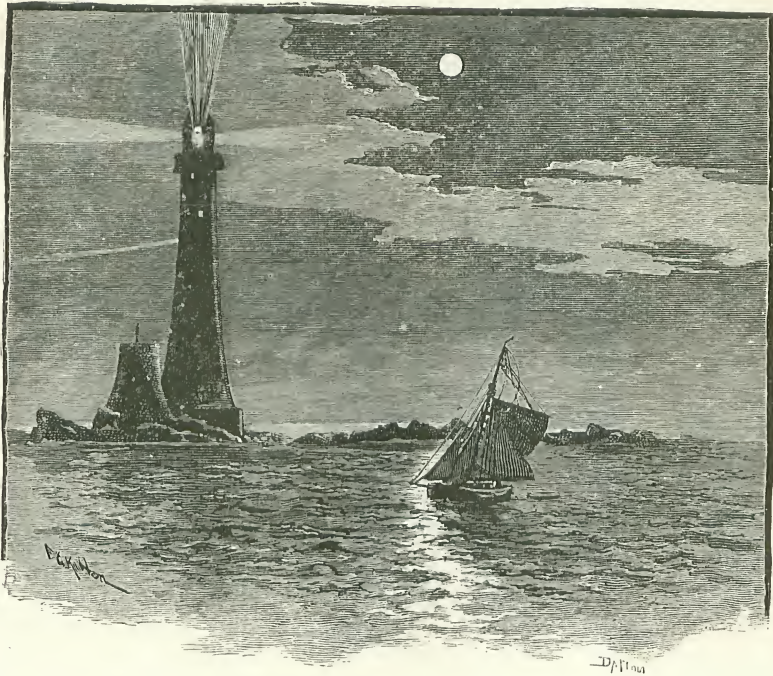
tion; on the second night, however, I am more successful. Although busy during my stay with sketching and observations, I soon begin to feel that life in a light-house has its disadvantages, not the least of these being the sensation of extreme

loneliness and isolation. After breakfast on the third day of my visit it is considered desirable to keep a look-out for a vessel that can take me ashore, but it is not until evening that we are able to attract the attention of some fishermen and make them understand what is required of them. The reply comes that they will send the row-boat to the rock at 10 o'clock, so we spend the interval in chatting and a game of whist. Accordingly, at the appointed hour, the boat awaits me, and, with a hearty farewell and a cheerful "good-bye" from all, I drop into the boat and am taken on board the fishing-craft, when, somewhat to my chagrin, I learn that we must wait about three hours for the turn of the tide. While rocking about on the waves

I can admire the stately and dignified tower of the Eddystone pointing defiantly upward, and am fascinated by the effect of the bright rays from the lantern flashing across the sky, the beauty of the scene being enhanced by the light of the silvery moon reflected in the sea.

At last, with a favourable tide and a fair wind, we set sail in the early morn for Plymouth. Now the day is dawning, and, as we proceed, the lighthouse gradually becomes invisible, but the occulting light, glowing like a star of exceptional brilliancy, may be seen long after the tower itself is lost to view.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
Year after year, through all the silent night,
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,
Shines on that inextinguishable light !



THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE—A CALM EVENING.

At Eagle's Gorge.

BY E. M. HEWITT.



NASHA was painfully ugly. The Moon and Saturn were her dominating astrological influences, and the planet of fatality had written all his signatures upon her. She was tall, thin, high-shouldered, and pale; her arms were long and bony, her movements slow and awkward. She had none of the roundness or grace of youth, and her sallow skin, rusty black hair, and hollow cheeks seemed like those of a woman prematurely old. Her dark, strangely lambent eyes, shaded by heavy brows that met above her thin nose, failed to inspire terror only because they were infinitely sad. Her lips rarely smiled, but their want of fulness betokened self-repression and strength of will rather than coldness or egotism. Silent and sensitive, the girl appeared weighed down by the consciousness of her entire lack of beauty. She walked listlessly, with downcast eyes, and she loved solitude.

Thoughtless people, afraid to scorn her ugly face, sometimes spoke of her as a witch; but Nasha had a soul so beautiful that it attached to her all things innocent and sweet. Love of the beautiful was a passion with her, and this was the secret of the power which drew to her all that might otherwise have been repelled by her unlovely face. She seemed to possess a subtle influence that made the flowers hasten to bud and blossom under her hand, so that her garden in the wild mountain pass was a marvel of colour from early spring to late autumn.

Dogs would show an almost human joy at the sound of her voice, and little children would leave their mothers' skirts to run to her. All women who were sad or suffer-

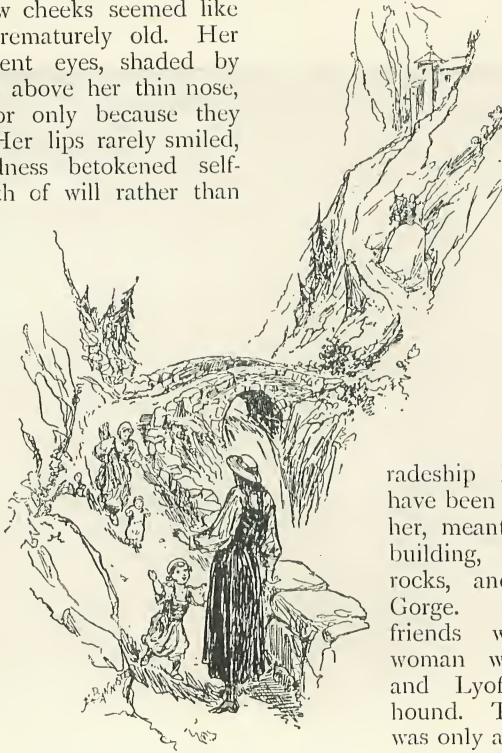
ing hailed her coming with delight; but no one could have told you exactly why they loved her, for they were wiser than they themselves knew. They discerned the true Nasha behind the mask of her ugliness—that mean outer garb which was but the matrix that contained the gem.

The real woman was the pure, heroic soul, the faithful, mysterious, invisible being who

walked the mountains, who pondered in loneliness, who was thrilled by the music of Nature's thousand voices and the breath of Nature's thousand perfumes. It was for a glimpse of this beneficent mystery that the children clung to her gown, the sorrowful women sought her, and the dumb creatures were glad in her presence; and but for this com-

radeship Nasha's must indeed have been a sorry life. Home, to her, meant simply the grim, grey building, wedged between great rocks, and called the Eagle's Gorge. Her only ostensible friends were Getha, the old woman who waited upon her, and Lyoff, her Russian wolfhound. The great complex world was only accessible to her through the crowded bookshelves of the library, in the blue-ceilinged

chapel, with its tawdry altar and its shabby *prie-dieu*, and in the mountains round her home. The castle belonged to Nasha, not because the mother, who left it her, bore her any special affection, but because the articles of the loveless marriage from which Nasha sprang stipulated that the little estate in the mountains should descend to female children, while the husband, out of his own resources, should provide for his sons. As it happened, one daughter and one son were the only offspring of the union,



"LITTLE CHILDREN WOULD RUN TO HER."

and they became orphans when the boy was ten and the girl five years old. Nasha had, since the death of her parents, remained for nine months out of every year alone at the castle, her brother's life being led elsewhere.

Winter at Eagle's Gorge was a time of siege, against which provisions were laid in and logs stored up. The kennel was brought indoors, and Nasha, Getha, and Lyoff would sit around the fire, listening to the storms howling through the pass, conscious that the pure, refulgent snow was piling itself up around their fastness, drifting high against doors and windows, filling every cranny with its gentle flakes, and clothing the ravines in delicate splendour. With the spring came Volmer, who was not always as welcome to Nasha as the soft days that brought him. But she remembered he was her only brother, the head of her house, and she gave him the best greeting in her power, recollecting his favourite dishes, his tastes, and even his whims. He made but a poor return for her generous hospitality, lounging about the rooms, grumbling at their shabby appointments, and sneering at the primitive customs of the household at Eagle's Gorge.

It was not astonishing he should hate it; the contrast it presented to Paris, his usual dwelling-place, was so great. The brother and sister had no interests or sympathies in common; nothing, in fact, but their name united them. A beautiful woman might have been of use to the worldling Volmer; she might have given a reflected brilliancy to his career; she might even have lured gold into his pockets; but Nasha was worse than useless, and Volmer consequently, considering himself aggrieved, never looked at her without cursing his bad luck. Nasha, whose tranquillity concealed her painful thoughts, realized with pangs of a half-passionate despair the effect of her ugliness upon her fate. She, whose existence lay in such a sombre groove, dreamed often of the life that might have been. She had not bored over the library treasures in vain; from them she knew something of the world beyond her mountains, and she learned to believe that in the whole wide range of human life there is no magic like a woman's beauty.

Beauty could procure all the heart's desires—love, gold, pomp, power, the homage of genius, the devotion of kings—but the woman without beauty was passed by or frowned upon; men did not want her; women held her in contempt. Nasha thought of these things with poor attempts at self-consolation,

but she seldom succeeded in even soothing her restless spirit; the aching would not be cured; the old longing would reassert its protest against Fate, but the futile wishes which sprang from it were never put into words.

Few guests came to the castle, as it lay far out of the beaten track, and Volmer always seemed to leave the memory of his Paris life behind him when he crossed its threshold. Nasha had never even heard the name of any of his friends. She was not curious; Paris and her brother's life were mere shadows to her. She knew enough of Volmer's character to be sure that, excepting while he was at Eagle's Gorge, she had no place in his thoughts. She kept on her way uncomplainingly, incuriously, giving him a gracious, if not very hearty, welcome when he appeared, and speeding his departure without regrets; but at last Volmer made his coming eventful.

One evening, as they sat at supper, he flung a portrait across the table to her, as though to challenge an opinion. Nasha looked long at it and returned it without a word.

"What do you think of him?" asked Volmer.

"He is very handsome."

"He is. All the women in Paris are mad over him."

Nasha made no response.

"You are not curious?" exclaimed Volmer, interrogatively. "Why don't you ask questions?"

"As you say, I am not curious. There is nothing I want to know. It is late—I am tired——" She moved towards the door.

"Nasha!" said her brother.

"Well?"

"Come here."

"What is it?"

"Will you marry this man?"

"You have never made sport of me before, Volmer," she replied, glancing at his animated face, and swiftly dropping her eyes.

"I say, will you have this man for a lover?"

"You are mad! Let me go. He is a king among men. He must marry a beautiful woman."

"He shall marry you."

"Volmer, be silent!"

"He is coming here," said Volmer, sardonically.

"I will not see him."

"But he shall marry you!"

"Not with his eyes open."

"Probably not."

"I thought you were merciful enough not to taunt me," said the girl, with an accent of bitter pain in her voice.



"I HAVE NO WISH TO UNDERSTAND."

"I am not taunting you. I am in earnest. Wait. This time next year you will thank me as the best of brothers for the boon I am giving you."

"I do not understand. I have no wish to understand," said Nasha, almost passionately. "This only will I say, that while I am mistress of Eagle's Gorge, no friend of yours shall cross its threshold!"

She controlled all further expression of feeling and walked away, leaving Volmer laughing. The next day he went back to Paris, and life at the sombre castle fell again into its quiet routine. But on the eve of his departure there had swept over Nasha's existence a great wave of excitement, which, all unawares to her, was to prevent her world ever looking the same again. She tried to live in her round of duties, and to banish the troops of thoughts that would invade her mind; she sought to put down the passionate longings that rose and

swelled in her breast; she resolutely turned from sudden visions of a husband; of a sweet, helpless, thankless thing that should lie in her arms and nestle to her breast; of

glad-faced, bright-haired children who should call her mother, and whose young voices should make music of the echoes around Eagle's Gorge. She strove to stifle the overpowering heart-hunger of her awakened womanhood, to drown it in bitter draughts of recollection and of realization of the actual, but she strove in vain. Her day-dreams became more frequent, longer, and ever more fascinating. The vague Prince of her childish and girlish imaginings irrevocably assumed the likeness of a living man—the man of Volmer's scheme. There were no mirrors in the inhabited part of Nasha's home; they had all been banished to the disused room which was her mother's bridal chamber, where the tell-tale faces were turned to the wall, and their backs whitened with the dust of years.

It was thought better for the young mistress of Eagle's Gorge to be spared their painful testimony to her ugliness; but she knew their resting-place as well as she knew the reason of their withdrawal, and now that the strange and awful longing for the "life of which her nerves were scant" had come upon her in all its force, she remembered the heart-shaped mirror framed in silver, which had reflected her mother's sad eyes, and she was impelled, in her agony of longing, to mount to the tower-room and consult its truthful face.

"Am I indeed so very ugly?" groaned the girl, as, trembling, she lifted the heavy glass. And the cold, smooth surface seemed to mock her with the answer:—

"You know it!"

She carried the thing to her own room, where she polished the delicate silver so that it grew beautiful again, and she locked it away, for fear of Getha's sharp eyes, among

her mother's yellowing laces. Many times a day would she ask it the same question, till the mirror, like a sentient thing, seemed to sympathize with her desire, and gave her back the strange reply :—

"Love is a great beautifier !"

After that Nasha never consulted the mirror again ; it had pained and tormented her more even than her brother.

The summer wore away, and winter dragged through its slow months to February, which brought a reminder of Volmer's return. Never had the thought of his presence been more unwelcome. His letters, which had grown more frequent than usual since his last visit, were filled with hints that frightened Nasha, and whispers had also reached her concerning the nature of his life in Paris. Ruin seemed the

doom of all the men whose friendship he acquired. More than one noble name had been dragged, through him, in the mire ; more than one princely fortune had been gambled into his hands—to leave them again quickly. His insolent triumphs were beginning to be ascribed to no common means. Men sometimes spoke of him on the boulevards and in the cafés as in

league with the devil, as a votary of the black art, as an accomplished sorcerer. These things came to his sister's ears, and a sinister warning, personal to herself, seemed to underlie them.

The date Volmer fixed for his return was earlier this spring than Nasha had ever known it to be. He also spoke of a prolonged stay, and hinted at a service Nasha was to render him. Partly because of this, and partly because of a presentiment of evil, the girl was less willing than ever to welcome him to her house. He was to reach Eagle's Gorge about sunset, and Nasha went out on the terrace with Lyoff to watch for the car-

riage, not because she was eager for its advent, but to master herself in the realization of Volmer's approach, in order that when he met her he should detect no trace of fear or suspicion in her face or voice. She saw the carriage at last, a speck on the white road below, and she sat down on a ledge of rock to watch its tedious upward journey. While she sat there pondering, more than half repining and quite excited, the conviction seized her that Volmer was not alone, and that the companion he was bringing to the castle would be, somehow, the victim of his reckless egotism.

By-and-by the wolfhound growled. It was his welcome to the travellers, whose steps, as they mounted the last part of the ascent on foot, now sounded on his quick ears. Volmer came first upon the terrace.

He was a bold-looking man, with somewhat shifty eyes and a charming smile, beneath which a keen observer might have detected the possibility of relentless cruelty. After him came the impersonation of all Nasha's ideals—alas ! alas ! the original of the portrait she had looked on once and not forgotten. It had not lied ; he was supremely handsome, he was beautiful. The

portrait had said as much as that, but what it had not told, what no portrait could ever reveal, was the perfect blending of delicacy and manliness in the smooth, fair skin, the dimpled chin, the sensitive nostrils, the laughing brown eyes, and the throat like a column of ivory, upon which Nasha's gaze was fastened. The man's splendid proportions, combining strength with the utmost elegance, forbade the insinuation that his beauty was too feminine in its refinement, and he stood before his friend's sister an all but perfect type of masculine humanity.

The shame of her own dearth of attractions rushed upon Nasha in the presence of so



"LOVE IS A GREAT BEAUTIFIER."

much wealth, and she crimsoned with mingled sadness and resentment. Then a bitter pain filled her heart, and she felt she could not forgive her brother this moment of torture. He was speaking, but she did not hear his words. He presented *her* to the stranger, reversing the rightful order of the ceremony, but in her suffering she did not note the slight. Her hand was cold as death when she laid it in the stranger's, but then there came a surprise which sent the blood coursing quickly through her veins. She dared to look into his face, but she vainly sought the expression of pity or scorn which she expected to see there. She could almost have thought he found her beautiful, so earnestly were his brown eyes fixed upon her, so entirely did they seem to appeal to that inner self which she felt to be independent of the ugly envelope enshrining it.

Perhaps her costume pleased him also, for she perceived his glance travel over its details, and a bright smile light up his expressive features. She was wearing her usual dress, that of the peasants of the district; a laced scarlet bodice over a white chemisette, a short black skirt, strong shoes, and her hair plaited with ribbons. Her appearance seemed to fascinate the stranger, and his pleasure in it, though entirely well bred, was very mani-

fest; but Nasha rapidly grew uneasy under the novel sense of receiving admiration. She was almost terrified by so complete a reversal of her previous experience, and she thankfully responded to old Getha, who, calling to her from the castle, enabled her to escape from the surprising presence of her brother's guest.

No preparations had been made for company, and the accommodation at Eagle's Gorge was of a scanty description; but the hostess and her old adherent did the best their ingenuity suggested, and in spite of all their visitor expressed himself more than content. When Nasha spoke of the dulness of life at the rock-bound castle, he laughed; and when the brother and sister wondered how he could endure its monotony, he looked at Nasha and declared that he had never known happiness before. The significance of his tone, and his persistent seeking of her society, filled his hostess with a weird dread which soon mastered all the passionate delight his presence kindled within her. She went one day to her brother, and said, with an effort to which she had braced herself:—

"This is witchcraft! I will have nothing to do with it."

Volmer took her slender wrists into his strong hands, and forced her to look at him.

"Then you are the witch," he said, ignoring the latter half of her speech. "Nasha, when this man asks you to be his wife——"

"When! Yes?"

"He will ask you. Do not refuse him; he loves you."

"Are you not trying to carry a trick too far?"

"And if it were a trick—would you find it difficult to forgive me? Would that be a great sin in your eyes which gave you the man you worship? No, do not struggle; you must hear me out. You will do me a service in marrying Ivo, and in return I give you, as I said before, his love."

"You have bewitched him! I will tell him the truth!"

"You may do as you please; but I swear to you that if you go down on your knees and solemnly vow by your patron saint, he will not believe you—he will only believe what I corroborate."



"HER APPEARANCE SEEMED TO FASCINATE THE STRANGER."

"Then he only thinks as you command—you have made him believe me beautiful!" cried the girl.

"I see you already forgive me," said Volmer, quietly.

"I cannot!" she exclaimed. "Ah! Volmer, let him go. Take him away again. Take him back to Paris. His life must not be ruined!"

"Wild horses would not drag him away from you," said Volmer, sardonically. "And you do not consider me at all. Unless you marry this man, Nasha, I am lost! Marry him, and I promise to turn over a new leaf."

"Is this the truth?" asked the girl, regarding him fixedly. He returned her gaze with an earnest look of his strange, inscrutable eyes, which seemed to her to dilate, and in some horrible manner to lay hold upon her.

"Yes," said Volmer, and the monosyllable dropped into her consciousness like a plummet breaking through weak, intervening barriers, and seemed to lie, a dead weight, in the bottom of her mind. Her heart was assailed by a great temptation, and she could not, try as she would, rally the forces of her intellect and her scruples against it. In her brother's eyes, which did not leave her face, she seemed to read all the marvellous transformation that might come over her existence. Ivo made, by some strange power, to see her as she longed to be, loving her as she yearned to be loved, and taking eagerly all the wealth of love which she had to give him!

She, the sad, lonely, hungry woman to whom Nature had been so cruel, could be his honoured, cherished wife, the mother of his children, the companion of his bright and of his cloudy days. She could have the right, as she knew she had within her the power, to entrance, to soothe, to sustain him; to live for him as he would live for her, his twin soul, his needed half, and together they would grow into a perfect being. Nasha was a mystic; her heart's cravings had taught her some truths which are only revealed by the two great teachers, Pain and Joy. Pain had hitherto schooled her; but now, in this supreme moment of temptation, she felt the presence of neither pain nor joy; she was only conscious of a mighty power within her, responding to a mighty power outside of her, of an impetuous rush of her will to a decision, and she accepted the life which Fate, through her brother, proffered.

She drew a long, quivering breath after those moments of tension, during which her heart had scarcely seemed to beat.

"If he ever learns the truth he will kill you," she said quietly, as she turned away.

"No," laughed Volmer, "he will kill you."

Her courage did not fail. There were moments, out of Ivo's presence, when conscience stirred within her. There were moments when, after the passionate delight in gazing at his beloved face with all the wild but secret worship of a soul ardent for self-sacrifice, a terrible fear dominated her, and conscience stabbed her cruelly. At such times she would fling herself on her knees before the altar in the little chapel, and lie in mute supplication, or she would walk half-way down the mountain to confess to the old curé in the village; but she always turned back before she reached him. She could not bring herself to speak of the love that filled her. Not to a creature apart from Ivo could she utter a word of the sacred marvel, the secret and the crown of life which she and he had discovered together. So she allowed the moments of torment to pass in silence, and her heart grew stronger till she almost forgot that Ivo was deceived. After all, was that a fraud which revealed her true self to him?

For some sinister purpose of his own Volmer hurried on the marriage, which was solemnized in the ugly little chapel, the bride wearing the peasant's dress in which her lover had first seen her, and which had charmed his artist eyes. Volmer and Getha were the only witnesses of the ceremony, and after it was over the former left the wedded pair to their honeymoon; but he returned, like a bird of ill-omen, after a brief three weeks' absence.

"I could almost believe I had hypnotised myself," he told Nasha an hour after his arrival, as he watched her supervise the preparations for his supper; "you have come wonderfully near to being beautiful!"

Ivo's wife made a movement of impatience, and did not immediately respond; then, in a low voice, and with downcast eyes, she answered him with a question:—

"How long is this to last?"

"What? Are you tiring of your idyll already? It will last, if you must know, just so long as I live."

"Then—should you die——"

"Your dream will be over. Make the most of it. Not that I intend to die yet, but one never knows."

"It was not for my sake at all that you worked this spell?" said Nasha.

"No. It was partly to test my powers,

and partly to keep his money in the family."

"You are the devil's self!" she exclaimed.

out fruitlessly in the early days of his sudden prosperity. He had unexpectedly inherited a large fortune, and in the indulgence of every fancy and of every generous impulse he had lost his hold upon himself, and become the easy prey of those who make life an ignoble chase after sensuous satisfaction — mis-called happiness. Nasha knew that she had recalled him to his better self; knew that her love had rekindled the high thoughts and aims of the days before he became a mere votary of pleasure; knew that if he learnt the truth he would, in losing faith in her, lose faith in everything human and divine, sink into a deepening despondency, and end a despairing sceptic. Could she, dared she, risk this? No! Her first wrong had given her future wrong the guise of "the only practicable right."

Volmer heard no more from his sister on the subject of Ivo's illusion, and when he announced

"But you shall not ruin him as you have ruined others. He shall know——"

"What? That he has been trapped into marrying a scarecrow whom he believes to be a Venus? How do you think he would bear the knowledge? Be sensible, Nasha, and keep a still tongue. Thank the saints you have so skilful a brother. One word from me, and you lose Ivo for ever!"

Launching this shaft Volmer left the room, laughing softly and glancing at his sister with a certain furtive expression, which was very feline. Nasha sat plunged in thought. At first she had accepted the deception for her own sake, but very quickly her longing and desire had become intensified by the realization that Ivo would gain more than she could by the love that united them. Before he met her wealth had been degrading him, and he was beginning to feel not only enervated, but disgusted by life. The old enthusiasms which illumined his days of poverty and obscurity had flared

his intention of returning to Paris, and taking Ivo with him, Nasha made no sign. But alone with her husband, a wild desire came upon her to test Volmer's influence over him, to pit her power against her brother's. Surely, love like hers was stronger than any mesmeric spell. She put her arm round Ivo's neck, and turned his face towards her own:—

"Must you go to Paris, love? I shall be so lonely without you!"

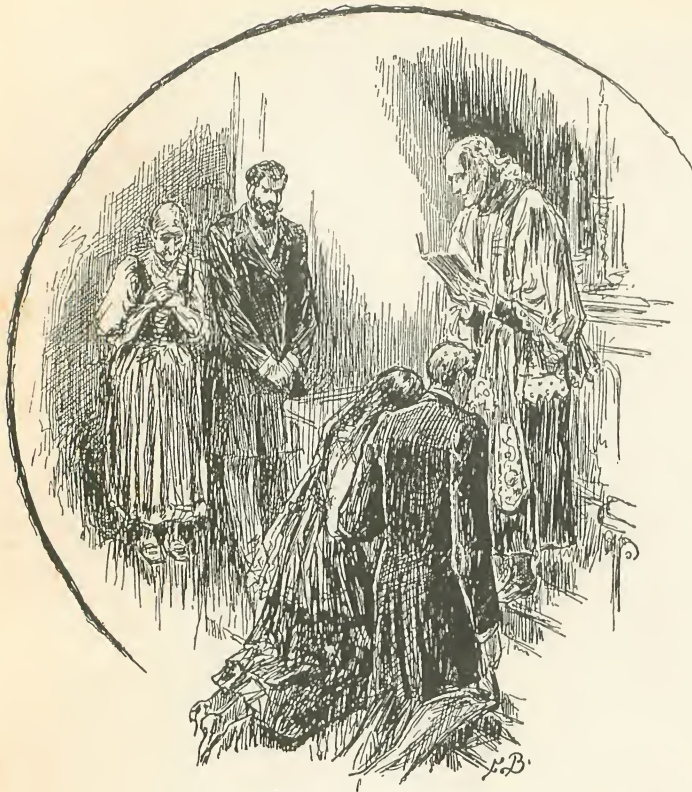
"It is Volmer's wish; I must go, my darling!"

"Ah! I see how it is. You are growing weary of this life—of me."

"Nasha! I implore you! Have I not told you a thousand times my happiness is here with you—that I never knew what it was to be truly happy till I loved you?"

"Then why leave me?"

"Because Volmer has asked me to go to Paris with him. It will only be for a few weeks."



"VOLMER AND GETHA WERE THE ONLY WITNESSES."

"Take me with you."

"Impossible, dearest; we are going on business. Volmer——"

"Volmer, Volmer! It is always Volmer! Are you a child to be led like this? One would think you had no will but his."

Ivo's sensitive mouth trembled, his eyes grew dim and troubled, the sunshine seemed suddenly to die out of his beautiful face. He laid his head upon his wife's shoulder, wearily, like a tired child, and clung to her strong hand.

"No will but his! Sometimes I think so."

Nasha's heart sank within her. Her punishment had begun. The deceit by which she had won him was beginning to work out its own retribution, and he, the innocent, must suffer with her, the guilty. For his sake, she would make a last effort.

"Dear Ivo, do you love me?"

He raised his eyes to her face, then gently released himself from her arm, and holding her from him said, speaking low and gravely:—

"Have I given you cause to doubt me, Nasha?"

"No, oh, no! I am only too much afraid of believing my own heart. I like to hear you say what it tells me; then I feel sure."

"My love, my dear love!"

"If I am that, stay with me!" pleaded Nasha; "let Volmer go to Paris alone."

"You ask an impossibility. I cannot take back my word, dearest. I am bound."

Nasha kept silence. He did not know how true his words were. Bound? Yes! And she, who loved him better than her life, had consented to and riveted that bondage. Her love was powerless to save him; he would have to go the fatal way

of all her brother's victims, while she stood by, watching, but impotent. This would be her awful punishment.

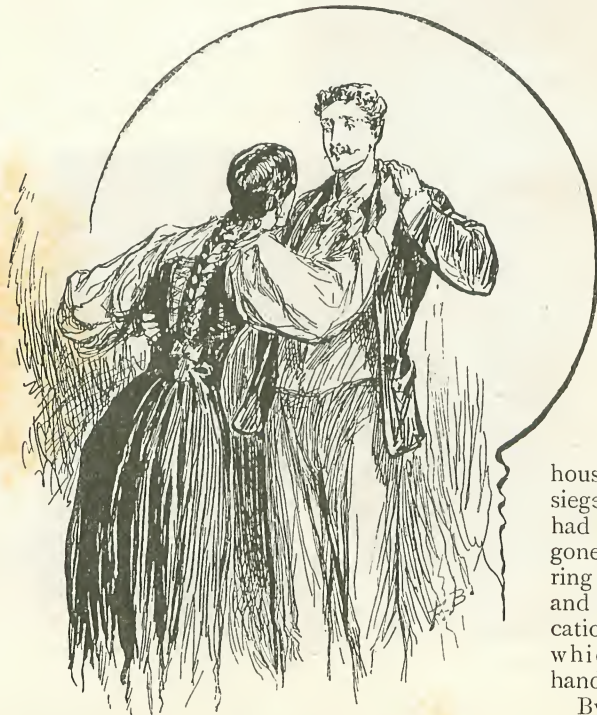
The following week the two men went back to Paris. Old Getha shook her head as their carriage passed out of sight. She had always known how it would be! No good ever came of hurried bridals; of course, the handsome gentleman had wearied of his wife, and no wonder! The Countess Nasha was as good as gold, and much more clever than most men; but gay young fellows only cared for pretty faces, and the chances were the Countess would never see her husband again. Beauty should mate with beauty.

For a long time similar thoughts filled Nasha's sad heart, and a thousand wild ideas, a thousand schemes, came into her head during her sleepless nights. She would go to Paris and bring him back—she would ask him at Volmer's hands, and then—but, no! She had done him a great wrong, and, now that he was free, she would not stir a finger to bring him back to captivity. His rightful place was in the world, where he could do so much good. Or, again, she would give way to her intense desire for his presence, and nurse the thought that he would return in the summer or the early

autumn. But autumn brought nothing, save a hope that should have drawn him closer to her. Getha shook her head more mournfully than ever, but she was soon absorbed by her usual preparations for the winter, and by the time the frosts had come and the snow had put the

household in a state of siege, all seemed as it had been in the years gone by, save for the ring on Nasha's finger and the unwonted fabrication of little garments which occupied her hands.

By the mercy of the saints the snow began



"I AM BOUND."

to melt in January, and the first emissary to Eagle's Gorge from the outside world was the postman with a telegram for Nasha.

"Volmer has died suddenly. I am coming back to you.—Ivo."

Coming back alone! Coming back to what? To a loving wife whose face was hideous, whose long figure was lean and ungainly, who lacked all the grace and attraction he had been bewitched into attributing to her. He was coming back to shocking disenchantment—perhaps to such disgust and loathing that he would make her bitter grief more bitter by cursing and forswearing her and her unborn child. Even so: she loved him well enough to bear all in silence, to let him go, renounce, forget her, and to wear out her own heart in the solitary wilds of Eagle's Gorge, where none would intrude upon her desolation or remark her pain. Volmer was dead! Doubtless his life had flashed out in some swift disaster of his own occasioning, and there had been no time to set things right for her, so that her peace, her joy, her dream of continued happiness had vanished with him. The second effect of Ivo's message was to appal and stupefy her; but she soon reawakened to the full

come would mean, and she was driven near to frenzy.

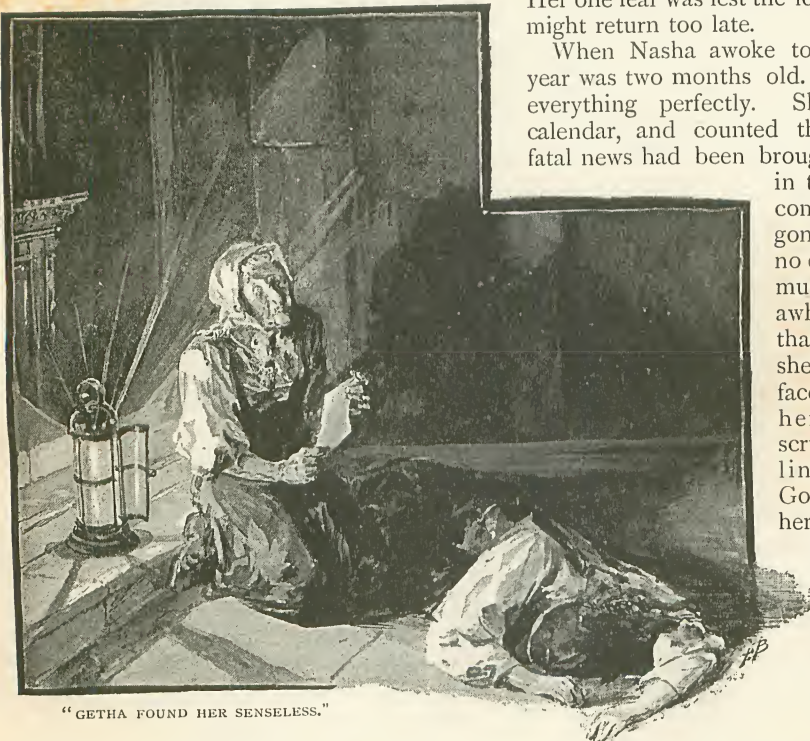
"Oh, God! let me keep him! Let me be always beautiful in his eyes! Let him never know me other than what he believes me to be. Let me die rather than he should know the truth. He must not know! He shall not know! I would sooner have him blind!—blind! . . ."

Ah, God! what was she saying? What was she praying for? Where was her terror driving her? It was her husband, the father of her child, upon whom she was invoking calamity. The thought of the helpless being who was not wholly hers nor wholly his, but belonging to both, seemed to stem the torrent of her remorseful passion, and to partly calm the storm in her heart. She instinctively turned towards the chapel, and throwing herself at the foot of her bridal altar she silently sought help and guidance from the long-suffering God whose name is so often taken in vain.

There, several hours later, Getha found her senseless, Ivo's telegram clutched in her hand. The old woman read it by the flickering light of the lamp she carried, and she thought she comprehended the situation. Her one fear was lest the long-absent husband might return too late.

When Nasha awoke to consciousness the year was two months old. She remembered everything perfectly. She asked for a calendar, and counted the days since the fatal news had been brought her. Probably in the interval he had come, seen her, and gone, but she dared ask no questions. She lay mute and white for awhile, feeling more than thinking; then she bent over the baby face sleeping beside her, and carefully scrutinized its tender lineaments. Thank God! Some, at least, of her strenuous prayers had been answered: her infant did not resemble her.

Love, the mysterious artificer, working unseen, had moulded the little creature in the image of its father; the bud contained the promise of as rich a beauty; it would



"GETHA FOUND HER SENSELESS."

significance of the fatal words. She understood all they meant, and all the years to

the image of its father; the bud contained the promise of as rich a beauty; it would

blossom by-and-by into as fine and sweet a flower. "Enfant de l'amour ressemble toujours au père." Nasha lay long pondering on the sweet phase of her life which was for ever passed, and letting one of her sensitive hands stray over the precious little hostage she had given to fortune, while her other hand and arm held it fast. The room was darkened, but her eyes, accustomed to the gloom, saw that the place where her attendant had been sitting was vacant, and that she was alone.

By-and-by someone fumbled at the latch of the door. Evidently the person was a stranger, unacquainted with the old-fashioned fastening; yet surely there was light in the corridor, and they could see the way to lift it. Was this still a part of the wearying, confused dream through which she had been so long struggling, and which had just now seemed dispelled? The thought—the dread of Ivo rushed upon her, and her delirium threatened to return. Her arm tightened round her child, and every combative instinct within her became suddenly on the alert. He should not take this treasure from her—all else, his love, himself, his name, she deserved to lose, for she had cruelly deceived him; but the child should not be torn from her while she lived. How softly and uncertainly he was moving now that he had got into the room. She watched him from under her half-closed lids—watched him intently, her heart nearly standing still in the stress of her agonizing suspense. He approached her with outstretched arms. She saw that he wore his travelling cloak, and that it was thrown open, showing his firm white throat. Oh, how dear he was to her! What fate could be worse than losing him? Could she survive another parting? She clasped the child and trembled; the bitterness of death was in that moment.

His step was unsteady, and he seemed afraid of knocking something down. Perhaps the outside sunshine still dazzled his eyes, and he could not perceive the objects in that darkened room; but presently he reached the carved bedpost and grasped it with an eager gesture; then he began feeling along the edge of the coverlet towards where she lay. She thought she understood the action; he fancied she was asleep. She could not speak, her throat seemed parched; terror of the moment when he would see her and know the truth, paralyzed her. He seemed to be groping by the side of the bed—it was a strange and ugly word, but she could find no other to express his peculiar

movements; then she felt his hand upon her, and her soul seemed to rush out to him, while a convulsive movement agitated her whole being, but no sound came from her parted lips, though she strove to speak his name. Then he stooped, and she felt his lips on hers in such a kiss as they had known but once before.

"Nasha!"

His voice was full of love, and of a new tenderness. She looked into his face, and saw that he was gazing fixedly at her, but there was no horror, no surprise in his eyes. She must have shown the eager astonishment in her, but Ivo did not appear to notice it. She could not immediately reply to his fond greeting—she could not obey the impulse to raise her unoccupied hand and touch his dear head, for the dread lest he did not yet understand, and lest he would still repudiate her, weighed down her heart. Had Volmer lived long enough to make all right for her? He had been wild, and she had thought him heartless, but perhaps he had loved her, and had remembered, if there had been time—

"Nasha!"

Ivo was clinging to the hand which lay outside the bedclothes. He was bending over her until she could feel his heart beat, and she found him searching for her face as though his eyes were in his fingers. Ah! he loved her still. Volmer's spell was yet upon him, but now he would love the child, and if the child outlived the spell she would form a new and powerful link between them that would make all further spell needless.

"Do you see the child?" she asked, following out her thoughts; "she is so beautiful!"

"How could it be otherwise, Nasha, when her mother is so beautiful?"

She grew paler than ever against the white pillows.

"But you must look at her. See, Ivo!"

He felt for the baby's face as he had felt for hers.

"Is she not beautiful?" asked Nasha.

"You tell me so, love!"

Something in the intonation of his voice, or in his manner, struck a chill into her. She looked keenly at him, forgetting everything in the world beside him; she struggled into a sitting posture, letting the child slip from her arm, and stretched out her strong, supple white hands—those hands he had so justly admired in the early days of their love—to draw him to her. She sought to scrutinize his face, but he lowered his head from her

keen eyes; yet in the rapid glance she realized anew that the baby was very like him. The tender thoughts and hopes which had been her sole consolation during the long months of his absence had fulfilled themselves in her infant daughter.

"Let me look at you, Ivo," she entreated, gently turning up his reluctant chin. Then she saw, as she gazed upon him, gaining courage from his undaunted calm, many things she had never noted in his face before; first, great weariness, then a terrible pallor, then—ah! surely she was dreaming—she feared to resolve her doubt.

"You have been ill!" she cried.

"Yes. It was that which kept me from you."

"There is something the matter with your eyes!"

His answer sounded more like a sob than a sigh.

"You are blind?" questioned Nasha, faltering.

"Totally," said Ivo, with a gesture of unutterable weariness.

"Can you not see the child?"

"No," he responded, drawing a deep breath that expressed a sort of heart-broken resignation.

"Nor—me?"

"No, my beloved; but I can remember your face. I shall never forget."

Nasha was silent; the tumult in her heart was too great for speech. She clasped him close, and caressed his tired head, kissing the eyes that were so pathetically unaware of all her outward deficiencies. Blind? Could it indeed be true? Would he nevermore behold the light? What was the impious prayer which had been upon her lips when darkness overtook her, and she was stricken down at the foot of her bridal altar? "Come what may, let me keep his love! Let him never know——" But

she had not meant *this*! No, no; *this* was not an answer to her prayer. She writhed under the thought, though she repelled it so quickly. She had only prayed to retain his love; she had not asked God to hide her from him; and, with her, his child, and all the beautiful earth, the flowers, the trees, the sunshine he had so rejoiced in! No, no; this was too cruel! Gradually, while her arms were twined about him, the full extent of his calamity became clear to her mind, and with the realization a faintness overcame her. She released her husband, and lay back among the pillows, with difficulty repressing a groan of mingled terror and remorse. He sat patiently upon the bed, listening keenly to her movements, and fondling the child, which his hands had discovered.

After a while Nasha spoke:—

"How was it?"

"There was a fire at the hotel. Volmer had come into my room. I tried to save him."

"You lost your sight trying to save Volmer's life?"

"My darling, he was your brother."

"He was your worst enemy—and mine!"

"Hush, Nasha! He is dead!"

"And he deserved to die! But you—you—oh! to have this death in life close down upon you! It is my sin, my sin that has brought it about! But you shall know the truth, and then——"

"Nasha, dear love, be calm! You are over-

wrought. Let me call Getha."

"No, no! Stay here. I must tell you I am nothing that you believe me to be, Ivo. You have thought me beautiful. I am hideous! Now—go!"

"Nasha, Nasha, I entreat you! It is not you who speak. You are beside yourself!"

"Not now—I have been—and you, too,



"I TRIED TO SAVE HIM."

have been made mad. You have been fooled, tricked, duped, trapped, made the subject of experiment. But now I am sane I am going to cure you. Volmer hypnotised you for his own devilish ends, and made you believe that I was beautiful. It is a lie! It has all been a lie! Go! go!"

"Do you send me from you, Nasha? I loved you, and I love you—but, alas! I am not only a blind man now, I am poor, helpless, ruined!"

"Ruined? By whom? Is that Volmer's work, too?"

"He is dead, Nasha!"

"Dead! He deserved death! Forger, thief, gambler, sorcerer!"

"Dearest, for my sake, forgive him. I forgave."

"He did not deserve your forgiveness! I do not deserve it! I am his sister."

"You are my wife, Nasha, my beloved, my——"

"You do not believe what I have told you. You think me raving! But it is true."

"I must believe because *you* say it. But if it be true, what matter? I loved you for a beauty which you tell me is an illusion of my senses, but I also loved you for the soul within. I cannot cease to love you till you persuade me that you have ceased to be what I have proved you—pure, noble, generous, and brave. You are none the less the Nasha of my heart for this strange story—my Nasha, whom I yearned anew for when this darkness came upon me. How I craved for you! How I longed for

the sound of your voice, the touch of your hand! All my life I had been seeking you, until the happy day when Volmer brought me here. And now—oh, my darling, I will not fetter you—you shall be freed! I am a poor, helpless creature, not the man you married. You do not deserve to have such a burden thrust upon you——"

"Ivo, Ivo, you are more precious to me than anything in the world but this!" cried Nasha, raising herself and pressing the baby's waxen fingers to his face; "and this is only so precious because it is yours, too."

"But a helpless beggar, Nasha! Think of the shadow on your life, and how it will spoil it."

"Not so, dear love, not so. You are my sun, my world, my all. Thank God, you have no home but this! Now, indeed, I truly feel that you are mine, my own twin soul, and nought can come between us."

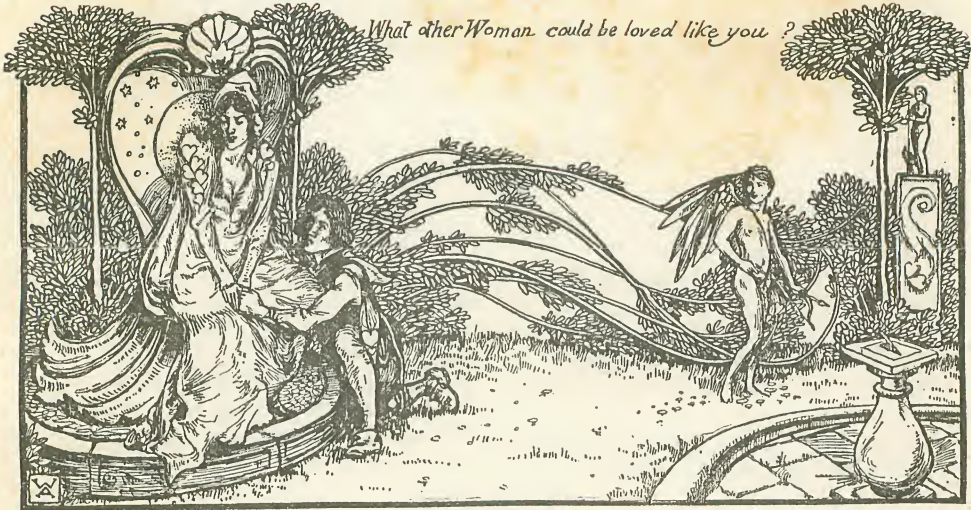
She drew the blind man down until his brown head rested on her bosom beside their child's, and both were encircled in her

passionate embrace. Instead of taking up a load, she was conscious in that moment of losing a heavy weight of care and trouble. What Ivo called a burden was indeed a burden of joy. Love, satisfied, content, sent a new strength coursing through her pulses, and Duty, wearing the aspect of an angel, whispered the words retribution, expiation, which fell like music on her ear. Joyfully her glad soul re-echoed the soft accents, and never, since the world began, did penance prove so easy, nor expiation so sweet.



"SHE DREW THE BLIND MAN DOWN."

Infinite Love.



Dedicated to my friend, HARRY PLUNKET GREENE.

Words by
DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

Music by
MAUD VALÉRIE WHITE.

Andante ma non troppo.

p

Espressivo.

What o - - ther woman could be loved . . like you? . . . Or

This song will be published in different keys by ROBERT COCKS & Co.

how . . . of you should Love pos - sess . . . his fill,

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part in treble clef and a left-hand part in bass clef, both with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Af - - ter the ful - - ness of all rap - - - ture still ?

The second system of the musical score. The key signature changes to one sharp (F#) and one flat (C). The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment follows the same structure as the first system.

As at the end of some deep a - - - - ve - nue, . . . A

The third system of the musical score. The key signature changes to one flat (Bb). The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment follows the same structure as the previous systems.

ten - - - der gla - mour of day there

The fourth system of the musical score. The key signature changes to two flats (Bb and Eb). The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment follows the same structure as the previous systems.

Molto espressivo, più lento.

comes to view, Far in your eyes, . . . a

8va.... loco.

p

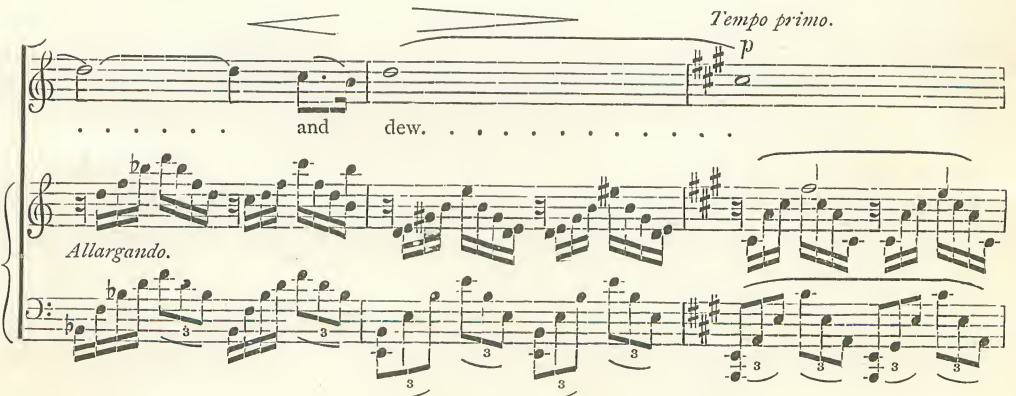
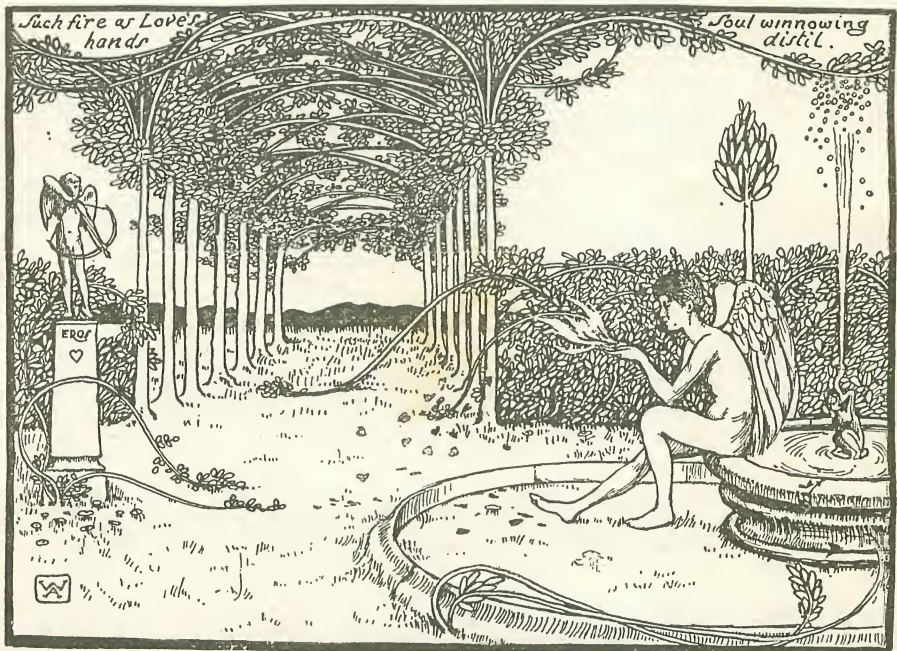
Un poco agitato.

yet more hung'ring thrill, Such fire as

Love's soul winnowing hands dis - til,

8va.....

E - - - ven from his in - - - most



Teneramente.

What

cres.

o - - - ther wo-man could be loved . . . like you?

Or . . . how of you . . . should Love pos - sess . . . his fill?

p

Come recitativo.

p

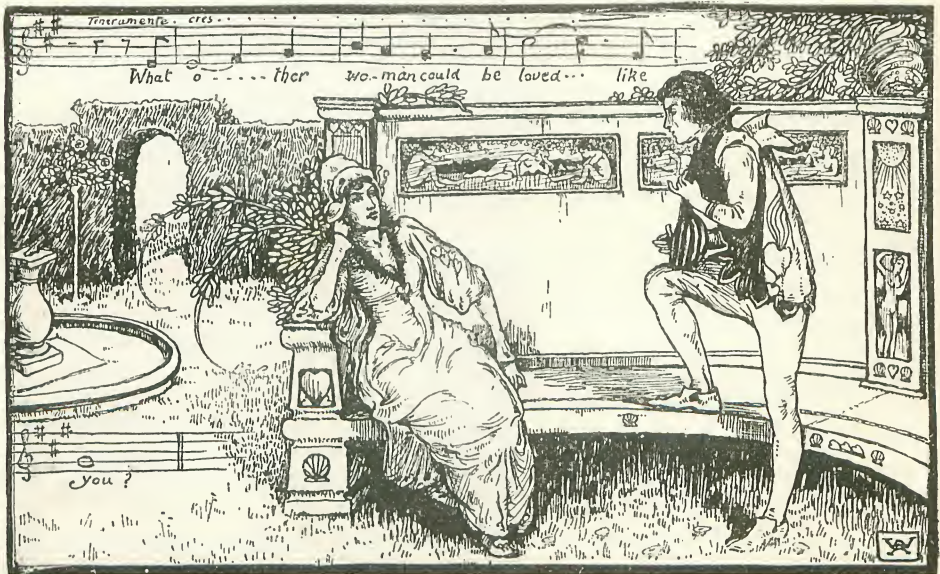
What o - ther wo-man could be loved

rall.

Arioso.

like you? . . .

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a time signature of 4/4. The lyrics 'like you? . . .' are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The second system continues the piano accompaniment, ending with a double bar line. The key signature remains three sharps.



Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.



From a Photo. by] AGE 9. [E. Lange, Heidelberg.

From a] AGE 19. [Photograph.



public her very remarkable talents, for, having one day been prevailed upon to look at a setting of her's in the Academy, he was so impressed with the beauty and originality of it, that he sang it in public, and made of it a splendid success. The name of this song was "Montrose's Love Song." Mr. Santley also brought the musical

public in contact with two of her most effective and successful efforts, viz., "The Devout Lover" and "Absent Yet Present." Miss White is a highly accomplished linguist, and hers is a familiar face, as an accompanist, at important concerts. Her latest song, written especially for this Magazine, will be found in the preceding pages.

MISS MAUD VALÉRIE WHITE.

MISS MAUD VALÉRIE WHITE was born at Dieppe during a visit of her parents to Europe from Valparaiso.

Her progenitors, however, were English; her grandfather on the mother's side being a naval officer, who had the distinction of serving with Nelson on board the *Victory*, at Trafalgar, in which engagement he was wounded. When in her teens, Miss White took up her residence in England, and received her first instruction in music from Mr. W. S. Rockstro and from Mr. Oliver May. In 1876 she entered the Royal Academy of Music as a student, studying for composition under the late Sir G. A. Macfarren. In 1879 she gained the Mendelssohn Scholarship, the committee of which decided that she should continue her studies at the Academy. But it was Mr. Charles Santley who first revealed to the



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY. [Alice Hughes, Gower St., W.C.



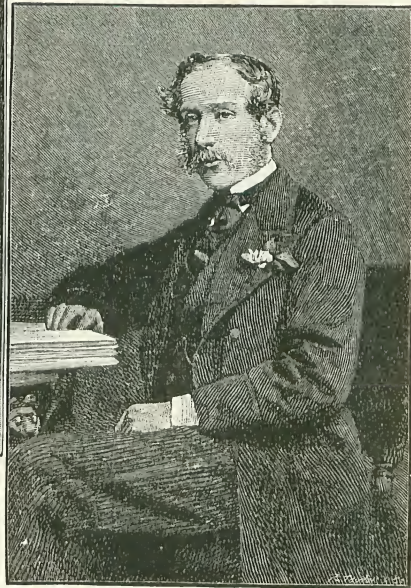
From a] AGE 18. [Photograph.

DR. LENNOX BROWNE, F.R.C.S.

BORN 1841.

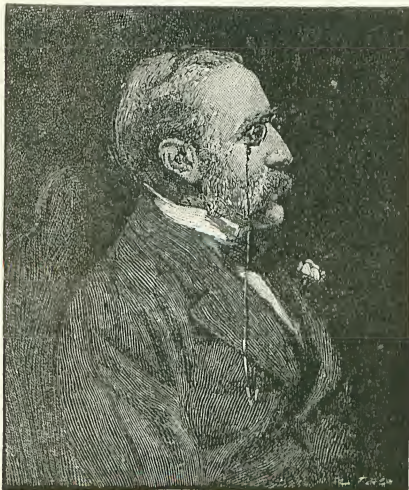
DR. LENNOX BROWNE, who has stepped into the shoes of Sir Morell Mackenzie as an authority on diseases of the throat, was at the age of twenty-five Sir Morell's chief clinical assistant. His artistic gifts, which are well known, and which, as may be judged from our first

portrait, received an early training, have been of considerable use to him in his profession, as he executed the whole of the illustrations for Sir Morell Mackenzie's great work on "Growths of the Larynx," and also for his own celebrated book, "The Throat and its Diseases." He was mainly instrumental in founding the Central London



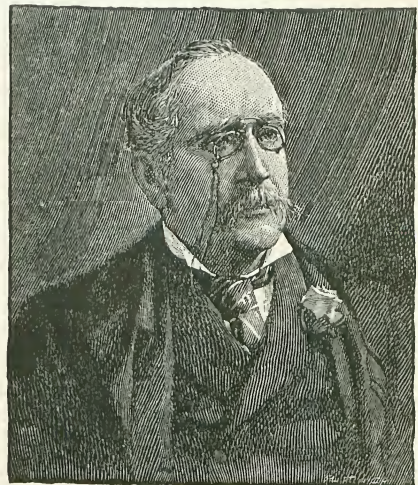
From a Photo. by] AGE 26. [Moira & Haigh.

Throat and Ear Hospital, of which he is the senior surgeon; he is consulting surgeon to several other hospitals. He enjoys an especially large practice among actors, singers, and clergymen, who are particularly liable to lose their voices in the exercise of their vocations.



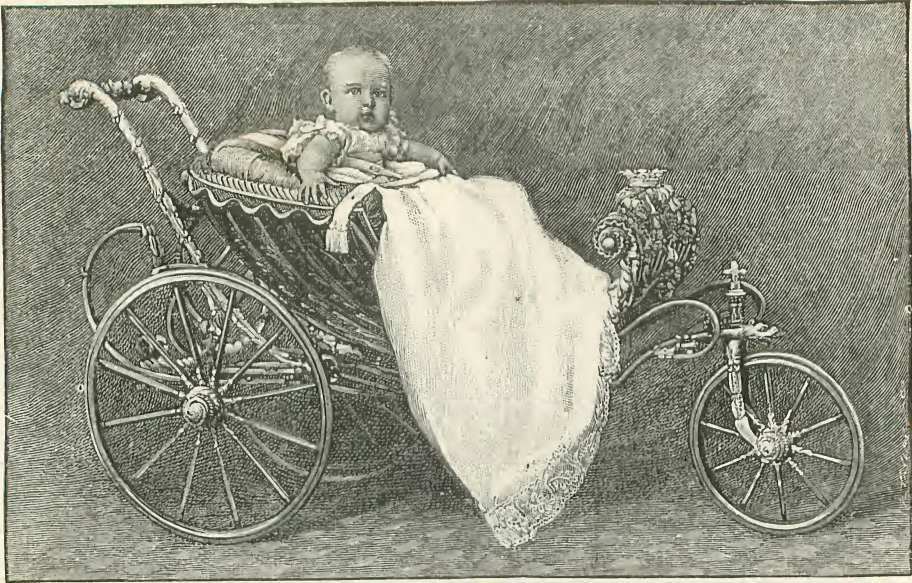
AGE 41.

From a Painting by Seymour Lucas, A.R.A.



PRESENT DAY.

From a Photograph by Lambert Weston & Son.



From a]

AGE 12 MONTHS.

[Photograph.

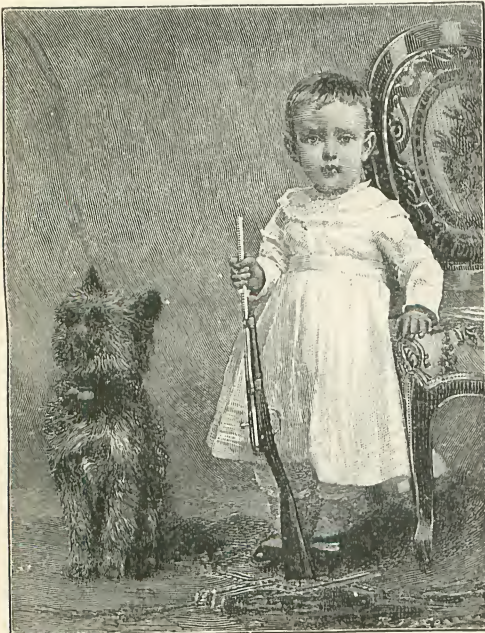
THE DUC D'AOSTA.

BORN 1869.



HE DUC D'AOSTA, who has recently been visiting this country, has, although but a young man, experienced many changes and vicissitudes of fortune. He is the nephew of the King of Italy, and stands next to his cousin, the Prince of Naples, in

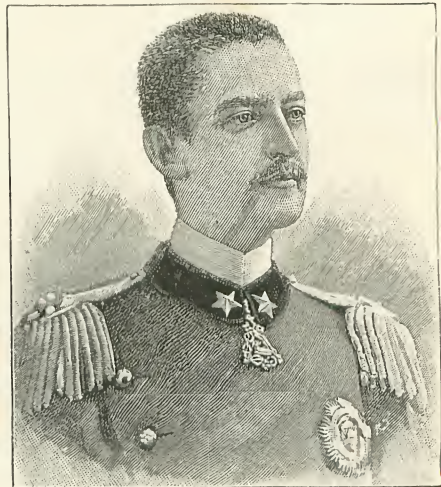
the order of succession to the throne. His father was the late Prince Amadeus, King Humbert's brother, and his mother the beautiful Princess Maria. His own name is



From a]

AGE 4.

[Photograph.



From a]

AGE 23

[Photograph.

Emmanuel, after his grandfather. At the age of two he was taken to Madrid, on the election of Prince Amadeus, his father, as King of Spain; but the Duc de Pouilles, which was then the baby's title, occupied the position of Heir Apparent to the Spanish throne only two years, until the abdication of his father in 1873. Prince Emmanuel is a captain of Artillery and an officer of the highest promise.

From a Photo. by

AGE 18.

Lehmann, Berlin.

THE LATE MADAME
TREBELLI-BETTINI.

BORN 1838.



ME. ZÈLIE
THERESE
CAROLINE
GILLEBERT
DE BEAU-

LIEU was born at Paris, her family belonging to the oldest nobility of France. She was taught the piano at the age of six, and, on the discovery that she possessed a remarkable contralto voice, was trained for the lyric stage by Herr Wastel. She made her first appearance at Madrid in



Italian name in order to succeed in Italian opera, Mademoiselle Gillebert formed the name by which she was known to the public by leaving out the G of her own name and spelling the remainder backwards. From the first there was no doubt of her right to stand in the very foremost rank of great singers. In 1862 she first appeared in London, and soon afterwards married Signor Bettini. In private life she was loved and respected by



AGE 36.

From a Photo. by Krziwanek, Vienna.



AGE 50.

From a Photo. by Debenham & Gould, Bournemouth.

"Norma," at the age of twenty-one, and as it was at that time indispensable to have an

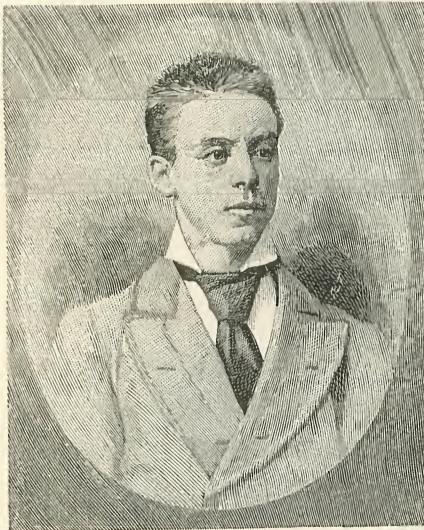
all who knew her, and her recent unexpected death occasioned wide-spread regret.

ARTHUR ROBERTS.

BORN 1850.



ARTHUR ROBERTS, "the funniest man in London," was born at Kentish Town, and started life, at about the age at which our first portrait represents him, in a solicitor's office, where one of his principal duties was to serve writs; but his salary not being equal to his ambition, he decided, with a lawyer's shrewdness, to eke it out by fulfilling any theatrical engagements—which were chiefly at smoking-concerts—he could obtain after dark. A

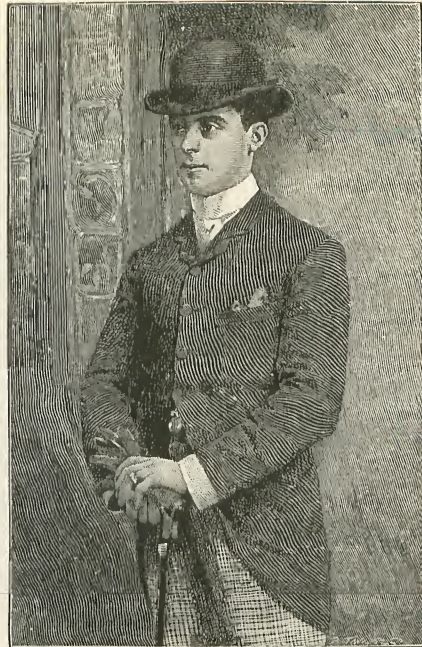


From a

AGE 15.

[Photograph.

lawyer by day, and an entertainer by night, he continued to be for eight years, until, at the age of twenty-five, he finally adopted the stage as a profession. Since that time he has played with enormous success, at first in music-halls and afterwards in theatres, creating a succession of characters which caused his audiences to scream with laughter. His most notable triumphs have been, perhaps, in "Madame Favart," "The Old Guard," "Nadgy," "Lancelot The Lovely," and "Joan of Arc." Mr. Roberts, who is, if possible, a funnier man off the stage than he is on it, lives in a large corner house at Maida Vale with his wife, son, and daughter. He is devotedly fond of cricket, and when on tour always organizes an eleven among his company, which is too strong for most oppo-

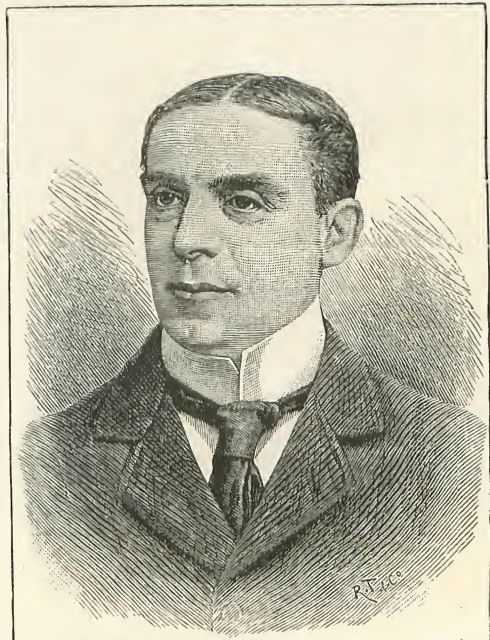


From a Photo. by

AGE 23.

[Fry, Brighton.

nents. He is also extremely fond of yachting, and is a lover of horses, of which he generally keeps four or five. No biography of Mr. Roberts, however brief, can omit to mention that he is the inventor of the immortal game of "Spoof."



From a Photo. by

PRESENT DAY.

[Lafayette.



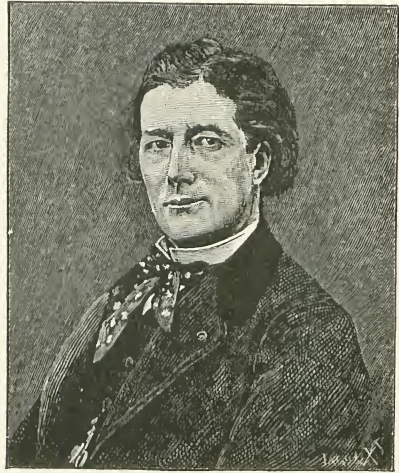
From a Photo. by] AGE 29. [Petit, Paris.

VICTORIEN SARDOU.

BORN 1831.

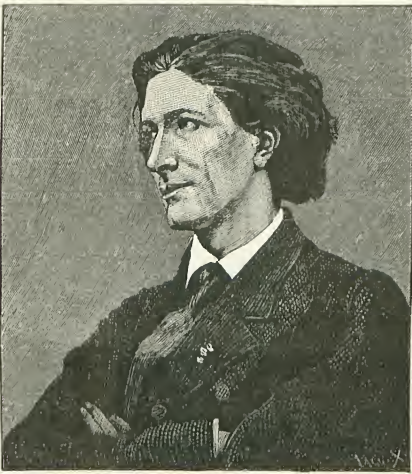
MONS. VICTORIEN SARDOU, the son of a professor in Paris, began life as a medical student, but was forced by want of means to give lessons in mathematics and to write a little for the reviews. His

a complete failure, and three years later he was living, or rather dying, in a garret, miserably poor and struck down by typhoid fever. A neighbour, Mademoiselle de Brécourt, nursed him with tender care, and on his recovery he married her. Then, undeterred by his former failure, he turned again to writing plays, with such phenomenal success that before the age at which he is depicted in our second portrait he was master of a princely fortune and a world-wide reputation. He is best known in England by "Fédora" and



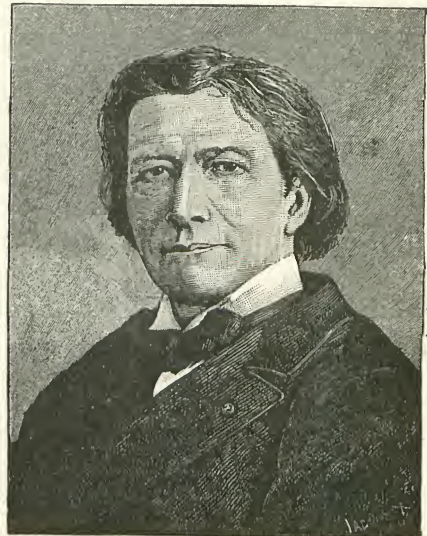
From a Photo. by] AGE 50. [Mubnier, Paris.

"Théodora," which he wrote for Sarah Bernhardt. His reception into the French Academy took place in 1878.



From a Photo. by] AGE 37. [Petit, Paris.

first play was produced at the age at which our first portrait represents him, but proved




From a] PRESENT DAY. [Photograph.

The Great Ruby Robbery: a Detective Story.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

I.

ERSIS REMANET was an American heiress. As she justly remarked, this was a commonplace profession for a young woman nowadays; for almost everybody of late years has been an American and an heiress. A poor Californian, indeed, would be a charming novelty in London society. But London society, so far, has had to go without one.

Persis Remanet was on her way back from the Wilcoxes' ball. She was stopping, of course, with Sir Everard and Lady Maclure at their house at Hampstead. I say "of course" advisedly; because if you or I go to see New York, we have to put up at our own expense (five dollars a day, without wine or extras) at the Windsor or the Fifth Avenue; but when the pretty American comes to London (and every American girl is *ex officio* pretty, in Europe at least; I suppose they keep their ugly ones at home for domestic consumption) she is invariably the guest either of a dowager duchess or of a Royal Academician, like Sir Everard, of the first distinction. Yankees visit Europe, in fact, to see, among other things, our art and our old nobility; and by dint of native persistence they get into places that you and I could never succeed in penetrating, unless we devoted all the energies of a long and blameless life to securing an invitation.

Persis hadn't been to the Wilcoxes with Lady Maclure, however. The Maclures were too really great to know such people as the Wilcoxes, who were something tremendous in the City, but didn't buy pictures; and Academicians, you know, don't care to cultivate City people—unless they're customers. ("Patrons," the Academicians more usually call them; but I prefer the simple business word myself, as being a deal less patronizing.) So Persis had accepted an invitation from Mrs. Duncan Harrison, the wife of the well-known member for the Hackney Division of Elmetsire, to take a seat in her carriage to and from the Wilcoxes. Mrs. Harrison knew the habits and manners of American heiresses too well to offer to chaperon Persis; and

indeed, Persis, as a free-born American citizen, was quite as well able to take care of herself, the wide world over, as any three ordinary married Englishwomen.

Now, Mrs. Harrison had a brother, an Irish baronet, Sir Justin O'Byrne, late of the Eighth Hussars, who had been with them to the Wilcoxes, and who accompanied them home to Hampstead on the back seat of the carriage. Sir Justin was one of those charming, ineffective, elusive Irishmen whom everybody likes and everybody disapproves of. He had been everywhere, and done everything—except to earn an honest livelihood. The total absence of rents during the sixties and seventies had never prevented his father, old Sir Terence O'Byrne, who sat so long for Connemara in the unreformed Parliament, from sending his son Justin in state to Eton, and afterwards to a fashionable college at Oxford. "He gave me the education of a gentleman," Sir Justin was wont regretfully to observe; "but he omitted to give me also the income to keep it up with."

Nevertheless, society felt O'Byrne was the sort of man who must be kept afloat somehow; and it kept him afloat accordingly in those mysterious ways that only society understands, and that you and I, who are not society, could never get to the bottom of if we tried for a century. Sir Justin himself had essayed Parliament, too, where he sat for a while behind the great Parnell without for a moment forfeiting society's regard even in those earlier days when it was held as a prime article of faith by the world that no gentleman could possibly call himself a Home-Ruler. 'Twas only one of O'Byrne's wild Irish tricks, society said, complacently, with that singular indulgence it always extends to its special favourites, and which is, in fact, the correlative of that unsparing cruelty it shows in turn to those who happen to offend against its unwritten precepts. If Sir Justin had blown up a Czar or two in a fit of political exuberance, society would only have regarded the escapade as "one of O'Byrne's eccentricities." He had also held a commission for a while in a cavalry regiment, which he left, it was understood, owing

to a difference of opinion about a lady with the colonel; and he was now a gentleman-at-large on London society, supposed by those who know more about everyone than one knows about oneself, to be on the lookout for a nice girl with a little money.

Sir Justin had paid Persis a great deal of attention that particular evening; in point of fact, he had paid her a great deal of attention from the very first, whenever he met her; and on the way home from the dance he had kept his eyes fixed on Persis's face to an extent that was almost embarrassing. The pretty Californian leaned back in her place in the carriage

and surveyed him languidly. She was looking her level best that night, in her pale pink dress, with the famous Remanet rubies in a cascade of red light setting off that snowy neck of hers. 'Twas a neck for a painter. Sir Justin let his eyes fall regretfully more than once on the glittering rubies. He liked and admired Persis, oh! quite immensely. Your society man who has been through seven or eight London seasons could hardly be expected to go quite so far as falling in love with any woman; his habit is rather to look about him critically among all the nice girls trotted out by their mammas for his lordly inspection, and to reflect with a faint smile that this, that, or the other one might perhaps really suit him—if it were not for—and there comes in the inevitable *But* of all human commendation. Still, Sir Justin admitted with a sigh to himself that he liked Persis ever so much; she was so fresh and original! and she talked so cleverly! As for Persis, she would have given her eyes (like every other American girl) to be made

"my lady"; and she had seen no man yet, with that auxiliary title in his gift, whom she liked half so well as this delightful wild Irishman.



"SIR JUSTIN HAD PAID PERSIS A GREAT DEAL OF ATTENTION."

At the Mac lures' door the carriage stopped. Sir Justin jumped out and gave his hand to Persis. You know the house well, of course; Sir Everard Maclure's; it's one of those large new artistic mansions, in red brick and old oak, on the top of the hill; and it stands a little way back from the road, discreetly retired, with a big wooden porch, very convenient for leave-taking. Sir Justin ran up the steps with Persis to ring the bell for her; he had too much of the irrepressible Irish blood in

his veins to leave that pleasant task to his sister's footman. But he didn't ring it at once; at the risk of keeping Mrs. Harrison waiting outside for nothing, he stopped and talked a minute or so with the pretty American. "You looked charming to-night, Miss Remanet," he said, as she threw back her light opera wrap for a moment in the porch and displayed a single flash of that snowy neck with the famous rubies; "those stones become you so."

Persis looked at him and smiled. "You think so?" she said, a little tremulous, for even your American heiress, after all, is a woman. "Well, I'm glad you do. But it's good-bye to-night, Sir Justin, for I go next week to Paris."

Even in the gloom of the porch, just lighted by an artistic red and blue lantern in wrought iron, she could see a shade of disappointment pass quickly over his handsome face as he answered, with a little gulp, "No! you don't mean that? Oh, Miss Remanet, I'm so sorry!" Then he paused and drew back: "And yet . . . after all," he

continued, "perhaps——," and there he checked himself.

Persis looked up at him hastily. "Yet, after all, what?" she asked, with evident interest.

The young man drew an almost inaudible sigh. "Yet, after all—nothing," he answered, evasively.

"That might do for an Englishwoman," Persis put in, with American frankness, "but it won't do for me. You must tell me what you mean by it." For she reflected sagely that the happiness of two lives might depend upon those two minutes; and how foolish to throw away the chance of a man you really like (with a my-ladyship to boot), all for the sake of a pure convention!

Sir Justin leaned against the woodwork of that retiring porch. She was a beautiful girl. He had hot Irish blood. . . . Well, yes; just for once—he would say the plain truth to her.

"Miss Remanet," he began, leaning forward, and bringing his face close to hers, "Miss Remanet—Persis—shall I tell you the reason why? Because I like you so much. I almost think I love you!"

Persis felt the blood quiver in her tingling cheeks. How handsome he was—and a baronet!

"And yet you're not altogether sorry," she said, reproachfully, "that I'm going to Paris!"

"No, not altogether sorry," he answered, sticking to it; "and I'll tell you why, too, Miss Remanet. I like you very much, and I think you like me. For a week or two, I've been saying to myself, 'I really believe I *must* ask her to marry me.' The temptation's been so strong I could hardly resist it."

"And why do you want to resist it?" Persis asked, all tremulous.

Sir Justin hesitated a second; then with a perfectly natural and instinctive movement (though only a gentleman would have ventured to make it) he lifted his hand and just touched with the tips of his fingers the ruby pendants on her necklet. "*This* is why," he answered simply, and with manly frankness. "Persis, you're so rich! I never dare ask you."

"Perhaps you don't know what my answer would be," Persis murmured very low, just to preserve her own dignity.

"Oh, yes; I think I do," the young man replied, gazing deeply into her dark eyes. "It isn't that; if it were only that, I wouldn't so much mind it. But I think you'd take me." There was moisture in her eye. He went on more boldly: "I know you'd take me, Persis, and that's why I don't ask you."

You're a great deal too rich, and *these* make it impossible."

"Sir Justin," Persis answered, removing his hand gently, but with the moisture growing thicker, for she really liked him, "it's most unkind of you to say so; either you oughtn't to have told me at all, or else—if you did——" She stopped short. Womanly shame overcame her.

The man leaned forward and spoke earnestly. "Oh, don't say that!" he cried, from his heart. "I couldn't bear to offend you. But I couldn't bear, either, to let you

go away—well—without having ever told you. In that case you might have thought I didn't care at all for you, and was only flirting with you. But, Persis, I've cared a great deal for you—a great, great deal—and had hard work many times to prevent myself from asking you. And I'll tell you the plain reason why I haven't asked you. I'm a man about town, not much good, I'm afraid, for anybody or



"SIR JUSTIN HESITATED A SECOND."

57

anything ; and everybody says I'm on the look-out for an heiress—which happens not to be true ; and if I married you, everybody'd say, 'Ah, there ! I told you so !' Now, I wouldn't mind that for myself ; I'm a man, and I could snap my fingers at them ; but I'd mind it for *you*, Persis, for I'm enough in love with you to be very, very jealous, indeed, for your honour. I couldn't bear to think people should say, 'There's that pretty American girl, Persis Remanet that was, you know ; she's thrown herself away upon that good-for-nothing Irishman, Justin O'Byrne, a regular fortune-hunter, who's married her for her money.' So for your sake, Persis, I'd rather not ask you ; I'd rather leave you for some better man to marry."

"But *I* wouldn't," Persis cried aloud. "Oh, Sir Justin, you must believe me. You must remember——"

At that precise point, Mrs. Harrison put her head out of the carriage window and called out rather loudly :—

"Why, Justin, what's keeping you ? The horses'll catch their deaths of cold ; and they were clipped this morning. Come back at once, my dear boy. Besides, you know, *les convenances !*"

"All right, Nora," her brother answered ; "I won't be a minute. We can't get them to answer this precious bell. I believe it don't ring ! But I'll try again, anyhow." And half forgetting that his own words weren't strictly true, for he hadn't yet tried, he pressed the knob with a vengeance.

"Is that your room with the light burning, Miss Remanet ?" he went on, in a fairly loud official voice, as the servant came to answer. "The one with the balcony, I mean ? Quite Venetian, isn't it ? Reminds one of Romeo and Juliet. But most convenient for a burglar, too ! Such nice low rails ! Mind you take good care of the Remanet rubies !"

"I don't want to take care of them," Persis answered, wiping her dim eyes hastily with her lace pocket-handkerchief, "if they make you feel as you say, Sir Justin. I don't mind if they go. Let the burglar take them !"

And even as she spoke, the Maclure footman, immutable, sphinx-like, opened the door for her.

II.

PERSIS sat long in her own room that night before she began undressing. Her head was full of Sir Justin and these mysterious hints of his. At last, however, she took her rubies off, and her pretty silk bodice. "I don't care for them at all," she thought, with a gulp,

"if they keep from me the love of the man I'd like to marry."

It was late before she fell asleep ; and when she did, her rest was troubled. She dreamt a great deal ; in her dreams, Sir Justin, and dance music, and the rubies, and burglars were incongruously mingled. To make up for it, she slept late next morning ; and Lady Maclure let her sleep on, thinking she was probably wearied out with much dancing the previous evening—as though any amount of excitement could ever weary a pretty American ! About ten o'clock she woke with a start. A vague feeling oppressed her that somebody had come in during the night and stolen her rubies. She rose hastily and went to her dressing-table to look for them. The case was there all right ; she opened it and looked at it. Oh, prophetic soul ! the rubies were gone, and the box was empty !

Now, Persis had honestly said the night before the burglar might take her rubies if he chose, and she wouldn't mind the loss of them. But that was last night, and the rubies hadn't then as yet been taken. This morning, somehow, things seemed quite different. It would be rough on us all (especially on politicians) if we must always be bound by what we said yesterday. Persis was an American, and no American is insensible to the charms of precious stones ; 'tis a savage taste which the European immigrants seem to have inherited obliquely from their Red Indian predecessors. She rushed over to the bell and rang it with feminine violence. Lady Maclure's maid answered the summons, as usual. She was a clever, demure-looking girl, this maid of Lady Maclure's ; and when Persis cried to her wildly, "Send for the police at once, and tell Sir Everard my jewels are stolen !" she answered "Yes, miss," with such sober acquiescence that Persis, who was American, and therefore a bundle of nerves, turned round and stared at her as an incomprehensible mystery. No Mahatma could have been more unmoved. She seemed quite to expect those rubies would be stolen, and to take no more notice of the incident than if Persis had told her she wanted hot water.

Lady Maclure, indeed, greatly prided herself on this cultivated imperturbability of Bertha's ; she regarded it as the fine flower of English domestic service. But Persis was American, and saw things otherwise ; to her, the calm repose with which Bertha answered, "Yes, miss ; certainly, miss ; I'll go and tell Sir Everard," seemed nothing short of exasperating.

Bertha went off with the news, closing the door quite softly; and a few minutes later Lady Maclure herself appeared in the Californian's room, to console her visitor under this severe domestic affliction. She found Persis sitting up in bed, in her pretty French dressing jacket (pale blue with *revers* of fawn colour), reading a book of verses. "Why, my dear!" Lady Maclure exclaimed, "then you've found them again, I suppose? Bertha told us you'd lost your lovely rubies!"

"So I have, dear Lady Maclure," Persis answered, wiping her eyes; "they're gone. They've been stolen. I forgot to lock my door when I came home last night, and the window was open; somebody must have come in, this way or that, and taken them. But whenever I'm in trouble, I try a dose of Browning. He's splendid for the nerves. He's so consoling, you know; he brings one to anchor."

She breakfasted in bed; she wouldn't leave the room, she declared, till the police arrived. After breakfast she rose and put on her dainty Parisian morning wrap—

Americans have always such pretty bedroom things for these informal receptions—and sat up in state to await the police officer. Sir Everard himself, much disturbed that such a mishap should have happened in his house, went round in person to fetch the official. While he was gone, Lady Maclure made a thorough search of the room, but couldn't find a trace of the missing rubies.

"Are you sure you put them in the case, dear?" she asked, for the honour of the household.

And Persis answered: "Quite confident, Lady Maclure: I always put them there the

moment I take them off; and when I came to look for them this morning, the case was empty."

"They were *very* valuable, I believe?" Lady Maclure said, inquiringly.

"Six thousand pounds was the figure in your money, I guess," Persis answered, ruefully. "I don't know if you call that a lot of money in England, but we do in America."

There was a moment's pause, and then Persis spoke again:—

"Lady Maclure," she said, abruptly, "do you consider that maid of yours a Christian woman?"

Lady Maclure was startled. That was hardly the light in which she was accustomed to regard the lower classes.

"Well, I don't know about that," she said, slowly; "that's a great deal, you know, dear, to assert about *anybody*, especially one's maid. But I should think she was honest, quite decidedly honest."

"Well, that's the same thing, about, isn't it?" Persis answered, much relieved. "I'm glad you think that's so; for I was almost half afraid of her. She's too

quiet for my taste, somehow; so silent, you know, and inscrutable."

"Oh, my dear," her hostess cried, "don't blame her for silence; that's just what I like about her. It's exactly what I chose her for. Such a nice, noiseless girl; moves about the room like a cat on tiptoe; knows her proper place, and never dreams of speaking unless she's spoken to."

"Well, you may like them that way in Europe," Persis responded, frankly; "but in America, we prefer them a little bit human."

Twenty minutes later the police officer arrived. He wasn't in uniform. The inspector,



"LADY MACLURE WAS STARTLED."

feeling at once the gravity of the case, and recognising that this was a Big Thing, in which there was glory to be won, and perhaps promotion, sent a detective at once, and advised that if possible nothing should be said to the household on the subject for the present, till the detective had taken a good look round the premises. That was useless, Sir Everard feared, for the lady's-maid knew; and the lady's-maid would be sure to go down, all agog with the news, to the servants' hall immediately. However, they might try; no harm in trying; and the sooner the detective got round to the house, of course, the better.

The detective accompanied him back—a keen-faced, close-shaven, irreproachable-looking man, like a vulgarized copy of Mr. John Morley. He was curt and business-like. His first question was, "Have the servants been told of this?"

Lady Maclure looked inquiringly across at Bertha. She herself had been sitting all the time with the bereaved Persis, to console her (with Browning) under this heavy affliction.

"No, my lady," Bertha answered, ever calm (invaluable servant, Bertha!), "I didn't mention it to anybody downstairs on purpose, thinking perhaps it might be decided to search the servants' boxes."

The detective pricked up his ears. He was engaged already in glancing casually round the room. He moved about it now, like a conjurer, with quiet steps and slow. "He doesn't get on one's nerves," Persis remarked, approvingly, in an undertone to her friend; then she added, aloud: "What's your name, please, Mr. Officer?"

The detective was lifting a lace handkerchief on the dressing-table at the side. He turned round softly. "Gregory, madam," he answered, hardly glancing at the girl, and going on with his occupation.

"The same as the powders!" Persis interposed, with a shudder. "I used to take them when I was a child. I never could bear them."

"We're useful, as remedies," the detective replied, with a quiet smile; "but nobody likes us." And he relapsed contentedly into his work once more, searching round the apartment.

"The first thing we have to do," he said, with a calm air of superiority, standing now by the window, with one hand in his pocket, "is to satisfy ourselves whether or not there has really, at all, been a robbery. We must look through the room well, and see you haven't left the rubies lying about loose

somewhere. Such things often happen. We're constantly called in to investigate a case, when it's only a matter of a lady's carelessness."

At that Persis flared up. A daughter of the great republic isn't accustomed to be doubted like a mere European woman. "I'm quite sure I took them off," she said, "and put them back in the jewel case. Of that I'm just confident. There isn't a doubt possible."

Mr. Gregory redoubled his search in all likely and unlikely places. "I should say that settles the matter," he answered, blandly. "Our experience is that whenever a lady's perfectly certain, beyond the possibility of doubt, she put a thing away safely, it's absolutely sure to turn up where she says she didn't put it."

Persis answered him never a word. Her manners had not that repose that stamps the caste of Vere de Vere; so, to prevent an outbreak, she took refuge in Browning.

Mr. Gregory, nothing abashed, searched the room thoroughly, up and down, without the faintest regard to Persis's feelings; he was a detective, he said, and his business was first of all to unmask crime, irrespective of circumstances. Lady Maclure stood by, meanwhile, with the imperturbable Bertha. Mr. Gregory investigated every hole and cranny, like a man who wishes to let the world see for itself he performs a disagreeable duty with unflinching thoroughness. When he had finished, he turned to Lady Maclure. "And now, if you please," he said, blandly, "we'll proceed to investigate the servants' boxes."

Lady Maclure looked at her maid. "Bertha," she said, "go downstairs, and see that none of the other servants come up, meanwhile, to their bedrooms." Lady Maclure was not quite to the manner born, and had never acquired the hateful aristocratic habit of calling women servants by their surnames only.

But the detective interposed. "No, no," he said, sharply. "This young woman had better stop here with Miss Remanet—strictly under her eye—till I've searched the boxes. For if I find nothing there, it may perhaps be my disagreeable duty, by-and-by, to call in a female detective to search her."

It was Lady Maclure's turn to flare up now. "Why, this is my own maid," she said, in a chilly tone, "and I've every confidence in her."

"Very sorry for that, my lady," Mr. Gregory responded, in a most official voice; "but our experience teaches us that if there's a person in the case whom nobody ever



"THE DETECTIVE WAS LIFTING A LACE HANDKERCHIEF."

dreams of suspecting, that person's the one who has committed the robbery."

"Why, you'll be suspecting myself next!" Lady Maclure cried, with some disgust.

"Your ladyship's just the last person in the world I should think of suspecting," the detective answered, with a deferential bow—which, after his previous speech, was to say the least of it equivocal.

Persis began to get annoyed. She didn't half like the look of that girl Bertha, herself; but still, she was there as Lady Maclure's guest, and she couldn't expose her hostess to discomfort on her account.

"The girl shall *not* be searched," she put in, growing hot. "I don't care a cent whether I lose the wretched stones or not. Compared to human dignity, what are they worth? Not five minutes' consideration."

"They're worth just seven years," Mr. Gregory answered, with professional definiteness. "And as to searching, why, that's out of your hands now. This is a criminal case. I'm here to discharge a public duty."

"I don't in the least mind being searched," Bertha put in obligingly, with an air of

indifference. "You can search me if you like—when you've got a warrant for it."

The detective looked up sharply; so also did Persis. This ready acquaintance with the liberty of the subject in criminal cases impressed her unfavourably. "Ah! we'll see about that," Mr. Gregory answered, with a cool smile. "Meanwhile, Lady Maclure, I'll have a look at the boxes."

III.

THE search (strictly illegal) brought out nothing. Mr. Gregory returned to Persis's bedroom, disconsolate. "You can leave the room," he said to Bertha; and Bertha glided out. "I've set another man outside to keep a constant eye on her," he added in explanation.

By this time Persis had almost made her mind up as to who was the culprit; but she said nothing overt, for Lady Maclure's sake, to the detective. As for that immovable official, he began asking questions—some of them, Persis thought, almost bordering

on the personal. Where had she been last night? Was she sure she had really worn the rubies? How did she come home? Was she certain she took them off? Did the maid help her undress? Who came back with her in the carriage?

To all these questions, rapidly fired off with cross-examining acuteness, Persis answered in the direct American fashion. She was sure she had the rubies on when she came home to Hampstead, because Sir Justin O'Byrne, who came back with her in his sister's carriage, had noticed them the last thing, and had told her to take care of them.

At mention of that name the detective smiled meaningly. (A meaning smile is stock-in-trade to a detective.) "Oh, Sir Justin O'Byrne!" he repeated, with quiet self-constraint. "He came back with you in the carriage, then? And did he sit the same side with you?"

Lady Maclure grew indignant (that was Mr. Gregory's cue). "Really, sir," she said, angrily, "if you're going to suspect gentlemen in Sir Justin's position, we shall none of us be safe from you."

"The law," Mr. Gregory replied, with an

air of profound deference, "is no respecter of persons."

"But it ought to be of characters," Lady Maclure cried, warmly. "What's the good of having a blameless character, I should like to know, if—if——"

"If it doesn't allow you to commit a robbery with impunity?" the detective interposed, finishing her sentence his own way. "Well, well, that's true. That's perfectly true—but Sir Justin's character, you see, can hardly be called blameless."

"He's a gentleman," Persis cried, with flashing eyes, turning round upon the officer; "and he's quite incapable of such a mean and despicable crime as you dare to suspect him of."

"Oh, I see," the officer answered, like one to whom a welcome ray of light breaks suddenly through a great darkness. "Sir Justin's a friend of yours! Did he come into the porch with you?"

"He did," Persis answered, flushing crimson; "and if you have the insolence to bring a charge against him——"

"Calm yourself, madam," the detective replied, coolly. "I do nothing of the sort—at this stage of the proceedings. It's possible there may have been no robbery in the case at all. We must keep our minds open for the present to every possible alternative. It's—it's a delicate matter to hint at; but before we go any further—do you think, perhaps, Sir Justin may have carried the rubies away by mistake, entangled in his clothes?—say, for example, his coat-sleeve?"

It was a loophole of escape; but Persis didn't jump at it.

"He had never the opportunity," she answered, with a flash. "And I know quite well they were there on my neck when he left me, for the last thing he said to me was, looking up at this very window: 'That balcony's awfully convenient for a burglary. Mind you take good care of the Remanet rubies.' And I remembered what he'd said when I took them off last night; and that's what makes me so sure I really had them."

"And you slept with the window open!" the detective went on, still smiling to himself. "Well, here we have all the materials, to be sure, for a first-class mystery!"

IV.

FOR some days more, nothing further turned up of importance about the Great Ruby Robbery. It got into the papers, of course, as everything does nowadays, and all London was talking of it. Persis found herself quite famous as the American lady who had lost

her jewels. People pointed her out in the park; people stared at her hard through their opera-glasses at the theatre. Indeed, the possession of the celebrated Remanet rubies had never made her half so conspicuous in the world as the loss of them made her. It was almost worth while losing them, Persis thought, to be so much made of as she was in society in consequence. All the world knows a young lady must be somebody when she can offer a reward of five hundred pounds for the recovery of gew-gaws valued at six thousand.

Sir Justin met her in the Row one day. "Then you don't go to Paris for awhile yet—until you get them back?" he inquired very low.

And Persis answered, blushing, "No, Sir Justin; not yet; and—I'm almost glad of it."

"No, you don't mean that!" the young man cried, with perfect boyish ardour. "Well, I confess, Miss Remanet, the first thing I thought myself when I read it in *The Times* was just the very same: 'Then, after all, she won't go yet to Paris!'"

Persis looked up at him from her pony with American frankness. "And I," she said, quivering, "I found anchor in Browning. For what do you think I read?"

'And learn to rate a true man's heart

Far above rubies.'

The book opened at the very place; and *there* I found anchor!"

But when Sir Justin went round to his rooms that same evening his servant said to him, "A gentleman was inquiring for you here this afternoon, sir. A close-shaven gentleman. Not very prepossessin'. And it seemed to me somehow, sir, as if he was trying to pump me."

Sir Justin's face was grave. He went to his bedroom at once. He knew what that man wanted; and he turned straight to his wardrobe, looking hard at the dress coat he had worn on the eventful evening. Things may cling to a sleeve, don't you know—or be entangled in a cuff—or get casually into a pocket! Or someone may put them there.

V.

FOR the next ten days or so Mr. Gregory was busy, constantly busy. Without doubt, he was the most active and energetic of detectives. He carried out so fully his own official principle of suspecting everybody, from China to Peru, that at last poor Persis got fairly mazed with his web of possibilities. Nobody was safe from his cultivated and highly-trained suspicion—not Sir Everard in his studio, nor



"SIR JUSTIN MET HER IN THE ROW."

Lady Maclure in her boudoir, nor the butler in his pantry, nor Sir Justin O'Byrne in his rooms in St. James's. Mr. Gregory kept an open mind against everybody and everything. He even doubted the parrot, and had views as to the intervention of rats and terriers. Persis got rather tired at last of his perverse ingenuity; especially as she had a very shrewd idea herself who had stolen the rubies. When he suggested various doubts, however, which seemed remotely to implicate Sir Justin's honesty, the sensitive American girl "felt it go on her nerves," and refused to listen to him, though Mr. Gregory never ceased to enforce upon her, by precept and example, his own pet doctrine that the last person on earth one would be likely to suspect is always the one who turns out to have done it.

A morning or two later, Persis looked out of her window as she was dressing her hair. She dressed it herself now, though she was an American heiress, and, therefore, of

course, the laziest of her kind; for she had taken an unaccountable dislike, somehow, to that quiet girl Bertha. On this particular morning, however, when Persis looked out, she saw Bertha engaged in close, and apparently very intimate, conversation with the Hampstead postman. This sight disturbed the unstable equilibrium of her equanimity not a little. Why should Bertha go to the door to the postman at all? Surely it was no part of the duty of Lady Maclure's maid to take in the letters! And why should she want to go prying into the question of who wrote to Miss Remanet? For Persis, intensely conscious herself that a note from Sir Justin

lay on top of the postman's bundle—she recognised it at once, even at that distance below, by the peculiar shape of the broad rough envelope—jumped to the natural feminine conclusion that Bertha must needs be influenced by some abstruse motive of which she herself, Persis, was, to say the very least, a component element. 'Tis a human fallacy. We're all of us prone to see everything from a personal standpoint; indeed, the one quality which makes a man or woman into a possible novelist, good, bad, or indifferent, is just that special power of throwing himself or herself into a great many people's personalities alternately. And this is a power possessed on an average by not one in a thousand men or not one in ten thousand women.

Persis rang the bell violently. Bertha came up, all smiles: "Did you want anything, miss?" Persis could have choked her. "Yes," she answered, plainly, taking the bull by the horns; "I want to know what you

were doing down there, prying into other people's letters with the postman?"

Bertha looked up at her, ever bland; she answered at once, without a second's hesitation: "The postman's my young man, miss; and we hope before very long now to get married."

"Odious thing!" Persis thought. "A glib lie always ready on the tip of her tongue for every emergency."

But Bertha's full heart was beating violently. Beating with love and hope and deferred anxiety.

A little later in the day Persis mentioned the incident casually to Lady Maclure—mainly in order to satisfy herself that the girl had been lying. Lady Maclure, however, gave a qualified assent:—

"I *believe* she's engaged to the postman," she said. "I *think* I've heard so; though I make it a rule, you see, my dear, to know as little as I can of these people's love affairs. They're so very uninteresting. But Bertha certainly told me she wouldn't leave me to get married for an indefinite period. That was only ten days ago. She said her young man wasn't just yet in a position to make a home for her."

"Perhaps," Persis suggested, grimly, "something has occurred meanwhile to better her position. Such strange things crop up. She may have come into a fortune!"

"Perhaps so," Lady Maclure replied, languidly. The subject bored her. "Though, if so, it must really have been very sudden; for I think it was the morning before you lost your jewels she told me so."

Persis thought that odd, but she made no comment.

Before dinner that evening she burst suddenly into Lady Maclure's room for a minute. Bertha was dressing her lady's hair. Friends were coming to dine—among them Sir Justin. "How do these pearls go with my complexion, Lady Maclure?" Persis asked rather anxiously; for she specially wished to look her best that evening, for one of the party.

"Oh, charming!" her hostess answered, with her society smile. "Never saw anything suit you better, Persis."

"Except my poor rubies!" Persis cried rather ruefully, for coloured gewgaws are dear to the savage and the woman. "I wish I could get them back! I wonder that man Gregory hasn't succeeded in finding them."

"Oh! my dear," Lady Maclure drawled out, "you may be sure by this time they're

safe at Amsterdam. That's the only place in Europe now to look for them."

"Why to Amsterdam, my lady?" Bertha interposed suddenly, with a quick side-glance at Persis.

Lady Maclure threw her head back in surprise at so unwonted an intrusion. "What do you want to know that for, child?" she asked, somewhat curtly. "Why, to be cut, of course. All the diamond-cutters in the world are concentrated in Amsterdam; and the first thing a thief does when he steals big jewels is to send them across, and have them cut in new shapes so that they can't be identified."

"I shouldn't have thought," Bertha put in, calmly, "they'd have known who to send them to."

Lady Maclure turned to her sharply. "Why, these things," she said, with a calm air of knowledge, "are always done by experienced thieves, who know the ropes well, and are in league with receivers the whole world over. But Gregory has his eye on Amsterdam, I'm sure, and we'll soon hear something."

"Yes, my lady," Bertha answered, in her acquiescent tone, and relapsed into silence.

VI.

FOUR days later, about nine at night, that hard-worked man, the posty on the beat, stood loitering outside Sir Everard Maclure's house, openly defying the rules of the department, in close conference with Bertha.

"Well, any news?" Bertha asked, trembling over with excitement, for she was a very different person outside with her lover from the demure and imperturbable model maid who waited on my lady.

"Why, yes," the posty answered, with a low laugh of triumph. "A letter from Amsterdam! And I think we've fixed it!"

Bertha almost flung herself upon him. "Oh, Harry!" she cried, all eagerness, "this is too good to be true! Then in just one other month we can really get married!"

There was a minute's pause, inarticulately filled up by sounds unrepresentable through the art of the type-founder. Then Harry spoke again. "It's an awful lot of money!" he said, musing. "A regular fortune! And what's more, Bertha, if it hadn't been for your cleverness we never should have got it!"

Bertha pressed his hand affectionately. Even ladies'-maids are human.

"Well, if I hadn't been so much in love with you," she answered, frankly, "I don't think I could ever have had the wit to manage

it. But, oh! Harry, love makes one do or try anything!"

If Persis had heard those singular words, she would have felt no doubt but any longer possible.

VII.

NEXT morning, at ten o'clock, a policeman came round, post haste, to Sir Everard's. He asked to see Miss Remanet. When Persis came down, in her morning wrap, he had but a brief message from head quarters to give her: "Your jewels are found, Miss. Will you stepround and identify them?"

Persis drove back with him, all trembling. Lady Maclure accompanied her. At the police-station they left their cab, and entered the ante-room.

A little group had assembled there. The first person Persis distinctly made out in it was Sir Justin. A great terror seized her. Gregory had so poisoned her mind by this time with suspicion of everybody and everything she came across, that she was afraid of her own shadow. But next moment she saw clearly he wasn't there as prisoner, or even as witness; merely as spectator. She acknowledged him with a hasty bow, and cast her eye round again. The next person she definitely distinguished was Bertha, as calm and cool as ever, but in the very centre of the group, occupying as it were the place of honour which naturally belongs to the prisoner on all similar occasions. Persis was not surprised at that; she had known it all along; she glanced meaningly at Gregory, who stood a little behind, looking by no means triumphant. Persis found his dejection odd; but he was a proud detective, and perhaps someone else had effected the capture!

"These are your jewels, I believe," the inspector said, holding them up; and Persis admitted it.

"This is a painful case," the inspector went on. "A very painful case. We grieve to have discovered such a clue against one

of our own men; but as he owns to it himself, and intends to throw himself on the mercy of the Court, it's no use talking about it. He

won't attempt to defend it; indeed, with such evidence, I think he's doing what's best and wisest."

Persis stood there, all dazed. "I—I don't understand," she cried, with a swimming brain. "Who on earth are you talking about?"

The inspector pointed mutely with one hand at Gregory; and then for the first time Persis saw he was guarded. She clapped her hand to her head. In a moment it all broke in upon her. When she had called in the police, the rubies had never been stolen at all. It was Gregory who stole them!

She understood it now, at once. The real

facts came back to her. She had taken her necklet off at night, laid it carelessly down on the dressing-table (too full of Sir Justin), covered it accidentally with her lace pocket-handkerchief, and straightway forgotten all about it. Next day she missed it, and jumped at conclusions. When Gregory came, he spied the rubies askance under the corner of the handkerchief—of course, being a woman, she had naturally looked everywhere except in the place where she laid them—and knowing it was a safe case he had quietly pocketed them before her very eyes, all unsuspected. He felt sure nobody could accuse him of a robbery which was committed before he came, and which he had himself been called in to investigate.

"The worst of it is," the inspector went on, "he had woven a very ingenious case against Sir Justin O'Byrne, whom we were on the very point of arresting to-day, if this young woman hadn't come in at the eleventh hour, in the very nick of time, and earned the reward by giving us the clue that led to the discovery and recovery of the jewels. They were brought over this morning by an Amsterdam detective."



"LOVE MAKES ONE DO OR TRY ANYTHING."



"THESE ARE YOUR JEWELS, I BELIEVE."

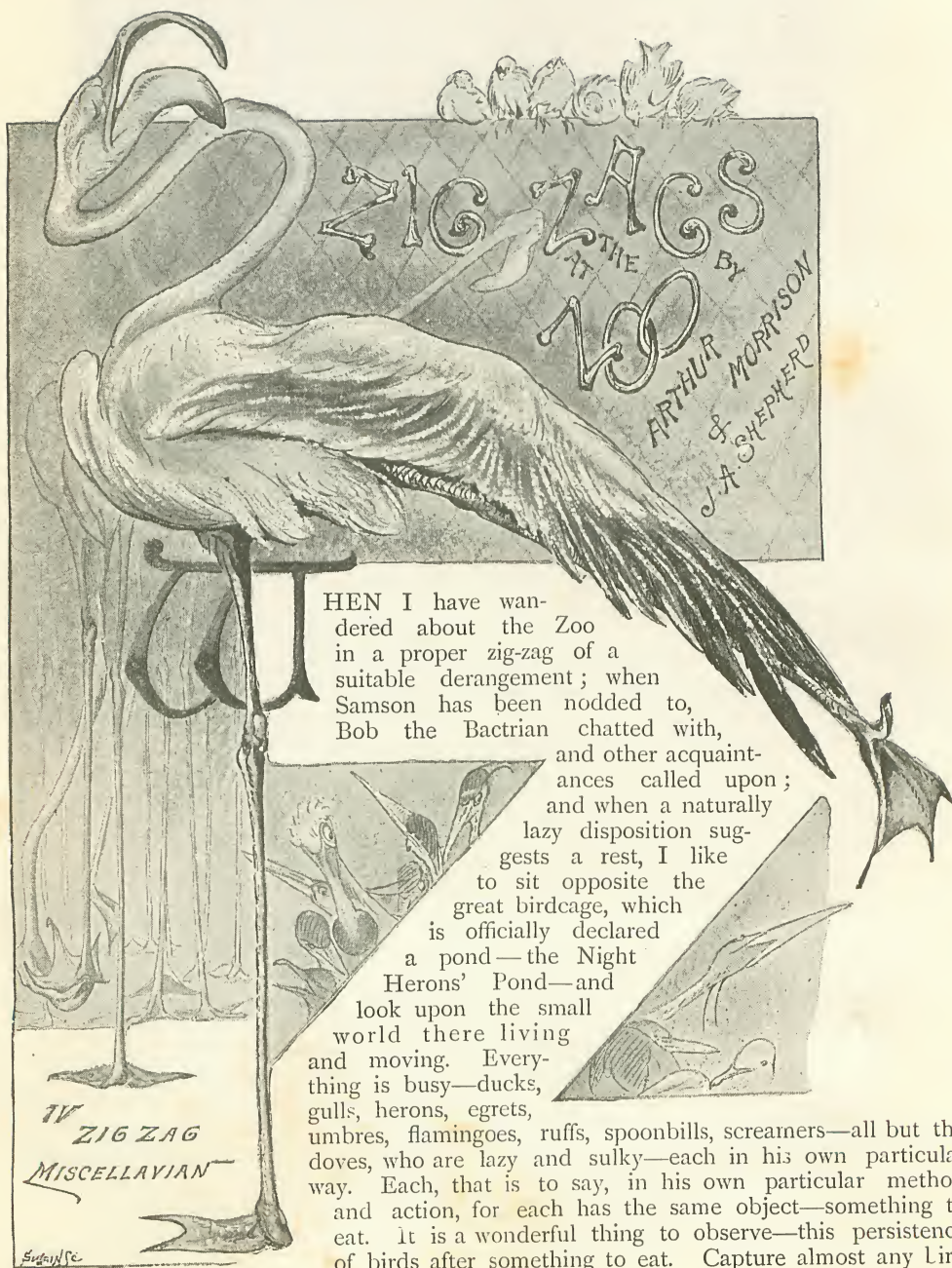
Persis looked hard at Bertha. Bertha answered her look. "My young man was the postman, miss," she explained, quite simply; "and after what my lady said, I put him up to watch Mr. Gregory's delivery for a letter from Amsterdam. I'd suspected him from the very first; and when the letter came, we had him arrested at once, and found out from it who were the people at Amsterdam who had the rubies."

Persis gasped with astonishment. Her brain was reeling. But Gregory in the background put in one last word:—

"Well, I was right, after all," he said, with

professional pride. "I told you the very last person you'd dream of suspecting was sure to be the one that actually did it."

Lady O'Byrne's rubies were very much admired at Monte Carlo last season. Mr. Gregory has found permanent employment for the next seven years at Her Majesty's quarries on the Isle of Portland. Bertha and her postman have retired to Canada with five hundred pounds to buy a farm. And everybody says Sir Justin O'Byrne has beaten the record, after all, even for Irish baronets, by making a marriage at once of money and affection.



WHEN I have wandered about the Zoo
 in a proper zig-zag of a
 suitable derangement; when
 Samson has been nodded to,
 Bob the Bactrian chatted with,
 and other acquaintances called upon;
 and when a naturally
 lazy disposition suggests a rest, I like
 to sit opposite the
 great birdcage, which
 is officially declared
 a pond—the Night
 Herons' Pond—and
 look upon the small
 world there living
 and moving. Every-
 thing is busy—ducks,
 gulls, herons, egrets,
 umbres, flamingoes, ruffs, spoonbills, screamers—all but the
 doves, who are lazy and sulky—each in his own particular
 way. Each, that is to say, in his own particular method
 and action, for each has the same object—something to
 eat. It is a wonderful thing to observe—this persistence
 of birds after something to eat. Capture almost any bird

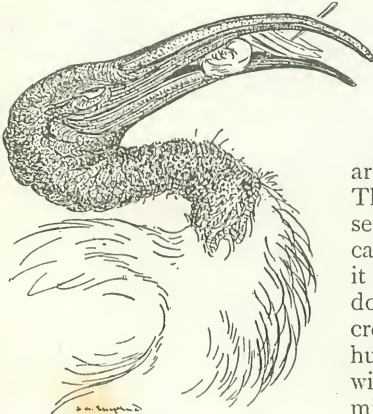
IV
 ZIG ZAG
 MISCELLANEOUS

you please, fill him with somewhere about double his own bulk of food, and let him go again. In two minutes you shall find that bird gravely prospecting about and making all sorts of experimental borings—for something to eat. And birds show the most extraordinary conviction of the edibility of the world in general. Most birds will extract nourishment somehow from a brick, an old nail, or a broken bottle ; those



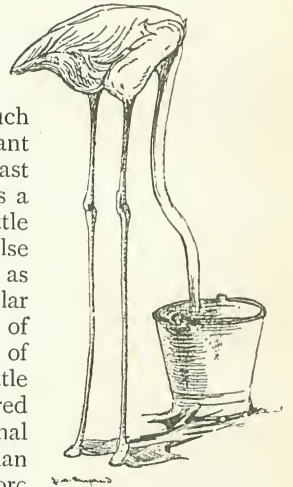
VEGETARIANS.

who can't will try. And when a certain tract has been searched through, pebble by pebble, and found to be absolutely barren, then they will begin on it again, on the off-chance of a thrown brick or the passing of some human creature in the meantime having left behind it something to eat.

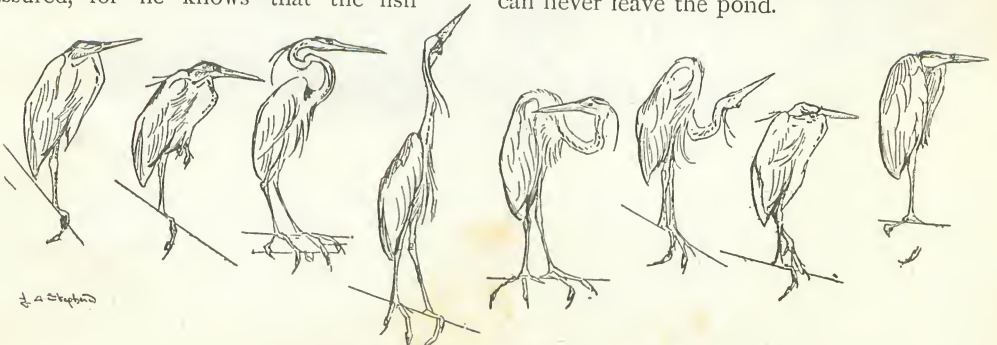


THE GOOD-HUMOURED IBIS.

Here most of the birds are omnivorous—certainly none are vegetarians but the doves. The doves, as vegetarians, represent the brotherhood, or the cause, or the belief, or whatever it is, rather unfavourably. The dove can never do anything much credit, being rather an insignificant humbug itself. Here, in contrast with the rest, you observe it as a miserably inactive and sulky little bird, who won't join anything else in a hopeless food-hunt, but is as greedy as all the rest together when the keeper brings a regular meal. Also it growls and fumes angrily at the friendly approach of any other bird—a bird probably who would make little trouble of eating it at a sitting, beak and all. And sitting in fluffy little groups of two or three, it grunts pharisaically at the good-humoured ibis below, as he tosses his long beak and swallows whatever animal food it may have found him. The dove takes life more easily than any of the other birds in the place, and still goes about (or, more ordinarily, sits still) grumbling, peevish, and spiteful.



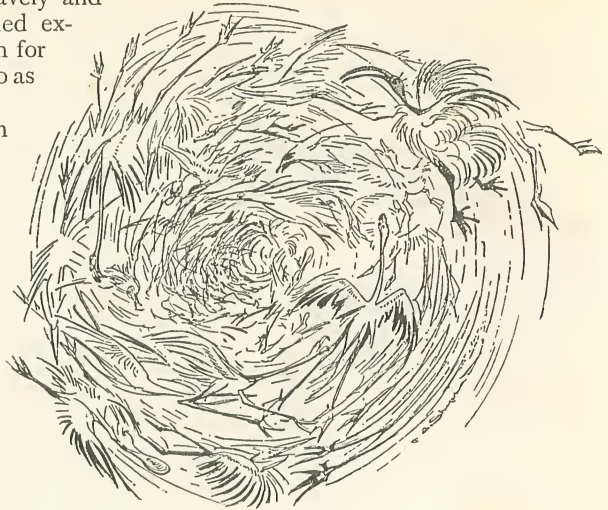
The flamingoes forming the upper ten (as well as four can) in this little world, insist on being served from a lordly pail, from which, their heads being inverted, their upper beaks scoop. The heron, although no inferior searcher of the ground, will never trouble unnecessarily about provisions already in a safe place. No provisions are in a safe place here among so many birds ; but Jerry, the solitary purple heron in the cage just behind us, has a tiny pond to himself. Throw a little fish therein, soon after Jerry's dinner. Jerry, without leaving his perch, will inspect it narrowly—from above, to see if it be alive ; from the side, to judge of its plumpness ; and from each other direction, for purposes which any other intelligent heron will at once understand. Then Jerry will return to his siesta, his next snack assured, for he knows that the fish can never leave the pond.



A NARROW INSPECTION.

A bird will never sacrifice an ounce of dignity if it may be saved. Observe a little crowd of the smaller birds here swoop upon a handful of biscuit-crumbs—ruffs, gulls, and maybe a little oyster-catcher; see then a larger bird approach. All these dignified little birds at once raise their beaks and stalk gravely and deliberately off, with an unconcerned expression of having had quite enough for themselves, so that the big bird may do as he likes with the remainder.

The sudden appearance of a man in the inclosure may cause what seems to be a temporary upset of the general dignity—that of all the birds, big or little. All join in a tempestuous swirl, filling the air with flappings and small shrieks. But, the shock over, the swirl becomes nothing but the collective fly round, by way of exercise, which is a regular part of the day's enjoyment at the Night Herons' Pond. Though the man stay, the swirl will soon settle, and the swirlers join in a stately walk-off—away from the man, however—a sort of quaintly regular parade—a church parade, let us say, for its decorum. The most imposing parader is the horned screamer, who is a sort of pageant by himself. He stands upright, spreads his wings wide, throws his head back, and lifts his extensive feet much before him—a very beadle, a very drum-major among birds.



A SWIRL.

Wherever so many animals as this, of any sort, be gathered together, there will be found some comedy characters. The African hammer-head (or, more politely, the tufted umbre) is a comedy character, when he is on foot. His comic head labels him at once; and he plays up to his comic head. He doesn't join in the swirl when a man comes in—on the contrary, he runs towards him, and, cocking his sharp eye, looks out for—something to eat. Then, as the man moves off, the hammer-head trots zealously after his heels, looking for that something to eat in the boot tracks. A human being, in the belief of the hammer-head, is a moving thing which exudes everywhere something



CHURCH PARADE.

to eat. Wherefore, in whatsoever place a human being may have been, and upon or near whatsoever thing he may have touched, the hammer-head expects to find refreshments. He rushes immediately to that place and hunts assiduously. If he find nothing, his first expression is one of unbounded surprise. The laws of Nature, it would seem, are being defied. So he looks again, to make quite sure. But there is really nothing. He thinks for a second, and then glares with sharp suspicion in the direction of the retreating creature. It can't be a human being, after all. It is a mere fraud; some conceited thing trying to look

like one. Else, why isn't there something to eat? And he turns off with contempt. But when the hammer-head takes to flying, the low comedy goes, and, with his broad brown wings and swooping flight, he is rather a professional beauty than otherwise. Nothing but the flap of the hammer-head's wings will disturb the sulky heron—the solitary misanthrope whose place is the right-hand upper corner of the great cage, and whom nothing will tempt down.



THE HAMMER-HEAD.

ence of all other living things. He has given up chasing the other birds about the inclosure, because he couldn't always catch the little ones, and sometimes the big ones caught him. So he sits on a convenient tree and waits for anything assailable to come within two yards. Then every fine feather on his body stands up electrically, and



FRONT.

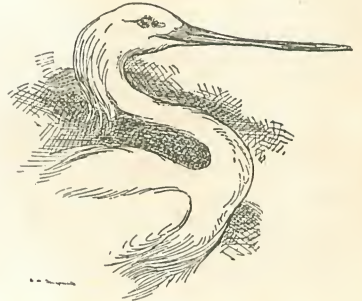
—well, go and see him, if you like a picture of fury. It isn't always easy to express your egret—this last being a sentence wherein one might build a laborious pun were the laws of ordinary decency in abeyance.

acquaintance, and not an impertinent stranger; then he says "Kra-a-ak!" and goes on looking for something to eat. I reply cheerily. He lifts his head again, and approaching the wires and standing at his full height, with outstretched wings, says "Kra-a-ak"—not at all the same word, observe, although of the same spelling; the tone and meaning being more confidential. Thereafter he keeps nearer, and we conduct a mutually improving conversation of whistles and kra-a-aks.

Sam is the acknowledged monarch of this inclosure. He is a gentle and considerate monarch,

The spoonbill might be a professional beauty himself, if he could always be looked at sideways—a white, graceful, slim-beaked beauty; but he will turn his head about (looking for something to eat), and then that fearful, bibulous nose upsets the picture completely.

Even the snowy egret provides a little fun at times, although he doesn't mean it. He is very much in earnest, is the snowy egret, and objects, with long claws and a very sharp beak, to the earthly exist-

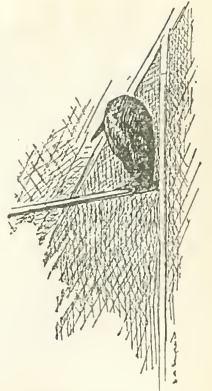


SIDE.

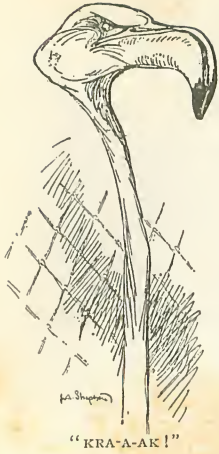
But the great bird here is the flamingo. I like the flamingo. He runs a deal to neck and legs, but his heart is in the right place. It really can't help it. You can't imagine a startled flamingo's heart jumping into his mouth—the way is too long and bendy; while as to its sinking into his boots, even if he had any—just look at his legs! When first I arrive at this inclosure I always whistle for Sam, the big flamingo. Sam immediately lifts his head and takes a long sideways look to assure himself that it is an



THE SNOWY EGRET



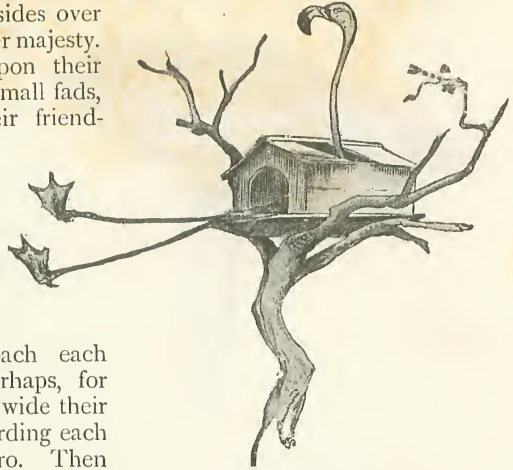
SULKY.



"KRA-A-AK!"

for instance. The ruffs are small, but there is character about them. See two approach each other from opposite directions—looking, perhaps, for something to eat. They meet, stop, straddle wide their legs, and blow up their neck-feathers. Regarding each other fixedly, they rock solemnly to and fro. Then they let fall their collars and go off, each on his way, as though nothing had happened. It is a rude

courtesy—a sort of ruff etiquette, in fact. Sometimes, however, this putting on of frills—as the same thing will do in other places—leads to fights. And over all reigns the majestic Sam—over the fluffy-necked little ruff, the perky hammer-head, the dissipated spoonbill, the jolly ibis, the sedate screamer, and the excitable egret. Nothing can disturb Sam's serenity—nothing, at any rate, which can happen in this aviary. One thing might do it—a thing I hope never to see happen. An ill-natured keeper might bring in a common goose, and introduce him. Now, I believe that this would cut Sam's feelings sorely, because the flamingo, after all (although here it is treason to say so), is really only a kind of goose, in the classification of the spiteful naturalist; and publicly to bring him face to face with his vulgar and ungraceful poor relation



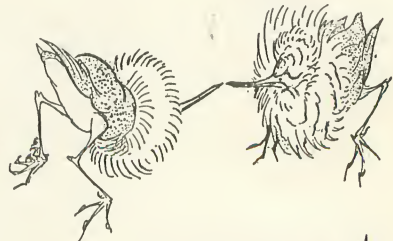
ILL-FITTING.

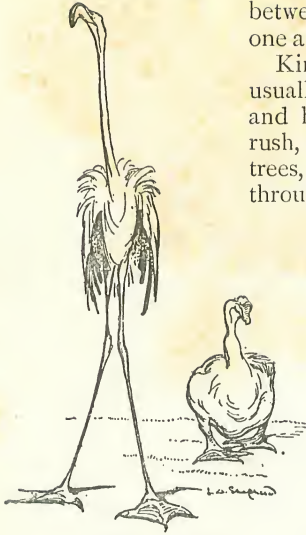


RUFF AMENITIES.

would give Sam away cruelly among his subjects. The poor relation is a mere low caricature of Sam in neck and legs; and a thing which, in its own ridiculous way, makes a preposterous showing off and posing of its burlesque neck.

Which reflection leads us to another—that the birds in this inclosure may be classified into two sorts: those who are proud of their necks—as the ruffs and flamingoes; and those who are ashamed of them—as the herons, who bury them





A VULGAR RELATION.

between their shoulders, until, from the back, you shall judge one a humpbacked old witch and a thing of evil.

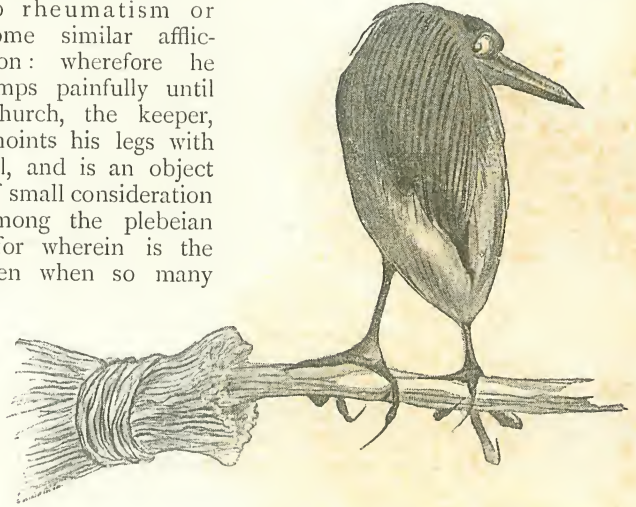
King Sam, with all his majesty, must take exercise sometimes—usually after the royal bath. Whereat all other birds avoid his path, and hide in unconsidered corners. Sam's exercise is a devastating rush, comprehending all this inclosure, without consideration for trees, or shrubs, or birds, or rocks, or water. He merely sweeps through all, in strides of many yards, with outstretched neck, and wings a-spread and gorgeous in black and scarlet. This for some five stormy minutes, and with again and again a "Kra-a-ak."

One only among the flamingo nobility retains, in this climate, a pink flush over all his outer feathers; and he, good soul, is subject to rheumatism or some similar affliction: wherefore he limps painfully until Church, the keeper, anoints his legs with oil, and is an object of small consideration among the plebeian

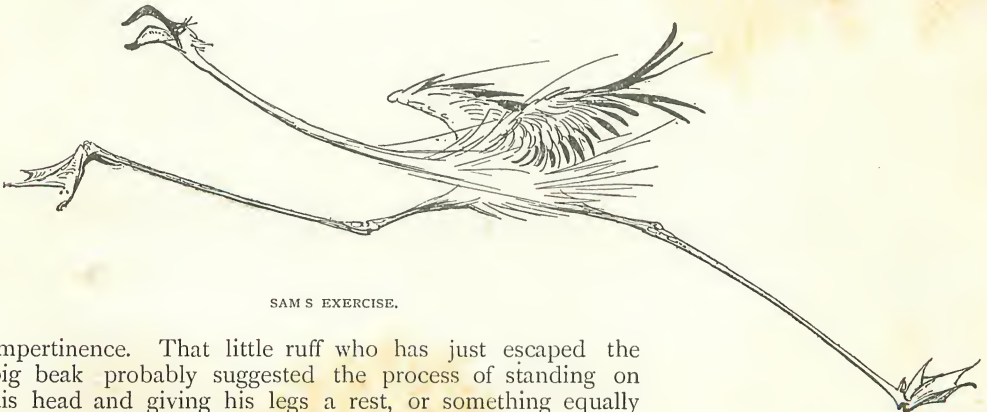
gulls and ducks about him; for wherein is the grandeur of rheumatic legs, even when so many times as long as thick?

And so, in a quiet corner, he stands, with a special pail of refreshment within beak-reach, and nurses his affliction. And smaller birds, with a certain timorous impudence—for he has still a fearsome beak, which will reach a long way—trot up and pretend to sympathize with him. You have only to look at them to read all they are saying.

They suggest all sorts of treatment, just as people do to human rheumatics. They begin by suggesting reasonable remedies, and, growing bolder by reason of impunity and the titters of their friends, venture upon



A THING OF EVIL.



SAM'S EXERCISE.

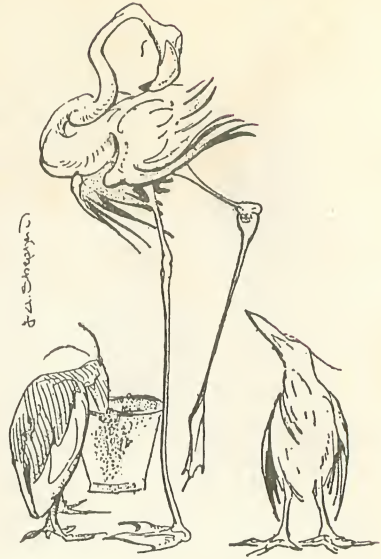
impertinence. That little ruff who has just escaped the big beak probably suggested the process of standing on his head and giving his legs a rest, or something equally savouring of errand-boy wit.

There are two wicked old herons who offer advice with ulterior designs. They assume a sympathetic and soothing demeanour and approach together. They inquire anxiously for



I.—SYMPATHY.

any improvement. There is none. Then number one engages the invalid's attention while number two sidles round behind in the direction of the refreshment-pail. I know what number one is saying as well as if I could hear it—"Now, there was an aunt of mine," says number one, "who suffered terribly. She had all the best doctors and tried everything. All the specialists gave her up—quite incurable. Well, one day, who should come



III.—MORE OF IT.

in but an old neighbour of hers—one of the Kingfishers. 'Haven't you tried French polish?' says he. 'No,' says my aunt, 'and don't intend.' 'Oh, but you should try French polish,' says he. And so, after a lot of persuasion, she tried it; and I assure you—" etc., etc. In course of which number two's head is hidden in the refreshment-pail. Presently the head reappears, and number two, springing suddenly into notice, says: "Now, I once had



II.—ADVICE.

a grandfather who was a sad victim. He had all the best doctors—dear me, but that leg must really be very painful. I can't help noticing it—such a really noble leg too! Really I *am* sorry. Well, as I was saying, my grandfather was a sad victim. Tried all the doctors, you know—all the famous specialists; cost him a fearful amount. Nothing seemed to do him any good. Indeed I always said he only got worse and worse. Really we quite began to despair of my poor grandfather. Well,



IV.—PERFIDY.



A POSSIBILITY.

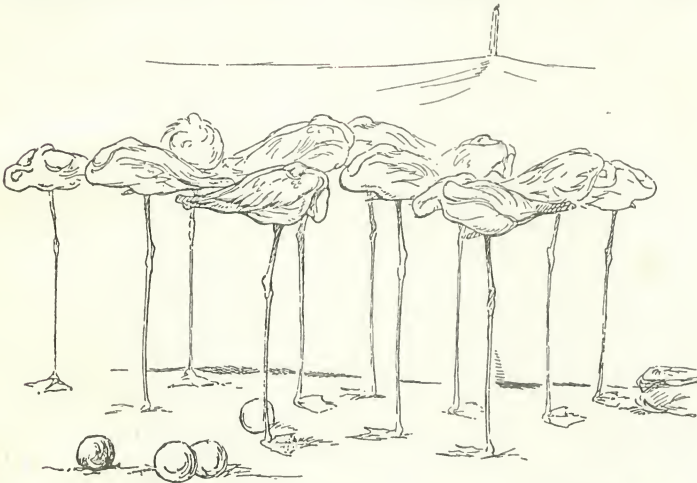
one day—just as it might be to day, you know—in drops an old friend—bittern—just as it might be me. ‘Dear me,’ says the bittern—just as I might say to you—‘why don’t you try dynamite—,’” and so on, and so on; while number one fades off towards the pail. It is a sad world, wherein even herons’ friendship is false.

I rather dread the winter for this invalid. Church may pull him round now with much oil, but the winter will assuredly call for crutches and a foot sling. Or will they swathe his legs in great folds of straw and matting as they do a tropical plant or a barnstormer brigand, leaving him to stand the winter through in a warm corner, and watch his merry cage-mates at their winter sport? I should like to see—to see their winter sport—their winter sport—

see their winter sport. Yes. Snow-balls, no doubt, and sliding on the pond on the pond But it’s



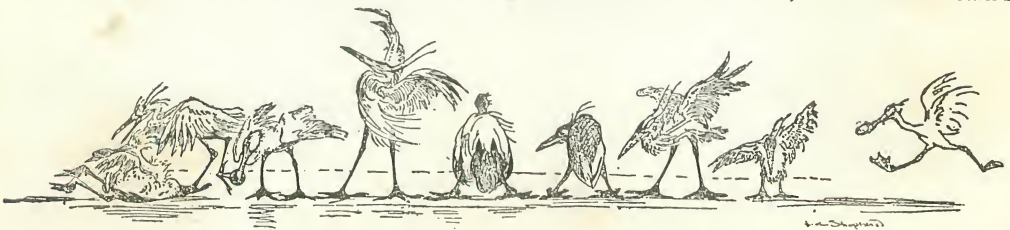
ANOTHER.



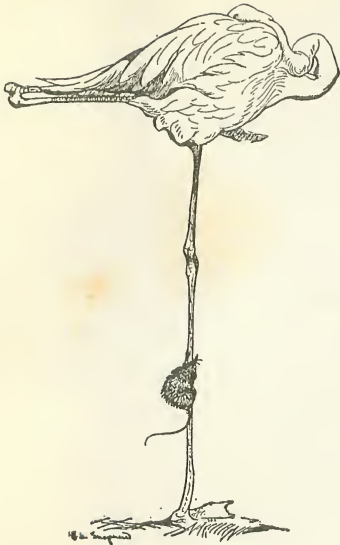
ROLL, BOWL, OR PITCH.

warm now. Yes. The present sport is a sort of cocoanut-shy business, with trussed poultry for prizes. Is it really the flamingoes, standing on one leg apiece? Flamingoes—red wings—flaming goes about the cage. That’s a joke; funny. Roll, bowl, or pitch. See that rat? He’s going to climb one of the sticks. Rats always expect to find something to eat—top of a stick. Part of their

system. Poultry at top opens out and unfolds another stick—leg. Why, it’s Sam. That’s funny! Rat bolts—he’d better. Not quite sure I shouldn’t bolt myself if Sam were after me with that beak. And eyes, too; seem bigger than usual; and closer. Sam’s



WINTER SPORT.



a shocking monster. Rat bolts up stage. It is a stage, of course. Rock scenery R., tropical vegetation L.U.E. and back. Chorus of herons and ibis—ibises—ibiseses. Sam is M. le Brun, and M. le Brun is *première danseuse*. Wriggles down centre of stage on toes, *secundum artem*. That's Latin. Don't remember the ballet—or is it pantomime? Herons in front look at me and grin fiendishly. Also ducks; very good masks. Sam pirouettes, kicks twice, and smiles. Wonder what he'll do when he wants to kiss his hand. Must think it over. Why, here come the others, invalid

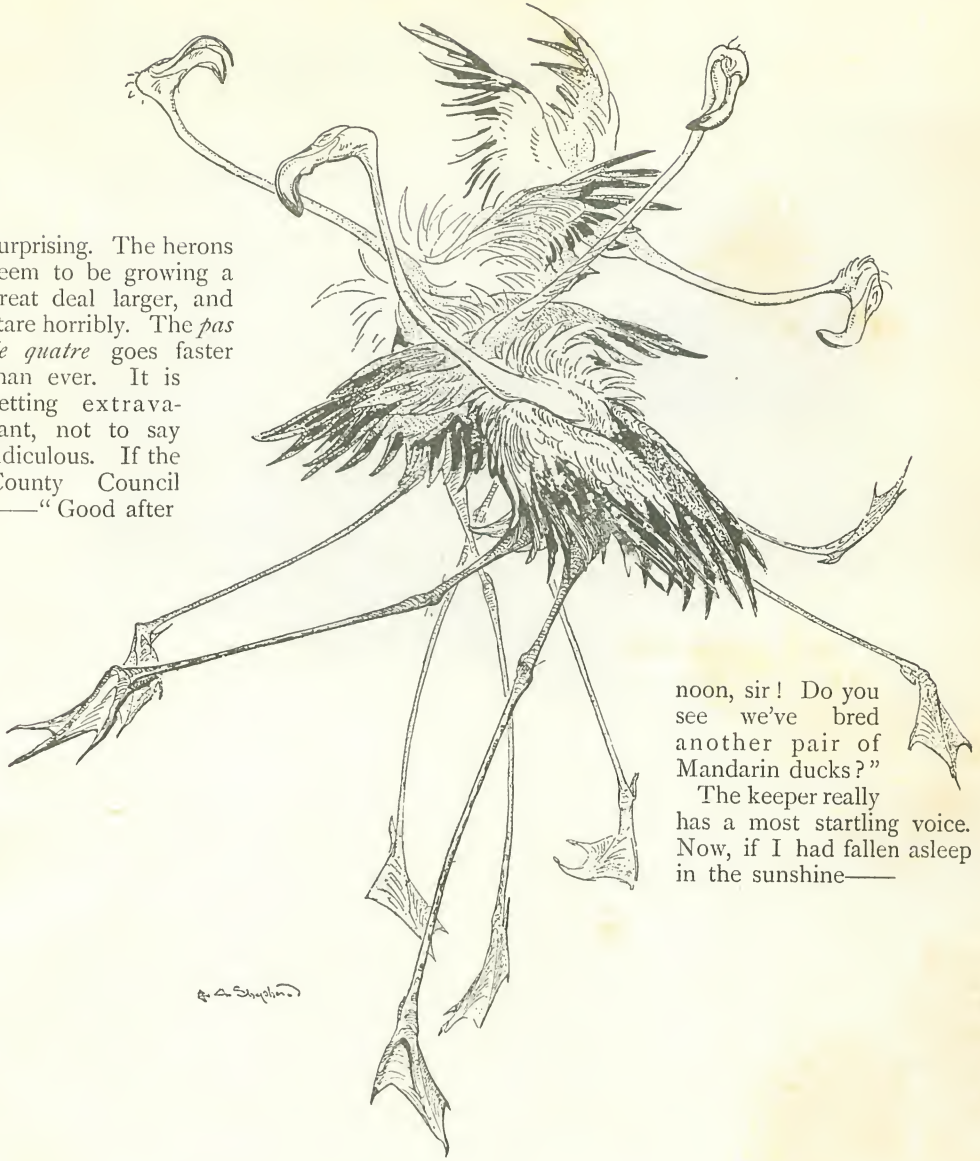


and all. He's all right; he can kick higher than any of them. They all range up behind Sam and begin a furious *pas de quatre*. It is very fine, and not in the least



PAS SEUL.

surprising. The herons seem to be growing a great deal larger, and stare horribly. The *pas de quatre* goes faster than ever. It is getting extravagant, not to say ridiculous. If the County Council——“Good after



noon, sir! Do you see we've bred another pair of Mandarin ducks?"

The keeper really has a most startling voice. Now, if I had fallen asleep in the sunshine——

Professor Morgan's Romance.

BY KATE LEE.



"AN ISOLATED HOUSE AND AN ISOLATED LIFE."

PROFESSOR MORGAN was an antiquarian and archæologist. He loved things that were old and things that had been long dead, and passed all his days among bones and stones and ponderous books. Nothing fresh and living played any part in his life, and he persistently withdrew himself from intercourse with his fellows. His prematurely bald head, his large bumpy forehead, and the studious stoop of his shoulders made him appear much older than he really was, and superficial observers imagined him to be as hard and as incapable of emotion as one of his own fossils. It was a rare thing for anyone to get a look from the grey eyes half hidden under the prominent brows. To those who by chance did obtain a full, direct glance from them, and who had the wit to read them aright, they were a revelation of the man. They were eyes that spoke, and the intensity of expression concentrated in them gave the lie to his otherwise emotionless aspect. The Professor was, in fact, no fossil. His heart could beat warm and quick, and a romance lay hidden under his outer husk of hardness and reserve.

Ten years ago Hugh Morgan, solitary, unknown, embittered in spirit and broken of heart, had come from abroad and taken up his residence in a lonely house fronting the sea on the outskirts of a Welsh sea-coast village. It seemed an abode as congenial as could possibly be found. The neighbourhood for many miles round abounded in antiquarian remains, and the house itself had looked out on the Atlantic for three centuries or more. An isolated house and an isolated life. A house with a story to tell could it but speak, a human life with a hidden untold past. Those were the parallels Hugh Morgan drew between himself and his chosen home, feeling a dreary sort of kinship with it, and half imagining sometimes that it possessed a human soul, a soul that was as sad in its loneliness as he in his. Here year after year he lived in solitude, devoted apparently to science alone, the man to all outward appearances merged in the antiquarian. His tall figure, surmounted by a broad-brimmed hat drawn low over his capacious brow, became well known to all the inhabitants of the village and the neighbourhood around. Now and then it would be missed for six months or more at a time, when "The Professor," as he came to be

called, long before the title was his in reality, had found occasion to return abroad for scientific purposes. But, as a rule, it was to be met with every day, either pacing thoughtfully beside the wide sea, or passing rapidly across the green waste behind the straggling village, on the way to the mountains beyond.

The years went by. Professor Morgan became a shining light in the world of archæological science; but each year as it passed seemed to bind him down more and more irrevocably to solitude of heart. The shunning of all companionship, which at first had been but the instinct of a wounded and sensitive spirit, became at length a fixed habit, which he was too shy and reserved to break through. Each year increased the stoop of the Professor's shoulders, the baldness of his head, and the terrific development of his forehead. Each year the sad, shy eyes grew sadder and shyer, and were more and more rarely lifted to meet the undiscerning, unperceptive eyes of others. Little did anyone divine what bitter hours of heart loneliness the misanthropic, unsocial Professor passed in the grim, museum-like study of his lonely house, or what painful thoughts, quite unconnected with barrows and cromlechs and Druid circles, were his daily companions.

One August day the Professor made a

journey miles away among the mountains for the purpose of taking fresh observations of a famous cromlech. He had been for two years at work upon a history of cromlechs, and was at this time gathering material for a chapter on the differences between British cromlechs and those of the nations of Germanic descent. The journey took him all the morning, and when he came within sight of the village on his return the afternoon sun was blazing at its hottest. About a mile and a half from the village the road passed through a rough field, in the midst of which, on a slight elevation, stood the ruins of an ancient British house. To any but an antiquary the house had the appearance of being nothing more than a shapeless heap of stones. The Professor had a theory of his own concerning its origin and history; and intended one day writing a magazine article about it by way of recreation from his laborious and exhaustive work on the cromlechs.

As he drew near the ruin to-day he saw coming towards it, from the direction of the village, in the hot glare of the sun, two tiny figures in black dresses and white sun-bonnets. Between them they bore a hamper, from which a yellow cat raised its head and gazed around with inquiring eyes. The little faces beneath the sun-bonnets were crimson with heat and haste, and, as



"TWO TINY FIGURES IN BLACK DRESSES."

soon as they reached the foot of the mound on which the ruin stood, the two little travellers put down their burden, and sank beside it, panting with fatigue. The Professor's interest was transferred from the ruin to the charming picture made by the children and their cat. It was long since he had rested his eyes upon objects so young and fresh, and full of life. His fancy was pleasantly struck with the contrast presented by the ancient ruin and the picture of young life to which it formed a background. His heart stirred, and he stepped nearer to the children, who had been so absorbed in the labour of getting along with their burden that they had not perceived the Professor. Now, as they heard his approaching footsteps, they raised blue, startled eyes towards him, and threw protecting arms across their hamper. The Professor felt irresistibly drawn towards them, and, contrary to his usual custom, spoke.

"I won't hurt your cat," he said.

His voice was gentle, and so were his great grey eyes, which were not too shy to meet the innocent blue ones. His broad-brimmed hat was like their father's, the stoop of his shoulders reminded them of their father too, and his manner invited confidence, so the children accepted his friendly overture and took him at his word.

"Come and look!" cried the younger of the two. She jumped to her feet, and, tripping up to the tall Professor, took his hand.

At the contact of the little soft confiding fingers a thrill shot through the Professor.

He looked down at the child, and catching the sweet look of the innocent round face, it was most strangely borne in upon him that that sweetness of expression, that heavenly blue of the eyes, and that soft fluffiness of the brown hair on the fair forehead were not unfamiliar. As the child's hand drew him along he held it with a gentle pressure, and a musing expression crept into his sad eyes.

The elder child lifted the yellow cat from the hamper.

"There!" she said, "those are Amber's dear little kittens. We brought them here to save their lives, because Gwennie said they would all have to be drowned!"

The Professor bent his back, and peered into the hamper, where a family of blind, groping, three-days-old kittens lay. The Professor did not find them so charming or so interesting as the children. He looked from the kittens to the child hugging the yellow cat, her blue eyes sparkling under her sun-bonnet. Who could these blue-eyed children be? Why should he fancy that they bore a resemblance to a blue-eyed girl whose life had been closely entwined with his own in the hidden past? The Professor put out his disengaged hand, keeping gentle hold of the clinging child with the other, and absently stroked Amber's yellow head. Amber purred approval, and the children's hearts were completely won. They invited the Professor to sit down on the grass with them, and, inwardly amazed and amused at

his own unusual proceedings, the Professor did so. The children babbled about their kittens, and he, listening with a rather abstracted smile, turned his eyes ever from one child to the other.

"What is your name, little one?" he asked abruptly, after a while. The question was addressed to the younger child, who still kept his hand and was leaning confidently against his arm, looking up with curiosity at the bumps on his broad forehead. She was wondering if they had been caused by a tumble downstairs.

"My name is Phyllis,"

she said, in answer to his question.

The Professor started as if an electric shock had passed through him, and his face burned suddenly red. From Phyllis's face his eyes travelled to her black crape-trimmed dress.

"Why do you wear this?" he asked, touching it very softly.

"Because mother has gone away from us," said the child, her lips quivering a little. "She has gone to Heaven, and we shall not see her again until we go there too."



"HUGGING THE YELLOW CAT."

The Professor said no more. He sat silent, looking out with dim eyes across the sunny land. He did not see the fields stretching hot and parched down to the village; he did not see the grand mountains fading away right and left of him into mist. He saw neither the calm sea shimmering out there beyond the village, nor the exquisite sky of turquoise blue smiling like embodied joy above it. He saw a girl named Phyllis whom in the past he had loved with the intensity of a reserved and yet passionate nature. She had seemed to return his love, and to understand him as few understood the sensitive, reticent student. Assured of her love, convinced by many a token that he was the elect out of many suitors, he had left her one year to join an exploration party in Palestine.

Thither, after a few months' absence, he was followed by news which turned him outwardly to stone, and made his inner life an agony of bitterness and grief. The news was conveyed in a cutting from the *London Times*, sent to him anonymously. It contained the announcement of Phyllis Wynne's marriage with a Colonel Llewellyn, who had at one time appeared to be a favoured rival for her love, but who had long since ceased to press his suit. A letter in Phyllis's handwriting followed the announcement, but Hugh Morgan tore it to atoms, unread. A second and a third letter shared the same fate. Then the letters ceased, Hugh Morgan remained abroad for a year or two, and on his return buried himself in the obscure corner of Wales in which he had now lived for ten years.

The unmistakable likeness in the faces of these two children, and the fact of one of them bearing the name of his faithless love, set both memory and imagination at work in the mind of the Professor. These were without doubt Phyllis's children. And Phyllis was dead! It was a strange chance that had brought him and Phyllis's children together; strange and sad that from the lips

of Phyllis's child he should hear of Phyllis's death.

So out there in the August sunshine, at the foot of the old ruin, the Professor read, as he thought, the last page of the romance of his life. But he was mistaken. There was yet another page to be turned.



"PHYLLIS."

Unnoticed by the dreaming Professor or by the children, who, seeing their companion's abstraction, had quietly busied themselves plucking the yellow poppies which grew among the grass, there had come along the road from the village a lady in a black dress. She was close upon them before the children perceived her. With outstretched arms and affectionate outcries they flew to meet her. She caught them to

her, and bending down kissed the little up-lifted faces with great tenderness.

"My little Kitty and Phyllie!" she cried, "how you have frightened us! Why did you leave Gwennie? Why did you come all this distance alone?"

The Professor, hearing the voice, rose suddenly to his feet. How strangely he was haunted to-day! Surely that was the voice of Phyllis Wynne! And yet Phyllis was dead! His wondering, startled eyes devoured the face of the new-comer, and he held his breath. He saw a woman past her first youth, a woman with blue, sweet eyes, and with brown hair touched too early with grey. In spite of the difference the years had made, in spite of the paleness which had taken the place of the peach-bloom of old, and the smoothness of the hair which once had curled so softly about the brow, Hugh Morgan could not but recognise her. This was certainly Phyllis. And yet the children had said she was dead!

"Phyllis!" he cried aloud, unable to contain himself, and his voice broke as he spoke the name which had not passed his lips for more than ten years.

At the sound of that name, spoken by that voice, the lady started as the Professor had



"THE PROFESSOR ROSE SUDDENLY."

started when the child Phyllie had pronounced it, and a crimson tide of colour rushed over her pale face. She loosened the clinging arms of the children, and, taking a step towards the Professor, stood with strained eyes staring at him.

"Hugh!" she cried.

Bluntly and confusedly he stammered: "But the child said you were dead!"

The immobility of his face was all broken up with the strength of the conflicting emotions that possessed him, his grey eyes glowed under the prominent brows, and his strong hands trembled. Phyllis was scarcely less moved herself, but, woman-like, seeing his excessive and almost over-mastering agitation, she came to the rescue by controlling herself into calmness of voice and manner.

"The children's mother is dead," she said, gently.

"They are not *your* children?" said the Professor, passing a hand over his brow, as if to sweep away the mist of bewilderment that obscured his understanding.

"They are my brother's children," said Phyllis Wynne. "He has just been appointed minister at a Presbyterian church at C——." She named a large town some miles distant. "I have taken care of the children since their mother died a few months ago, and we have come here for a holiday."

"And you—you are widowed, then?" blundered on the Professor.

Phyllis Wynne looked at him strangely.

"I have never been married," she said, simply, and the crimson colour again dyed her delicate face.

The Professor stared at her a moment in horrified amazement, scarcely able to seize the import of her words. Then he broke out in a passionate way, his voice loud and stern:—

"Then what fiend sent me that false notice of your marriage—your marriage with Colonel Llewellyn?"

"Oh, Hugh! Hugh!" cried Phyllis Wynne swiftly, her voice sharp with pain. Through her quick woman's mind there had flashed the explanation of all that had been so incomprehensible, the realization of all that Hugh as well as she herself had suffered, and with it a contrasting vision of what might have been. "Oh, Hugh! What an awful mistake! My cousin of the same name, Phyllis Wynne, married Colonel Llewellyn!"

"My God!" cried the Professor, "what a fool I was! what a fool!"

A dead silence fell between them. No detailed explanation was necessary just then. Each understood that either through the mistake of some officious meddler, or through the deliberate villainy of some rival of Hugh Morgan's, they had been kept apart through the best years of life, each embittered by the thought of the other's faithlessness. They stood side by side, looking gravely out at the gleaming sea. Their hearts were beating with the same momentous thought, but neither yet dared to give expression to it. The children, gathering their yellow poppies and twining them about their hamper, looked up curiously now and again at their aunt and their new friend, and wondered why their faces were so serious and yet so excited, and why, after talking so earnestly, they had now fallen into complete silence.

The silence could not long be maintained unbroken. It grew too pregnant with strong, struggling emotion. The Professor suddenly turned to the woman by his side.

"Have we met again too late, Phyllis?" he cried. "Is it too late?"

As the question passed his lips, his face grew very white, and his grey eyes filled with an intense and painful eagerness. Phyllis kept him in no suspense. Her answer came at once, in a broken cry of love.

"Oh, Hugh! it is not too late!—it could never have been too late!" And, her blue

eyes shining through tears, she stretched out her hands to him.

The wondering children, pausing in their work, saw their Aunt Phyllis gathered to their new friend's heart. She was held there closely, while soft whispered words passed from lip to lip, and a radiance of unspeakable happiness dawned over both faces.

The years of suffering and separation seemed compensated for in that one moment of exquisite and perfect joy.

The stones of the old ruin blazing in the August sunshine gazed at the Professor in amazed reproach. But he paid no heed. The archæologist was lost in the lover.



Types of English Beauty.

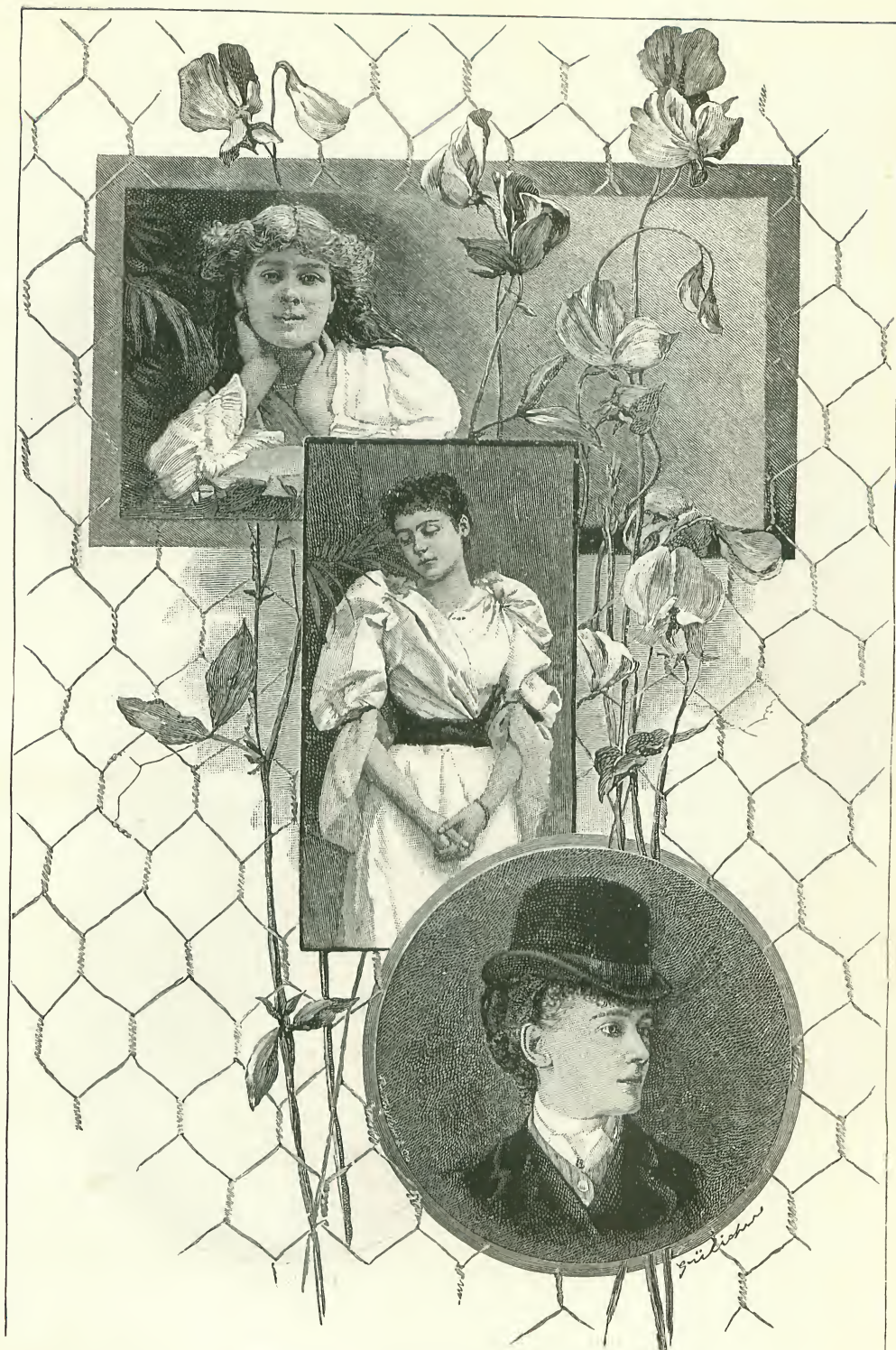
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEX. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



LADY CAREW.

LADY
COLERIDGE.

MISS E. LANE-FOX.



MISS LEYSON.

MRS. SLATER

LADY BROOKE.

MISS HELEN CONWAY.



MISS A. MOORE.

MISS A. LLOYD.

Shafts from an Eastern Quiver.

IV.—DARAK, THE SCORN OF THE AFGHANS.

BY CHARLES J. MANSFORD, B.A.

I.
“**H**E seems to be making for our tent, Frank,” I exclaimed to Denviers, as we stood gazing over the waste of sand which lay between us and the town of Ghuzni,

which towered before us on a rock three hundred feet above the surrounding plain.

“The fellow runs magnificently,” answered my companion, in a tone of admiration; “but for all that I am inclined to think his efforts are being made in vain. Look at that Afghan behind him; he is almost within striking distance of the fugitive!”

Fleeing across the plain was a man whose aquiline nose, intense black eyes, and swarthy complexion disclosed the characteristics of the Hebrew race from which the crowd of Afghans, who hotly pursued him, claimed their descent. On they came, rushing like a horde of barbarians, while they wildly flourished their sabres and daggers, or whatever weapons they had been able to hastily snatch up.

The man’s body, although slender, was well proportioned, and in spite of the evident danger in which he was in I could not help noticing as he gradually neared us the picturesque effect of the garb which he wore. Round his loins was passed a many-coloured scarf, which drew close to his form an embroidered garment which formed a loose

covering for the upper part of his body, leaving his bronzed chest partly exposed, and then hung down covering him as far as the knees. A sash, made of the same material as the scarf, bound his head like a turban, the end of it fluttering behind him, its hue

contrasting forcibly with the Afghan’s heavy eyebrows and black beard. By his side hung a curved scimitar, shaped like that which Persians usually wear,

but which he made no attempt to use, for, against the fierce howling mob which followed him, he knew that it would be worse than

useless for him to endeavour to make a stand.

“Hassan!” shouted Denviers to our guide, who was within the tent preparing some food for us, “what is the cause of this?”



“FLEEING ACROSS THE PLAIN.”

The Arab came to where we were standing, and after watching the strange spectacle for a moment, he replied :—

"I can scarcely tell, sahib, unless he belongs to a different tribe to those pursuing him ; if he is fleeing for shelter to the tent, the Englishmen will have good need of stout hearts during the next few minutes. Cowardly and treacherous as are those who follow him, in the frenzy of their fanaticism they will face the utmost perils unflinchingly once they are thoroughly aroused."

Denviers turned to the Arab, and said in the quiet tone which he invariably adopted when danger confronted him :—

"Bring out our rifles, Hassan." The Arab obeyed, and, as we took the weapons from him, he ventured to utter a few words of caution, which sounded strangely upon our ears :—

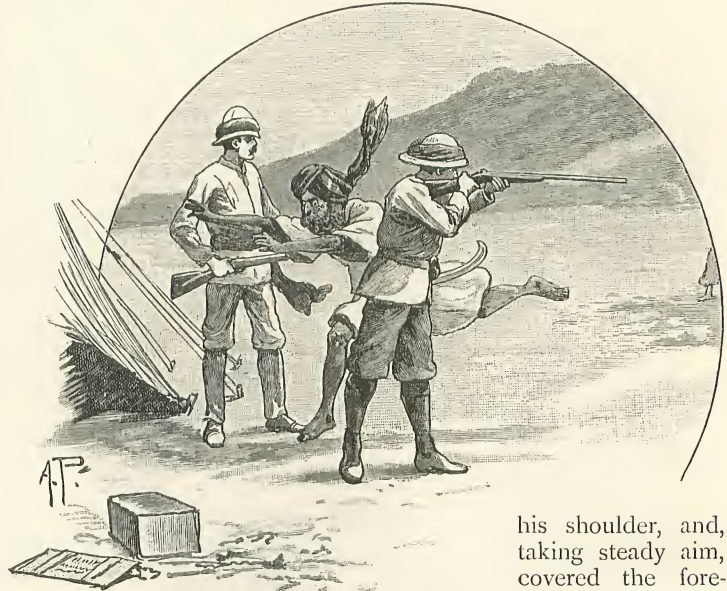
"Save the man, sahibs, if you can ; but if possible avoid injuring one of the tribe of the Saduzai, for such indeed they are. The eyes of Hassan are keen, and see the flashing glances of dislike which are daily turned upon the Englishmen as they traverse this country. There is a tradition, indeed, that between Afghan and Feringhee one day war to the death will be proclaimed, when the former ally themselves with the white bear of the frozen north, which seeks to hug to its shaggy breast the border town which is the key to the golden plain of the sacred Ganges. To slay the Englishmen would be deemed by them a deed of glory, and their women's dark eyes would light up with a fierce joy when they returned home with the captured English sabres adorning Saduzai sashes!"

Yet, in spite of his vague words, Hassan prepared himself to help us if necessary, for on glancing into the tent for a moment, I saw him carefully feeling the keen edge of the weapon which he usually carried.

"Darak, the scapegoat!" "Darak, the nation's scorn!" "Death to Darak!" were some of the cries which we distinguished from the babel of sounds which arose from the lips of those who were following the

fugitive. He was now within thirty yards of the tent, and we stepped forward and excitedly cheered him on.

"Refuge!" was the one solitary and appealing cry which burst from his lips as he ran towards us at a tremendous speed before the horde, which seemed fully bent on his destruction. When he was only a few yards distant from us, Denviers raised his rifle to



"THE FUGITIVE DARTED PAST US."

his shoulder, and, taking steady aim, covered the foremost of the pursuers, while the

fugitive darted past us, and, with an inarticulate cry, threw himself, utterly exhausted, upon the cushions of the tent. The howling mob halted and held a hurried conference for a moment, then one of them attempted to advance, as if for the purpose of holding a conversation with us. Denviers was however resolute ; he knew too well the treacherous character of the race, and feared lest, in an unguarded moment, the Afghan's sword might be stealthily thrust into the man whom we had for the present saved from his foes. He raised his rifle again to his shoulder—a silent message which the man rightly understood ; for, after a further discussion with the others, they all uttered a wild cry of baffled rage and ran swiftly back towards Ghuzni to rouse, as we conjectured, its inhabitants to join them in an attack upon us.

"We shall have some sort of a respite," said Denviers, as we entered the tent ; "but I expect that the fugitive will bring us into conflict with these Afghans. It will be best

for us to change our position as soon as possible—it is too unprotected at present.” The man lying upon the cushions now dragged his weary body to our feet as he faltered out, brokenly :—

“Allah reward the Englishmen, for Darak, the outcast, can never do so.” Hassan attended to his wants, and when the fugitive had recovered himself somewhat we endeavoured to learn from him the cause of his seeking refuge with us. It was some time, however, before we could understand him at all, for he spoke a kind of hybrid Pushto, a language of which we had little knowledge. Hassan, however, acted as interpreter, and through him we learnt that the man had ventured into Ghuzni in spite of the fact that he had been prohibited from entering an Afghan town, and thus he had aroused the fierce fanaticism of his nation. He had seen our tent from the overhanging town, and had fled to us, this being his sole opportunity of escaping his foes.

After passing through the plain of Khorassan, where we had met with our strange experience in the tomb of On, we spent several days both at Meshed and Nishapoor; for we found that these beautiful Persian cities had not been over-estimated by our somewhat imaginative guide. Thence, after a long journey, we had passed into Afghanistan, and having stayed for some time at Herat, a city which interested us considerably, we journeyed along the beautiful river valley almost as far as Kabul; then turning southward, found ourselves encamped outside Ghuzni, where our present adventure was taking place.

Hassan, who knew the district well, suggested that we should strike the tent and climb the mountain which rose to our left, as it seemed probable that we could defend ourselves there, if pursued. This, too, was Denviers' opinion, before expressed, while the Afghan added some words in support of it, and accordingly we did so. After we had journeyed up the slope of the mountain for a considerable time, the Afghan led the way, and conducted us by a narrow path which wound between two mountains. At last we halted, and, feeling that we were now secure, Denviers summoned Hassan to his side and bade him endeavour to get the Afghan to narrate to us the reason of his exiled fate.

The man was at first disinclined to do so, but eventually gave way, and, sheltering ourselves under a projecting rock from the rays of the sun, we listened to his narrative, which Hassan turned into his own mode of expres-

sion as he interpreted it. From time to time we looked wonderingly at him, especially as he neared the conclusion of the story, for so strange it seemed to us that we more than once thought Hassan was embellishing it with some ideas of his own.

Our Arab guide, however, seemed to be surprised himself as the story proceeded, and occasionally interrupted the Afghan to ask some searching question, which always appeared to us to be answered satisfactorily, to judge from Hassan's countenance. Forbidden to hold intercourse with any of his own nation, the Afghan eventually seemed glad of the opportunity to converse with Hassan, for there was much in common between them, since both the Afghan and the Arab were Sunnees, and felt the influence of the common bond which united them.

The contrast between the grave, mild features of our guide and the fierce look upon the face of the Afghan, which all the dangers through which he had passed could not subdue, seemed to add to the effectiveness of the scene before us, and, watching them as they sat opposite to each other, I felt almost sorry when the narrative was concluded. Hassan, as well as he could, made the account continuous, while Denviers and I, reclining in the little group which the party unitedly made, listened to the following interpretation.

II.

‘WITHIN yonder city of Ghuzni stands a palace, the roof whereof is beaten gold; and, inlaid with many a gem, pillars of ivory support it. Upon its walls are engraven the deeds of the mighty Mahmaud, what time he overthrew the haughty monarch upon whose banners were emblazoned the Lion and the Sun. Before its sculptured porticoes fountains throw high their crystal waters, and cool the burning winds that blow over the parched lands which lie beyond the Helmund and the shimmering waters of Istada.

“Yet I, Darak, prince of this palace and its treasures, was unhappy, since never for me had love shone in the eyes of an Afghan maiden, and, save for the countless slaves who came obedient to my call, my home was desolate. So, leaving it in charge of one of the Saduzai race, I set forth to visit strange lands and to find a bride fitting to share with me the inheritance which had come to me through the long line from which I sprang.

“Wandering in Eastern lands I came at last to Egypt, and even to Cairo, the city of mosques and minarets, for my eyes would fain behold the spot where the sacred head



"IN THE STREETS OF CAIRO."

of Hoseyn was buried—he who was descended from the great Prophet. Then arose a rumour within the city that a prince had come to honour it, and, at times in the streets of Cairo, I saw the veil of an Egyptian maiden slightly moved aside that her eyes might rest upon the jewels of the sword which I wore. I had heard that the women were like the black-eyed virgins of Paradise, and it seemed to me that the saying was true. I became enchanted with this maiden, and watched many a weary hour that one glance from her liquid orbs might be to me a reward for the long journey which I had taken.

"I ventured to follow her through the narrow streets, and my eyes rested upon the abode wherein she dwelt, and, as I gazed up at the lattice-work above the corbels, it seemed to me that behind it the maiden lingered. Each day she wandered forth, and our eyes spoke the love which we dared not utter, lest it might bring death unto her. One memorable day she came not forth, and on the morrow, too, I missed her glances. I was in despair, and wandered aimlessly through the city, wondering what fate had overtaken her. Then there passed me a maiden carrying a water-pitcher upon her

head, and she thrust into my hand a piece of papyrus whereon was engraven a message to me. Few were the words, yet they were sad indeed, for the queen of the harem had observed the maiden watching me from the lattice, and so she was commanded to stay in an apartment wherefrom she could not see me, nor was she to be allowed to traverse again the streets of Cairo.

"Despair at first seized upon me, then I began to wonder if in some way I could not possess me of the maiden and bear her away to my own land. Keeping at a certain distance from the harem, I closely observed those who passed in and out, and then a strange idea presented itself to me. Every morning there issued from the courtyard a woman of the harem; and I, taking into my confidence the keeper of a bazaar, paid him handsomely to narrowly mark her attire. Next morning when she had emerged I went to the harem and, disguised in an exact counterpart of her clothing, I walked boldly up into the women's apartment."

I looked at Hassan eagerly, for such a plan seemed to me unfeasible, but he, accustomed to Oriental stratagems, did not interrupt the narrative.

"Save for my eyes, my face was closely veiled, and, sauntering amid the crowd of beautiful women, my eyes fell upon the apartment wherein, from the papyrus, I knew that my adored one was confined. I opened the door carelessly and, imitating a woman's tone, bade her come forth and follow me into the presence of her lord. She recognised me in a moment, and faltered forth some words of surprise at my daring, which the rest of the women thought were expressions of fear at the fate which might be hers. We reached the lower floor and, passing through the guest chamber, were soon in the court adjacent. No one attempted to bar our way, for my plan was entirely unsuspected, and before it was discovered we were happily beyond pursuit!

"With my lovely bride, Hestra, I journeyed down the peaceful waters of the Nile, and viewed with delighted eyes the green fields of waving corn and the grey ridges of lime-stone rock that at times extended to the river's brink. Down the winding river we floated, until before us lay the cataract where the waters tumbled amid snowy foam, and the red felspar crystals glittered a warmer hue beneath the sun shining in the cloudless blue sky above. Then we ventured to return, and passing through Sinai, crossed into Arabia, whence by slow degrees I brought home the peerless Hestra to the palace from which I had set forth long before.

"So long had my absence been that the one to whom the charge of my palace had been intrusted thought I had perished in lands afar, and so he occupied my place and

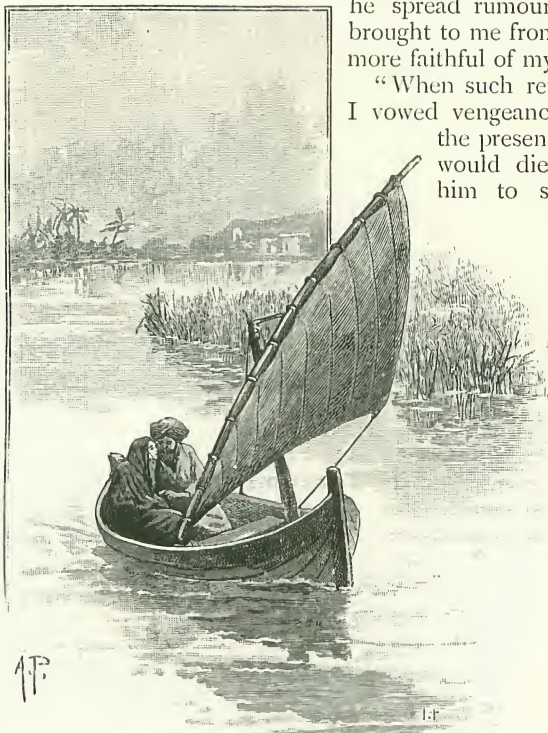
adorned him with the apparel which befitted me alone as a prince in the land. When at last I arrived at Ghuzni, and he was removed from the position which he had wrongfully assumed, there arose in his breast a feeling of jealousy, and henceforth he sought in many ways to bring sorrow to me or even to encompass me with death. Knowing that I was sprung from the tribe of the Barukzai, he sought to turn against me the enmity of the more powerful Saduzai, and in order to accomplish his purpose he spread rumours abroad which were brought to me from time to time by the more faithful of my slaves.

"When such reports reached my ears I vowed vengeance against him, yet in the presence of Hestra my anger would die away, and so I left him to say what he would, knowing that his words were false. Despite his crooked talk he often entered the palace and listened while I recounted one of my adventures when journeying to Egypt, and then Hestra, my beloved, following the maxim of the great Prophet, busied herself the while with her distaff, stopping occasionally to glance at me with her starlight eyes.

"Now hearken, that I may tell ye the full depths of a man's duplicity.

It chanced that

he fell ill, and when men inquired of him wherefore, he summoned them to the couch on which he lay and whispered that Hestra, my princess, had the gift of the evil eye, and that his sickness was caused by her! Nay, he even dared to say that I, Prince Darak, was held fast beneath her subtle spells, and that dire evil would surely fall upon the city if she were suffered to live! When the terrible report was brought to me I stood aghast at the depths of the man's baseness, and resolved that no whisper of the rumour should reach the ears of the princess. When in the streets of Ghuzni I chanced to



"DOWN THE WINDING RIVER WE FLOATED."

walk, men turned darkly aside lest they should be contaminated by my presence; for they said that surely my heart was evil to seek after a bride from a strange land, and to thus bring desolation upon them. They dared at last to storm the gates of my palace, and to demand that Hestra should be delivered unto them, that from the lofty rock she might be cast down into the plain below.

"I listened in sullen silence to the blows of their weapons as they smote heavily upon the gates of bronze, and I heard in disdain the wild cries with which they summoned me forth to answer their demand. Then Hestra, learning the dreadful truth, begged that I would yield her unto them lest evil might befall me, for she loved Darak better than her life. Not for a moment did I hearken unto her, for well I knew that mine enemy had inspired the frenzied throng with his malicious words that the fair palace and its treasures might be his.

"When the sheltering night drew dark her mantle round the city, I stole away from the palace with my bride and, crossing the plain over which ye have seen me hunted like a beast, I traversed this mountain pass, even whereon our feet have recently trodden. High above the spot where now we rest I knew that deep in the mountain side was a cave, and thither I bore the princess and placed her safely within it. But our flight was soon discovered, and up the narrow way the

enemy swooped, like the screaming vultures that scent their prey from afar.

"I drew my shining blade and, one man against a host, prepared to hold the pass. On they came, even as to-day ye saw them, and raised a derisive laugh when I stood forth, the sole barrier between them and the bride whom the cowards yearned to slay. Yet I was undaunted; for, coming from the cave, behind me stood Hestra, and to fall fighting for her would leave no seal of shame upon my brow.

"Beneath the stars that shone on the snow-clad peak above I stood, and the ringing clash of steel against steel re-echoed from



crag to crag, until, exhausted, my right arm fell nerveless to my side. I grasped the falling sword in my left hand and still faced the foe, who pressed on over the bodies of their fallen comrades.

"He is under the influence of the evil eye !' they hoarsely murmured : ' No mortal man could front us so !'

"With knitted brows and teeth fast locked together I hewed my assailants down. Suddenly a cry of distress rose behind me, and for a moment the din of our clashing weapons was unheard.

"One of their number, despairing of his comrades winning the pass, had scaled the overhanging mountain, and climbing down dared to touch with his hands the veil which covered Hestra's face ! But the outstretched hands seemed frozen as he did so, and, uttering a wild shriek of terror, he dashed past me, and with excited cries called upon his comrades to follow him, and they fled headlong down the pathway. My senses reeled, and I fell upon the ground in a swoon, and when at daybreak consciousness returned to me, I saw to my astonishment that round my bride had formed a mighty rock of crystal, and then I knew that never again would the hand of man lay sacrilegious touch upon her veil ! Never since that night have they ventured to molest me on the mountain, for from Ghuzni's height they yet can behold the top of Hestra's rock glittering in the sun. From the city my presence is banished, and at times when upon me comes the desire to gaze once again upon my palace within which my foe triumphant dwells, and I venture into the city, then am I driven thence. Yet they once used to bow lowly down when my shadow fell upon them, and to fawningly murmur : ' Great is Darak, for he is become a power in the land, and its mighty ruler honours him !'

"Such then was he who now lies an outcast at your feet ; but by the Koran, one day my indignities shall be atoned for, and, if I live not once again beneath the roof of my palace, the glare of a torch shall make a yet ruddier glow, and the roof of beaten gold shall flow in a molten stream down the slope of Ghuzni's steep side !"

III.

As he finished his narrative the Afghan started to his feet ; his hands were clenched and a fierce light shone in his dark eyes. Then he seemed to remember that we were present, and, hastily recovering himself, he added :—

"But Hestra awaits me, I must pass on. May the Prophet bless the Englishmen !" and before we could hinder him, even if we had so desired, he hurried past us, and we saw him threading the mountain path before us.

"Shall we follow him, Frank ?" I asked Denviers, as I glanced at him to observe what effect the strange story had upon him, to which we had listened.

"Not now," he answered. "With the recollection of the wrongs which have so deeply stirred him so recently, he might forget the service which we have done him, and I certainly have no desire to try conclusions with him in the pass, as the treacherous Zaduzai did !"

"Wisdom lies in the sahib's words," said Hassan. "This wondrous rock of which he speaks must be easy to find in the pass above us ; the Afghan is weary and will seek rest in the cave ; and, while yet he sleeps, we may pass in safety and see this strange marvel." We waited until about two hours had passed, then we rose, and, led by Hassan, we toiled up the path which grew narrower as we proceeded, until after passing through some strangely scarred rocks we saw Hassan stop at last, and hold up his hand warningly to us. Then he cautiously moved back to us, and said in a low tone :—

"Sahibs, the Afghan's cave is just in front. Move lightly, for the ears of those of Eastern nations are quick, even in their sleep." We moved forward almost noiselessly, and in a moment more stood before the orifice of the cave and peered in. Upon a low couch made of the skins of animals the Afghan outcast lay sunk in a restful sleep. The fierce look upon his face seemed to be less noticeable, and from the few broken words which came in a soft, passionate tone from his lips, we concluded that in his dreams he was again living beneath the roof of his princely palace. His head rested upon one arm, while the other lay still upon his breast.

Above the dust-stained garb which the Afghan wore we saw, fastened to the rough granite-like side of the cave, a disused sword the handle of which was studded with jewels, while its steel blade, dented and bent in the conflict of which we had heard, was imbued with a dull red stain. Adorned with this weapon he had doubtless wandered through the streets of Cairo when first the eyes of Hestra met his, and, grasping this sword, he had stood upon the spot from which we were now gazing upon him, while in her defence he had beaten back the relentless foes. Looking at him as he lay there we seemed to

understand the depths of his fallen fortune, and turned uneasily away.

"Hassan," I whispered to our guide, "pass on; we would see the rock before he awakes." The Arab noiselessly advanced, and, with a feeling of suppressed excitement, we followed him. We had only gone a few yards when suddenly we stopped, for before our astonished gaze rose a scene which was difficult for us to realize.

Far in the distance the sun was setting in a sky which seemed to turn the snow upon the mountain peaks into crimson. Thousands of feet below us a miniature village lay, and, standing out rugged and grand, before us was the rock of Hestra. The base of it occupied the space between the two mountain ridges, and thence the rock rose with its jagged top upon which the sky's rich tone seemed to cast its reflection. We advanced slowly to the rock, and for a moment stared blankly at the sight upon which our eyes rested.

Within the transparent rock we saw the form of a woman attired in an Egyptian costume, whose lustrous black eyes seemed to glance life-like at us from the partly-rent veil which covered her face, and which her hands seemed raised towards, as if to protect it.

"Frank," I cried, astonished, "is this a living being before us?" He did not reply immediately, but going quite close to the rock, touched it with his hand and then said:—

"Just place your hand upon the rock for

a moment, Harold." I did so and drew it back immediately, for it touched a frozen surface! Round the rock lay scattered a number of large fragments of stone and, pointing to them, Denviers exclaimed:—

"There lies the explanation of what has happened. The man who scaled the mountain, he of whom Darak spoke, probably disturbed as he did so a boulder lying loose below the peak, and its fall was followed by a snowslip which doubtless enveloped the Afghan's bride. Its weight compressed the lower part of it into ice, and the rays of the sun falling upon the outer surface has gradually melted the snow, leaving the ice intact."

That this was the true explanation there could be no doubt. We drew back and gazed once more upon the wonderful scene before us—surely the most amazing that ever met mer's eyes.

Then slowly we made our way past the cave where the Afghan was still sleeping. We hastened down the mountain path, but the descent was perilous, and night had long closed in before we reached the spot where we had secured our horses and tent previous to climbing the mountain path.

"Hassan," said Denviers, as the Arab stretched himself before the tent to seek repose, "we must be astir betimes in the morning."

"When the rising sun appears, Hassan will awake the Englishmen," he answered; and, faithful to his word, our guide roused us early that we might continue our wanderings.



"WITHIN THE TRANSPARENT ROCK WE SAW THE FORM OF A WOMAN."

Illustrated Interviews.

No. XVI.—THE REV. J. E. C. WELLDON (HEAD MASTER OF HARROW).



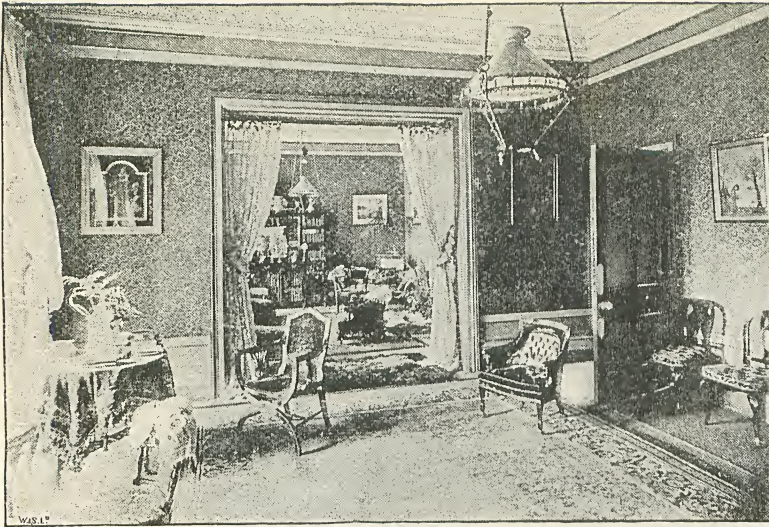
THE REV. J. E. C. WELLDON.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

IT was on the last Saturday of the term that I made my way to "the top of the Hill"—a Saturday as famous as welcome to every boy in Harrow—famous, for was not the last house match of the season to be played in the afternoon? whilst in the evening, as the bells chimed half-past six, were not the boys to gather in the speech-room and once again sing the dear old songs of Harrow? Welcome! Only a few more hours, and then for home and holidays. Yet there were one or two boys with sad and breaking hearts. It was their last Saturday at Harrow! Their faces told of their feelings within. I came across one handsome young fellow in the chapel—sitting silently in his accustomed seat. He was crying bitterly. He scarce knew why—why his eyes should fill—

At the thought of the Hill,
And the wild regret of the last good-bye.

"They sometimes scarcely know how to leave my study," said Mr. Welldon, in his kindly way, "when it comes to the last word of advice and a final grip of the hand."

The sight of these few boys who were leaving, wandering listlessly about the meadows and the school buildings, only substantiated what was to be read on Mr. Welldon's kind and open face. He is a model schoolmaster. He *knows* every boy in the school. He is a homely teacher. As a Public School-boy himself—for he is an old Etonian, and the only living link between Eton and Harrow—he seeks not only to pose as the teacher at the table, but as the pupil at the desk. Here lies the secret of scholastic sympathy, the carrying out of which realizes true teaching. Then Mr. Welldon loves fun. I would that you could hear the hearty laugh with which he accompanied the delightful stories he told me.



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

Goethe and Schiller rests on a cabinet at the far end of the room.

Yet another fern bank is found in the dining-room: a bright relief to the solemnly massive oak furniture.

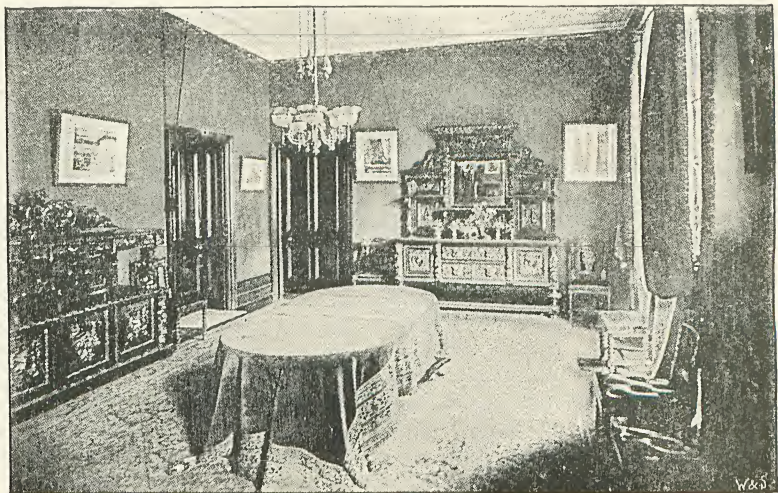
The study of the Head Master of Harrow is necessarily a very interesting apartment. If it impresses the visitor, how much more does it affect the boy who timidly taps at the door

It echoed a "Don't-I-wish-I-was-there-now" sentiment that was unmistakable.

Before we settled down to talk we made the customary run through his rooms. Mr. Welldon is a bachelor, and his sister presides over his house. Miss Welldon's artistic taste is apparent in the arrangement of "Nature's decorations." You cannot enter a room without finding the freshest and sweetest of flowers. The fire-places in the drawing-room are just great fern banks relieved here and there by peeping blossoms; the tiny vases look as though the roses were growing out of them. The pictures in the drawing-room are principally of the Venetian and Florentine School, though here is an engraving of a portrait of Mr. Gladstone, and another of Holman Hunt's "Shadow of the Cross." Reminiscences of his many travels are also on the walls, as indeed they are everywhere about the house—in room and on staircase—photographs of Egypt and the Nile, the Yosemite Valley and Niagara, and many others. A dual statuette of

and knows he is "in for it"! Yet, at the same time, the study is open to every lad in the school who would seek for advice, or who—a thing seldom needed—is desirous of lodging a complaint. There are two tables: one is the working table, on which are set out the varied papers associated with school life proper. Mr. Welldon assures me that "all the affairs of life go into six divisions"; hence the box of half-a-dozen pigeon-holes.

The other table is entirely devoted to Aristotle, of whom Mr. Welldon is a most ardent student. His "Translation of Aristotle's Politics" and "Rhetoric" are standard works, and he has just completed another treatise on the great philosopher. The



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

THE STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.

books in the study are those used in classical teaching; the two maps are those of Greece and Athens. Two photos. are noteworthy. One is that of Tennyson, on which the Laureate has written: "I prefer the Dirty Monk to the others of me"—a remark suggested by a possible resemblance to an untidy monk. The other is an autographed photo. of Mr. Gladstone.

The Rev. James Edward Cowell Welldon has the same birthday as Oliver Cromwell and John Keble—the 25th April. He was born at Tunbridge in 1854, was educated at Eton, and afterwards went to King's College, Cambridge, where he became Bell Scholar in 1874; Browne's Medallist in 1875 and 1876; Craven Scholar in the latter year, and Senior Classic and Senior Chancellor's Medallist in 1877.

"Then I went abroad," said Mr. Welldon, "and lived in five foreign homes. I was nearly starved abroad. That has made me careful with any of my boys who are going abroad to study languages. When I send them out before the end of the term, I take their tickets, have somebody I know to meet them at the other end, and, above all, see that the food is good. On my return from foreign lands I was appointed Lecturer, and subsequently Tutor, of King's College, Cambridge."

Mr. Welldon was only twenty-nine when he became Master of Dulwich College, and two years later, in 1883, he was made Head Master of Harrow School, succeeding Dr. Butler to that important and much-coveted post.

"Schoolmastering is a narrowing profes-

sion," he said; "you are always dealing with inferiors, telling people what to do—that is what makes schoolmasters so disagreeable in old age. When any of my teaching colleagues come here I always advise them to do something outside school-work—travel or write books. A good schoolmaster is a man who uses his holidays well. When Dr. Arnold was at Rugby it was difficult to get sufficient subjects to teach—now it is a hard matter to find time to teach them in. Educational subjects are increasing in number every day—they advance, whilst the capacity of the boy remains stationary. The only way to deal with the educational problem is to find out just what the boy loves and cares for, and let him learn it. I don't believe in cramming. Every subject requires teaching, and time to teach it in. Schoolmasters must learn to appreciate time as well as system. Are schoolmasters plentiful? Well, I have forty here, a splendidly energetic band—ask the boys—and with strong opinions of their own. Yet if the whole of my staff resigned to-day, I could fill up the vacancies to-morrow."

Then Mr. Welldon spoke very frankly on the subject of corporal punishment. He assured me that the only people in English society who do not object to having their boys flogged are the upper classes.

"Why," he said, merrily, "seeing that flogging is abolished in the Board schools and forbidden in the middle-class schools, soon we shall only be able to flog the son of a duke! Boys in their hearts like being kept in order—the masters they don't like are those who won't

punish. Still, I don't believe in corporal punishment—it may be useful, but I assure you it is not often necessary at Harrow. I have heard of some curious little stories on this subject. Lord Lawrence admitted that he was flogged once every day except one, when he was flogged twice in one day. Here are two remarkable examples that the birch does not ruin a boy's love for the master who administers it.

"When Dr. South, as a boy, went to Westminster, Busby said, 'I see wits in that ugly little boy; my cane shall bring them out'; and

accompanied every stroke on the delinquent's body with such expressions as 'Now, be a man!' 'Be brave!' 'I'm so sorry!' And he meant it. The reason for his taking to birching the boys was an amusing one. He was humanity itself, and he got another master to do the thrashing. But the other master was even more humane than he, and in his pity for the boy laid across the form, would hit out so enthusiastically as only to birch the form and not the delinquent. Hence the head master held the birch afterwards.



From a Photo. by]

HARROW SCHOOL—THE ENTRANCE.

[Elliott & Fry.

it did. Yet when South was lying on his death-bed he expressed the wish to be buried next to Busby. They lie beside each other at Westminster. It is said that Dr. Keate at Eton flogged every day, and on one occasion kept at it all night. Yet Mr. Gladstone told me that the most enthusiastic reception he was ever at was Keate's farewell dinner given by his old pupils.

"A certain well-known head master of Harrow used to say to a boy after he had birched him, 'I forgive you!' and he

"When this same head master was appointed," said Mr. Weldon, "he caused a servant, who had been with his predecessor, to go through the house and take an inventory. The fanlight over the door had a huge hole in it, as though a stone had broken it. The servant did not include this in his list.

"'You missed this,' said the worthy 'head,' pointing to the broken fanlight.

"'Oh! that is always left with a hole in it, sir!' was the servant's significant reply.

"He had a way essentially his own of getting rid of little boys whom he invited to breakfast. You know, little boys have a peculiar habit of becoming inconveniently glued to a chair. The hospitable 'head' would quietly go up to the youngster—who was perhaps in the middle of another muffin—and say very gently, and with paternal kindness, 'And must you *really* go?' The little boy invariably went."

The name of Archbishop Longley is one to conjure with. Many a merry anecdote is associated with this estimable guide of youth.

There are no boys on earth more fond of a joke than Harrovians, and no lads more clannish. It seems two boys were out very late one night, and the worthy Longley was also enjoying a midnight ramble. The Harrow boys, by-the-bye, wear tail coats—*à la* the old English gentleman. Longley saw the two lads, and gave chase. He caught up one, and just got hold of one of his coat tails. The tail came off in the master's hands. "Ha! ha!" thought Longley, "I'll catch him to-morrow—he'll only have one tail to his coat." But he had reckoned without his host. In the morning every boy turned up with a single tail to his coat!

Longley's nickname at Harrow was Jacob. About this time a very popular game was played at the school called "Jack o'Lantern," but the neighbouring farmers complained that indulging in it injured their crops and field produce, as the boys must needs have a free run across country. It was therefore forbidden. A few lads, however, still managed to get out at night, and the boys in the Head Master's house—Longley's abode—used to

let themselves down from a room on the first floor by a rope. One night, the boys had safely got inside, when Longley, in passing, caught sight of the suspended rope.

"I'll surprise them," thought he, and with commendable intention gave a pull at the cord. The boys evidently thought one of their number was still out, and began "hauling in." Up went Longley—higher and higher, until his face got level with the window. Then his stern countenance appeared.

"Jacob, by Jingo," cried the boys, and the Head Master was dropped into his own laurel bush below. He never asked any questions!

Mr. Welldon, too, has experienced what may be aptly termed school "surprises."

Some time ago a not altogether comforting spectacle met his view. It seems the boys in a certain form pretended they wanted a window in the roof of their room shut. The obliging master had a ladder brought, mounted it, and endeavoured to shut the window. Some enterprising youth removed the ladder, and when the Head Master of Harrow entered there was the unfortunate master clinging for dear life to the frame-work.

Just as we were in the midst of happily enjoying these little reminiscences a servant brought in a letter.

"Excuse me one moment," said Mr. Welldon. But the next instant the letter was in my hands. It was a letter written by Lord Palmerston to the Honble. Elizabeth Temple, Hanover Square, when a schoolboy at Harrow; and sent now to the Head Master. Here are the contents:—

Harrow Friday June 13 1800.

My Dear Lilly,

*I begin
at last, my long promised letter to let you*

know that various things have happened since I saw you last. Last week we were entertained for about two hours by a conjuror, Mr Magors by name I send you enclosed his bill of fare and curious one it is he really did performed his tricks with great dexterity. Particularly one, ¹ in ² the first a handfull of tow into his mouth and ³ after having chewed it for some time, he pulled out not the tow, but several yards of different coloured ribbons.

"Harrow, Friday, June 13, 1800.

"MY DEAR LILLY,—At Last I begin my long promised letter to let you know that various things have happened since I saw you Last. Last week we were entertained for about two hours by a conjuror, Mr. Magoni by name. I send you enclosed his bill of fare, and curious one it is. He really performed his tricks with great Dexterity, and one in particular. He put a handfull of tow into his mouth, and after having chewed it for some time he pulled out, not the tow, but several yards of different coloured ribbons.

"The Day before yesterday we had a Poney race, one poney belonged to Forster, the man who keeps the Inn, where we dined on the Speech Day, and the other was the property of a farmer's son in the neighbourhood. The race course was along the London road from the bottom of the hill to the House at the end of the Common, just one mile, for two guineas. The Farmer's Poney came down in good time, but Forster's, not liking the sport, set off from the Stable with his jockey on his back, and run down quite the contrary way from the race ground, came to a common where he Leaped over a ditch, threw his Jockey and dragged him a hundred yards, however, Luckily did not hurt him, though he kicked at him, and as soon as the boy was disengaged from his Stirrup he ran into a pond, where he was caught: and then he and his Jockey came very Quietly to the course. He ran very well half-way, but when he came to the avenue of Elms about a quarter of a mile from the house, which served instead of a winning post, he turned Sharp up it, and

would not go on so that the other poney came in ten minutes before him. Forster, however, said he would run him back again for a guinea, which he lost also, his poney being compleatly distanced. I wish you would send to Dale's Musick Shop in Oxford Street for six or eight yards of catgut like the piece I enclose, and send it me as soon as you can. I will pay you when I see you. I do not believe it will be more than two shillings. I wish you would send to Mr. Watkin and Phipps for a box of the ointment he said I was to use for my eyes, as I have had two or three boxes, but have always squashed them in my pocket as soon as I bought them. I am glad to hear Betzy is better, and that everything is settled with Mrs. Rush who seems to be one of those unfortunate people, who do not know their own mind five minutes together. My Love to all, and believe me ever your most affectionate Brother,

"H. TEMPLE."

Previous to starting out with Mr. Weldon for a walk round the school buildings, and a visit to the swimming bath and cricket field, I saw some of the boys' rooms in the Head Master's house. The head boy of the house has a library in his apartment. You can read the boys' inclinations in the decorations they have in their respective *sanctums*. One boy leans towards sport—look at the cups and athletic trophies; another is partial to cattle in general, and horses in particular. All of them have family portraits—the son of the Bishop of Ripon has his father's picture in a most prominent position—and many lads are evidently admirers of beautiful women.

It was with a merry smile that Mr. Weldon told me of the only case of school love that had ever come under his notice.

"I was at Dulwich at the time," he said, "and a lady came to me with the request to punish her boy—only seventeen—who had proposed marriage to some charming young damsel in the neighbour-



From a Photo. by)

THE HEAD BOY'S STUDY.

(Ellott & Fry.

hood who had captured his heart. I was successful in breaking off the engagement!"

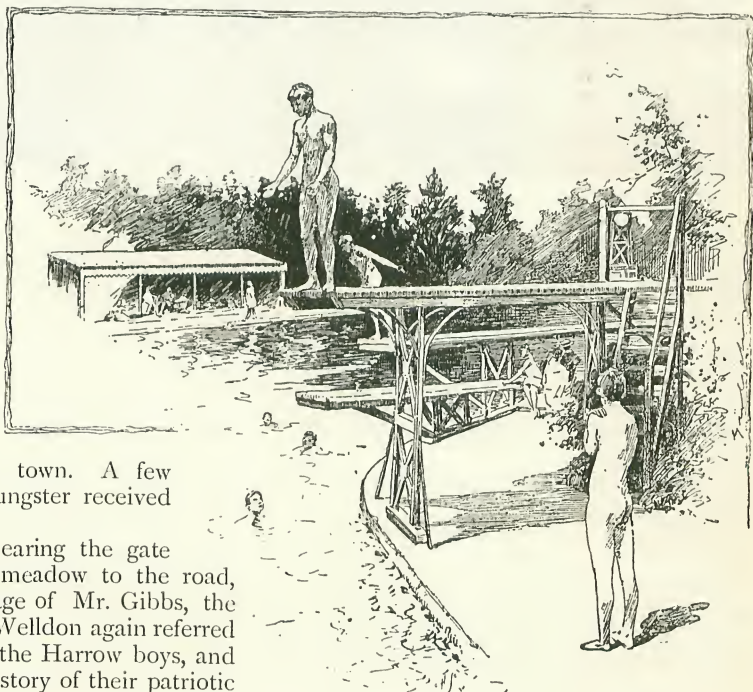
Then, as we walked across the fields together, followed by Scamp, a remarkably handsome collie, through the meadow path past the fine football field, towards the swimming bath, we discussed a number of matters, which it is to be hoped will prove interesting to the general reader, and particularly so to any Harrow boy—present or past—who may peruse this little paper.

Most boys have two shillings a week pocket-money, and the Harrow confectioners' shops—their name is legion—thrive on it. The shops live on the School. Mr. Welldon deliberately declared that confectioners were amongst his worst enemies. Sometimes a boy returns from his holidays with three or four sovereigns. It is gone in a fortnight. The sons of great bankers have been at Harrow, and, owing to the captivating confectioner, have not had sufficient money to pay their fare to London. No credit is allowed. If a shop is "put out of bounds" by the Head Master, the shopkeeper has to go—no boy dare patronize it. Still, your young Harrovian comes in for occasional pleasant presents from ill-advised people. A short time ago a Harrow boy showed a stranger round the town. A few days afterwards the youngster received a dozen of champagne.

Just as we were nearing the gate which leads from the meadow to the road, where stands the cottage of Mr. Gibbs, the swimming master, Mr. Welldon again referred to the clannishness of the Harrow boys, and told me a remarkable story of their patriotic feeling towards their school, and the enthusiasm with which they regarded everything that happened in connection with it.

"You asked me just now if ever a Harrow boy had been expelled. After Dr. Wordsworth left only some sixty-eight boys remained—the school had gone down terribly, principally owing to a difference of opinion which existed between Wordsworth and Sir Robert Peel. This led, it is said, to the elder sons of Sir Robert alone being sent

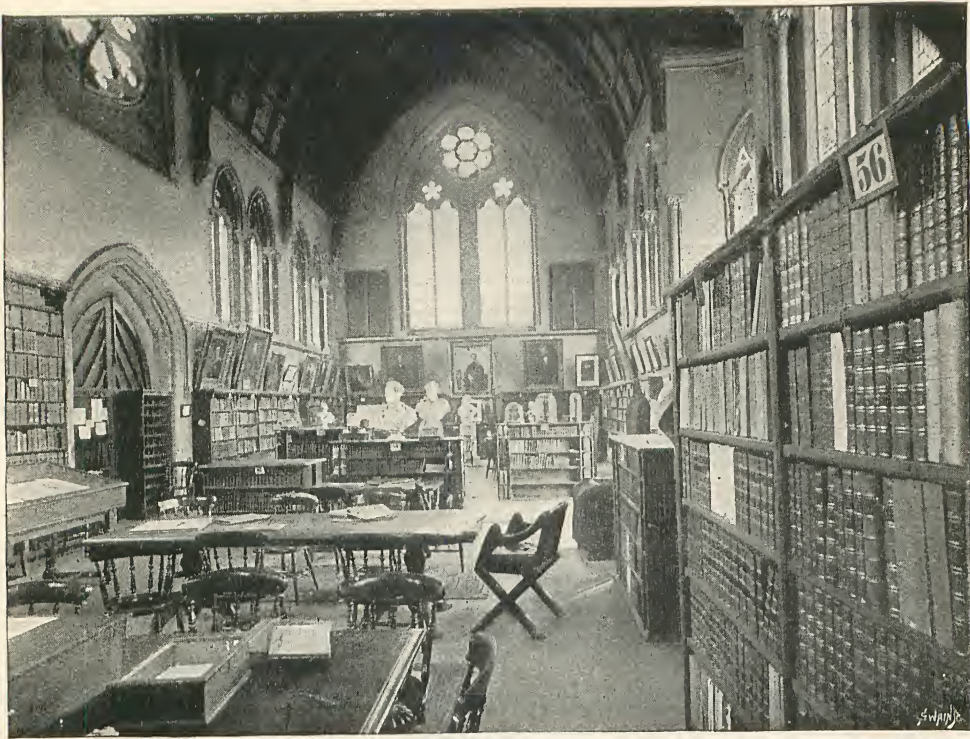
to Harrow, and the younger ones—including the present Speaker of the House of Commons—going to Eton. Dr. Heath was the last Etonian Head Master of Harrow previous to my appointment. The elder brother of the Duke of Wellington—the Marquis Wellesley, a boy of ten years of age—was at Harrow at the time, and he, with other boys, strongly resented this action. In token of their strong feelings on the matter they dragged the carriage of one of the governors down to Roxeth Common, near here, and broke it to pieces. One of the ringleaders was the Marquis Wellesley. He was brought up, rebuked, and asked to apologize. Instead of doing so, he pulled out a piece of wood which he had brought from the broken carriage and cried, 'Victory! Victory!' He was expelled. He was sent to Eton. Strange to tell, he became the most devoted Etonian, was always desirous



THE BATHING PLACE.

of being buried there, and his wishes were fulfilled. But for that occurrence Harrow could perhaps have numbered amongst its old boys a Duke of Wellington."

We talked very little about sermons, though Mr. Welldon is Chaplain to the Queen, and one of the finest preachers in the country. Mr. Welldon happily remarked that the last token of appreciation



From a Photo. by]

THE VAUGHAN LIBRARY.

[Elliott & Fry.

of his sermons was from one of his old boys, who had taken a book of his discourses out with him to South Africa.

"He wrote to say that he read one of my sermons every Sunday, as he was far away from all churches. He wanted to know if, after having done his duty—as he put it—by reading a sermon, he might shoot afterwards."

"And did you give him permission?" I asked.

"Certainly. I told him I thought he might," was the answer.

We had reached the swimming bath, and many of the boys were enjoying a plunge. It is certainly the finest open air bath in the kingdom, being 500ft. long, with a maximum width of 60ft. Its depth varies from 3ft. 8in. to 6ft. 1in. Three hundred and fifty thousand gallons of water come daily from the Harrow waterworks, covering almost three-quarters of an acre. The whole place is delightfully sheltered, and surrounded with trees and huge banks of shrubs and evergreens. Some of the best swimmers and divers amongst the Harrow boys willingly lent themselves to the camera.

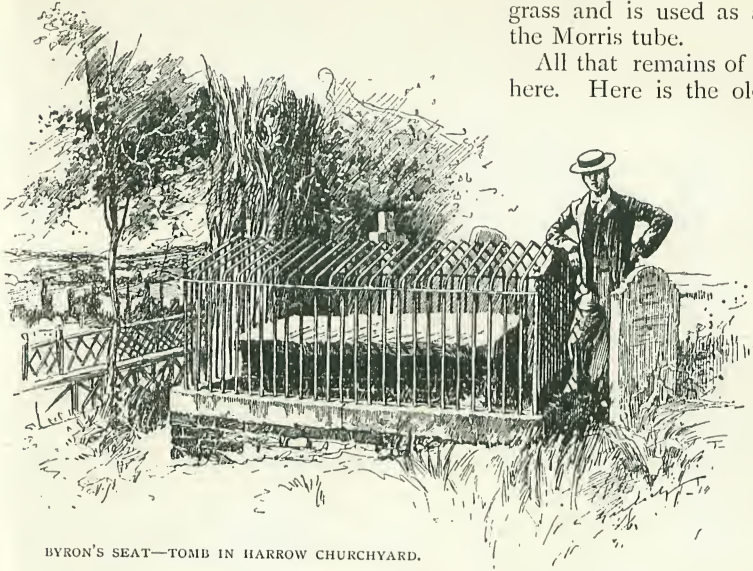
On our return to Harrow there was much to see, previous to going to the cricket ground,

and Mr. Welldon was most enthusiastic in pointing out the many objects of interest. The chapel is full of memorial tablets, and close by is the Vaughan Library, a very handsome erection. Immediately on entering are seen two fine marble busts of Lord Palmerston and Byron; many portraits of old Harrovians hang round the walls. Here "Young Harrow" can come and look upon many precious relics of those who sat on the forms before them. They can sit in the alcove by the window and look out upon the glorious landscape in front of them, the richness and beauty of which must tempt many a lad to dream and hope that one day his name may live "on the Hill." Byron's sword is here, and Lord Palmerston's inkstand. Just by the alcove is a crayon drawing of the late Cardinal Manning. I remembered how his eyes lit up when, some time before he died, I spoke to him about his Harrow days. In the letter which hangs framed beneath his picture—the last he wrote to Mr. Welldon—dated 21st June, 1889, the great prelate says: "As I grow older and older, the days of my boyhood seem brighter."

"I once took lunch with Cardinal Manning in the morning," said Mr. Welldon, "tea in the afternoon with Mr. Spurgeon; and dined

in the evening with the Bishop of Winchester!"

In a glass case is Byron's "Euripides'



BYRON'S SEAT—TOMB IN HARROW CHURCHYARD.

Hecuba"; some Latin exercises written by Sir Robert Peel when at Harrow in 1804, and letters from Wellington, Faraday, Landseer, and Sydney Smith. An archer's dress of white satin and silver lace worn at Harrow on the day of shooting for the silver arrow is preserved, together with a couple of the silver arrows competed for.

We cross the road, up the steep stony incline to the church, and stand for a moment by the tomb—now railed in—on which Byron used to sit and dream. From the place of poetry to the spot of pugilism is but a few steps. The latter is the old milling ground where Byron fought his battles.

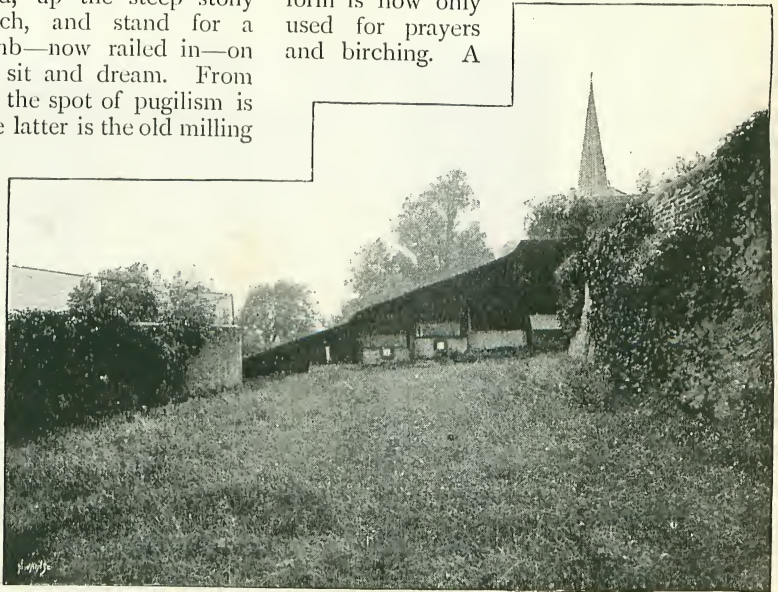
The streams where we
swam and the fields
where we fought.

"At Harrow I fought my way very fairly. I think I lost but one battle out of seven," Byron wrote to a friend. But the place of milling is no more. The courtyard is no longer used as a grand stand by

the boys; the masters no longer have to shut their eyes to a pugilistic encounter. The days of fights are o'er, and the patch of once famous land now grows very long grass and is used as a practice ground for the Morris tube.

All that remains of the old school stands here. Here is the old fourth form, with its oaken benches and panels, tiny windows, and huge Elizabethan mantelpiece—its quaint old desks and chairs. It forms the Harrow scroll of fame, for on the walls and benches, on the doors—aye, everywhere—the pen-knife of many a famous man has cut into the wood. Here is "Byron," and in the next panel to the poet is "H. Temple,

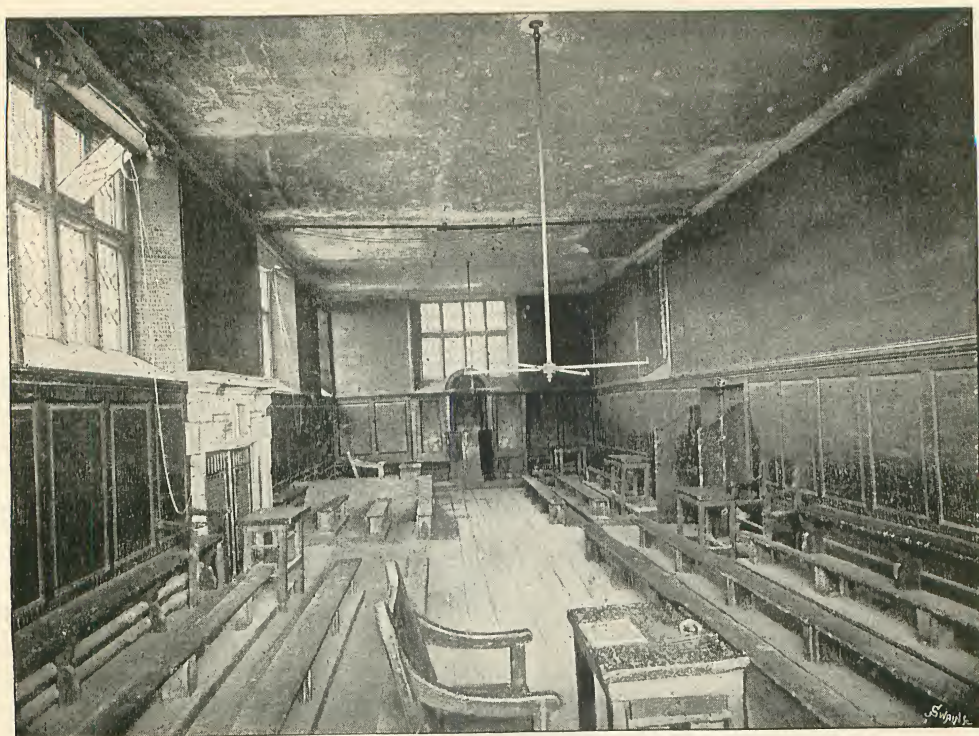
1800." "R. Peel" is in big letters near the Head Master's seat; "Haddo" (Lord Aberdeen), "R. B. Sheridan"—until very recently a direct descendant of Sheridan was in the school—and near the floor, in very small letters, "H. E. Manning, 1824." No walls were ever so famously decorated as these. The old fourth form is now only used for prayers and birching. A



From a Photo. by]

THE OLD MILLING GROUND.

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

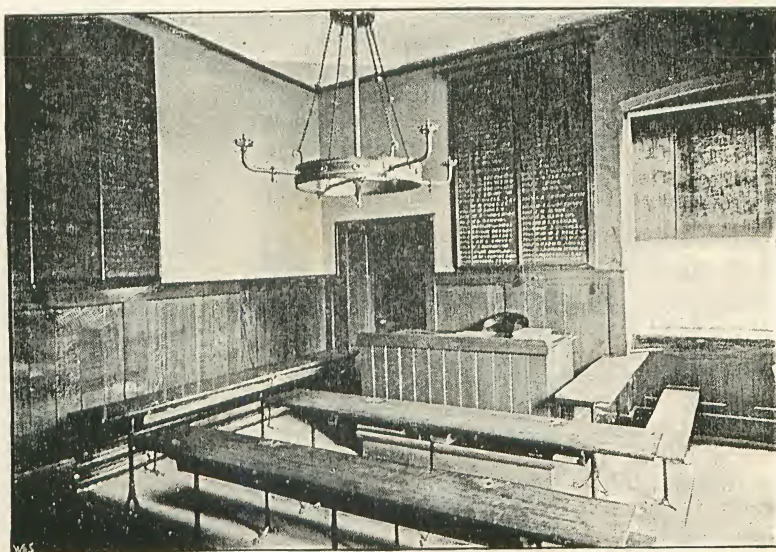
THE FOURTH FORM ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

little door is opened near the ancient desk where the Head Master once sat, and six birches rest against the wall in an impressive row. Passing upstairs—the doors and walls are covered with names—we reach the Head Master's class-room. It contains a number of tablets on which are printed in gold the names of Harrow prize-winners. It is a close, uncomfortable room, but tradition is strong at Harrow, and the boys would not leave it for the most perfectly ventilated and sumptuously furnished apartment in the land.

There is just time to look in at the speech-room, with its fine oak roof and numberless chairs ranged

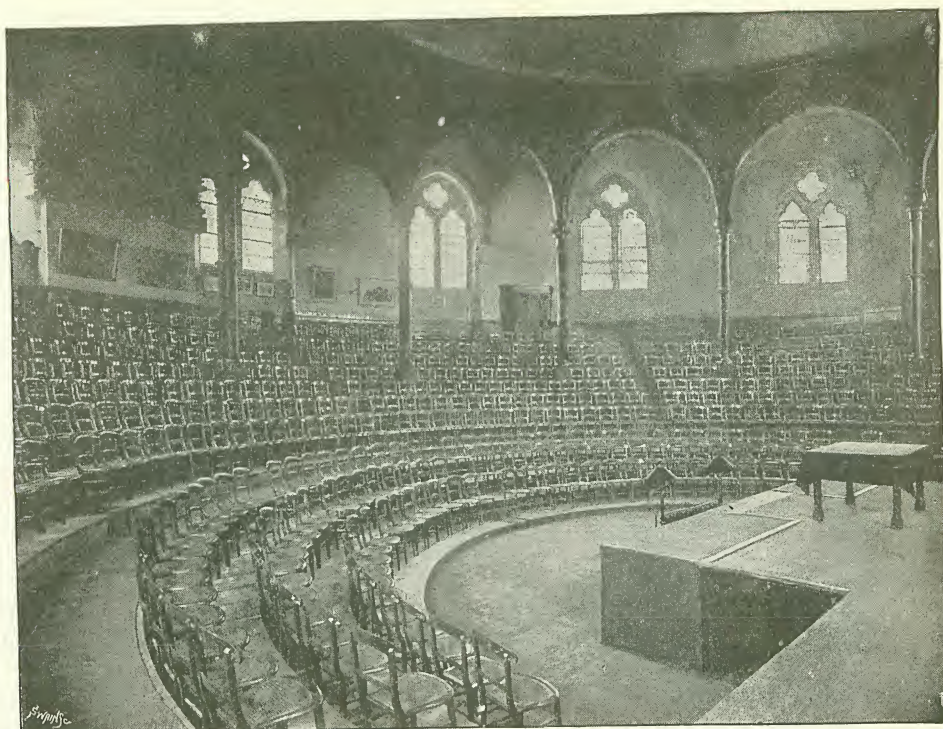
tier upon tier, before we hurry away down the Hill—the Hill upon which Lord Shaftesbury conceived his idea of philanthropy when seeing a funeral passing by. We are on our way to the cricket ground. What a sight it is! Seated on the grass and



From a Photo. by]

HEAD MASTER'S CLASS-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

THE SPEECH-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

benches is young Harrow, eagerly watching and waiting for every ball that leaves the bowler's hand, and every hit that comes from the striker's bat. But go on a little farther and you reach the pavilion. Here sit the two houses who are fighting with bat and ball to-day. You can easily tell the supporters of the two sides. Let the bowler deliver a good ball, and fifty voices at the pavilion go up in one great shout; but let the batsman make a grand drive, and the same fifty voices are silent, while the other half-hundred take up the shout. If you want to hear a real, unadulterated English shout, ask a Harrow boy to cheer; if you want a practical definition of enthusiasm, go to a Saturday afternoon match at Harrow.

Mr. Welldon and I sat down on one of the seats, whilst Scamp lay at his master's feet.

"We have fifteen clubs here," said Mr. Welldon, "and in a couple of years' time I venture to prophesy a score. The cricket at Harrow is practically looked after by friends, though the masters play their part as well. Lord Bessborough has trained young Harrovians to bat for the last fifty years; the late Mr. Grimston was seldom absent from the field, and to-day Mr. I. D. Walker is most enthusiastic

in his batting and bowling lessons. I often have requests from the parents of boys to 'let them play cricket to their hearts' content,' and when the House of Commons is sitting, the ground is alive with M.P.'s on a Saturday afternoon—probably to see if I am carrying out their instructions. The big match at Lord's is systematically trained for. I always make a point of keeping the boys in school till eight o'clock on the morning of the Eton and Harrow match. It steadies them. You have only to look at that pavilion to know what the Harrow boys love. Hark at them now! Well hit!—well hit!"

Mr. Welldon himself had caught the spirit of enthusiasm, and his sudden shout told that the Head Master's love ran in the same direction as the boys'.

"In the old days at Lord's, on the occasion of the annual battle between the two great schools," he said, after watching a good four run out, "there were no ropes round the pitch to keep it clear. Once, one of our youngsters got a ball in the face, and his nose began to bleed. His mother, who was on the ground, rushed from her seat to her boy. The captain, with the utmost gravity and courtesy, turned to the lady, saying, as he ordered her off the ground:



IN THE PLAYING FIELD.

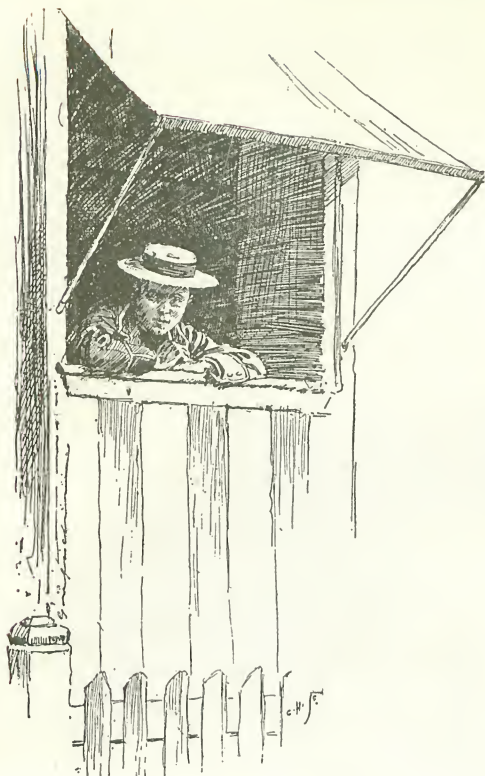
‘Are you not aware, madam, that every Harrow boy should be ready to shed his last drop of blood in the service of his school?’

“One of the most tragic deaths I ever heard of happened in this very cricket field,” the Head Master said, very quietly. “A boy was umpiring. A ball was hit to short leg; he was unable to stop it, and it hit him behind the ear. There was just time to take him off the field before he died. It only wanted a fortnight to the match, at Lord’s, and he was to have played in the eleven. The captain of the eleven sent the cricket cap he would have worn to the poor boy’s mother, and it was buried with him.”

Being left alone for a few minutes, I met the captain of the school eleven—Mr. M. Y. Barlow. He was sketched at the telegraphic board. The figures stand for what he would like to see at Lord’s. Mr. B. N. Bosworth-Smith, son of the biographer of Lord Lawrence, and the head boy of the School, also stood to the artist, and a group of Harrow boys willingly submitted. In this group is a Harrovian—a great favourite at the School—who should be peculiarly interesting to the readers of *THE STRAND MAGAZINE*. In the white lining of his straw hat is a



THE CAPTAIN OF THE ELEVEN.



THE HEAD BOY OF THE SCHOOL.

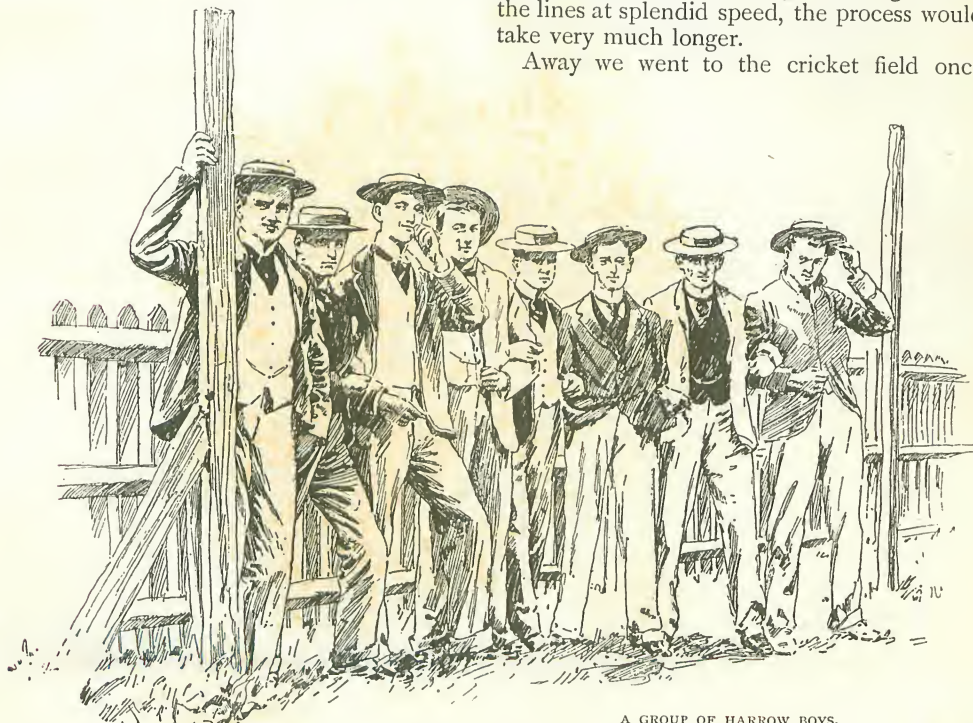
familiar name written in ink. It was put there by a companion owing to his remarkable resemblance to a very eminent detective. The name is—Sherlock Holmes!

Suddenly the batsmen throw down their bats, the boys leave the pavilion, and the seats are quickly emptied. They are all hurrying towards an adjoining meadow. Mr. Welldon has returned, and he invites me to come and see five hundred boys called over in a minute! I timed this very economical and time-saving process of seeing that every boy is in Harrow, and found that the whole thing was got through in fifty-eight seconds.

The lads are arranged in groups, each group presided over by a boy known as the shepherd. A bell rings, and Mr. Edward Bowen, whose idea it was, starts, with pencil and paper in hand, and pays a hurried visit to the first group.

"Eight here—one absent," says the shepherd of the first division. Away goes Mr. Bowen to the next batch—and so on, until five hundred boys are similarly called. The shepherd of every group along the line cries out how many are present in his party, and how many are away. Possibly, were not Mr. Bowen an excellent pedestrian—did he not, thirty years ago, walk from Cambridge to Oxford in a day?—and get down the lines at splendid speed, the process would take very much longer.

Away we went to the cricket field once



A GROUP OF HARROW BOYS.

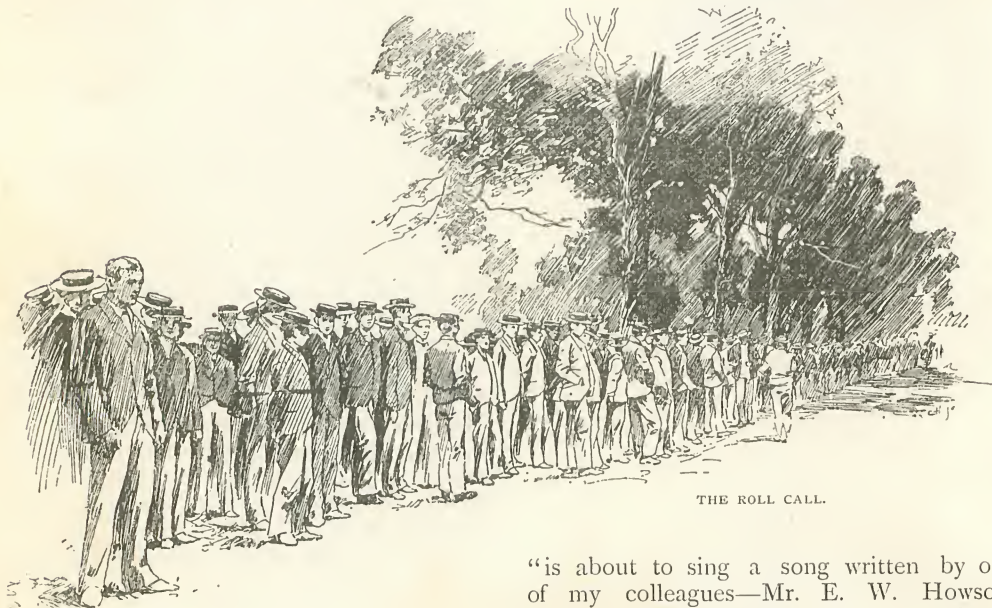
more, where a couple of hours soon went by. At length the match was over, and masters, boys, and friends were on their way to the speech-room. At half-past six the sweet voices of the school twelve would once again sing the ever-to-be-remembered songs of Harrow, while the whole school would "chorus," with lusty voices and hearts brimming over, so that you might hear the music at the bottom of the Hill. The speech-room presented a picture not to be forgotten—

And just as the niner was done and entire
He threw himself down to rejoice (and perspire)—
"One short," said the fair and impartial umpire!
Boo-hoo!

So he gave up and went and ate ices,
Of various colours and sizes,
And died of pulmonary phthisis,
Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!

Mr. Welldon turned to me.

"One of the youngest boys in the school,"
he said, as a little fellow came forward,



THE ROLL CALL.

these Harrow boys singing with not a thought of the life that was before them. As they sang, many an old Harrovian sat there silent and listened earnestly, thinking of the days when their ages were the same as those who were merrily shouting:—

Lyon of Preston, yeoman John,
Many a year ago
Built on the Hill that I live on—
A school, that you all may know.

How well "The Niner"—a capital cricketing song, written by Mr. Bowen—was rattled through! It told of a champion of the field—

Of cricketers never a finer,
From Nottinghamshire to China,
But *he never could manage a niner!*

However, one day he struck a majestic blow, and ran the nine. Unfortunately he came to grief in the last verse:—

"is about to sing a song written by one of my colleagues—Mr. E. W. Howson. Listen to the words he will sing—he tells of what is in his heart to-day, and the whole school will reply with what he may feel in the days to come."

And the little boy sang, and the school replied:—

Five hundred faces, and all so strange!
Life in front of me—home behind,
I felt like a waif before the wind
Tossed on an ocean of shock and change.

Chorus. Yet the time may come, as the years go by,
When your heart will thrill
At the thought of the Hill,
And the day that you came, so strange and shy.

A quarter to seven! there goes the bell!
The sleet is driving against the pane;
But woe to the sluggard who turns again
And sleeps not wisely but all too well!

Chorus. Yet the time may come, as the years roll by,
When your heart will thrill
At the thought of the Hill,
And the pitiless bell, with its piercing cry.

Nothing but proses and reps and con !

O for the future when I'm a man,
With no more Virgil to learn and scan,
And no one to say to me, " Please, go on !"

Chorus. Yet the time may come, as the years go by,
When your heart will thrill
At the thought of the Hill,
And the proses so long and the con so dry.

" Raining in torrents again," they say :

The field is a slippery, miry marsh ;
But duty is duty, though sometimes harsh,
And " footer " is " footer " whatever the day.

Chorus. Yet the time may come, as the years go by,
When your heart will thrill
At the thought of the Hill,
And the slippery fields and the raining sky.

Five hundred faces alive with glee !

Trials are over ; the term is done,
With all its glory and toil and fun ;
And boyhood's a dream of the past for me !

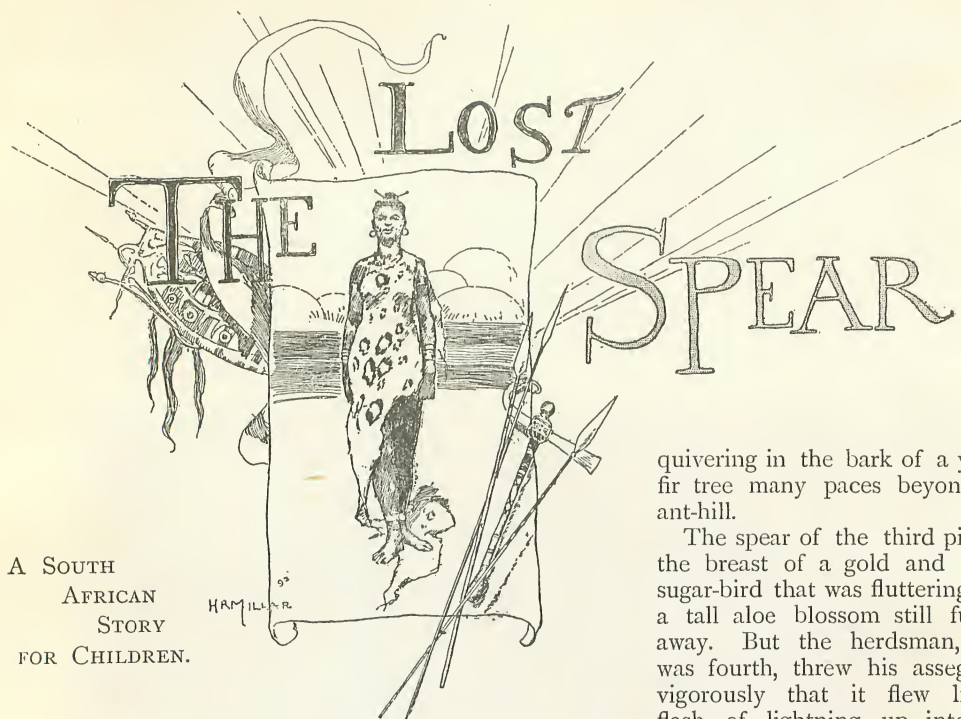
Chorus. Yet the time may come, though you scarce
know why,

When your eyes will fill
At the thought of the Hill,
And the wild regret of the last good-bye.

HARRY HOW.



THE HEAD MASTER'S HOUSE.



A SOUTH
AFRICAN
STORY
FOR CHILDREN.

ONCE upon a time, when the fairies were still in this land, and the black man had not been driven inland away from the sea-shore, a mighty King called all his chiefs together to witness a contest between the four strongest, bravest, and handsomest of the young men of all his subjects. The prize was the King's youngest daughter—the black-eyed Lala—and the one of these four who should throw the assegai the furthest should win her for his bride.

Many princes and chiefs and their followers assembled at the King's village by the sea, and many days went by in feasting and in choosing four from all that host, who were at the same time the strongest, bravest, and most handsome there.

At last these four were chosen. Three of them were sons of great chieftains, but the fourth was only a poor herdsman. Yet the Princess Lala, who stood at her father's hut, thought him the best of them all. A sandy plain that stretched between the mountains was chosen, and the four champions stood in a row ready to throw. The first threw his assegai so well that it fell upright into an ant-hill far, far away. The second assegai stood

quivering in the bark of a young fir tree many paces beyond the ant-hill.

The spear of the third pierced the breast of a gold and green sugar-bird that was fluttering over a tall aloe blossom still further away. But the herdsman, who was fourth, threw his assegai so vigorously that it flew like a flash of lightning up into the

heavens, and struck a hawk that was soaring there in search of prey.

Loud were the acclamations of the people, and they adjudged the fourth the winner. The Princess wept for joy, but the great King, who did not wish his daughter to wed a humble herdsman, said :—

"Let them throw again with spears that I shall give them. This man's weapon was surely bewitched."

So on the morrow the King sent for fresh spears of gold. And to the princes were given splendid, equally-balanced ones; but the herdsman's was clumsy and untrue. Again they threw, and again the herdsman's assegai out-distanced those of the others. This time it flew into the clouds, and was lost to sight in their whiteness.

But the King was unjust, and said : "Not till you have found the spear, and bring it to my feet, shall you win my daughter, the beautiful Lala. Go!"

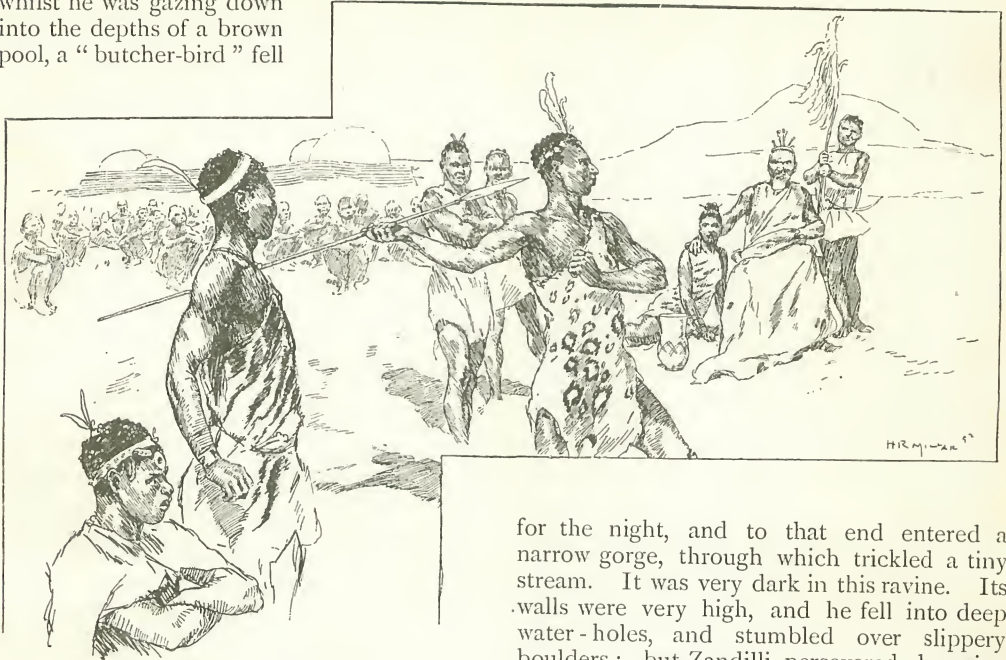
The Princess clung to her father and wept, saying she loved this gallant herdsman; but the King took her arms from round his neck, and bade her go. To disobey the King meant death, and the girl went.

Thus Zandilli, the herdsman, set out in search of the royal assegai. He wandered

some days among the mountains, for it was in the wind-clouds on their brows the spear had disappeared. It was on the fourth day of his wanderings that, whilst he was gazing down into the depths of a brown pool, a "butcher-bird" fell

rose, a great ball of crimson fire, from out the fog in the east.

Zandilli was anxious to find some shelter



THE HERDSMAN THREW HIS ASSEGAI.

at his feet, clutching in its talons a tiny green frog. The frog cried for help, and Zandilli succeeded in frightening the bird away.

The frog expressed its gratitude, and said : "If ever you are in trouble, and think I can help you, close your eyes and call to mind this brown pool, and I shall come to your assistance."

Zandilli thanked the kind frog, who then disappeared in the water.

A little further on he saw a large black and yellow butterfly impaled upon a thorn of prickly-pear. He released it, and the butterfly said :—

"I was thrust upon that thorn by a pair of tiny brown hands belonging to a little maid with large black eyes. She was cruel. You are kind, and I am grateful. If ever you are in difficulty or danger call me, and I shall be at your service."

Then the glorious insect spread its wings, and flew away to play with its mates among the crimson orchids.

Night was approaching on the fifth day, and still the lost spear had not been found. It was a warm summer's night, and the moon

for the night, and to that end entered a narrow gorge, through which trickled a tiny stream. It was very dark in this ravine. Its walls were very high, and he fell into deep water-holes, and stumbled over slippery boulders ; but Zandilli persevered, knowing how often small caves are found in these ravines. And such a cave at last he came upon. The moon, now clear of the fog, had floated up into the heavens, and shone into the gorge, lighting up its western wall. Into a large cavity her light fell in a broad pathway of silver.

Zandilli entered boldly ; he, who had lived among the mountains all his life, knew no fear. The light of the moon did not enter very far into the cave, and he was too tired to explore the darkness beyond, so he lay down to rest, with his spear close at hand.

He awoke to find the cave in total darkness, and a strange soft music greeted his ears. It was music sweeter than that of the turtle-dove calling to her mate, softer than the murmur of the wind among the grass-bells. Its sound thrilled the listener's heart, and made him long to look upon the being whose voice could discourse such sweet music. Zandilli arose, and crept with steps as noiseless as the leopard's towards the place whence the music came. Nearer and nearer it grew, and as he advanced the cave grew broader and higher, and a pale light seemed to flood the walls.

Louder grew the music at each step, loftier the walls, and more brilliant the light,

until suddenly such a sight burst upon his astonished eyes as never mortal had seen before.

A large lake spread its sapphire waters before him. The roof of the cave shone as the sun, and great pillars, which sparkled with the glitter of countless diamonds, raised themselves from the waters and were lost in the blazing glory of the dome. In the very centre of the lake a magnificent flight of glittering golden steps led to a throne, which sent forth flashes of green fire—being fashioned of a single emerald beautifully carved. The lake seemed boundless, for its shores were lost in darkness.

From out of the shadow from all directions, countless large rose-coloured lilies came floating, each bearing towards the throne a lovely fairy. It was from these lilies the lovely music floated, for each fairy sat singing as she combed her long golden hair. Never had Zandilli seen such beautiful forms. More delicate-looking were they than the soft wind-flowers that crown the precipices; more beautiful than the crimson orchids. Their hair that spread behind them was not less brilliant than the fiery tail of the great star which comes to warn the black man of approaching drought and famine; and it gleamed against their snowy breasts as does the golden tongue of the arum. Their forms were as graceful as that of the slender antelope; their arms were whiter than the spray which tips the waves. Their brows were crowned with white star-blossoms, and their voices excelled anything Zandilli had ever heard. The lily-boats floated from all sides, and seemed to be guided by some unseen power. As they touched the golden steps the fays stepped from the pink petals, and shaking their golden hair around their shoulders as a mantle, they joined the throngs of others as fair as themselves around the throne.

All this Zandilli gazed upon with eyes large with wonder. Only who it was that sat upon the throne he could not see, for a brilliancy of flashing light clothed the occupant as in a veil. The empty boats dotted the lake, as do the blue water-lilies the quiet reaches of the rivers, floating lazily backwards and forwards.

Suddenly the music ceased—his presence seemed to have become known to this strange people. There was much whispering among the throngs upon the steps of the throne. Then a broad pathway was opened among them, and a Being clothed in light stepped from the throne to the water's edge, and a silvery voice spoke :—

"Mortal, you are not unexpected. You are Zandilli, the herdsman. Your quest is not unknown to us. You seek a royal spear, and dare to aspire to win a royal bride. The moon has risen five times since you vanquished the three princes in throwing the spear. When she shall have shone yet twice upon land and sea your bride, unless you save her, will have wed another. Yet, have no fear, brave Zandilli, the royal spear is within your reach."

The silvery tones ceased, and Zandilli fell upon his face, and said :—

"Oh! great Being! whose light is as the sun's, whose wisdom is greater than that of our witch-doctors, help your servant to find that spear which you say is within his reach!"

A strange-shaped canoe of gold shot from the steps of the throne and rested at Zandilli's feet. He entered it fearlessly, and as quick as light he was carried across to the golden steps. The dazzling Being who stood there reached a hand to him as he stepped from the canoe. He raised his eyes, and saw before him a woman lovely as the morning. Countless rays of light streamed from a girdle and breast-plate of diamonds, and from the flowing robes of silver tissue that clothed her, leaving only the lily-white arms and throat bare. Her golden hair fell to her feet, and was crowned with a wreath of star-flowers.

"Welcome to the land of the Moon-Fairies!" she cried, as she took his hand and led him to a seat beside herself upon the throne. The crowd upon the steps bowed humbly before them as they passed through its midst.

Then Zandilli spoke: "Oh! great Queen! whiter than the wind-clouds, fairer than the dawn, tell your servant how best he can serve you and win the spear!"

She bent her eyes, blue as the lake, upon him, and said: "Would that I could say it is yours now—yours to take away; but there is an ancient law amongst us that forbids even the Queen to take from our treasure-trove *anything*."

"And this golden spear of Royalty, which fell at the mouth of this cavern, has been given a place among our treasures."

"It was prophesied in years remote, that a Mortal would come amongst us in quest of a weapon that would give the possessor great joy. When he should appear two tasks were to be set him. If he performed them the object of his search should be given him. You, Zandilli, the herdsman, are that Mortal, for do you not seek a spear that will give you a lovely bride? We will deliberate upon the tasks

to be set you. Meanwhile, you will be shown the beauties of our home by my maidens."

With these words the Queen rose and descended to a lily-boat, which bore her quickly away. Now three of the loveliest of the fairies stepped with Zandilli into the golden canoe—wonder after wonder unfolded itself to his astonished gaze. All was glitter and light. But there was one dark cavern, whose walls were lustreless and black as night. Yet Zandilli was impatient to win the spear, especially as the Queen had spoken of another who was to win the Princess Lala ere two moons had risen.

He therefore begged to be taken back to the Queen, who sat again upon her throne. She greeted him with a smile, and laid her lily-white hand upon his bronze arm. "We have decided," she said, "upon your first task. My councillors have made it no easy one. You have seen the black chamber? It is the one blot upon our home. If you can make it as beautiful as each of the others, half your task will be fulfilled. Before the moon has risen again this must be performed, or death will be your doom."

Zandilli was taken to the black chamber; and there he was left alone in the golden canoe, with despair at his heart, for he had no means of beautifying those hideous walls. He thought of the foam-flecked sea, which he should never see again; of the shy maiden who was to have been his bride.

He thought of the flowers, the birds, the butterflies. At the thought that then came, he laughed. The butterfly he had saved! Could its help be of use to him? It seemed hopeless.

Zandilli sighed, and, overcome by fatigue, laid himself down to sleep.



"HE WAS LEFT ALONE IN THE GOLDEN CANOE."

The butterfly heard its saviour's scarce-formed cry for help. So at break of day it called together its brethren and its cousins, the fireflies. Then they all flew into the dark cavern. The sound of their fluttering wings awoke Zandilli. Great was his surprise to find the dull walls transformed into a fairy palace of gorgeous wings and tender pale-green gems. The butterflies and fireflies had spread themselves over the entire walls.

When the Queen and her followers came to see if the task had been performed, great surprise and joy did they express at the wonderful transformation the Mortal had worked. With one voice they cried:—

"He has won!
He has won!"

All that day was spent in revelry; but the Queen was absent. She was

with her wise men, discussing the second task.

At the close of the day, the Queen spoke thus to Zandilli: "You have completed your first task, and the spear is partly won. It has therefore been placed here upon the steps before my throne. See! This is to be your second task: My maidens' robes are woven from the wings of flies. Our looms are idle, for our store-rooms are empty. To you is

given the task of filling a hundred of our boats with the wings of flies." Then the Queen disappeared.

Zandilli lay down in the canoe, and gave way to despair. This task seemed far more hopeless than even the first had. Never more should he see the sun; never should he hunt the leopard again. Never should he see the tumbling streams and cool brown pools, nor see the great black eyes of his princess smile upon him. He fell asleep at last with these sad thoughts upon him.

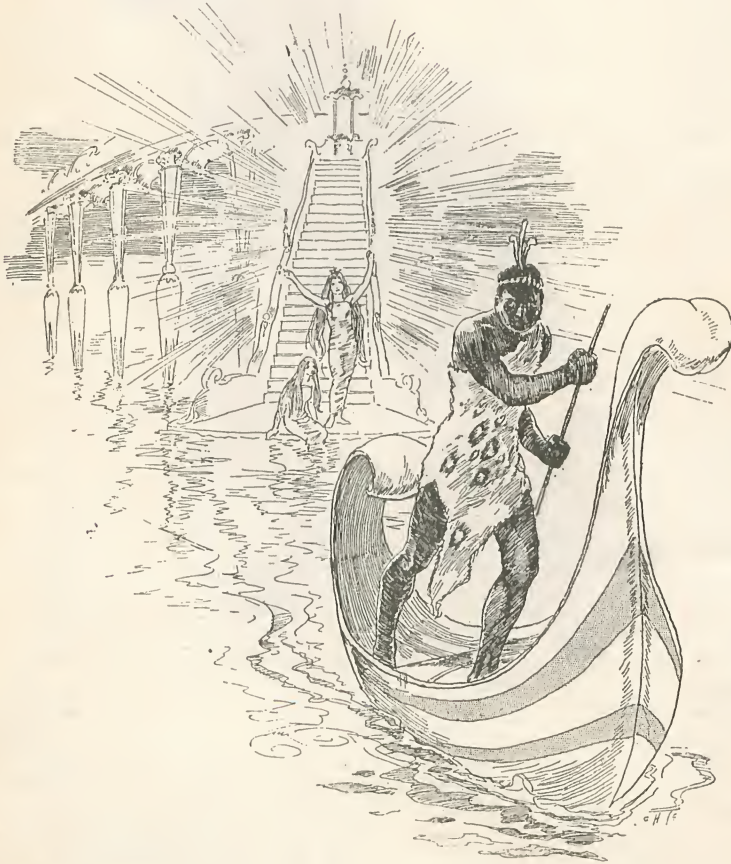
The frog heard his saviour's sigh for a sight of the brown pool, and called his brethren and his friends the lizards. Each came with their burden of flies, and soon filled the many boats.

Their busy croaking awoke Zandilli, who found his task performed; and when the Queen and her followers came again, they cried:—

"He has won! The spear is his!"

Then Zandilli ascended the golden steps to take his well-earned prize. But the Queen was loth to let him go. She would have liked to have held this wonder-worker by her side for ever, and she tried to hold him back.

But Zandilli was impatient, and snatched his arm from her grasp. He seized the golden spear, and jumping into the canoe, propelled it with the spear to the edge of the lake, and bounded ashore. In a few short hours he had claimed his bride.



The Queer Side of Things.

Find her Master & Mistress

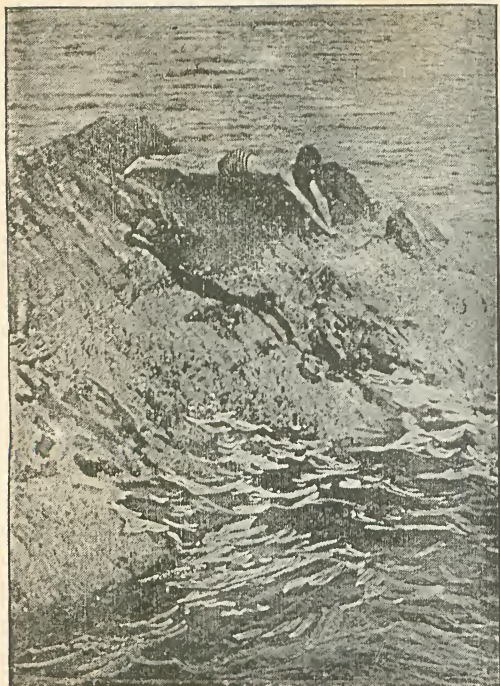


PAUL'S
PUZZLE
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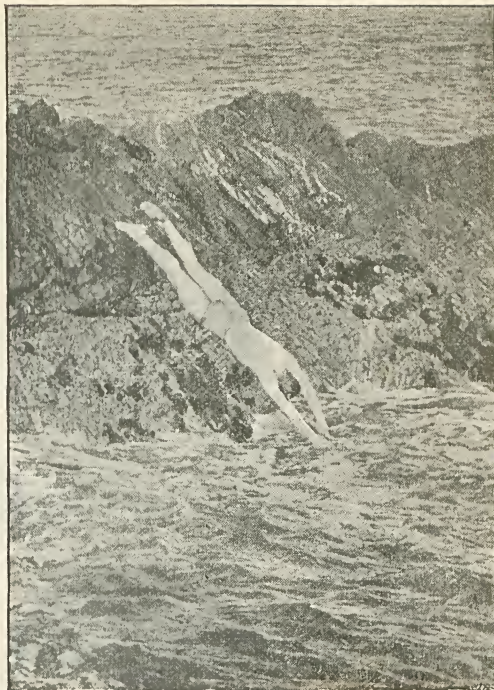
FIND HIS THREE SONS



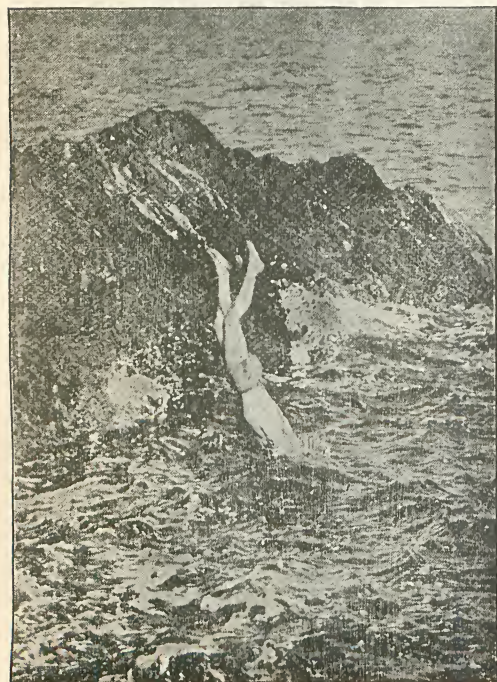
FIND ANOTHER DOG.



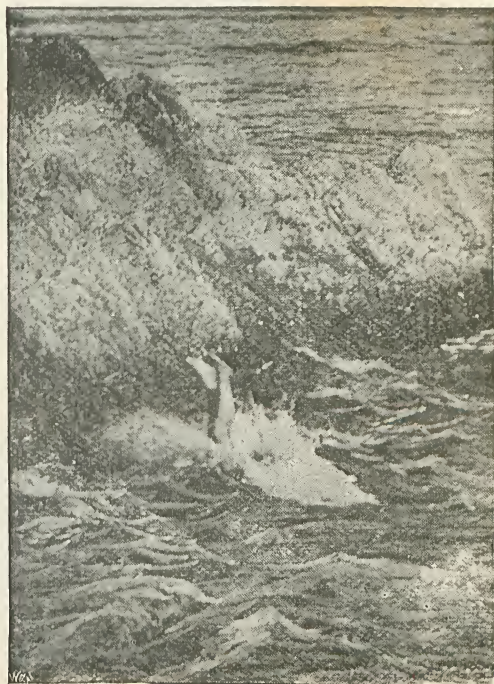
I.



II.



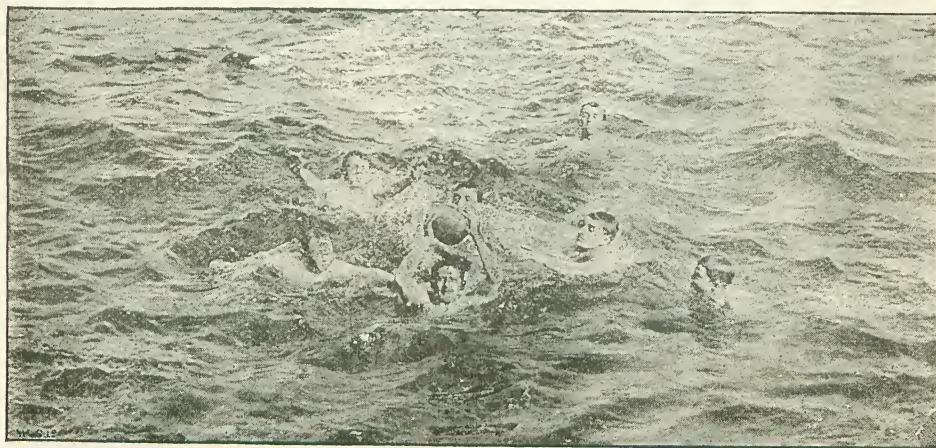
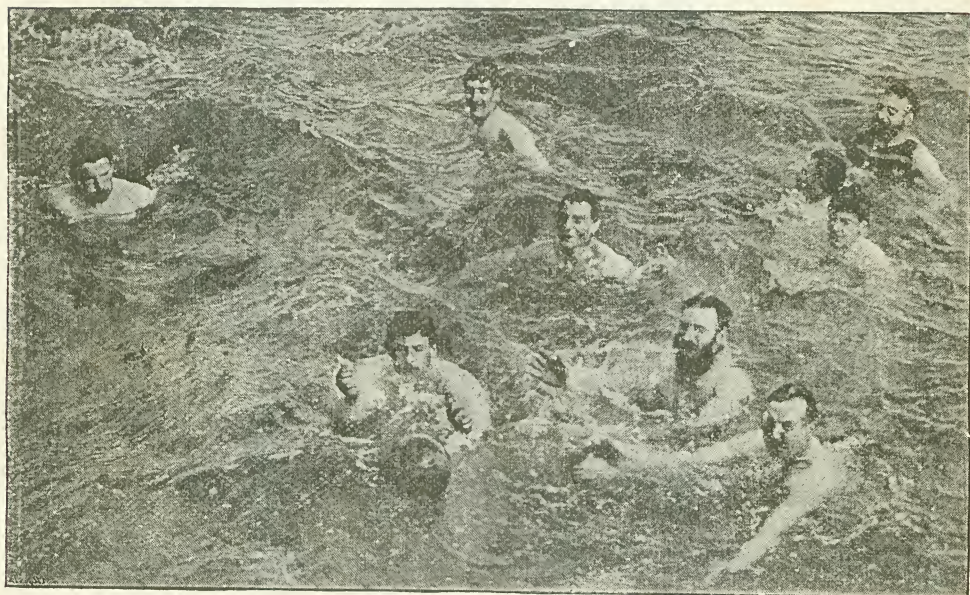
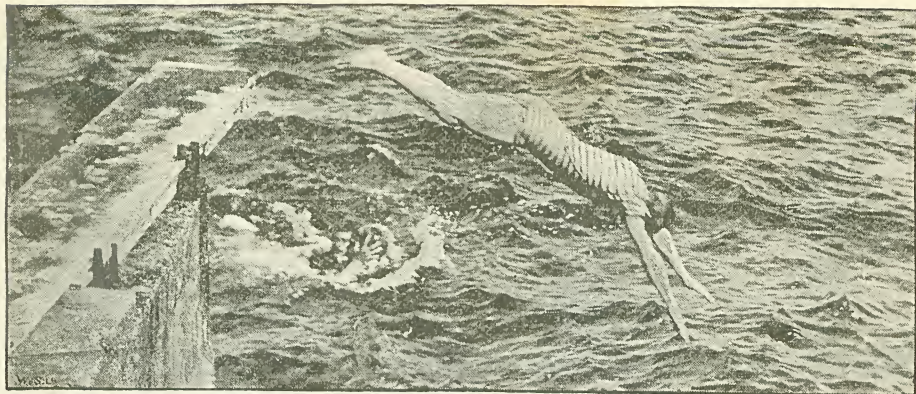
III.



IV.

PICTURES OF A DIVER.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES W. MELDON.



POLO IN THE WATER.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES W. MELDON.





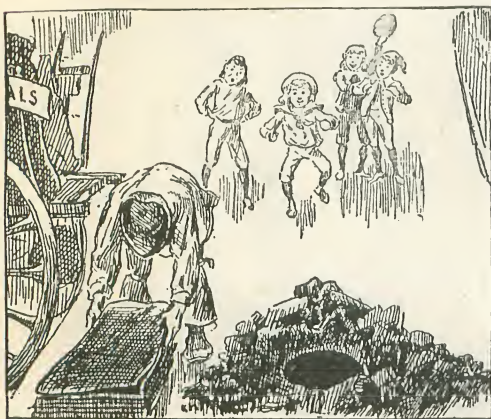
A VEGETABLE ODDITY.

THIS POTATO, WHICH FORMS A FACE AS IT STANDS, AND ANOTHER IF TURNED UPSIDE DOWN, WAS GROWN BY MR. CHATT, OF FRIMLEY, IN 1889, AND WAS SENT TO US BY MR. WILLIAM SPURGE, OF TWICKENHAM, ITS PRESENT POSSESSOR.



FATHER: "WHAT! YOU HAVE TUMBLING INTO THE POND WITH YOUR NEW TROUSERS ON?"

SON: "PLEASE, FATHER, I HADN'T TIME TO TAKE THEM OFF!"



I.



II.

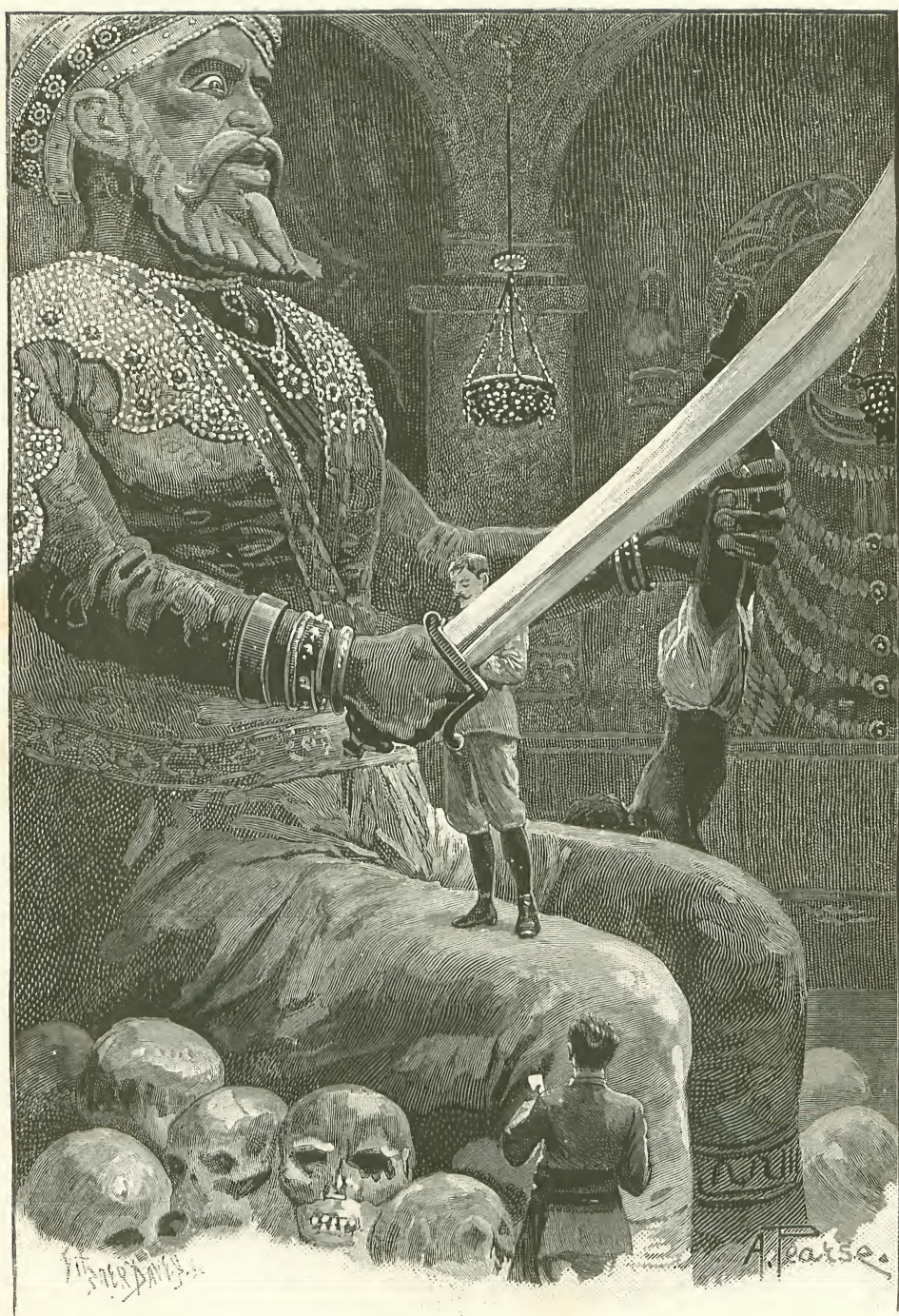


III.



IV.

THE COAL-HOLE, AND HOW TOMMY DIDN'T JUMP IT.



THE IDOL AT DELHI.

Shafts from an Eastern Quiver.

V.—THE SWORD-HILT OF THE IDOL AT DELHI.

BY CHARLES J. MANSFORD, B.A.

I.

I AM sorry that we could not persuade Hassan to join us in this attempt," I said to Denviers; "he is a strange character in some respects, but I have no doubt his knowledge of these Hindu temples would have been of great service to us in this scrape. I wonder if we shall escape with our lives?"

"Can't say, Harold," responded my companion; "we are evidently in for it at present. Look at that treacherous guide—how I wish we could hear what he is telling the Brahmins! We were fools to trust him, in face of what Hassan said to the contrary, when he endeavoured to dissuade us from entering the temple. It was a religious scruple entirely which influenced our own guide when he refused to come—the Arab is brave enough otherwise!"

"Never mind, Frank," I replied; "if things come to the worst we shall die game, no doubt, but I certainly would prefer to continue our adventures and travels to being finished off by these fanatics. What villainous countenances they have!"

We were prisoners in a temple near Delhi. After seeing the wonderful rock of Hestra, we started next day in the direction of the Suliman Mountains. Thence we proceeded to Lahore, and, crossing

the Punjab, paid a visit to the great fair of Hurdwar, and were now at the sacred city of Delhi, in a difficulty which threatened to effectually terminate our wanderings. We had a special reason for visiting this temple, for during our travels in Persia we had been entertained on one occasion by a famous Parsee at Shiraz. From him we obtained certain information which inspired us with the suicidal notion that we could penetrate into a Hindu temple, succeed in abstracting from it a long-hidden treasure, and thus have sufficient wealth at our disposal to enable us to indulge in whatever travels we cared to undertake without interfering with the proceeds of our first adventure.

We had won his confidence by abjuring in

his presence the fragrant weed, for fire in any form was sacred to him, even when contained in the pipe of peace. Talking to the Guebre for some time, we eventually succeeded in persuading him to speak of Nadhir Shah. He related to us a rumour, which was current in Persia, to the effect that during his two months' occupation of Delhi, this famous Shah had hidden some fine brilliants in a temple, and to secure their safety until his departure, a special mode of concealing them had been devised. He averred, with his hand upon his beard, that in the inner court of the temple an idol had



"HE IS TELLING THE BRAHMINS,"

been raised in the Shah's honour, and that in its mighty hand was an uplifted sword, of which the hilt was hollow, for in it the diamonds were concealed. Among the few Guebres who possessed the secret of opening the sword-hilt he claimed to be one, and on the morning of our departure from his hospitable roof he pressed a small piece of vellum into the hand of Denviers, on which was written, in Persian, the way in which we might obtain this treasure.

Hassan having failed to dissuade us from the enterprise, we found in Delhi a Hindu who promised to get us into the temple, but whose motive was undoubtedly to trick us, for having led us into the pillared halls, where pilgrims usually congregate, he found some pretext for leaving us with a profound salaam and then betrayed us. We had scarcely time to examine some of the Hindu work which adorned this hall, when we found ourselves seized from behind, and,

touched his forehead again and again, upon which we saw three broad streaks, placed there to testify to his religious zeal and presence in the morning at the temple. No one except Hassan knew that we had entered the temple, so that it was not likely that blame, or even suspicion, would fall on the fanatics who even at this time had not learned to love those whom they designated as Feringhees.

It was a strange-looking assembly which sat in judgment upon us for violating the sanctity of the temple. Across the shoulders of each was thrown a snow-white cloth, which covered the body, leaving the arms bare; a second cloth was wound round the waist and hung gracefully down. From the left shoulder hung the *punul*, or sacred thread, which passed across the right side, while round the neck was placed a string of nuts, used as a rosary when reciting certain prayers. They sat in a ring two deep supported on a piled carpet,



"WE FOUND OURSELVES SEIZED FROM BEHIND."

in spite of a severe struggle, we were overpowered and conducted into a vault-like chamber where some twenty Brahmins were, who seemed to rejoice at our discomfiture. While we were detained in their presence the treacherous guide entered, and we could tell from the excited manner in which he spoke that his opinion of us was not likely to influence his listeners in our favour. He

while four guards, armed with murderous-looking swords, guarded us, two of them to each of us, one standing on the right side and the other on the left.

"They are evidently disagreed as to what to do with us," said Denviers. "The Brahmin who sits a little higher than the others, and who is evidently their superior, seems to have the amiable intention of urging the rest on to

extremities, if we may judge by the gestures which he is making. I wonder what they will decide. Something not remarkably pleasant for us, no doubt !”

“We shall know too soon, I am afraid,” I responded. “Those who seem to speak in our favour are in a very decided minority ; but, see, the vote is about to be taken—that will soon settle our fate !”

Some small, white-looking wafers were brought in by a Hindu, who bowed several times to the Brahmins, and then held before them a golden salver, on which the wafers were placed. With a small style, which each Brahmin possessed, a mark was scratched on the voting-tablet, which was then placed in a beautifully carved tube—apparently an elephant’s tusk, for it resembled it in shape, tapering off to almost a point at the end, the inside of the tusk having been removed until a mere shell of ivory remained. We were evidently in great disfavour with the Brahmins, for when the votes were divided, the heap which was recorded for us did not contain more than five or six tablets. As the counting of them finished the faces of the Brahmins lit up with satisfaction, and there was a death-like silence which prevailed as we were reluctantly brought before the chief Brahmin to hear our fate decided. We refused to salaam to him, and our guards failed in their attempts to force us to do so. They were commanded to desist at last, and then the chief Brahmin rose, and, holding up his arm in a threatening manner, addressed us, saying :—

“The Feringhees have entered the temple of Shiva, whose representation is bound to the Brahmin’s arm. Within this mighty edifice stands the great image of Nadhir, which we honour because Shiva permitted him to bow down our once prostrate nation to the dust. Within these sacred walls your footsteps have wrought profanation, and may bring upon us the vengeance of Shiva if we do not show our abhorrence of your deed. To efface the stain upon the temple blood must be shed even when the sun rises to-morrow. To-night ye may live, for we may not take life in the hours that are given for the restoration of men. Think ye well of this, for surely death is nigh unto both. I have spoken.”

We looked for a moment in blank surprise at each other. In a few hours’ time we were to die, although we had made no attempt to carry out the purpose for which we entered the temple ! The sentence, according to our ideas of justice, was palpably absurd. Then Denviers remarked quietly to me :—

“I suppose we must submit, for argument with these Brahmins is, of course, out of the question. There are a few hours still left, and it will not be our fault if we do not escape them yet. I wonder if they will let us spend the night together or mean to keep us apart.”

“The latter, I expect,” was the reply I made. “They will be afraid to give us the opportunity to outwit them.” My conjecture was, however, erroneous, for soon after the Brahmins rose, and forming into a line, moved away to another part of the temple with a slow and majestic tread, chanting as they did so a low refrain, which sounded ominously upon our ears. It seemed like a funeral dirge sung for their two most unwilling victims !

“Now,” said Denviers, “if you see the slightest chance, don’t hesitate to throw yourself on these rascally Hindu guards. Remember it is for our lives that we have to contend.”

The guards were, however, not inclined to give us the opportunity which we wished for. They turned suddenly upon us, unarmed as we were, and formed an angle across our bodies with their swords by placing the points against the wall and crossing the blades much like a pair of shears look when opened out.

While the four guards effectually prevented us in this way from moving—for had we done so the finely-tempered blades would have gashed us terribly—two other guards entered and bound us securely. A pile of matting was then flung upon the floor for us to rest upon, we were thrust upon it, and then the door was shut and barred upon us from the outside. We were immured safely enough until our gaolers came for us, it appeared, and the next morning would in all probability see the end of our lives.

“How do you think they will kill us ?” I asked my companion. “Do you think they will use their swords upon us ?”

“I have not the slightest idea,” he responded. “Very likely they will strangle us. It is not a very inviting prospect, certainly ; if Hassan were here he would say that it was Kismet, and could not be avoided. I expect he is in a great state of excitement because we have not returned.”

We lay there and conversed for some time ; then, from the silence which Denviers suddenly maintained, I found that, notwithstanding the fate in store for us, he had sunk into a calm sleep, and before long I had followed his example, resting peacefully until the occurrence of a strange event.

II.

THE rustling of a dress moving over the stone floor, accompanied by a whispered "Sahib, awake!" roused me from sleep, and looking up, I saw a woman standing with a lamp in her hand, which she held above her head. She was clothed entirely in white, her form being partly concealed by a long, loose garment, which was gathered in about the waist by a girdle. Scanning her features closely, I observed that she had the olive complexion and lustrous eyes which distinguish Hindu women. The peculiar glitter of a bracelet which she wore attracted my attention, and presently I observed it change its position and encircle her arm higher up than before. The bracelet was a living snake, worn, no doubt, as a charm to ward off evil from the woman!

"Is the sahib awake?" my visitant asked. "Speak quietly, sahib, for outside the door of this vault a Hindu guard is posted, and he sleeps but little."

I moved slowly and endeavoured to raise myself, but the bonds with which I had been secured previously had been tied tightly, so that both my wrists and ankles were exceedingly swollen and painful. The woman stooped down, and with a wide-bladed knife she cut the thongs which bound me, and afterwards performed the same good service for my companion.

"Sahib," she murmured, "I come at this hour to save you if you will trust me. Speak not, but follow me."

Denvers, who by this time was fully aroused, rose to his feet, and together we passed from the apartment by means of a different door to that by which we had entered, and beyond which the Hindu lay. We moved along almost noiselessly, our guide holding high the lamp, the fitful flame from which lit up the passage down which we hastened, expecting every moment that our attempted flight would be discovered. Fortunately, this was not so, however, and our guide, touching a knob in the wall, caused a door to open, after passing

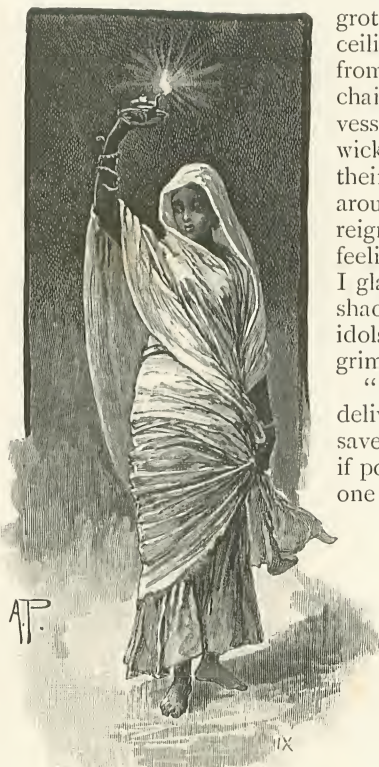
through which we found that we were in the main temple wherein stood the mighty image or idol which represented Nadhir Shah. The light from the lamp cast a weird glow upon the huge idol, which occupied the central part of the temple. Ranged round the sides were to be seen many large idols, as varied in form as they were grotesque in appearance. The ceiling was very lofty indeed, and from it there hung long golden chains which supported crystal vessels, in which small lighted wicks glimmered feebly and threw their faint light upon the scene around. In the stillness which reigned on every side of us a feeling of awe possessed me, and I glanced nervously at the strange shadows which were cast from the idols, which seemed to look down grimly at us!

"Sahibs," said our guide and deliverer, "I am endeavouring to save your lives in order to repay, if possible, a debt which I owe to one of your countrymen. When a great famine was upon the fair lands through which the Ganges flows, an Englishman saved my parents from the oppression of the ryots, who would otherwise have ground them into the very dust by their cruel exactions. They at last became prosperous, and vowed that I should recompense Shiva for what

had been done in their favour. So they consecrated me to this temple as one of the Dasis, or dancing girls, for whom the Brahmins are solemnly vowed to furnish food and protection. Yet I have never forgotten the deed of the Englishman who saved my parents' lives, and they would indeed rejoice that their daughter had at last an opportunity to repay their debt in such a way as this."

"Are we then able to at once escape from this temple?" I ejaculated.

The Hindu woman replied: "Yes, sahib, you shall escape, but not immediately. To-night I will hide you where none will be able to discover your place of concealment; when morning dawns you must make the effort upon which your life will depend. Hidden within this temple, you will hear



"STANDING WITH A LAMP IN HER HAND."

to-morrow the Brahmins as they utter their chants calling upon Shiva to accept the sacrifice which they intend to make. Then a procession will be formed, and, moving thus, they will again enter the council chamber in which you were condemned, for there they will vainly expect to find you bound."

"How will this plan of yours assist us to escape?" interrupted Denviers, glancing at our strange deliverer.

"Sahib, patience, and you shall hear. At the outer door of this temple—which at night is strongly guarded—you will find in the daytime only two Hindus armed with swords. Your approach will doubtless be heard however softly you may tread, such is the acuteness of hearing which distinguishes our race. Two minutes afterwards your fate will be irrevocably decided." Taking them from beneath her robe, the Dasi held out to

When the swords fall, ward them off, and make a dash for the passage. Proceeding thence straight onward, you will see another door; and on pressing against it, you will find that it leads into the pilgrims' hall, which abuts upon the street. Once there, and your peril is over."

"Where are we to remain hidden until then?" I asked.

"In yonder idol, sahib; for within it is a hollow known to few even of the Brahmins. Follow me, and I will show you the way in which entry and egress can be made."

Passing to the rear of the idol, we observed a strange triangular mark, and while our own efforts to find the clue to the opening of the idol were futile, the Dasi in a moment was successful, after which she whispered the secret to us. Touching a hidden spring, a door flew open, and then we saw a flight



"SHE HELD OUT TO EACH OF US A WIDE-BLADED KNIFE.

each of us a wide-bladed knife and then continued:—

"Armed thus, you will each engage with one of the guards. Knife against sword is unequal fighting; act, therefore, only on the defensive, and stain not Shiva's temple.

of narrow steps, which led into a round chamber above in the monstrous idol.

"Here rest safely till dawn," said our guide. "The temple is deserted now save by the great spirits whose vigils you may not disturb. Fare you well, and remember for

your lives the instructions which have been given." We listened for a few minutes while the sound of her rustling dress grew fainter and fainter upon our ears as the woman passed away and left us within the idol. There was a faint light, which entered the chamber in which we were, coming apparently from the lamp flickering before the huge image, and from its upward direction in two rays we surmised that it passed through the cavities intended to represent the nostrils of Nadhira!

"It will be dangerous work fighting with these niggers," said Denviers. "Fortunately we can both fence well; yet I know that the Hindus pour in their blows like the hail comes down. Hadn't we better try to get those diamonds? If we escape, which I almost doubt even now, we shall be well repaid for risking the dangers of this adventure."

"As you will," I responded, and touching the strange door, to which we had again descended, it flew open. We closed it quietly, and a moment afterwards stood facing the idol of Nadhira!

III.

"READ the Guebre's instructions, Frank," I remarked, "and as you do so I will carefully observe the hand of the idol and the sword-hilt which it grasps."

The idol itself represented, in the usual exaggerated size, the former conqueror of Delhi. Sitting on a heap which was intended to represent to the observer a pile of human heads, there was held in the left hand a writhing human form, while in the right hand, which was raised aloft, was a sword made of gold, thickly jewelled, and which was about to fall on the unhappy victim. While I was carefully noting these things Denviers read as follows:—

"He who would obtain the diamonds from the sword-hilt must climb to the right knee of the idol, and standing thereon force the thumb backwards. The hold upon the hilt will relax for a second and the treasure fall to the ground. Beware that the thumb of the idol does not grip the hand of the daring one, for then the sword will fall and smite him. I, Hasfejd, do so declare."

Denviers mounted upon my shoulders, and in this way reached the knee of the idol. Standing as directed, he followed the statement carefully, and to our astonishment—for we had not placed much hope in the information being exact or in its consequence—the hand partially unclasped, the hilt flew

open, and when it closed a yellow roll of muslin already lay at my feet! When Denviers had descended we proceeded to examine the treasure. Unrolling the outer wrapper we found eight small packages within it. Each of these was carefully unfastened, and proved to be a history of the gem which it surrounded. The diamonds were finely cut, and sparkled even in the dim light of the temple.

We disposed of the treasure by each placing four diamonds in our inner pockets, and then, having made a survey of the temple, re-entered the hollow head of the idol.

The Brahmins were beginning their devotions when I awoke and found Denviers watching them through the cavities already mentioned in the idol's face. As the ceremony proceeded the worshippers seemed to become frenzied, and contorted their bodies as they prostrated themselves and vowed to destroy the polluters of the temple. They suddenly rose from the ground and formed in a double line, headed by several Hindu guards, who were evidently intended to drag us to the temple if we refused to submit to the fate in store for us without making a final effort to free ourselves.

As the last Brahmin left the temple, Denviers cautiously opened the door of our hiding place and peered out.

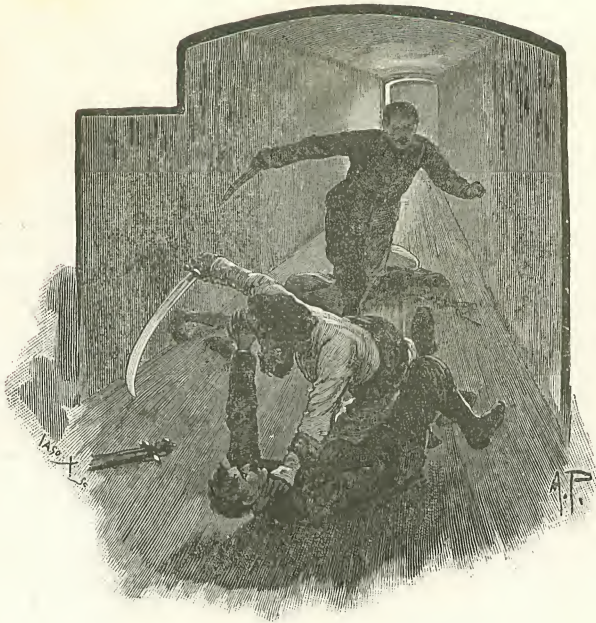
"Come on," said he; "one bold effort and we are free!" I followed him closely down the passage as indicated by the Dasi, and when about half-way down we perceived the two guards. They were examining something upon the wall, and we hoped to get near them without being observed.

"Get down on the ground, and crawl along after me," said Denviers; "they are not looking this way. Your man is to be the shorter one of the two—leave the other to me." We moved along as stealthily as tigers; if only we could take them by surprise! Nearer yet—the object on the wall still interested them. We were only ten yards away. Then we lay almost flat, and forced ourselves along a few inches at a time. Nine yards—eight—seven! Denviers jumped to his feet; we were seen! In a second the Hindus closed with us. There was a gong fastened to the wall, and one of them attempted to strike it, but my companion interposed his body between it and the Hindu.

None of us spoke; the combat was too fierce for that. How well they fenced! I feared that my knife was too short to ward off the Hindu's sword. Denviers was getting the better of the enemy with whom

he fought, and the tall Hindu was wounded, although he fought bravely on. I felt that it was a matter of life or death, and made a lunge at my own foe to settle which of us should conquer. He parried the blow, and a moment after I was down with the Hindu kneeling upon my chest, and his sword-point at my throat. I saw something white gleam before my eyes, then the Hindu was pulled violently from me. I rose and saw the second Hindu lying motionless. My former antagonist was wrestling futilely with Denviers, and as his sword fell I rushed and picked it up. There was a sudden cry of alarm which rang down the passage, for the Brahmins, we knew, had discovered our flight!

"Run to the outer door," cried Denviers,



"IT WAS A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH."

"and hold it open; I can finish this nigger before they reach us."

I flung wide the door just as the other guards came down the passage. Denviers held on to the Hindu for a minute, then lifted him bodily from the ground and dashed him full at the nearest guard! In a moment he reached the door; we were outside and making for the pilgrims' hall, whence we

found our way unbarred to the street, which we regained in safety.

"A warm piece of work, Frank!" I said, as we turned towards Delhi. "I thought that Hindu had finished my career."

"He was well formed although so slight," assented Denviers; "but the best part of the whole affair is that we got the diamonds!"

Obstacle Races.



OUR insular pride is not a pride of personal sedateness and dignity. We may be proud of our country and our countrymen, and with reason ; but we are not above any amount of hearty ridiculous fun—perhaps, we may think, if not say, without undue vanity, because we have enough natural dignity of character to stand the strain of much tomfoolery without deterioration. Also we like to give our tomfoolery a sporting character, and have so done from the beginning. Climbing a greasy pole after a leg of mutton, eating hot hasty-pudding for a prize, and jumping in a sack, are not things which it is easy to imagine a crowd of Spaniards and Frenchmen indulging in with enjoyment. But perhaps the sporting element is more acceptably incorporated with the comic in the obstacle race than in anything else of the sort.

Obstacle races are of varying sorts. Men may swim obstacle races in the water, may ride them on bicycles, or may run them on their own natural feet. The obstacle race is not a form of sport largely affected by the great London clubs, on their sprucely-kept

flourisheth exceedingly, and glorious and great is the congregation of guffawing spectators, who gather thickest at the muddy-water jump.

Nobody is very particular about his costume at an obstacle foot race. The blue-jacket tucks up his trousers and runs on his brown skin, the yokel goes perhaps in boots, perhaps in socks, and everybody else dresses according to his fancy—this being a go-as-you-please race of the most pronounced description. Indeed, a certain flavour of variety is sometimes introduced into the business by competitors disguised as Mr. Sloper, a policeman, and an old lady. A good, clear run is given before the first obstacle is reached, just to break up the crowd a little, and send them into their difficulties with plenty of impetus. It is a remarkable thing that, no matter what may happen in other races, there is always a dog about when an obstacle race is started—a dog which goes off after the runners, and barks and snaps angrily at their heels. He is as regular as the Derby-dog, and gets a deal more fun for his trouble. There would seem to be some affinity between stray dogs and boys, in that one or more is sure to be



THE START.

grounds, but at country meetings, held in the handiest field, at seaside regattas, and among the diversions provided at a sporting festival organized by a larky crew of blue-jackets, the obstacle race bloometh and

present, when anybody comes a cropper or otherwise gets into an undignified scrape, to enjoy the agony of the sufferer and deride him. That is why there is always a stray dog at an obstacle race.



RAILS AND POSTS

Perhaps the first obstacle is a row of hurdles, or rather of strong rails and posts, five or six deep, one beyond another, and very short distances apart. You may either scramble over these or crawl under. If you scramble over, you bark your shins grievously, fall between the rails, alighting on the most painful corners, and find difficulty in climbing out. On the other hand, if you crawl under-

neath, you only break the falls of all those who are scrambling above and falling through; also your own head, amongst the posts. It is considered proper to alight upon your feet on springing from the last rail, but the spectators prefer you to use the other end, a plan very frequently carried out.

After this the competitors, with such advantages as the scramble has severally given them, and such bumps and scrapes as they have themselves collected, take another run on the flat. At the end of this an immense net is pegged to the ground on all sides but the nearest.

This net lies thick in many folds, and, in some secret place, either between two of the pegs or in the net itself, there is a hole big enough for a man to get through. The first man arriving here throws himself down and crawls under the unpegged end of the net, followed by the others as fast as they may, until that great net contains a piled-up crowd of wriggling humanity, each man making his best effort to find the exit, and getting in the way of all the others.

You never can tell when the first man will get out. He may find the hole at once or he may be almost any length of time; in fact, very often it is found that some frantic competitor is unconsciously standing on that part of the net. Sometimes, if the net is very large, the artful man does this purposely,



THE NET.



LADDERS AND PLANK.

in order to seize the opportunity when everybody is making a wild rush at some other part, and bolt out with a good start. When at last somebody does get through there is a magnificent scramble among the rest to follow, and the crowd stream out, much the worse for wear, and in a very different order from that in which they went in. Often is it the fate of the man who entered far ahead of the field to leave far behind it. And so for another run on the flat.

A very little of this, and the next obstacle is met. This is, in the first place, a wooden frame supporting a horizontal pole or plank nine or ten feet from the ground. There are two ladders by which this may be scaled, so that there is a likelihood of two men reaching the top at the same moment. But the way down on the other side is scarcely so convenient. Here you must walk on a steeply sloping, narrow, and very springy plank, as far as an old packing-case, or some similar support, and then on just such another plank to the ground. You must not jump off, or "fudge" this arrangement in any way, or you will be ruled out. The

spectators, however, do not object to your falling off. This last is a very easy feat, as anybody may find for himself who will try walking down a thin plank at an angle of about forty degrees, with a big man striding down before him. To succeed in the race it is preferable to be a good way ahead at this obstacle, and to have the plank to yourself; but, considered entirely as a show, a rush of four or

five on the plank at once is superior. Another level run leads, perhaps, to the canvas—or maybe tarpaulin. This is a good large sheet, laid flat, stretched, and pegged firmly down on two sides. You arrive at one of the unpegged sides and proceed to insert your head under the canvas, like a gentleman about to be guillotined. The task is to grovel under the whole length of that canvas, and get out at the further end with as little delay as is consistent with bringing your clothes with you. If you are close behind, and gaining upon a man under this canvas, it is advisable to look out for his feet—as well as you can; sometimes they catch you about the ears, heavily. It is bad enough to be alone under this sheet; but to be under



CANVAS.

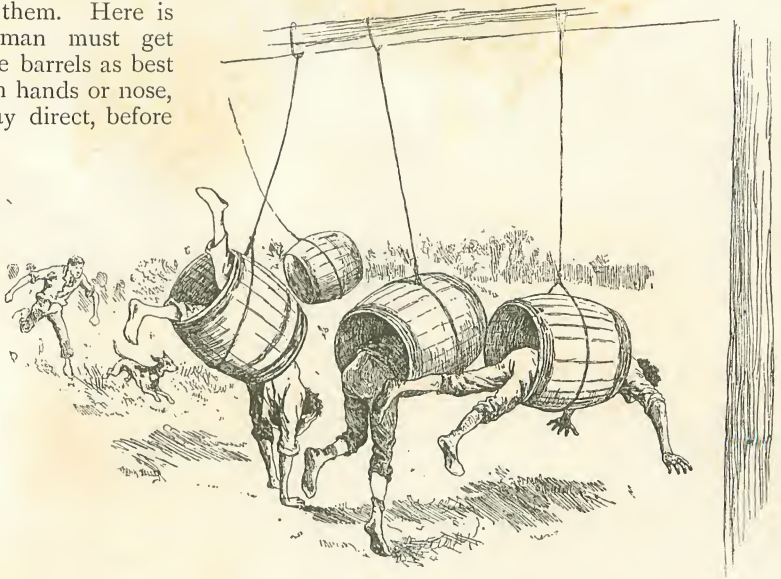
when the presence of several others is tightening it, is mere personal flattening and the wiping out of features. The tendency of this gentle exercise to produce baldness has not hitherto been taken into account by the compilers of medical essays, but it must form an enormous factor in the total result. You may observe the crowd come out visibly balder than it went in, just on the spots where the friction with the canvas acts.

There will probably be another obstacle before the final run in—perhaps a row of barrels, minus the ends, suspended at a height of three or four feet by ropes lashed about them. Here is great fun. Every man must get through one of these barrels as best he can—alighting on hands or nose, or both, as Fate may direct, before rising to finish the race. To get through a swinging barrel is none too easy a job, as the gentle reader may test for himself, if so minded.

To begin with, the thing is unstable, tilting fore and aft at a touch, and swinging in every direction. This makes it difficult to raise oneself into it at all, and doubly difficult to wriggle through, once the head and trunk are in. Half-way through, the victim presents a helpless and tortoise-like appearance, making mad efforts to throw his hinder half sufficiently high to cause him to fall out head-foremost. Once he has been fortunate enough to alight on his hands and save his nose, the smart practitioner does not waste time in a merely comic attempt to kick and wriggle himself clear of the barrel, but makes three or four steps forward upon his hands, when his feet fall quietly to the ground behind, and he rises, top-end uppermost, to run. The man who, resting on his hands, tries the kick-and-wriggle plan, even if he succeed at all, only falls in a confused heap, with his head at the bottom of the pile. Then, when he rises, he is apt to cause hilarious applause by bolting off in some utterly insane direction, quite away from the finish; for several seconds' struggle in a

barrel liable to spin round, followed by a miscellaneous tumble head-downward, never improves a man's topography, and his first impulse is to rush straight ahead.

An improvement of some kind is frequently introduced into the barrel business; an improvement, that is to say, from the point of view of the unsympathetic onlooker; for any improvement in an obstacle race always takes the form of some new persecution of the competitors. One such improvement was introduced at the sports held in con-



SWINGING BARRELS.

nection with the Manchester Jubilee celebration. The barrels, usually empty, were stuffed tightly with a fearful mixture of paper, tow, cotton-waste, and soot. To fight one's way blindly through paper, tow, and cotton-waste in a wobbling barrel is a worse thing than to do the same through the empty article; but when soot is added in generous quantities—then is the bitterness of the obstacle race seen indeed, and felt, and tasted. The gentleman who invented this horrible preparation holds a most respectable position in Manchester, and has probably now repented, wherefore his name shall not be mentioned; but a few hundred years ago he might have commanded an immense salary as a judicial torture-merchant and witch-baiter. In this particular race itself one competitor was especially unlucky. He was far and away the best of the crowd, had come out triumphantly ahead at all the previous obstacles, and

arrived at the stuffed barrels a long distance to the good. He seized the nearest and boldly rammed his head among the contents; but he got no further. Man after man arrived, and, with such luck as might be his, wriggled through his barrel in more or less time, and started away again, a sooty scarecrow and a public derision. But the first man, head and shoulders immersed, still struggled in hopeless suffocation until everybody was hundreds of yards away ahead, and then it was discovered—that the miscreant carpenter, whose business it was, had forgotten to knock the other end out of this particular barrel!

The sack race, pure and unadulterated, is a funny spectacle enough, but when sack racers have obstacles set them beyond their sacks, truly they must work for their prizes. There are two ways of getting over the ground in a sack. One is by grabbing the loose sack tightly with the hands and jumping—both feet together. This looks a good way, but the least inaccuracy in balance, or alighting with feet too far back or forward in

the sack, means an ignominious bowl over, and much prostrate wallowing. The better way is to get a foot into each extreme corner of the sack, pulling it tightly up in the middle, and to waddle along with quick, short steps. But if these steps be too quick, or not short enough, disaster is certain. For the wily sports-promoter who ruins this design by giving the competitors *round-ended* sacks is reserved the grati-



THE SACK RACE—THE ROPE OBSTACLE.

tude of the many—spectators, and the indignation of the few—competitors. A rope across the path and a ladder laid on edge are usually enough obstacles for unfortunate creatures in sacks. It is not easy to jump over that rope and alight right end up, and therefore some turn their backs and fall over it. But then you are down, and might as well have lain down first and rolled under—which, again, some do by choice. If you have come a cropper near the rope, this is the best plan, since it involves only one getting up. The ladder, too, may be jumped or tumbled over, but in the latter case it is uncomfortable to go face-foremost. An attempt to wriggle *through* the ladder on the part of a competitor already prostrate is likely to end in painful failure and an ill-used chin. At the finish, of course, in all sack races, it is policy to fall through the tape, as being quicker than running, jumping, or waddling to breast it; but—and it is a



THE SACK RACE—THE START.

riding which would mightily astonish the crowd at, say, the Herne Hill track. It is, perhaps, only at such a race that one may encounter a belated survival of the jockey cap among cyclists, and the rule is for the costume to partake of the characteristics of road and path, the former predominating, with now and again a distinct suggestion of the

jockey or sulky-driver thrown in by way of imparting as sportive a flavour as possible. Sometimes fancy costumes are presented, and then jockeys and sweeps, Ally Sloper and Mephistopheles chase one another on bicycles of varying sorts and dates of manufacture.

A country meeting, too, where sports are held in a grass field, affords many advantages in the way of natural obstacles, through which the track may be laid, with a resulting steeplechase highly gratifying to such enemies of the cycling pastime as may be present.



THE SACK RACE—THE LADDER OBSTACLE.

great but—never fall an inch too soon, or you will go under without touching it.

In a bicycling obstacle race, the general idea of the conspiracy is to mock the boasted speed of the cyclist by making his machine a hindrance, a tribulation, and an incubus unto him. He is tempted, for instance, by a long stretch of level track to "pile it on," and go ahead; only to be met at the end by a row of hurdles, or something equally solid, which he cannot pull up in time to avoid running into, and over which he must then drag his damaged vehicle.

The bicycle obstacle race, like, indeed, other obstacle races, is chiefly to be seen at small country meetings. It is a shy and modest plant, and never ventures into the glare of metropolitan notoriety. A town racing cyclist will not adventure his feather-weight instrument among the bangs, bumps, and general misadventures native to the obstacle race. Wherefore it comes to pass that in such a race, when it is found, many machines of uncertain age and build are to be seen, and many riders with gets-up and styles of



"OFF AND AWAY."

The track at a country meeting, prepared for an ordinary straightaway level race, presents in itself more often than not a series of difficulties not to be despised. There was a field (possibly is still) in Bedfordshire, used annually for bicycle races and other sports, wherein the unfortunate competitor, in what

was supposed to be an ordinary straightaway handicap, was condemned, among other things, to negotiate eight or nine immense holes, about a yard in diameter, and of a sufficient depth decently to bury a Newfoundland dog in; to bump off a grass-edge four or five inches high on to shingly gravel, and up again a little farther on; to make frequent ducks to avoid the fate of Absalom, where the track ran below overhanging trees; in one place to plunge boldly among foliage where a small tree on one side reached out affectionately towards another opposite; in another to avoid utter jamming and smashing up with other competitors where the track suddenly narrowed; and generally to look out for the casual brick, the insidious gully, and the fortuitous dead branch, as well as, perchance, the occasional legs of some urchin projecting from under the ropes, where he sat lowly and hugged a post. All this in the straight stretches, the corners, of which there were many, being of angles which seemed to preclude any possibility of getting past them except by the process of dismounting and carrying the machine round. So that, when a hole, several bricks, a gravel-bump, a dead branch, and a boy's legs all occurred at a bad corner, where tree branches hung low, the rider had small leisure for meditation. On such a track as this little artifice is required to prepare for an obstacle race, and perhaps the district may afford other and larger natural features, available as obstacles

After a miscellaneous burst-off—such a burst-off as only a country meeting could show—a wide ditch or stream may be encountered, which must be waded knee or

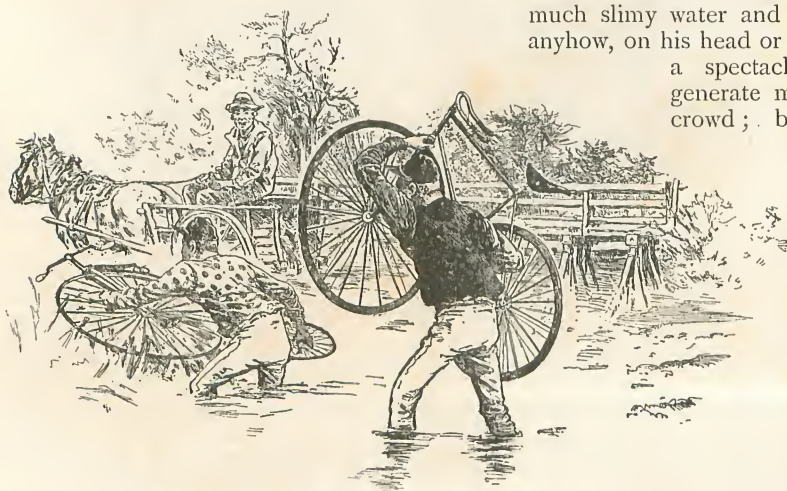


OVER THE STEPS.

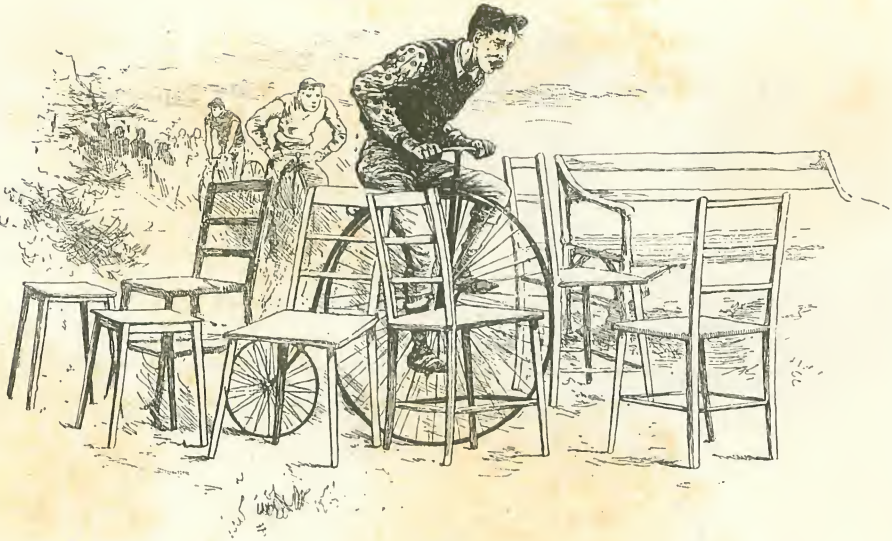
waist high, while the bicycle is carried overhead.

Indeed, the man who can best carry his machine has a very great advantage in contests of this kind. A bicyclist wading through much slimy water and carrying his bicycle anyhow, on his head or shoulder, is in itself a spectacle always certain to generate mirth among a village crowd; but when he stumbles

on the uneven bottom and goes under with a mighty flop, bag and baggage, or when he sticks in the mud, great is the joy of Willum and Jarge. A high hedge, especially one with a ditch on the further side, is another good obstacle native to such a field as a



THROUGH THE STREAM.

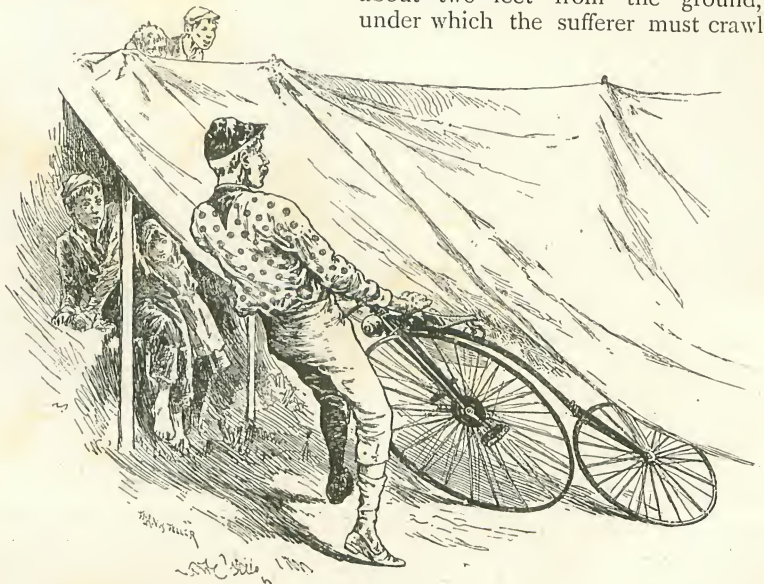


CHAIRS.

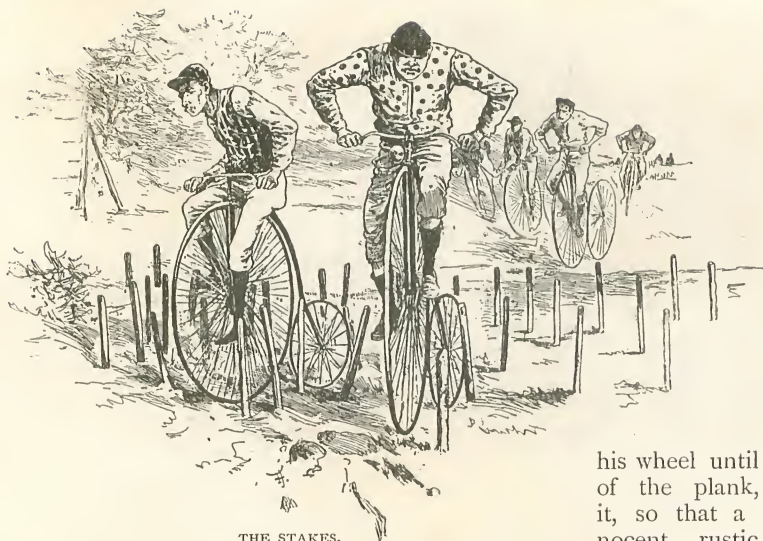
bicycle obstacle race is frequently run on; while an artificial obstruction in great request is a wooden flight of stairs up over and down which the competitor must carry his machine, unless he be foolhardy enough to try to ride over, as has been more than once disastrously attempted. The attempt has not always been a voluntary one, for the stair-flight is a magnificent trap for the hasty young man who rides at his best pace and can't always pull up at the right moment. So is the cluster of chairs, barrels, and benches wherewith the committee oft-times make his career a grief and a weariness unto him. For it is necessary to select an advantageous opening among those chairs and sundries, and then to dodge gingerly between them. Now, it is commonly found that the widest-looking opening leads into the most impossible "no thoroughfare," the biggest and hardest pieces of furniture, and the most grievous spills; so

that not always he who is first among the chairs is first out of them, and he who tackles them with the boldest rush is likely to sprawl among them with the most bruises.

The diresome tarpaulin, too, is spread in the path of the unhappy rider, with just such greater awkwardness to him than to the pedestrian, as may be calculated from the encumbrance of his bicycle. Often the place of the tarpaulin, however, is taken by a series of scaffold poles, fixed across the course at about two feet from the ground, under which the sufferer must crawl



THE TARPULIN.



THE STAKES.

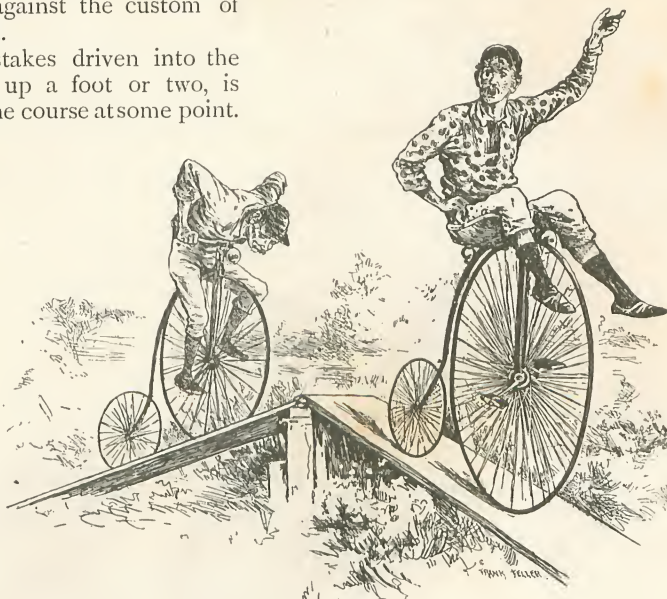
and drag that bicycle. Also it has been demanded of him on more than one occasion that he ride along the whole length of a bricklayer's ladder, over the rungs, as it lies upon the turf. This practice now seems to have been abolished—probably at the instance of one of the humanitarian societies who protest against the custom of hook-swinging in India.

A confused row of stakes driven into the ground and standing up a foot or two, is pretty certain to adorn the course at some point. They are a fearful thing. They look so insignificant, and they upset so effectually. Unless they have been carefully planted with the humane design of letting everybody through scatheless (and they never are), a cropper is almost a certainty; for, even if the front wheel be steered through accurately, the back wheel must follow as it list, and catch whatever be in its way. And then the sufferer must get up as gracefully as possible, carefully refraining from rubbing himself, smile pleasantly, and proceed toward the finish in what comfort he may.

The plank obstacle is an easy one—merely an inclined plane a foot wide or more, up which one must ride and down another. It requires nothing more than steadiness and careful steering, but it is bad for the competitor who approaches it with a wobble; for, verily, that wobble, once on,

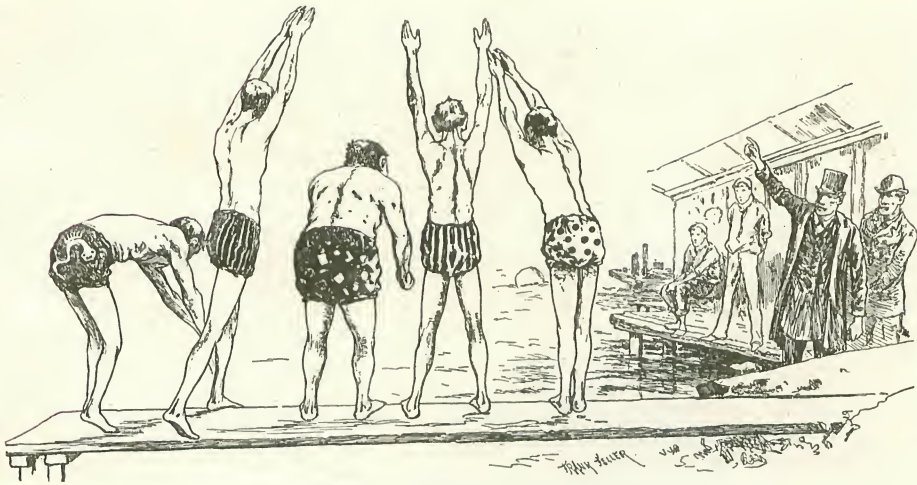
shall not leave his wheel until it goes over the side of the plank, and carries him with it, so that a certain amount of innocent rustic enjoyment may be extracted from the contemplation even of this simple obstacle.

The water affords facilities for obstacle races equally with the land, and such a race among swimmers has its points of interest. Often a condition is that each competitor take with him, the whole way, a large inflated



THE PLANKS.

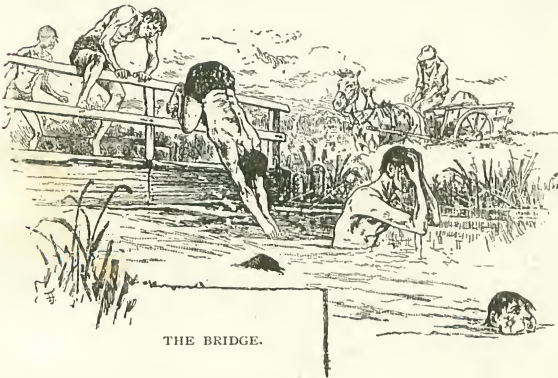
bladder or an empty barrel. These things must be taken *under* certain obstacles, such as a pole fixed across just over the water, a row of punts, or the like. Let anybody who



SWIMMING OBSTACLE RACE—THE START.

has tried to take a large inflated bladder under water with him tell of the joys of

wooden bridge, which the swimmers may be made to climb over, or a pontoon bridge may be put down for the occasion. Something with rails on it is preferable to the barbarous tastes of the scoffing multitude, since they afford an additional awkwardness and tend towards indecision and the breaking of toes. If this bridge be at a shallow part it is also sometimes considered an improvement, since an inconsiderate and vigorous dive may lead to personal battery in the bed of the stream.

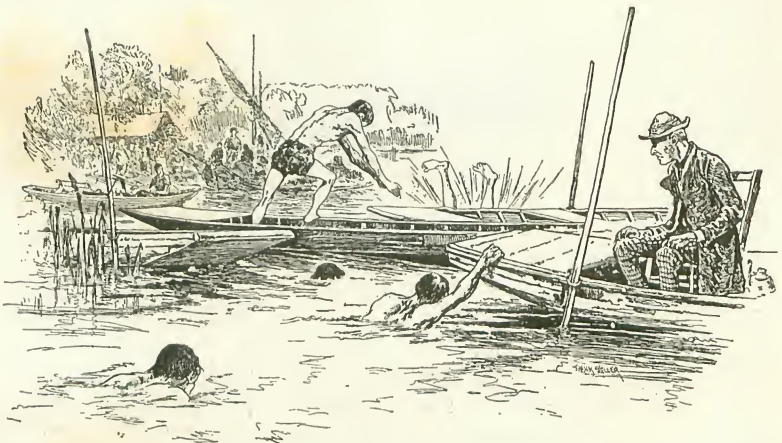


THE BRIDGE.

these feats. Or the rules may dictate that the competitor must climb over the obstacle himself and push his bladder or barrel under, taking care not to lose it in the process. Indeed, special rules and directions must be made for almost every obstacle race, the most meritorious set being that which entails most misery upon the competitor.

Obstacles existing in the ordinary course are not altogether wanting in a swimming race properly planned. There may be a

Next, perhaps, the hardy adventurers meet a row of punts, moored across the waterway, often an irregular row, demanding generalship in selecting the easiest point of attack. For, by properly selecting one's direction, it is pos-



THE PUNTS.

sible here to find an advantage, taking a pull at this and a push at that; while it must not be forgotten that he is not neces-



THE LADDER AND PLANK.

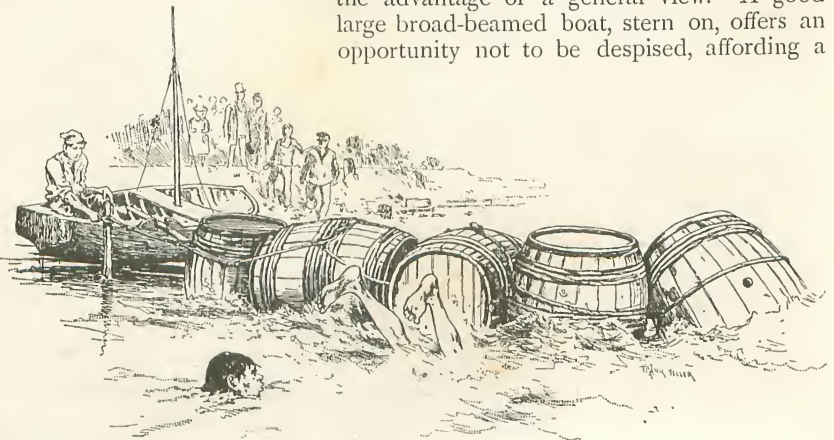
sarily slowest over who has most punts to negotiate, providing he have but one pull out and one dive; since running and jumping are quicker than swimming.

It is not unusual in a swimming obstacle race to give the swimmers an occasional trot over dry ground, or up or down a ladder, thus equalizing the chances of the lean and long-limbed with those of the fat, who float and swim the better. Thus, perhaps, after a bit of straight-away swimming the way may be blocked by a dam, and all must get out and scramble along at the side towards a ladder, up this, and off the plank to which it leads,

into water once more. Now, men can only ascend an ordinary ladder in single file, so that he who reaches the foot of the ladder first must be first to make the ensuing dive; wherefore, a very eager race on bare feet for that ladder.

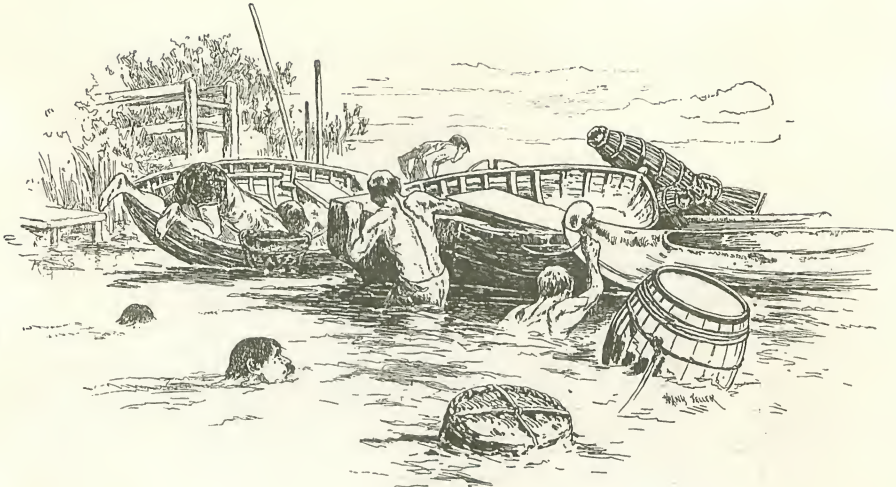
There should also be a row of barrels somewhere on the course; a row of barrels so artfully lashed together that they turn over in one direction at a touch. An incompetent committee has sometimes allowed diving under these barrels, but the correct thing is to send the competitors over—if they can get over—unless they are carrying the aforementioned bladders or barrels, when to get under will be something difficult to do. But to get *over* this row of barrels and pass the bladder *under*, this is the thing which should be ordained, that all the people upon dry land might rejoice with a great laughter.

After this a little more plain swimming will lead, perhaps, to a miscellaneous string of obstacles, all across: boats, baskets, punts, barrels, canoes—anything, and nearly everything that floats—loosely tied together. Here, more than anywhere, the swimmer requires generalship. His eyes are below the level of the obstruction, and he has not the advantage of a general view. A good large broad-beamed boat, stern on, offers an opportunity not to be despised, affording a



THE BARRELS.

fairly easy pull up and promising a clear run through the barricade. Of all things, canoes and barrels are to be avoided, as well as all craft broadside on. Any green novice who has tried getting into a boat from the side



MISCELLANEOUS OBSTACLES.

will know this, even if the reflection never occurs to him that a broadside-on obstacle probably means more behind in awkward positions, with a chance of falling between.

After this perhaps a net, and then the finish. The net is not a vast difficulty, having only to be dived under or, easier still, lifted. But it gives a check to the merely fast swimmer in his rush home, and prevents the oncoming competitors from seeing exactly how the race is going in front, and makes them peg away to the end. Also, the head-long young man, coming as hard as he

can with the side-stroke, is apt to run foul of this net, to his utter confusion and entanglement, and the "letting up" of some slower competitor maintaining a better look-out.

And of such are the ways of the obstacle race—a thing good in that it gives play to something more than speed alone, whether on water or dry land, and teaches prompt

resource, activity, and address; and provides vast diversion for unventure-some on-lookers, who revel in the misfortunes of those bolder than themselves.



THE FINISH.

A Romance from a Detective's Case-Book.



BY DICK DONOVAN.

Author of "The Man from Manchester," "Tracked to Doom," "Caught at Last," "Who Poisoned Hetty Duncan?" "A Detective's Triumphs," "In the Grip of the Law," etc., etc.

IT was somewhere about the year 1820 that a poor and almost friendless youth named Samuel Trelawney found himself in Liverpool with not even the proverbial sixpence in his pocket. Fortunately he attracted the notice of a gentleman engaged in the East India trade. This gentleman took such a fancy to Samuel that he offered to send him out to his house in Bombay, where he would receive a commercial training. This was the golden opportunity, and eagerly seized upon by the young man, who, after five years in the East Indies, returned to Liverpool owing to the death of his patron. But this time he was no longer a penniless youth. He had managed to scrape a little money together, and having acquired a thorough knowledge of commercial matters, he set up in business on his own account in a very small way. That was the beginning of the great concern that was to extend its ramifications to the four quarters of the globe.

Under Samuel's able guidance the business continued to grow, and he took in a partner—a Mr. Richard Lindmark. Soon the concern began to assume gigantic proportions, and the partners decided to turn it into a joint-stock company. Such a reputation had they gained that the required capital was subscribed three times over.

So much for the history of the firm of Trelawney, Lindmark, and Co. And it is necessary now that some reference should be made to the private history of Mr. Trelawney, who not only retained a very large financial interest in the company, but as managing director had almost the entire control of it. At this period wonder was often expressed why Mr. Trelawney had never married. But there was a tender passage in his life that he carefully concealed from the vulgar gaze of the curious. He had had his little romance. The lady he loved was a light-headed, frivolous person who, knowing not the treasure she was throwing away, gave him up and bestowed her hand on a handsome but worthless Italian adventurer. There is not the slightest doubt that Mr. Trelawney had been passionately attached to the lady, and he felt the disappointment with a keenness that the world knew little of. But concealing his sorrow as best he could, he took his youngest sister Bertha as his house-keeper. He had bought a charming estate on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, consisting of a mansion standing in about seven acres of grounds. It was known as the "Dingle," and here Mr. Trelawney and his sister Bertha dispensed lavish hospitality. Soon a mystery in connection with this place cropped up, and set the tongues of the gossips wagging. It was this.

Into his house Mr. Trelawney received a boy child with a view to adopting it. Mr. Trelawney went from home one day, and after a week's absence he returned late one night, bringing the child, then about four years old, with him. The following morning he called all his household together in his library and said :—

"Being a childless man, and never likely to marry, I intend to adopt this boy, who will be known to you as Jasper Trelawney. You will respect him as my son, for I shall be a father to him, as both his father and mother are dead."

This was all the explanation and information Mr. Trelawney condescended to give; and being so meagre, it simply aroused curiosity without in any way satisfying it.

The child was a dark-eyed, olive-skinned, curly-headed fellow, who speedily became a favourite. From boy to youth, from youth to young manhood every whim and wish of his was gratified by his over-indulgent foster parents—for Bertha Trelawney was no less attached to him than her brother was.

At his own earnest desire he had been taken into the business of Trelawney, Lindmark, and Co., and though he was not quite as steady and persevering as he might have been, great hopes were formed of him. But now the mystery that had begun when Jasper was brought as a child to the "Dingle" was increased by his sudden and unexplained disappearance. All that was allowed to leak out was this: A servant entered the library one morning suddenly not knowing that anyone was there, but to her amazement she saw Mr. Trelawney seated in a chair, though his face was bowed on the table as if he were overcome with some passion of grief. Grasped and crumpled in his left hand was a letter, and on her knees beside him, and weeping bitterly, her hands clasped on his shoulder, was his sister Bertha. The servant withdrew without disturbing them; but this scene had a strange significance when in the course of a day or two it became known that Jasper Trelawney had gone away.

Twenty years went by, and Jasper Trelawney was entirely

forgotten by all, perhaps, save his foster parents. Bertha and Mr. Trelawney were growing old, and he had become a silent, reserved, and brooding man. Owing to enfeebled health he was now only nominally the head of the great business which he had been mainly instrumental in building up, but he was said to have wealth almost beyond the dreams of avarice, and so great was the faith of the world in him and his company, that capital to almost any extent might have been obtained.

Fortunate was the man considered who held shares, or could obtain shares, in Trelawney, Lindmark, and Co. It can therefore be understood how those who were interested stood aghast, and how the commercial world was dumfounded when one day, without any preliminary warning, it was announced that Trelawney, Lindmark, and Co. had failed for an enormous amount, and that everyone interested in the company would be utterly ruined. There was no limited liability then, and many a family, as they read the announcement of the failure, must have felt that misery and poverty



"HIS FACE WAS BOWED ON THE TABLE."

stared them in the face. It was said that the assets were practically nil, while the liabilities were enormous. The great London firm of accountants—Rogers, Millbank, and Farmer—were appointed liquidators, and a few days later Mr. Rogers requested me to call upon him. He was a stern, hard-faced, practical man who seemed to ooze figures at every pore, and who had not one single atom of poetry or sentiment in his nature. He viewed the world, life, and all its associations through an atmosphere of arithmetic.

He informed me that enormous sums had been taken out of the business, and never accounted for, by some person unknown; that bogus bonds to a vast amount had been put upon the market, and, what was still more serious, that the register of the bondholders had been stolen, so as to render it difficult, if not impossible, to detect the bogus bonds from the real ones. It was my task to trace the missing register and to find the thief. There was no suspicion, and no clue. The whole affair seemed an inexplicable mystery.

Having jotted down a few notes, and got all the details from him I could, I took my departure and began to plan out a course of action.

From the high opinion in which Mr. Trelawney was held I felt that I could not do better than seek an interview with him at the outset, and I therefore lost no time in going down to the "Dingle." The time of year was about the middle of October—chill October. A cold wind was moaning over the land, which was sere and brown; and the deep tints of decay dyed the foliage of the trees. Although the coming winter was thus making itself felt, the "Dingle" looked picturesque and beautiful. The grounds were well wooded, and full of many surprises. There were rockeries, arbours, bowers, and green retreats, where gurgled tiny fountains; and through one portion of the estate flowed a stream of deep water, which ultimately formed a miniature lake, on the banks of which was a boat-house. Ferns grew everywhere in profusion, but they were drooping now to their winter death. I noted that weeds had been allowed to spring up in the paths, as if the master spirit of the place had ceased to interest himself in it. As I made my way up through the wooded grounds and crossed a leaf-strewn lawn in front of the house, I beheld an old, bowed, grey-headed man, dressed in a long coat and wideawake hat. He was pacing to and fro on the gravel path by the main entrance to the house. His

hands were clasped behind his back, and seemingly he was so absorbed that he did not notice me until I was close to him. Then he turned suddenly, and confronted me with an inquiring gaze. His face was pale and haggard, and bore evident traces of mental anguish.

"Mr. Trelawney, I presume?" I said, as I raised my hat.

"Alas! yes, I am Trelawney," he answered with a sigh. "Once the head of a great and wealthy commercial house; now a ruined, despairing, and broken man. But you are a stranger to me. Permit me to ask your name and business?"

"My name is Donovan. My business has reference to a painful matter in which I hope for your assistance."

"I am at your service," he answered, mournfully. "Pray, command me. But let us go into the house. It is cold and dreary here."

He led the way through the great hall to the library. A charming room, which—if I may use the expression—was redolent of literature. There were books from floor to ceiling; where books would not go were pictures, all perfect works of art; and where pictures could not be squeezed in there were elegant trifles, such as a man of refined taste loves to gather about him. The window commanded a view over a range of flower-beds to the stream beyond, which had for a background a dark wood, that was sombre with pines and cedars. Mr. Trelawney motioned me to an easy chair of the most ample proportions, delightfully cushioned; and, as I seated myself, he did the same in a similar chair beside the fire.

"I am here on behalf of the liquidators," I began, as he leaned back, folded his hands, and waited for me to speak.

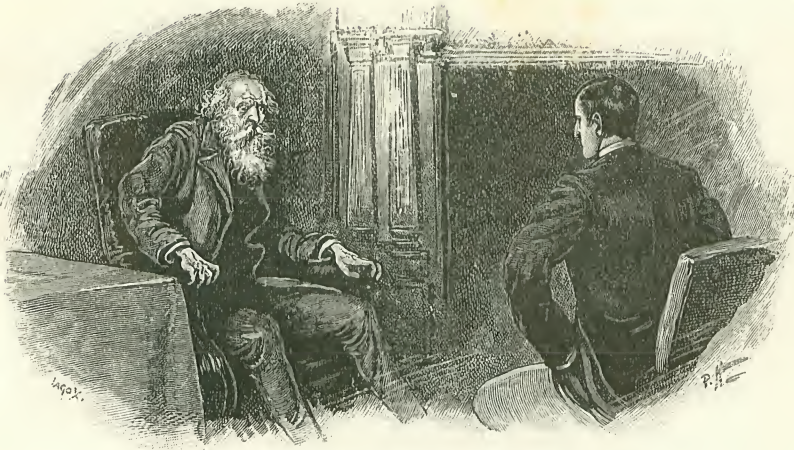
"Yes," was the only answer he made; and it was uttered in a sort of dreamy way, as though his thoughts were not with what he said.

"You are aware," I proceeded, as I watched his face, which seemed to be absolutely expressionless at that moment—"you are aware that a very important book is missing?"

"Yes," he answered, again in the same dreamy way. "I heard it through Rogers, Millbank, and Farmer."

"But do you mean to say, Mr. Trelawney," I exclaimed, "that you did not know the register was missing until the liquidators made it known?"

He started into life at this. He sat up, with his long white hands nervously clutching



"HE STARTED INTO LIFE AT THIS."

the ends of the chair-arms; and his pale face lighted up with some inward passion that he was trying hard to conceal.

At this moment the door suddenly opened and a lady entered, but visibly started and drew back as she observed me, and looking at Mr. Trelawney she stammered:—

"I—I—beg your pardon, but I didn't know you had anyone with you."

"This is a gentleman from London—Mr. Donovan," he exclaimed, as he sprang to his feet; and then introducing her to me he added: "My sister, sir, Miss Bertha Trelawney."

I bowed and she bowed. She was dressed in black; her white hair was neatly arranged beneath a cap; but her face, like her brother's, was pale and lined with thought and care. She seemed greatly agitated and suffering from nervous tremor, and I was sure that she regarded me with mixed feelings of anxiety and fear. I watched her narrowly, and saw her exchange looks with her brother.

"Did you wish to speak to me?" asked her brother, apparently with the object of cutting short the interview.

"Yes," came the answer in low tones; and, asking me to excuse him for a few minutes, Mr. Trelawney and his sister went out of the room.

In about ten minutes he returned, and he too seemed agitated.

"When my sister entered," he began as he resumed his seat, "I was about to tell you that the discovery of defalcations and the loss of the register is as much a revelation to me as it is to anyone. There is one thing I think that I may mention, and I do it with all reserve. But it is perhaps better

that the information should come from me than from anyone else. About two years ago—it may be two and a half, I am not quite clear on the subject—I placed a gentleman in the concern as a confidential clerk. His name was David Brinsley. He was the son of an old friend

of mine, who went out to Australia long ago, and died there. David, who had been partly brought up in the colonies, came to England after his father's death and sought me out. As he brought excellent testimonials, I had no hesitation in giving him a position of trust. Three months ago he was taken suddenly ill, and was dead in a few days. I remember now that it was immediately after David's death that I heard something about the register being missing."

"This is a remarkable story, Mr. Trelawney," I remarked, pointedly.

"Heaven forbid," he exclaimed, excitedly, "that I should cast aspersions on the character of a dead man; but I mention the incident for what it is worth. It is for you to make such inquiries as you think the matter deserves."

"Certainly," I answered, in a way intended to suggest that I did not think very much about the matter; but the truth was, I was morally certain I had got hold of the key to the mystery.

As I did not see that any object was to be served by my prolonging the interview then, I took my departure after a few casual questions bearing on the death of David Brinsley. As I left the steps and was crossing the lawn, I turned and looked at the house, and saw at the curtained window of a side room the deathly-white face of a woman, who seemed to be glaring at me. Directly she saw that she was observed, she dropped the curtain which she had been holding aside with her hand, and hurriedly withdrew. This trivial incident was not without its significance for me, and I began to weave out a theory as I pursued my way to Liverpool.

And one resolve I made was to look upon David Brinsley, alive or dead. Of course if, as Mr. Trelawney said, he was dead and buried, I could not see him alive. But, anyway, I wanted to see that he was as dead as he ought to be if he was really buried.

Necessarily there were certain legal formalities to comply with before my resolve could be put into practical shape. But certain information having been lodged, and all the forms of law been duly observed, an order was issued from the Home Office for the exhumation of the body of David Brinsley, who in the death certificate was described as a native of Australia; aged forty; and his decease was attributed to "pericardiac inflammation."

The disinterment took place at night after the cemetery gates were closed for the day. A small tent had been put up near the grave, and the oak coffin having been hoisted from the grave, was placed on trestles in the tent; and the undertaker's men proceeded to remove the lid and expose the face of the corpse, which proved to be in a remarkably good state of preservation. I had taken care to have several persons present who had been acquainted with David Brinsley, and as the lid of the coffin was taken off, I said collectively to these people as they crowded round:—

"Look well at the face of that dead man, and tell me if it is David Brinsley's face."

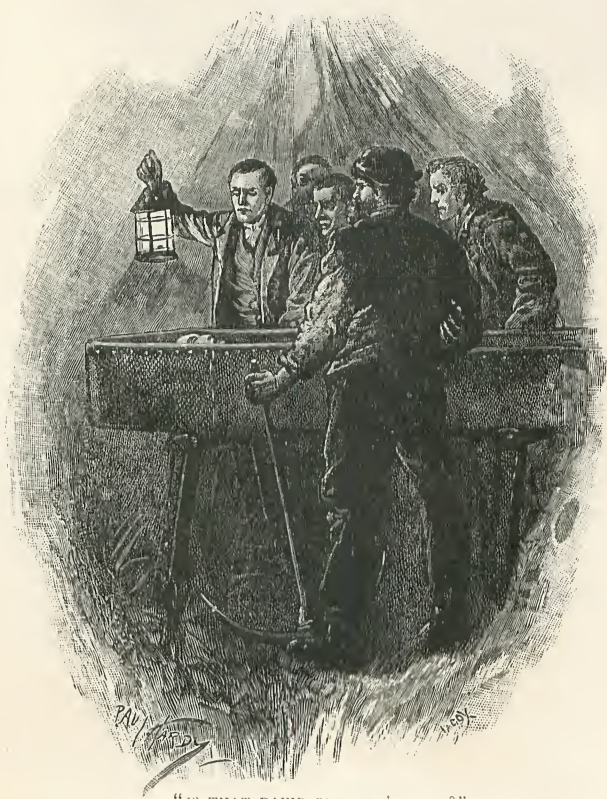
In reply to this question there arose a unanimous chorus of "Noes."

Perhaps I smiled a little to myself in spite of the "solemn presence of the dead," but a man may be pardoned for smiling, even under

such circumstances, when he knows that he has achieved a triumph.

Although the plot had apparently thickened, I had picked up some important clues, and diligently set to work to follow them up. Remembering what took place between Mr. Trelawney and his sister on the occasion of my visit to the "Dingle," I felt certain that his secrets were her secrets, and believing, rightly or wrongly, that in her I should find more pliable material to work upon than in him, I decided to seek an interview with her in her brother's absence,

and made my plans accordingly. I went down to the "Dingle" one night, when, as I had previously ascertained would be the case, Mr. Trelawney was absent, and I sent word to Miss Trelawney that I desired to see her on a matter of urgent importance. She received me in the dining-room; a large, heavily-wainscoted and somewhat gloomy chamber, looking very gloomy and very ghostly on this occasion, for the fire had smouldered down to a hand-ful of glowing



"IS THAT DAVID BRINSLEY'S FACE?"

ashes; and as a current of air that entered from some unseen aperture caused the flame of the large suspended lamp, by which the room was lighted, to flicker and flare, shadows moved to and fro, and chased each other over the table and up the walls, and dived and disappeared into recesses and corners only to immediately reappear again. It was a chamber of shadows, weird and suggestive, and it brought to my mind the line:—

What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!

As I stood dreaming dreams, a door at the

end of the room opened, and Bertha Trelawney entered like a shadow, and we stood face to face. She seemed to me to have grown two or three years older, and she wore a look of ineffable mental suffering.

"You wish to see me?" she murmured, faintly.

"I do, madam," I answered, as I offered her a chair, into which she sank like a mechanical figure. "I am sorry to disturb you at this hour; sorry, too, to intrude upon your sorrow, for you have a sorrow, and a skeleton haunts you."

"What do you mean?" she asked, as she shuddered, sighed, and looked nervously around the room.

"I must ask you another question by way of answer to yours," I said. "Did you know David Brinsley?"

"I have seen him," she replied, after some moments of hesitancy.

"Do you believe him to be dead?" The question startled her.

She rose to her feet suddenly; her eyes flashed, and her pale cheeks flushed a little. Pointing at me, and looking altogether as if she was some imperious ruler

uttering a stern decree, she said, hoarsely:—

"Go! quit the house. I'll answer no more questions."

Bearing in mind that it is best to leave an angry woman, like a sleeping dog, alone; and as Miss Bertha Trelawney had so far played into my hands that I felt further questioning then would be supererogation, I bowed as gracefully as I could, and said:—

"Certainly, madam, I will comply with your request," and bidding her good-night,

which elicited no response, I withdrew; but I was conscious that I took forth from that chamber of shadows a link that would prove an important one in the chain I was patiently trying to piece together. The circumstances of the hour necessarily made me thoughtful, and almost unconsciously I found myself going down the leaf-strewn path beneath the avenue of trees that led to the lodge-gate, when suddenly I was aroused by the sound of someone approaching.

I immediately stepped off the path and amongst the trees, where I stood concealed. The approaching person proved to be Mr. Trelawney.

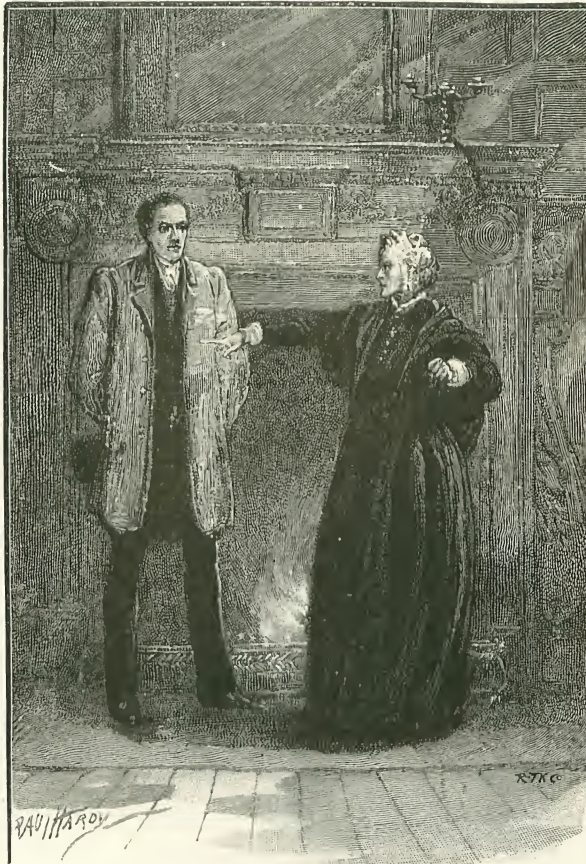
I followed with the intention of accosting him, but ere he had gone very far his sister met him. She had evidently been on the watch. She was without bonnet, but had wrapped a shawl around her head. She seized his arm eagerly, and I heard her say, in a tone pregnant with anxiety and grief:—

"Oh, Samuel! I am so glad you have come. That dreadful man Donovan has been here, and it seems to me as if he had tugged at my very heart-strings and rifled

my brain. I must not—dare not—see him again, for he makes me weak and powerless, when I should be strong and defiant."

"What do you mean?" demanded her brother, hotly.

What answer she made to this I know not, for they had passed beyond the radius of my hearing. Yet something—instinct or pre-science, call it what you will—prompted me to linger about the house, as if in a vague and undefined way I expected the trees or



"SHE SAID, HOARSELY, 'GO!'"

the stones to make some revelation. Presently a blaze of light suddenly appeared in an upper chamber. A white blind was drawn at the window, and on this blind the shadow of Mr. Trelawney was thrown, the outlines of his features being plainly visible. Then came another shadow—that of Miss Trelawney. The shadows blended, separated, formed fantastic pictures, and moved in a grotesque way, as shadows of living beings will when thrown on to a screen by a strong light.

Those pictures on the blind were riddles, and long I stayed trying to read them, until the light was extinguished and all was darkness there. I still lingered—still vaguely expecting a revelation—when the stillness of the night was broken by the harsh grating of the opening of a door. It was not the main door, but a side entrance. Concealing myself behind a clump of bushes, I watched and waited, and in a few minutes there came forth a man and woman, carrying what seemed a large box between them. As I recognised in that man and woman Mr. Trelawney and his sister, the movements of the shadow pictures I had seen on the blind were intelligible enough. The Trelawneys

had been engaged up in that room packing something up. The something was in the box, and they were going to dispose of it. The box was heavy apparently, and they rested occasionally. As they moved off I followed cautiously. The revelation was coming at last. They went towards the stream of which I have spoken, and when they reached it they slid the box into the water; and I heard the gurgle and splash it made as it sank to the bottom.

Having given their secret into the safe keeping, as they supposed, of this dark stream, the Trelawneys returned to the house, and I went to the spot where the box had been thrown in, and noted the place by fixing a piece of stick in the bank. Then I hurried away, and obtained the assistance of a constable in plain clothes, and, provided with a boat-hook and a rope, I and my companion returned to the "Dingle" grounds. I easily discovered the marked spot on the banks of the stream, and in a short time we had fished up the box. We lost no time in conveying it to a house in the neighbourhood, where I temporarily rented rooms.

The box was an ordinary common deal wine case of the capacity of two dozen

bottles, and the lid had been carefully screwed down, necessitating the use of a screw-driver to remove it. The hour was very late—long after midnight—but I had no idea of seeking rest until I learnt what the contents were of that case. Being a stranger in the house, I knew not where to look for a screw-driver. But, placing the box on the table, with two tallow candles on the mantelpiece to give light, my companion and I, by means of a broken-bladed table-knife, combined with infinite patience, managed to draw those screws, and thus release the lid. The box was lined with tin, and, inside, securely wrapped in an india



"WE FISHED IT UP."

rubber sheet tied with string, was a parcel, which we proceeded to open with feverish eagerness; and, when the wrapping was removed, lo! the missing register of bondholders was before us!

That "Dingle" stream, fatal to the hopes and desires of the Trelawneys, had thus revealed part, at least, of their secret; but there was still more to learn, though I never doubted for a moment that I should learn it in due course.

Having snatched a few brief hours of rest, I proceeded to London with the recovered register in my possession, and went at once to Mr. Rogers.

The sentiments which this hard-headed man of figures displayed were by no means in accord with my own feelings, but under the circumstances I had no alternative but to carry out his imperious mandate to arrest Samuel Trelawney without delay.

Two days later I was once more journeying down to the "Dingle," with the warrant for Trelawney's arrest in my pocket. It was late when I arrived at my destination, and the light of the short, bitter November day was fading away. On my inquiring for Mr. Trelawney I was shown into an ante-room, and presently Miss Trelawney came to me. I was struck by some change that was apparent in her. She was neatly dressed in black, and her white hair seemed to have become whiter. In her eyes was a look of infinite plaintiveness, and in her face—from which the lines of anxiety and care seemed to have been smoothed away—was an expression that I can only indicate as that of divine resignation. She might, indeed, have sat as a model to some great painter for a picture of a Madonna. In a low voice, in which rang the music of sorrow, she said:—

"I have been expecting your coming. You wish to see my brother?"

"I do, madam, for I have an unpleasant duty to perform."

She smiled sadly as she replied: "If you will follow me I will take you to him."

She led the way across the hall, stopping for a moment at the table to light a tall wax candle that stood there in a silver candlestick, then proceeding, with silent footfalls, she went into the great dining-room—the chamber of shadows, as I have called it—and holding the candle above her head she approached the table, on which something was laid covered over with a sheet. She drew the sheet partly down, saying in her soft, low way: "Here is my brother, Mr. Donovan."

A solemn silence ensued as I gazed upon the dead face of Samuel Trelawney—a face that looked as if it had just been carved by some cunning sculptor to represent supreme tranquillity. Kindly death had smoothed away all the wrinkles, and had wreathed a faint smile about the lips, as if the weary man, with the eloquence of dead dumbness, was saying, "Behold, I sleep the eternal sleep, and the law's vengeance can smite me no more."

As I gently drew the sheet up again, over the marble-like figure, I turned to Miss Trelawney, who was apparently unmoved, and looked at her inquiringly for information. She walked towards the door, and I followed her back to the ante-room, where, sinking into a chair, she said:—

"Since my dear brother has entered into his longed-for rest, there is no further necessity for concealment. He has fallen a sacrifice to his faithfulness and love for a worthless woman. Years and years ago he gave his heart to one who knew not how to appreciate it. She deceived him for the sake of a *roué* and gambler, whom she married. A few years of terrible bitterness; then, neglected and friendless, she lay on her death-bed. In her extremity she sent for my brother, to pray to him for his forgiveness. That was freely granted, and he vowed over her dead body that he would be a father to her orphan boy. Heaven knows how truly he kept that vow. But the boy had the seeds of wickedness within him so firmly rooted, that all the sweet and loving influences that were brought to bear proved of no avail, and he returned what was done for him with base ingratitude. But my poor brother was blind to all the lad's faults, and well-nigh broke his heart when he disappeared, leaving no trace behind him.

"Years afterwards he came back, a poverty-stricken, disgraced man. My brother listened kindly to his story of shame and wrong-doing, and on his promising reformation and for his dead mother's sake he forgave him, and under the name of David Brinsley placed him in a responsible position in the business. It was only to prove, however, the uselessness of scattering seed on barren soil. David Brinsley, the vagabond in heart, became a thief and forger, and the enormous sums out of which he cheated the business were squandered in gambling and dissipation. Yet, notwithstanding all this, my foolish brother said, 'He is the son of the woman I loved, and he must be saved.' I urged him with all the eloquence I could command to

have him arrested, but his answer was: 'No; for his mother's sake, I will save him.'

"Brinsley at this time was living with some people who had a son much about his own age, and very like him in build. This son was taken ill, and, after being seen once by a doctor, died. The doctor gave a certificate, but he was told that the name of the deceased was David Brinsley. The parents of the dead man were heavily bribed by my misguided brother to allow this fraud to be perpetrated, and they removed immediately after the funeral, while David Brinsley lay in concealment here, but ultimately fled to Spain. In order to hide the extent of this wretched man's defalcations, my brother caused the register to be secretly removed from the office and brought here, but he could never bring himself to destroy it. He always said that some day it must be restored. From that moment his life became a terror to him. On the night that I so abruptly entered the room when you and Samuel were together, I was in a state of horrible distress, for I had just discovered that David Brinsley had gone out and nobody knew where he had gone to. He returned, however, at a very late hour; and subsequently I heard from a private source that you had caused the body of the supposed David Brinsley to be exhumed. I knew then that it was no longer possible to keep our fearful secret. I insisted on Brinsley leaving the house for ever, and, disguised as a clergyman, he went to Spain.

"After your last visit I urged my brother to return the register to the office, but he said he would not do that until he was assured

that Brinsley was out of the reach of the law; though, yielding to my entreaties, he consented, with a view to its more effectual concealment, to hide it in the stream. The next morning we found it had been removed, and guessing that you had set a watch upon us, and fearing the dreadful exposure that would ensue, my dear brother's brain gave way, and, unable to endure the misery of his position any longer, he drowned himself in the stream which had failed to keep his secret. It is all over now; the sorrow, the suffering, and heart-ache are ended; and after the fitful fever of life, which for him ought to have been almost without a care had it not been for the deception of the woman he loved, he sleeps well. In a little while I shall join him, and realize that peace that the world cannot give."

Such was Miss Trelawney's sad story, which I proved to be correct in every detail. And when I repeated it in substance to Mr. Rogers, he growled and said:—

"Ah! it is ten thousand pities that he has cheated the law."

As I have said, Mr. Rogers was an unsentimental man, and judged everything and everybody from his own matter-of-fact point of view. But I, while admitting that Mr. Trelawney was weak and foolish in a worldly sense, could hardly repress a sigh; and was tempted to say, "Judge not harshly, lest ye be judged harshly in return." Altogether it was a pathetic tale of a man's love, a woman's fickleness, and full of a great moral lesson which we who are not without some vein of sentiment may take to heart.



"MR. ROGERS GROWLED."

[Next month will appear the first of the new series of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." Admirers of that eminent detective are also informed that "The Sign of Four," the story of the wonderful adventure by which he gained his reputation, can now be obtained at this office. Price 3s. 6d.]

The Camera Amongst the Sea Birds.

BY BENJAMIN WYLES.



FEEDING THE GULLS: SOUTHPORT PIER.



REAT was the interest raised not many years ago by a photograph containing what purported to be a solitary sea-gull, and not interest alone. Controversy amongst the experts alleged that it could not be a photograph direct from Nature; it might be the photograph of a dead gull, or a stuffed gull added to its

background of waves, or it might be painted in by hand, but the only genuine gull in the case was the public, in believing such a thing possible. Since then, better lenses, shutters for rapid exposure, and, above all, the increased rapidity of the gelatino-bromide process, have combined to make the impossible of that day the practice of this, so that now a

photographer with experience, under fairly favourable conditions, may depict not one, but many birds in flight, on a single plate. The chief difficulty is that of focusing an object constantly moving through widely varying planes. Such a photograph by the writer appeared in the June number of *THE STRAND MAGAZINE*.

The flat sands of Southport make it almost



ASPECTS OF GULLS FLYING (1).

imperative to the fisherman to land his catch on the pier, the rejected offal being thrown back into the sea. The keen sight and smell of the sea birds enable them to seize the opportunity. The pier-manager has the offal saved and doled out to the birds at a regular hour, and now at noon daily the birds are fed; at least, during the winter months. Such a delightfully lively dinner party is a thing to be remembered by those who have once witnessed it.

"Grace before



GULLS FLYING (2).

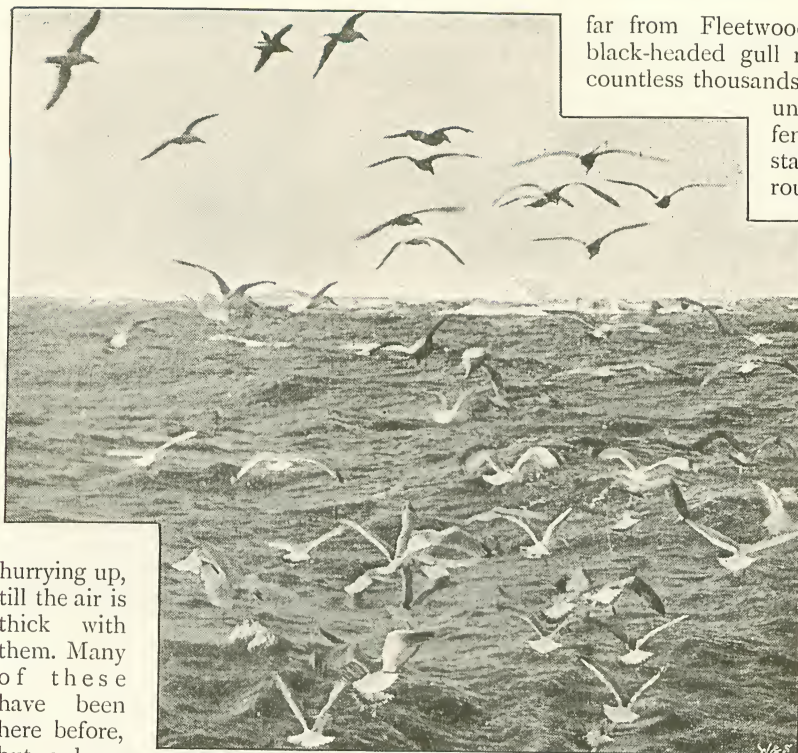
meat" takes the form of a shrill whistle, which is quite as effective amongst the birds as the most elaborate of dinner-gongs, for this becomes the signal for a general scramble, and down they come to one point in a mass of flapping, struggling wings, legs, heads, and tails, splashing, tugging, several tearing at one piece. Our first illustration gives an excellent idea of the scene.

The next five photographs show how their aspect varies with the wind. One day they keep their sides towards us; another day they face us, or turn their backs on us, but always keep their heads towards the wind. No ruffled plumage if they can help it.

The wild sea bird is the proverbial emblem of unfettered freedom, yet year after year she returns to rear her family where she herself first saw the light. During March the dinner on the pier is given up for lack of guests. A deputation of a couple of birds has visited the old breeding ground; a few days elapse, and another and larger embassy goes to see that all is right, and then all depart, to be seen no more in their winter quarters till winter shows signs of returning. In October evidence of memory and of the communication of ideas may be seen. Suppose the weather has allowed a supply of the dinner material to be obtained, the feeding having ceased since March, not a bird will be in sight; but let the feeding whistle be blown, and from all points across the sea they come



GULLS FLYING (3).



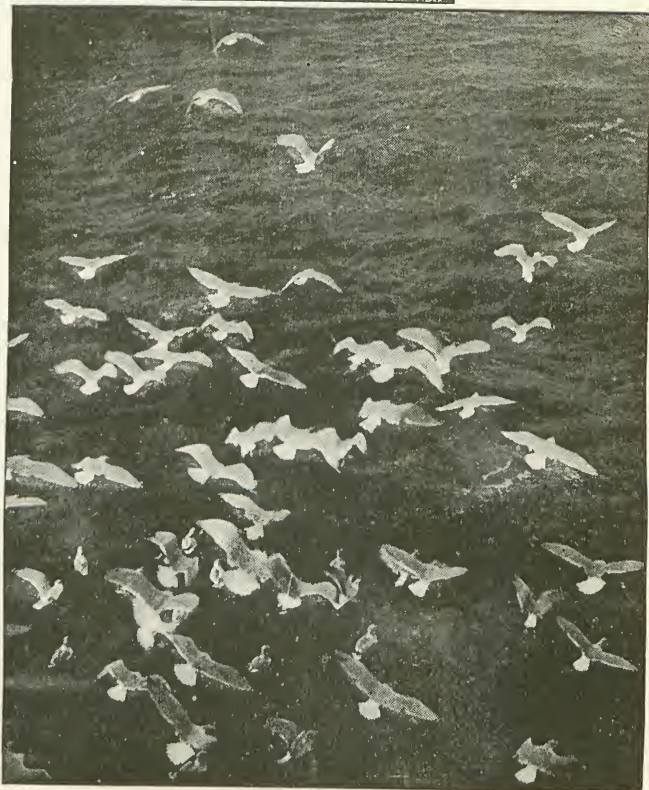
GULLS FLYING (4).

hurrying up, till the air is thick with them. Many of these have been here before, but a large proportion

are young birds, known by their differing plumage, the grey thickly streaked and mottled with brown, to be exchanged for the pure delicate light grey of adult gullhood when a year old. These seem just as eager as their seniors, as if they had been told what to expect. One would like to hear, in bird talk, a description of these "fish dinners."

The breeding places of the birds are interesting sights about the middle of June. The old birds are then comparatively tame. Some nests contain eggs. Many of the chicks are too young to crawl out of the way, while others are strong enough to skulk, like little puff-balls, under a branch of heather or dried bracken. The inaccessible cliffs of the coast are by no means alone chosen as breeding grounds; often vast colonies occupy the flattest of flat places, like Pilling Moss, not

far from Fleetwood, where the little black-headed gull makes his home in countless thousands. The place is an uncultivated shaking fen; and when you stand still, water rises round your feet. The nests extend over many an acre. At first the old birds are rather shy; but let a gun be fired, and the air is at once filled with the indignant parents, who whirl round us, scream at us, and do all they know except attack us. The nest is usually placed in the lee of a bit of weed or heather. The eggs vary in



RISING FROM THE STRIKE (5).



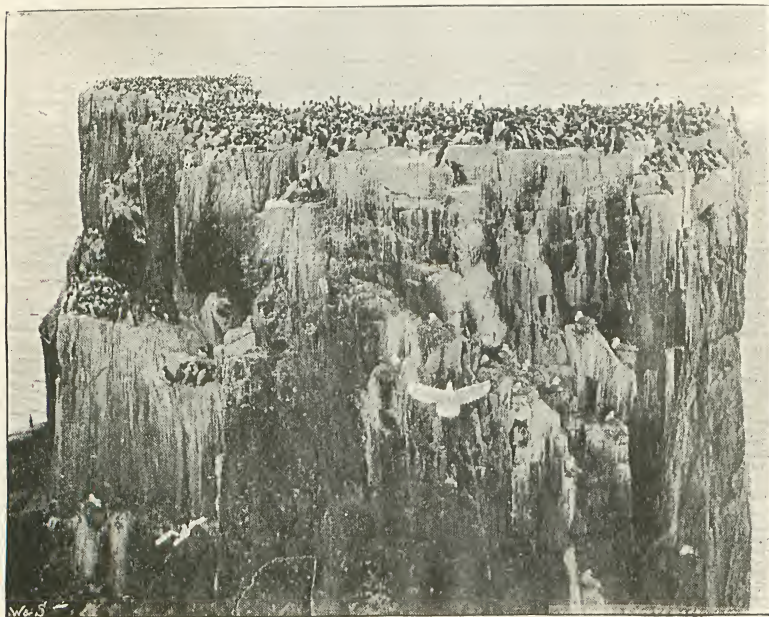
BREEDING GROUND AT PILLING MOSS.

the limits of a deep greenish grey, mottled with still deeper spots and markings. "Very like plovers," remarks an uninitiated friend. Very, indeed! These *are* the so-called plovers' eggs that figure on many a break-fast table!

Few places afford such glimpses of the sea birds at home as the outer Farne Islands. The Pinnacles are narrow, needle-

like rocks, rising sheer out of the water, without a break, to an immense height. Their almost level table-tops present the curious sight of thousands of guillemots, close packed and standing on their tails—this is really their way of sitting, each on its one egg, which it holds between its feet. No foot of man or beast can reach them; but we can get a fair view from the high parts ad-

acent. It may be their colour—a parsonic black and white—and the leg being placed so far back that they have a standing-up look, that imparts such ludicrous solemnity. They utter a strange cry, all together, and with intervals of perfect stillness between. It is a strong, resonant boom like thunder, loud and penetrating, but so weird that one may fancy it passing for the supernatural in the dark, without very much help from the fears of the superstitious.



THE PINNACLES.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

AGE 9.



From a Photograph.



AGE 16.

From a Photo. by Johnstone, O'Shannessy & Co., Melbourne.

MADAME AMY SHERWIN.

MME. AMY SHERWIN, whose vocal gifts are well known to every lover of music, is a native of Tasmania, and enjoys the unique distinction of being the first Australian lady who has won the position of a prima donna in Great Britain. Mr. N. Vert and Dr. Hans Richter were the first in this country to recognise her great abilities, from which time forth her name has been conspicuous in the programmes of the most important London concerts. She held the position of leading



From a

AGE 22.

[Photograph.]



From a Photo. by PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.]*

lady vocalist in Sims Reeves' farewell tour; while, in the Patti concerts at the Albert Hall, her success has been so pronounced that her reappearance there on the 10th of the present month has been looked forward to by a great number of admirers. Mme. Amy Sherwin's position on the concert platform may be compared with interest with that of Madame Melba, who figures as the leading Australian vocalist on the operatic stage.

THE PRINCE OF NAPLES.

BORN 1869.



ICTOR
EMMAN-
UEL FER-
DINAND
MARIE

JANUARIUS,
Prince of Naples, who
has been recently
visiting this country,
is the son and heir

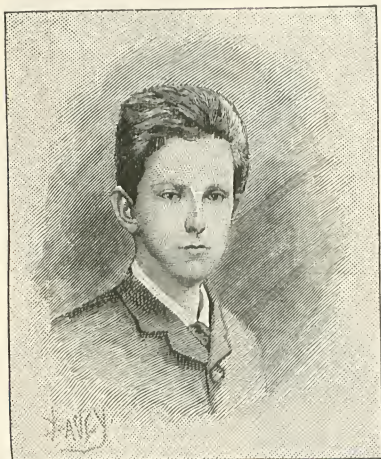


AGE 8 MONTHS.

From a Photo. by Montabone, Milan.

his pocket-money to buy little presents for his mother. Like his father, he is frank of speech, and is noted in the army for his zeal and strict attention to duty. He is, in short, no unworthy scion of the most ancient and honourable House of Savoy from which he has sprung, and the traditions of which it will

become his part to support when, in due course, it will fall to his lot to ascend, in his turn, the throne of Italy.



From a Photo. by

AGE 10.

[Mauro, Naples.]

of the King and Queen of Italy. He was born at Naples on the 11th of November, 1869, and will therefore celebrate his twenty-third birthday just about the date at which this notice will be in our readers' hands. He has been brought up as a soldier, and now holds the rank of colonel, but he is of a modest and retiring disposition, deeply attached to his parents, who have brought him up in the best traditions of his house. Stories are often told of him—how, in his boyhood, he saved up



From a Photo. by

AGE 22.

[F. d'Alessandri, Rome.]



From a Photo. by]

AGE 11.

[Mauill & Fox.

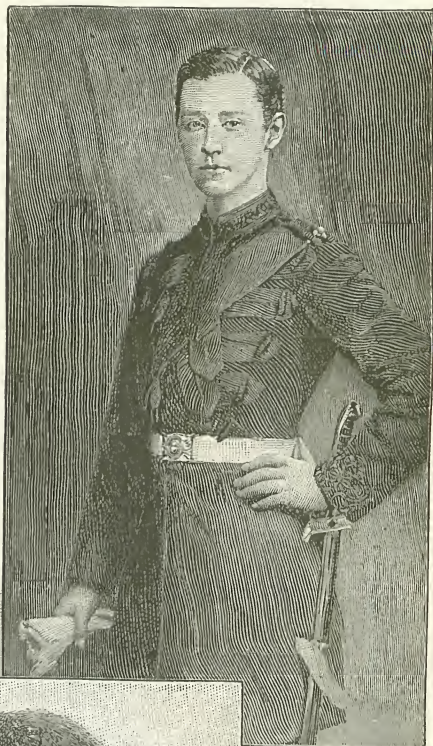
COUNT GLEICHEN.

BORN 1863.



APTAIN COUNT GLEICHEN, of the Grenadier Guards, extra Equerry to the Queen, is the eldest son of the late Prince Victor of Hohenlohe and of the youngest daughter of the late Admiral Sir George Seymour. Born on the 15th January, 1863, he was educated first at Cheam, afterwards at Charterhouse, and finally at Sandhurst. He was a Queen's page from 1874 to 1879, and our first portrait is extremely interesting as showing, what is rarely seen, the livery of a Royal page. In 1881 he obtained a commission in the Grenadier Guards. Three years later he served with the Guards Camel Regiment in the Gordon relief expedition, and took part in all the desert fighting. Returning to England in July, 1885,

he served two years in the Intelligence Department, 1886-8, and spent another two years, 1890-1, at the Staff College. He is a keen soldier, and has devoted himself to the



AGE 19.

From a Photo.
by Mauill & Fox.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 27.

[Hills & Saunders.

study of his profession. In addition to magazine articles and some official confidential works, he is the author of a clever, brightly written narrative of his experiences during the Nile Valley Campaign of 1884-5—"With the Camel Corps up the Nile." He is likewise the author of "The Armies of Europe."



From a] AGE 2½. [Photograph.

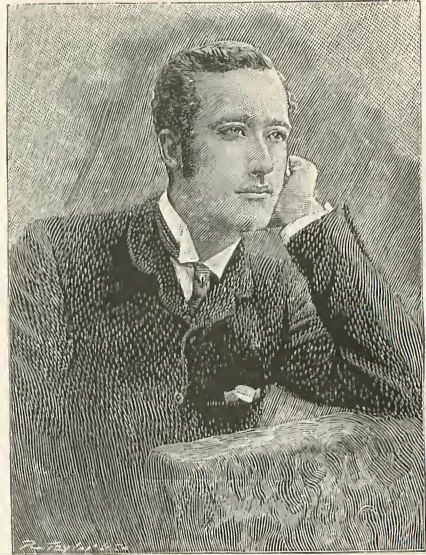


From a Photo. by] AGE 5. [Watkins, Regent Street, W.

FRED TERRY.

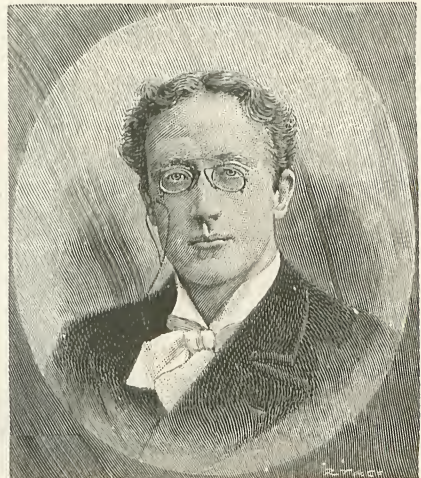
MR. FRED TERRY is a North Londoner by birth, and was educated first at a school at Notting Hill and afterwards at Dr. Quine's, where Mr. Fred Leslie was one of his schoolfellows. He was then sent to reside with a family at Geneva, in order to acquire a knowledge of French, which he speaks with great fluency. At sixteen he made his first appearance on the stage in "Money," at the Haymarket, at that time under the management of the Bancrofts. After playing the lead in the first provincial tour of "In the Ranks," he appeared at the Lyceum as *Sebastian* in "Twelfth Night," in which his

sister, Miss Ellen Terry, played the part of *Viola*. In 1889 he created the part of *Olivier Deschamps*, in "Esther Sandez." The most conspicuous of his subsequent successes



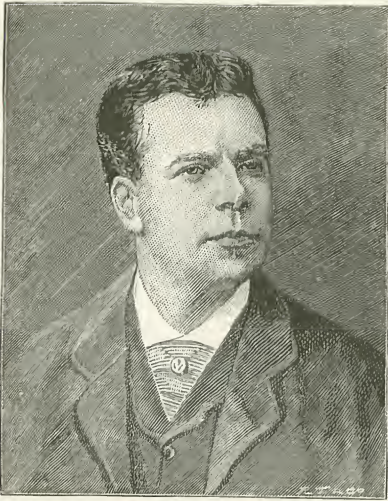
From a Photo. by] AGE 20. [Robinson, Dublin.

have been, perhaps, *Gilbert Vaughan* in "Called Back" and *John Christianson* in "The Dancing Girl," at the Haymarket—the latter play being noteworthy as that in which Mr. Fred Terry's wife, Miss Julia Neilson,



From a Photo. by] AGE 27. [London Stereo. Co.

made so conspicuous a success in the part of *Drusilla Ives*. We may remind our readers that Mrs. Fred Terry's portraits appeared in our number for last August.

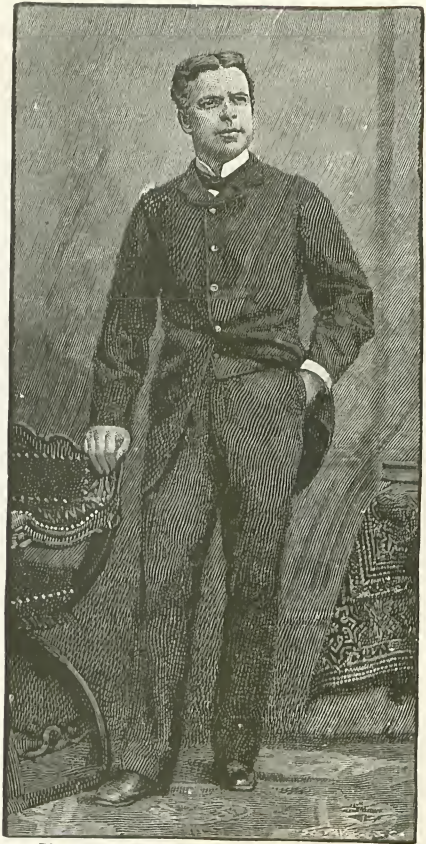


From a Photo. by] AGE 21. [Chetiennot, Paris.

C. COQUELIN.

BORN 1841.

BENÔÎT CONSTANT COQUELIN, better known as Coquelin Aîné, the finest actor of comedy in France, or perhaps in the world, is the son of a baker at Boulogne, and was brought up to that trade ; but, displaying a great aptitude for the stage, he was admitted to the Paris Conservatoire, of which,

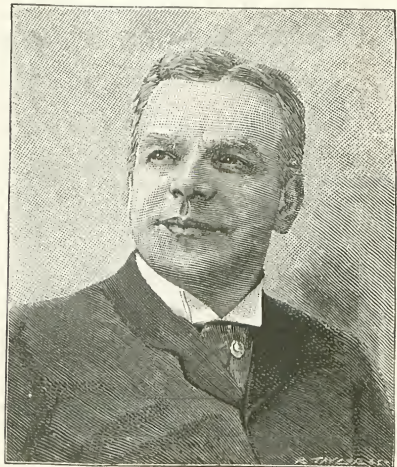


From a Photo. by] AGE 39. [Hohlenberg, Copenhagen.

at eighteen, he became the most brilliant pupil. He made his *début* at the Théâtre Français in the following year. Since that time his name has been among the most eminent of living actors, and is almost as well known in England as in France.



From a Photo. by] AGE 30. [Etienne, Carjat & Cie.



From a Photo. by] AGE 50. [Thors, San Francisco.



From a]

AGE 20.

[Photograph.



From a]

AGE 30.

[Photograph.

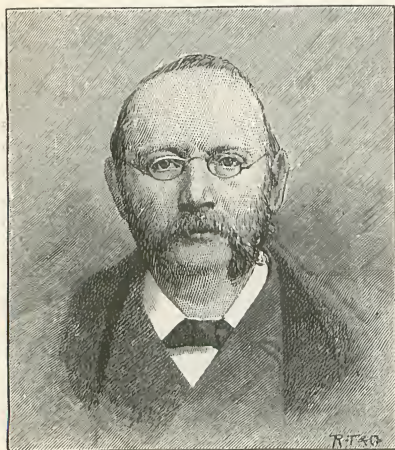
SIR JOSEPH BARNBY.

BORN 1838.



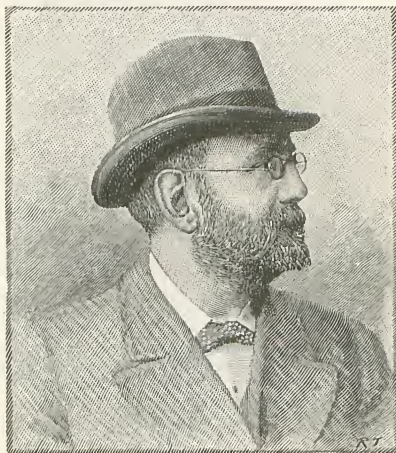
SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, whose services to music have recently been rewarded by the honour of knighthood, was born at York, and was chorister in York Minster from eight years of age to fourteen. At sixteen he became a student at the Royal Academy of Music, where he continued to study for three years. At twenty-five he was appointed organist at St. Andrew's, Well Street, which post he held for eight years, when he was elected organist at St. Anne's, Soho, where he continued until 1886.

During most of this time he was acting as conductor of oratorio concerts, and succeeded Gounod as conductor of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society in 1872. In 1875 he was appointed Precentor and Director of Musical Instruction at Eton College. He was the conductor of most of the Royal and State functions, such as the receptions of the Shah in 1873 and 1889, and of the Czar in 1874. Sir Joseph Barnby's own compositions are very numerous, including the Oratorio of "Rebekah," produced in 1870, Cantata on Psalm xcvi., at the Leeds Festival in 1883, and a very large number of services, anthems, and hymns.



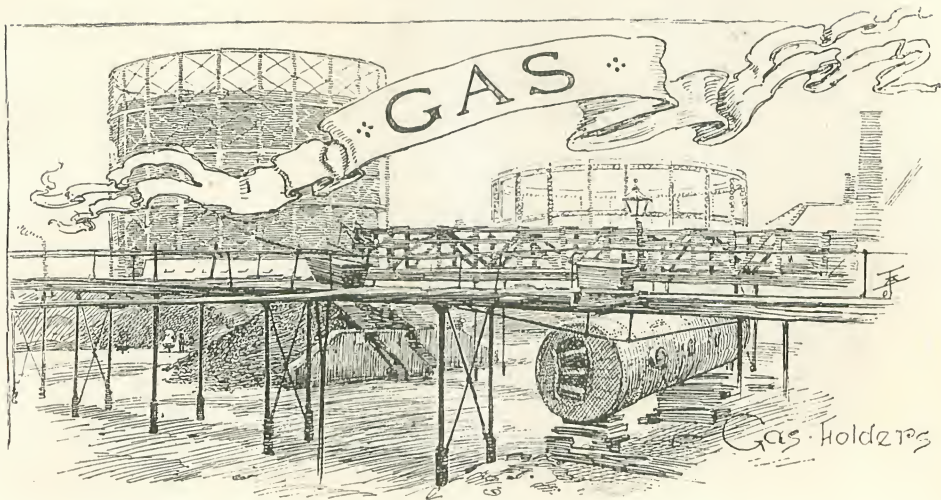
AGE 41.

From a Photo. by Lombardi & Co., 43, Pall Mall East.



PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by Marx, Frankfurt.



By EDWARD SALMON.



AS has become so universal an agent of illumination, and enters so considerably into the domestic economy of the world to-day, that it is somewhat surprising to remember the present year is the centenary of the discovery of the practicability of utilizing it for all sorts of purposes, from the lighting of the highway and the home, to the cooking of the dinner on a day when it is convenient to do without a coal fire.

Natural gas, which was spoken of as "spirit," and was more or less of a mystery, had been known for centuries, and is even said to have been used in China as an illuminant long before it was turned to account in Europe. In many places natural gas forced itself up through fissures in the earth, became ignited and burned incessantly, to the terror, no doubt, of some good people, who thought the flame came from Hades itself.

Some time towards the end of the seventeenth century a well in the neighbourhood of Warrington was found to contain inflammable air, and it is believed that the result of the application of a lighted candle to the mouth of this well suggested to the Rev. Dr. John Clayton the idea of making experiments in coal distillation, that is, in the heating of coal until the gas is forced out

of it. He placed some coal in an iron or brick receptacle called a retort, with an aperture through which the gas escaped when distillation, or carbonization, commenced. Dr. Clayton describes how at first there came steam, then a black oil, and then a spirit, the last of course being gas. He had no notion what to do with it, and was surprised to find that as it issued from the retort it caught fire on a light being applied to it. He filled some bladders with it, and when he wished to divert his friends, pricked a hole in one of these bladders, pressed the sides slightly and lighted the gas. Infinite amusement is said to have been derived from watching the "spirit" gradually burn itself out.

It is strange that, though Dr. Clayton thus came about the year 1690 so near to it, the discovery of gas in the form in which we know it to-day was not made for another century—till 1792, when William Murdoch, an engineer in Redruth, Cornwall, conceived the idea.

Certain impurities in the gas as it leaves the retort were the stumbling-block to progress. After some experimenting, Murdoch succeeded in removing them sufficiently to enable him to startle the Redruthians by lighting his own premises with gas before the close of 1792. Murdoch was one of the world's truly great men, and an excellent



DR. CLAYTON'S EXPERIMENT.

story is told of his knack from his earliest days of facing and overcoming difficulties. As a lad he is said to have applied to Mr. Boulton, of the firm of Boulton and Watt, for a job. Poor as he was, he could afford to leave nothing undone which might assist his chances of carrying his point. He

was told that on approaching the great man it was proper to wear a "top" hat. But he possessed no such thing. That, however, was a detail. He made a lathe, secured a block of wood, and turned a wooden hat out of it. Holding this strangest of head-gear in his hand, he respectfully solicited work, and the reason he was not shown the door as relentlessly as were most of the unfortunates who came on a similar errand, was that Mr. Boulton caught sight of the wooden hat, and asked what it was. Young Murdoch's account of how he had made it, not unnaturally, straightway convinced Mr. Boulton that one who possessed such resolution was likely to do great things, and repay a hundredfold any help that might be given him. The lad was engaged, and lived



A PEEP AT THE GAS LIGHTS IN PALL-MALL.

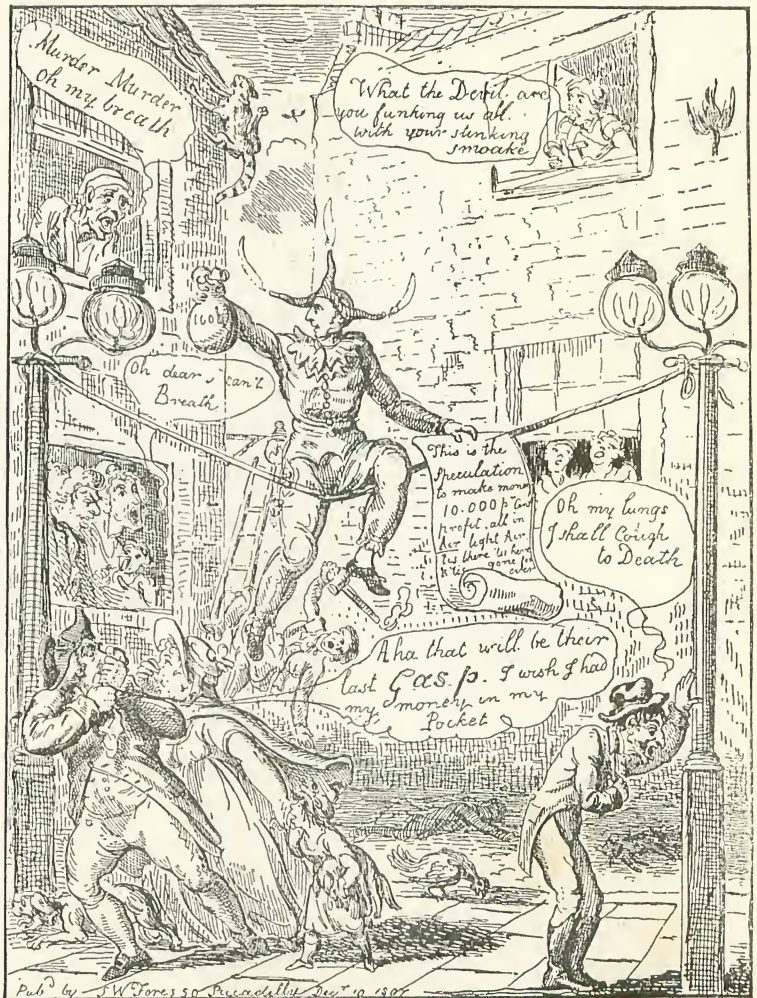
to become one of the scientists of his age.

Murdoch's successful utilization of gas caused no small sensation, and inspired both hopes and fears. When in the first or second year of the new century an exhibition was given of gas lighting, in Soho, one who was present declared the illumination to be of "the most extraordinary splendour," and no doubt, to eyes accustomed to the feeble oil lamp, it was so. At the same time many people saw in it all kinds of danger, among others, the probable loss of our naval supremacy. It was said that whale fishing would become extinct as an industry if oil were no longer burnt, and that as whale fishing was England's naval nursery, Britannia would soon find it impossible to rule the waves, owing to the want of training on the part of her sons. The story of the progress of gas lighting is long and interesting, but it must suffice here to mention that a corporation, the present Gas Light and Coke Company, was formed in 1810, that Westminster Bridge was first lighted with gas in 1813, Westminster itself in 1814, and the greater part of London in 1816.

In its early days gas afforded the caricaturist many opportunities for most amusing sallies, of which the description to-day of an inflated speech as "gas" is no doubt a survival. George Cruikshank turned the discovery to excellent account, as may be seen in two reproductions which we are enabled to make from his pen. "The Good Effects of Carbonic Gas" appeared in 1813, and "The Introduction of Gas, or Throwing a New Light on the Subject," in 1815.

These were, however, not the first shafts launched at it, for in 1809 Rowlandson permitted his friends a very entertaining "Peep at the Gas Lights in Pall Mall," where, on the site of the Carlton Club, Winsor, the founder of the Gas Light and Coke Company, had premises. In 1807 he gave exhibitions of the new light, and in 1809 and 1810 the efforts to obtain a charter were assisted by keeping the light burning during the Parliamentary Session.

Strenuously opposed as gas lighting was at first, its advantages were too palpable to be withstood for long. Of the many companies in London alone to-day, the first started has attained such dimensions that its directors and officers are called on to deal with administrative matters equal to those



The good Effects of CARBONIC GAS!!!

of a small state. The Gas Light and Coke Company's authorized capital is nearly £12,000,000; its revenue account shows an annual expenditure of £2,899,000, and income of £3,673,100, leaving about three-quarters of a million net profit; it employs 11,000 men; supplies gas to 220,000 private consumers, 682 churches and chapels, 530 railway stations and signal-boxes, 297 hotels, 261 Government and municipal offices, 260 banks and branches, 175 hospitals, and any number of prisons, barracks, theatres, palaces, clubs, markets, etc.; its street lamps number 50,351; its length of mains is, roughly speaking, 2,000 miles; and its district is about nine-tenths of London north of the Thames, and a considerable area south of it.

Its chief works are at Beckton, in Essex, where nearly half its gas is made. Beckton is capable of turning out $56\frac{1}{4}$ million cubic feet a day, has carbonized 31,000 tons of coal in a week, and can store 200,000 tons on its grounds. Here are the largest gas-works in the world, and Beckton is obviously the place to make for if we would see all there is to be seen of the process of gas manufacture.

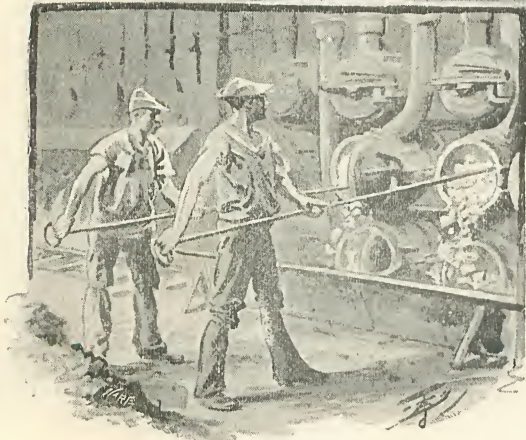
The first impression

at these works is one of bewilderment. Beckton looks a jumble of huge plain brick buildings, of gasholders, of pipes, of railways, and of heaps of coal, coke, and a dust known as breeze. For the concentrated essence of the ugly and unprepossessing, commend us to an extensive gas-works. However, we are here to seek not fine effects but information, and the initial question that we have to put to our kindly guide is inspired by the sight of a small engine, dragging a train of trucks on an elevated railway. It comes along snorting and puffing, and dives into one of the huge plain brick houses just mentioned, through a hole in the wall some 25ft. above the level of the ground.

A minute later another train moves along the rails at our feet, and we are peremptorily warned to look out. "Beware of the trains" is an inscription to be found on walls high



CHARGING THE RETORTS.



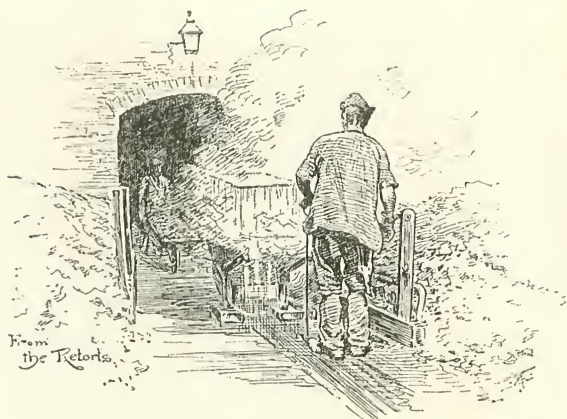
DRAWING THE RETORTS.

and low throughout the Beckton Works, and the injunction is not unneeded. The place is simply a network of rails, and trains at times pass over one's head and under one's feet with startling frequency. The former are bringing coal from the pier at the Thames side, and the latter are removing the coke which has recently been taken from the retorts. Let us go to the pier and follow the whole business throughout its various stages.

A ship is just in from Newcastle, and in both of her great holds eight or ten men are at work shovelling the coal into giant skips, which when full are hoisted by a steam crane over our heads and emptied into trucks. When a train of trucks is full, an engine is attached to it, and away it goes over a viaduct some hundred yards long into a retort-house. If not deposited there for use, the coal is carried through it, across a connecting viaduct, to another house, and so on through half-a-dozen houses if necessary. There are a dozen retort-houses at Beckton, to say nothing of one now building which is to be the largest in the world, and from every one of these, engines and a string of trucks pop in and out like serpents at hide and seek.

The floor of the retort-house is between the ground and the elevated railway. Underneath are the furnaces which heat the retorts. The latter are somewhat narrow, oval ovens, twenty feet long, opening at both ends. Each furnace heats nine retorts. These when shut are air-tight, so that the gas can escape only by the pipe provided for it. In some retort-houses, as, for instance, one at the South Metropolitan Works in the Old Kent Road, the doors of the retorts are not of the patent perfectly air-tight order. They have consequently to be luted or clayed over. At Beckton all the men have to do is to close and fasten the retort door to render any escape impossible.

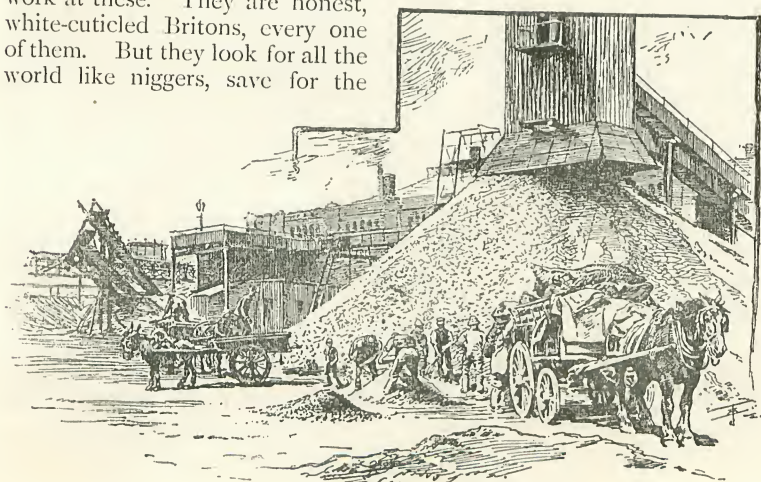
As we enter the retort-house three doors have just been opened and a tongue of flame shoots forth. Three men are at work at these. They are honest, white-cuticled Britons, every one of them. But they look for all the world like niggers, save for the



QUENCHING COKE.

absence of the curly hair and a certain coarseness of feature. Their skins are sable and their teeth gleam with a pearly whiteness almost worthy of the race of which Uncle Tom is so famous a member. Some of them wear only trousers, boots, and a skull-cap; others a ragged flannel jersey as well. If the attire seems scanty, it is soon shown to be more than adequate. Each man picks up a rake, that is, an iron rod ten feet long with some six inches turned at the end at right angles. To lift this rake by one end requires no simple effort, but experience is everything. Grasping the handle firmly with both hands, the stoker places the other end in the mouth of the retort, runs it a little way in, and withdraws a quantity of red-hot coke. This falls through an opening in the floor into trucks below, and is destined either to be used again for furnace purposes or to be sold

to outside consumers. To quench the red-hot coke, either a hose is turned on to it or it is placed on barrows, as at the South Metropolitan Works, and run under a quadrangular water-pipe, where it receives a shower bath, of which, to judge by the way it spits and hisses, it by no means approves. It is then carried along a viaduct and deposited on a tremendous heap in the coke-



THE COKE-YARD.

yard. Our illustration affords a realistic idea of this section of the South Metropolitan Works on a busy day.

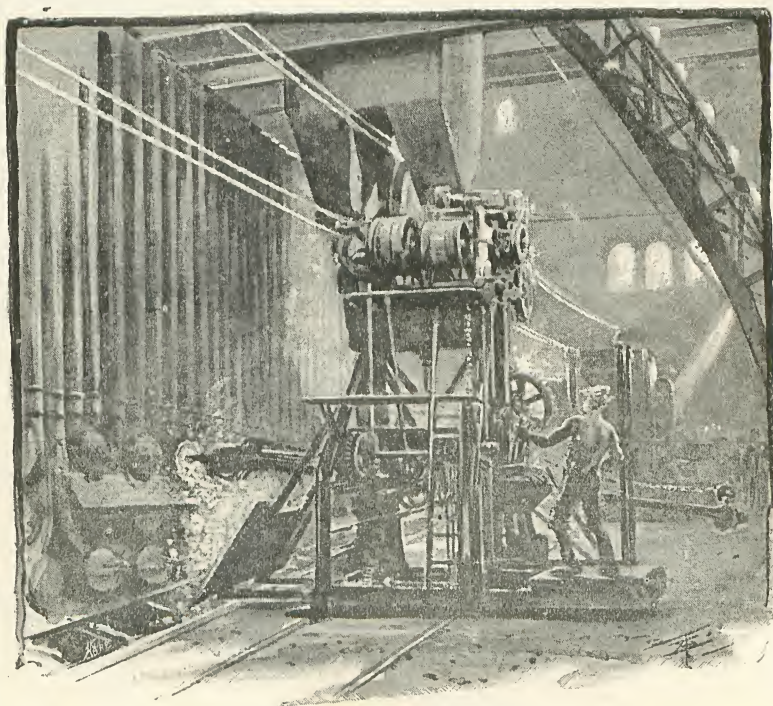
But to return to the retorts at Beckton. In a few minutes the greater portion of the charge has been withdrawn, and one can look—always at a respectful distance—along the retort. The men's work has grown hotter and hotter the farther the rake has been shoved into the retort, and great streams of perspiration run down their faces and backs. In the midst of it all comes along our artist. He is armed with the camera, and suggests that the men should stand still for a while in the act of withdrawing, in order to let him take a shot at them. The proposal strikes one as cool even in this hot house, but the men seem perfectly willing to be roasted alive in order to give him an opportunity of conveying to the British public a truthful impression of the way "it is done." They would make capital martyrs these men, and our artist would make a very daring army general. Fire has no terror for him when he is safely out of its way, and he stands, for what seems to his less exacting colleague an interminable time, counting by his watch the seconds necessary to obtain the negative he wants. But at last he says, "Thank you; that will do!" and the men finish drawing the coke from the retorts.

Then, without the loss of a minute, they prepare to re-charge them. On the ground is a heap of coal running the length of the house, deposited by one of the trains running above, and from this two scoops ten feet in length, containing one hundredweight each, have been filled. One man takes the handle, hoists it slightly, the other two place a bent bar, called a bridle, underneath and about the middle of the scoop, it is lifted to the height required, the nose is thrust into the

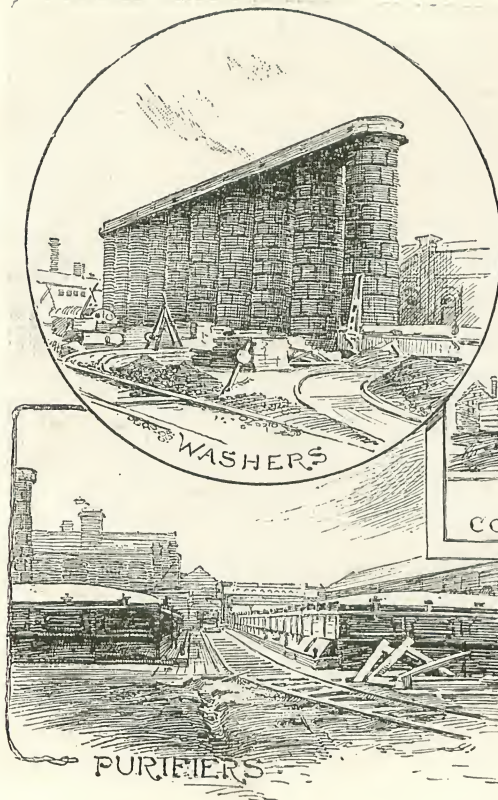
mouth of the retort with a dexterity which comes of daily practice, the two men with the bridle find themselves perilously near the flame which bursts forth from the retort, the man at the handle rams the scoop well home, turns it upside down and rushes back with it; the next scoop is treated in the same manner, both scoops are refilled and emptied, and a few shovelfuls of coal thrown in complete the charge.

The door of the retort is closed and fastened, the process of gas making has begun, and for the next six hours the coal will undergo distillation. The men have been about forty minutes over their work, and some twenty minutes will elapse before the time to clear another set of retorts is up. They retire to a room, where are many lockers containing their clothes and belongings, and the interval is spent in rest, in gossip, or in snatching refreshment.

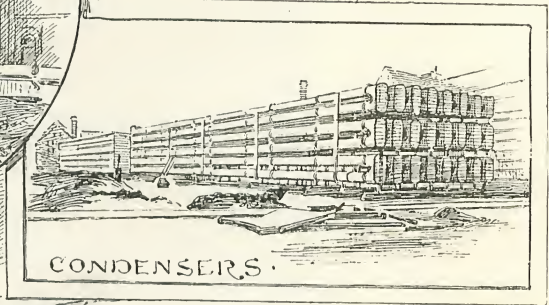
The men work in eight-hour shifts, earn good money (the average being £2 a week), and, wearing as their occupation seems to be, enjoy excellent health and opportunities of improving their position. It will generally be found that the foremen in immediate responsibility over the men have risen from the ranks. Two instances of success may be cited. The first is that of a head



CHARGING RETORTS BY MACHINERY.



and down the retort-house, one of which is made to perform the operation of raking out the coke, whilst the other contains a supply of coal from which the scoop is filled. The coal is deposited in the retort-house, is carried in elevator buckets to a hopper overhead, from which it is dropped into the charging machine. A couple of men with very little

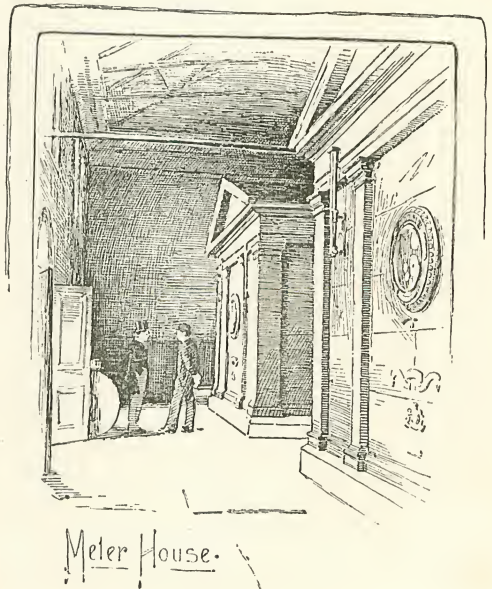


experience can with these machines do the work of several expert stokers.

As the gas leaves the retort it is very hot and very impure. Its temperature has therefore to be reduced and its impurities have to be removed. It passes into a pipe known as the "hydraulic main," the air in which is exhausted by means of engines, which may be seen at work in the engine-house. The main contains water through which the gas is forced. From the hydraulic main it enters the condensers, which are pipes running back-

foreman, now receiving a good salary and enjoying the entire confidence of his employers, who, a few years ago, was an ordinary scoop-driver. The second case is that of a man who, some fifteen or sixteen years since, obtained a job at a provincial gas-works. He was in absolute want, and had walked the roads for many a weary day in search of work. He addressed the casual inquiry, which most pedestrians have heard, to a passing stranger: "Do you know of anyone who could give a man something to do?" He, fortunately, happened to be speaking to an employé of the gas-works, who secured him a post as stoker. He proved himself an efficient and reliable servant, and was ultimately promoted to be head foreman with a salary of £150 a year. He is now the proud possessor of several houses, and is credibly reported to have accumulated, by judicious investment of his savings, as much as £2,000.

Owing to causes in which we need not enter here, it has been found expedient in recent years to replace manual labour to a considerable extent by machinery in charging and drawing retorts. Two carriages work up

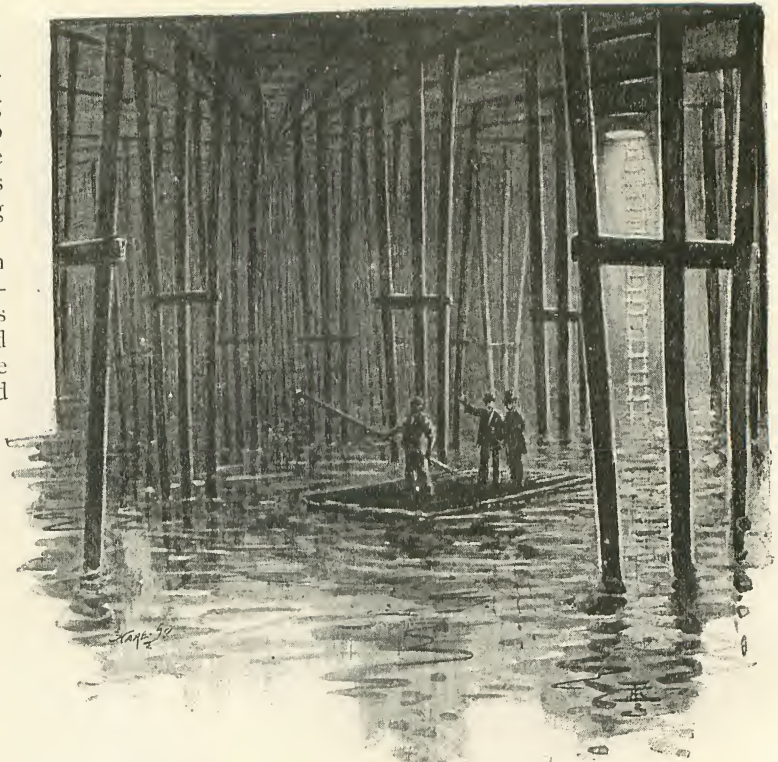


wards and forwards one above another in the outer air, or lying under water, the object being to keep them cool, so that the gas may be gradually robbed of its heat as it passes along them.

In its passage through the main and the condenser the gas deposits ammoniacal liquor and tar, both of which are drained off, and utilized in various ways.

The gas next enters the washer and scrubber. It is brought constantly in contact with water, which assimilates ammonia; and in the scrubber, a tower of considerable height, it is passed through a quantity of coke, shavings, and other materials saturated with water, so that it is really scrubbed as it progresses. From the scrubber it goes to the purifiers, huge square boxes containing layers of grids well covered with lime and oxide of iron. After this, all that has to be done is to measure it and store it. We who have occasion to know only our own domestic meter, do not instantly recognise its big brothers in the two station meters, which have been aptly likened to mausoleums.

Their size affords an idea of the volume of gas which has sometimes to be made and measured. Some of the gas will be sent along miles of mains to London, there to be placed in holders; some will be stored in holders on the spot. We are fortunate in finding a holder in the course of construction at Beckton. To the passer-by it is complete, but a walk over its top discovers a hole a yard square, down which we gaze cautiously. Thirty feet below is a body of water, and we see that the entire structure is supported by scaffold poles. A man on a raft is pulling himself from point to point by means of a hooked stick. Comparatively few people, even among gas-workers, have been inside a gasholder, and it at once strikes us that a novel experience may be had if we choose to

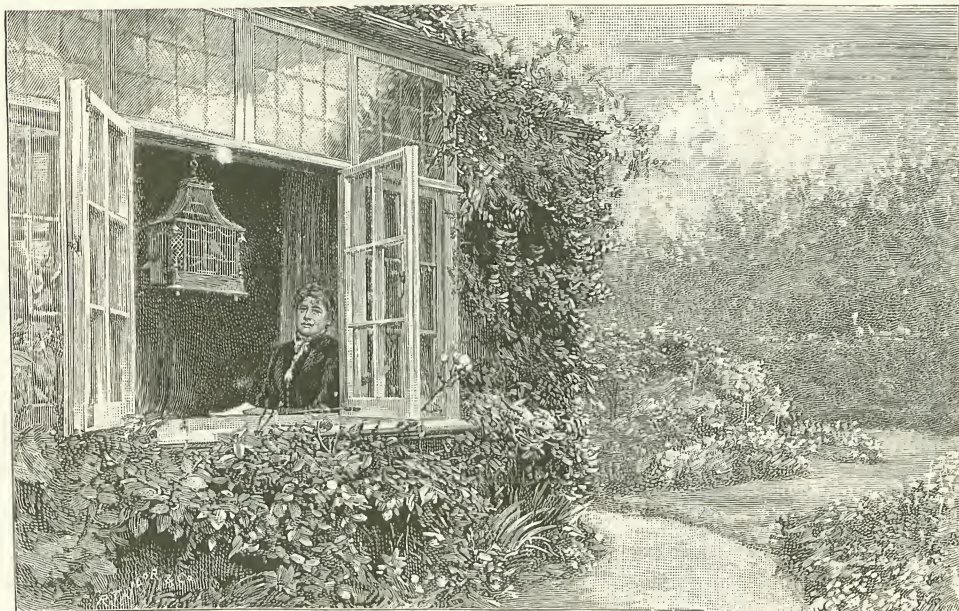


INSIDE A GAS-HOLDER.

risk the consequences of a climb down the swaying rope ladder. The information that a man was recently drowned in such a place only makes us screw our courage more up to the sticking point, and another minute sees us on the ladder. Friendly hands below do what they can to steady it, but only a monkey or an acrobat would make a respectable show on such a contrivance. Landed safely on the raft, the man in charge, whom we immediately dub our gondolier, pulls us round about through a perfect maze of scaffolding which runs from the bottom to the top like a monster umbrella frame. By-and-by the water will be continued right up to the roof, and it will surprise some people to learn that the gas, when it enters the holder, rests on the water and forces the holder up, so that when the holder is full its top is on a level with that of the upright girders which guide its actions, and its bottom only a foot or so beneath the surface of the water, the latter being in a giant stone tank. Water, it should be understood, is an absolute seal for gas, and it is a practical impossibility that a gasholder could, as many imagine, blow up. Such a disaster has certainly never been known.

Illustrated Interviews.

No. XVII.—MISS ELLEN TERRY.



From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.]

TOWER COTTAGE—"PRINCE" AND HIS MISTRESS.

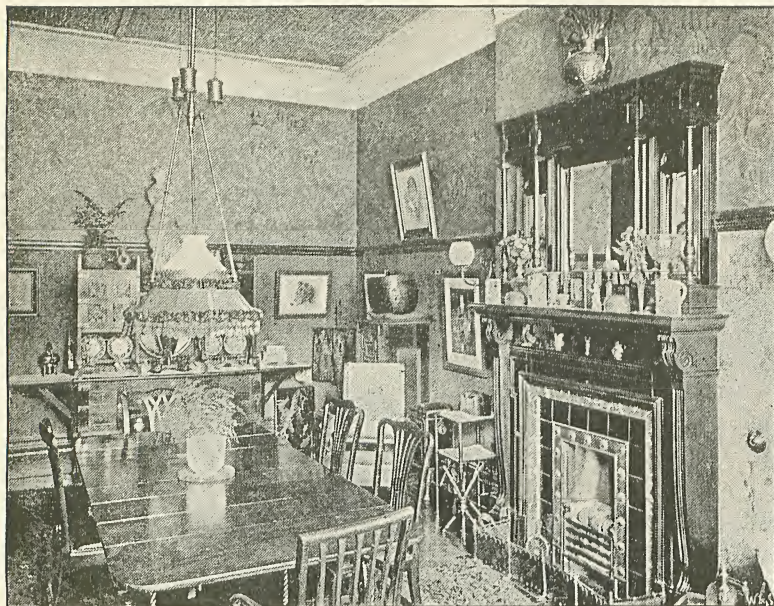
IN the course of my chat with Mr. Irving, which appeared in the September number of this Magazine, I casually hinted at a little something which practically amounted to a promise. It was a note from Miss Ellen Terry. That note has been honoured, and it is a pleasurable effort to sit down and endeavour to recollect all that happened during nearly a couple of days spent with her at London and Winchelsea. Eminent people who are homely are positive blessings—and that is just what Ellen Terry is. The first word she said to me when I reached Winchelsea, as she sat holding the reins behind Tommy, the pony, whilst Punch, her dog, seemed to be barking an invitation to take my seat by its mistress's side, was "Welcome!" I shall always remember that greeting and what came of it.

But Winchelsea must wait for a few pages—there is the house in Barkston Gardens to be visited first, and then away to "Holiday Home." If you walked round the square of great red brick houses at Earl's Court which constitutes Barkston Gardens, in the summer

time, you would have no difficulty in finding Miss Terry's house. Its number is—flowers—flowers—flowers! They fill the window-sills and block the balcony of the drawing-room. A man may be known by the pictures he hangs on his walls—so may a woman by the flowers she puts in her vases and windows. Here at Barkston Gardens they are of the simplest and homeliest kind, the tiny blue-bell, marguerite, and the cottage nasturtium. Within this floral exterior I met Miss Terry. She wore a long black gown, which to me suggested *Portia*. She is tall, handsome, with a mouth that has a struggle on the stage to keep away the smiles which refuse to be overcome, and eyes that look at you and twinkle with heart-born merriment. Yet against all this there is a stately grace which indicates what falls to the lot of few women—a merry mood at all times, and gifted genius ever shining through it.

Dear old Mrs. Rumball—her friend of twenty years—sat there watching her every movement.

"My little home!" said Miss Terry, as I entered—"only full of twopenny-halfpenny



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM—BARKSTON GARDENS.

[Elliott & Fry.

things ; but I love them all for dear associations' sake."

Here are a very few of the things of which Miss Terry so wrongly under-estimated the worth. The entrance-hall contains a proof etching of Forbes Robertson's picture of the church scene in "Much Ado About Nothing." To the right is the dining-room—a delightful apartment. The walls are of green, pink, and embossed gold, and harmonize to perfection. A bust of Henry Irving is over a little book-case, the volumes on the shelves—Shakespeare, Thackeray, Dickens—being hidden by art curtains ; drawings by Mrs. Hastings of Mr. and Mrs. Terry—the father and mother of the gifted actress—hang on the wall, together with those of her two children—Mr. Gordon and Miss Ailsa Craig. Over the quaint oaken sideboard is a reproduction of the Venus of Milo. Her table is in the

recess of the window. On this there is yet another portrait of Mr. Gordon Craig—indeed, her two children are in every room of the house.

Next to the dining-room, separated from the hall by great tapestry curtains, is the smallest sitting-room imaginable. I never saw so many chairs in so small a space. This is in every sense of the word a study. In a corner of this apartment is a great resting ottoman, with many pillows thrown negligently

upon it. It is here that Ellen Terry rests and reads, living with the genius of the man who first conceived and penned the lines in that little row of books on the wall, which bear his name in golden letters—Shakespeare. The nick-nacks in this room are countless. A picture of Sheridan is reputed to be by Gainsborough ; there are numerous original studies for costume—principally Shakespearean—and a very small



From a Photo. by]

THE SITTING-ROOM AND STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.



THE ALCOVE.

bust of Fechter is under a glass shade on the mantel-board. A screen of Sir Walter Scott's is noticeable.

The Alcove is the most delightful arrangement in miniature rooms conceivable. It was really a bit of spare landing space—now it is one of the prettiest corners in the whole house. It is of white enamel. As a specimen of artistic furnishing, this little alcove may be opened out as a perfect model. It won't let one get away. How cosy are the cushions under the canopy of the window—how quaint the oaken table and chairs, which are an exact model of those used by Shakespeare himself!

Over the mantel-board are many portraits, all of them autographed and accompanied by kindly messages: Madame Nordica, Miss Julia Neilson—who married Miss Terry's brother Fred—Miss Mary Anderson, Sarasate, and Salvini. Signor Tosti has sent his photo. and surrounded it with words and music—"Good-

bye, Summer, good-bye, good-bye!" Tosti, one day, specially sang this beautiful song for Miss Terry at a friend's house. Very shortly afterwards this pleasant memento came. There is an old picture of Mrs. Cowley, who wrote "The Belle's Stratagem." Where there are not books there are pictures, such as an admirable likeness of Roger Kemble, father of J. P. Kemble; Mrs. Siddons, Sarah Bernhardt, Forbes Robertson, and Miss Terry and Henry Irving in various characters. Fred Barnard, the artist, is well represented with etchings of Mr. Irving as *Digby Grant* in "The Two Roses." An original study as *Hamlet* is striking. There

is also an excellent pencil sketch of Miss Terry as *Portia*, whilst Sidney L. Smith is responsible for Miss Terry as *Beatrice*.

A spinning-wheel is near the window.

"No, you are wrong," said Miss Terry; "that is not the one I used to sit down to as *Marguerite* in 'Faust.' I bought this in Nuremberg and meant to use it, but, believe me, I found that an old 'property' one looked much better on the stage."

Just then a tiny little piping note was heard. It was as sweet and as true as the note of a flute. It seemed to come from upstairs, and was apparently the gentle whistling of some old German air by an unknown and invisible personage. My inquisitive surprise delighted Miss Terry. She beckoned me. We went tip-toe up the stairs, and as I drew aside the amber silk curtains of the drawing-room, the whistle became louder and sweeter still. Ah, there was the culprit, caged up in the window!

"Prince—my bull-



From a Photo. by MISS ELLEN TERRY. [Winlow & Grove.

finch!" cried Miss Terry. How that little creature whistled, to be sure! Just as though its very life depended on the number and purity of its notes.

"He pipes all day," Prince's mistress said, running her fingers along the brass wires of the cage, "and we don't quite know what the tune is. When I bought him he was in a little wooden cage, and on it were written in pencil the names of two songs—'Du bist wie eine Blume,' and—what do you think?—Poli Perkins! But he's never whistled of 'My Pretty Polly Perkins of Paddington Green' to this day."

The drawing-room overlooks the gardens, and is fragrant with the perfume of the roses which fill the china bowls on the

of-date, square piano is here, but still delightful in tone, it having recently been completely restored by Messrs. Broadwood. It bears the name of Longman and Broderip—the latter name being very similar to that of Mr. Irving's birth name. It was picked up at Deal. The old firm of Longman and Broderip has been continued through Clementi to Messrs. Collard, who still retain the old Cheapside premises, whence this pretty old piano came nearly a hundred years ago.

The case of curios must not be forgotten. Amongst other things, it contains a pair of old gold buckles which belonged to a Cavalier who was hidden in the oak tree with Charles II.; Mrs. Siddons's Bible, with a letter in



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

tables. A huge bouquet of carnations is just beginning to fade—a few fallen petals are strewn on the carpet. But it will rest there till it drops. It was a gift from Sarah Bernhardt. Tables are set out with silver trinkets, and a cabinet is crowded with blue china. The music of "Henry the Eighth" is open on the piano—on top of which is an oil painting of a corner of the kitchen of the "Audrey" Arms, at Uxbridge. Miss Terry saw this quaint, old-fashioned little place, and wanted it. A difficulty had to be overcome, for it was an inn. The place was bought, and an old woman was employed to sell the beer, and for some time Miss Terry spent her holidays in the rooms pertaining to the old "Audrey" Arms, previous to her settling at Winchelsea.

A beautiful specimen of the original, out-

her own handwriting; a tiara which was once owned by the famous Lady Blessington; a little blue china cup of Sir Walter Scott's; and surely the daintiest and tiniest of lace handkerchiefs—Sarah Bernhardt's. But what gave rise to most curiosity were a number of pairs of eye-glasses. I was holding in my hand a pair with the name of "Henry" written on one glass and "Irving" on the other. Then I learnt that Miss Terry has a rare collection of famous men's glasses, amongst them being Mr. Whistler's, Dr. Mackenzie's, Sir Arthur Sullivan's, and others.

From the time I laid down these eye-glasses and bade Miss Terry "Good-bye," to the day I arrived at the little Sussex village of Winchelsea and heard her "Welcome," was just two months. It was on one of the days just before her return to town and



From a Photo. by]

OFF FOR A DRIVE.

[Elliott & Fry.

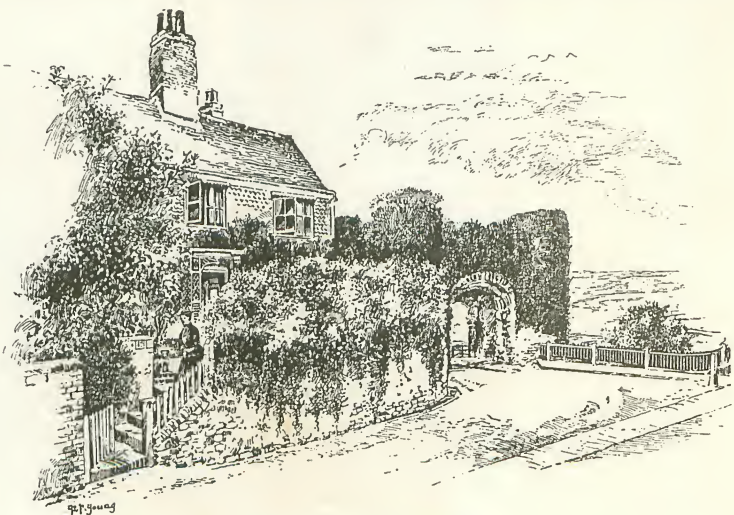
reminds me of a little story, and I thought perhaps you might like to hear it, because some of the people in it have appeared in your Magazine.

"We were stopping about a year ago at the Forest of Dean. There were

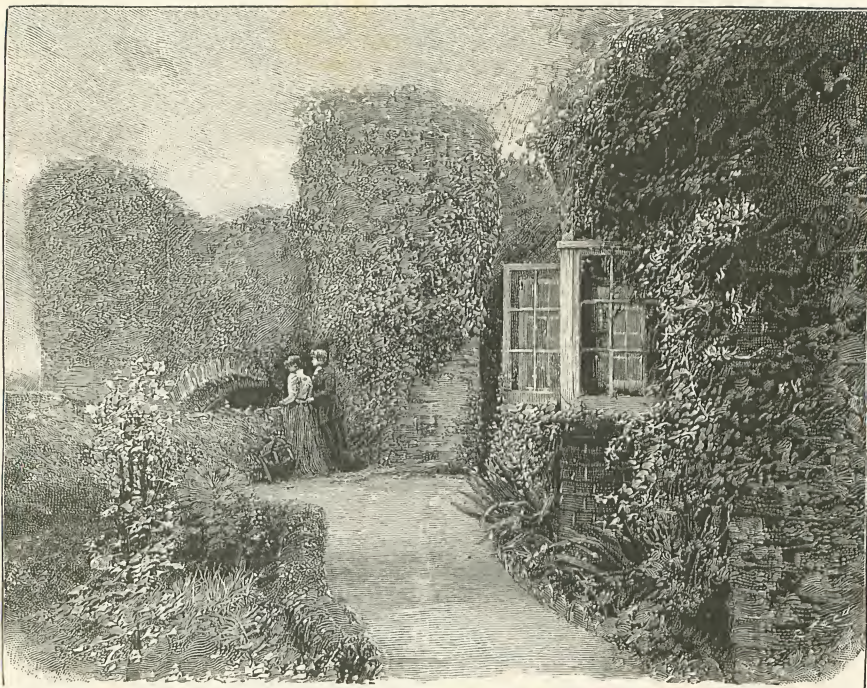
work again. I jumped up in the dog-cart—to which Tommy was harnessed—and Tower Cottage was quickly reached.

"Tommy carried us all the way from London to Winchelsea," said Miss Terry, enthusiastically, "and he'll take us back again. We put our luggage on board—Punch, this young rascal of a terrier, who seems to live only to bark, and Prince. You'll see Prince—yes, and hear him, too, in a few minutes—for he's at the cottage. At a pretty roadside inn we found a wee kitten—it seemed to like me. It came running out to us and appeared lost. It gave such a funny little whine, which seemed to say 'Me-e-ne-e,' so I christened it Minnie on the spot. Isn't this country glorious? Isn't it the place for a rest? But, wait a little! Have I been ill? Yes, indeed. But we won't talk about that; still, it

a good many of us, among whom was Sir Morell Mackenzie. We made an excursion one day to Tintern. On the road my maid called out that something had got into her eye, and that she was in great pain. We stopped at the next village, but the chemist's shop was shut, the chemist being at church, for it was Sunday; but Sir Morell was bent on healing, and rang at the door, got down the different bottles himself, and with his own



TOWER COTTAGE—FRONT VIEW.



From a Photo. by]

TOWER COTTAGE—MISS TERRY AND HER DAUGHTER IN THE GARDEN.

[Elliott & Fry.

hands prepared a lotion for my poor maid's eye. I need scarcely tell you how much astonished Mrs. —, the chemist's wife, was upon learning the name of her distinguished dispenser, and on our way back the whole village turned out to look at the dear man whose fame for good deeds, great and small, cannot be increased by any words which I could speak, or I would try to grow eloquent and perhaps become inspired by the noble theme."

We had reached the top of



From a Photo. by]

THE HAMMOCKS UNDER THE APPLE-TREES. [Elliott & Fry.

the hill, drove beneath the old stone gate, curiously enough known as the "Strand Gate," a great pile of ragstone, with towers at each angle, and partially covered with ivy, and stopped at the little white wicket gate. And, true enough, there was Prince, singing away with a heart as free as though he were in the open air instead of in his cage by the window—the same sweet tune. At sight of his mistress he hopped about in mad delight, stretched his little neck and lifted his



From a Photo. by AS "OPHELIA." [Window & Grove.
(Hamlet.)

head, anxious to pipe his richest notes as an assurance of perfect happiness. And here was the tortoise on the grass and Minnie cuddled up in the doorway, blinking her tiny blue eyes at the sunbeams which were playfully striving to drive the peacefully disposed kitten out of her chosen corner. Whoever built Tower Cottage is hereby publicly thanked—its bricks and latticed windows form the prettiest little piece of architecture of its kind, and its site almost amounts to a paradise. Just look at its walls, up which the honeysuckle is creeping and the roses growing, the great blooming crimson fuchsias, and the paths edged with the greenest of box!—the blackberry bushes, and the hammocks hung in the shade between the boughs of the apple trees! You walk along the gravel paths of the garden, and every blossom on the branches peeping out from the grassy beds appears just to have come there of its own free will. You look around for the sign of a trowel or spade in vain. Nature seems to have been her own gardener, and planned and planted this floral nook. Then come a little farther to this turret built over the stables—the turret top with its alternate green boxes of cloves and nasturtiums, on which a swing seat has been put up. There you get the view.

"I have seen it many times before," said

Miss Terry, "but I always find something more to look upon. Isn't it fair? I love space, and surely it is here. Look, right away across the fields—with the lambs playing about by the side of the winding rivulets—is the sea dotted with tiny vessels. To the left is Rye—it looks like a little hillock of houses, doesn't it?—Rye with its windmills—and every one of them is working. You remember Thackeray's unfinished 'Dennis Duval'? Dennis had a grandfather who was a barber and perruquier, and elder of the French Protestant Church at Winchelsea. Dennis himself often used to walk from this little town into Rye, perhaps past this very cottage! To my mind there is no more restful or more romantic spot anywhere than this. You can't even remember there exists such a thing as a theatre here! But I'll take you round the village this afternoon."

Inside the house was all that was suggested by the outside—all was dainty and in miniature. One thing struck me—there was not a single picture of the great actress herself on the walls. Here were her friends, her two



From a Photo. by AS "BEATRICE." [Window & Grove.
(Much Ado about Nothing.)

children, but not one of herself. "I don't like seeing myself about the place," she said. "I have a friend who gets every photo. of me published, and puts them in her rooms. I haven't been to see her for some time. It made me quite wretched when I last called; there was I 'weeping' in her bedroom, 'mad' in her dining-room, whilst in the front parlour I was positively 'dying' in three different positions!" Still, it is to be hoped that Miss Terry will not be reduced to despair when she opens these pages, and beholds herself in all the most famous characters in which she has appeared at the Lyceum.

Our luncheon party comprised Miss Ailsa Craig, two friends, Miss Terry, and myself. Punch and Minnie were also present. Luncheon over, we hurried away to the apple trees, and Miss Terry brought out her camera—for she is a wonderfully adept photographer—and insisted on my giving her a sitting. I wonder if Miss Terry knows what happened whilst this was going on? Probably she does ere this; but one member of this very



From a Photo. by] AS "LETITIA HARDY." [Window & Grove.
(The Belle's Stratagem.)



From a Photo. by] AS "CATHERINE DUVAL." [Window & Grove.
(The Dead Heart.)

happy party hastily procured another camera, and, whilst Miss Terry was photographing me, she was "taken" herself. Then we started out for Winchelsea, and what a delightful guide I had! We visited the old prison and judgment house, now used as a public reading-room, and my kindly guide remembered a little entertainment she once gave there, when, together with her daughter and a friend, they made their first and only appearance as "The Three Old Maids of Lee." We looked in

at the old church, and every one of the great square pews seemed to suggest — sleep, sleep, beautiful sleep! We saw the tree under which John Wesley made his last open-air address; the Friary, a fine old specimen of architecture, and the wonderful old gates and cellars of the town, which make Winchelsea a rarity amongst rare picturesque places.

For half an hour—whilst Miss Terry rested a little—I was left alone with a cigar. So I walked and talked with the village children. And I found out that Miss Terry's loving kindness to the little ones is



AS "IOLANTHE."
(Iolanthe.)
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

known in Winchelsea, as everywhere else. One bright, sunburnt little maid, whom I met in one of the lanes, told me she was going to Miss Terry's to tea "next Wednesday," and, added the child, with eyes as big as stars and twinkling as brightly, "Miss Terry says poetry to us!" I was glad the child told me that, because it made assurance doubly sure of my estimate of the woman's character. I thought of the packed theatre, and the people who had paid half-a-guinea for their stalls; then of the handful of little ones who had an unpurchasable entertainment for nothing—listening to Miss Terry "saying poetry."

I returned to Tower Cottage.

We met again on the turret top, and then I listened to the story of her life. How earnestly she spoke of everything associated with her brilliant career. She has always been in the best circle—theatrically speaking—ever since she began. But she

referred to all this very quietly. If Ellen Terry impresses one on the stage as an actress, how much more does she do so when sitting surrounded by one of the fairest of Nature's scenes, as a woman! When she remembers an incident it is indeed remembered. All the circumstances connected with it crowd into her memory, the place, the people—everything, and she lives through it once again, even though it may belong to her very youngest years.

Miss Ellen Alice Terry was born at Coventry in St. Valentine's month. St. Valentine's month has seen the natal day of many of the great—Wordsworth, Ruskin, Charles Dickens, Abraham Lincoln, Rossini, Joseph Jefferson, Victor Hugo, Handel, Longfellow, J. R. Lowell, George Washington, Cardinal Newman, and Henry Irving.



From a Photo. by] AS "PORTIA."
(The Merchant of Venice.) [Window & Grove.

"My father and mother," said Miss Terry, "were acting from place to place. Then I came to them at Coventry. There is no trace of the house where I was born—it may have been at an inn or in lodgings. It is

not generally known that my mother, when eighteen years of age, played the *Queen* to Macready's *Hamlet*. Macready liked playing with my mother; he gave a curious reason for it—'because she wouldn't stick her hair all over with pins!' My own particular first appearance was made on the stage somewhere between the ages of seven and eight, at the Princess's Theatre, under the management of Mrs. Charles Kean. Now, here's an interesting little fact: When I was playing *Puck* at the Theatre Royal, Manchester—and quite an experienced little actress by that time—Mr. Irving, although he is ten years older than myself, was at that time just making his first appearance. But, something more. It is very possible that on the very night he made his first bow, I was having my too nearly squeezed off! I will tell you the little story.

"I was playing *Puck* in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' and had come up through a trap at the end of the last act to give the final speech. My sister Kate was



From a Photo. by]

AS "JULIET."
(Romeo and Juliet.)

[Window & Grove.



From a Photo. by]

AS "MARGUERITE."
(Faust.)

[Window & Grove.

playing *Titania*. Up I came—but not quite up, for the man shut the trap-door too soon, and caught my toe. I screamed, Kate rushed to me, and banged her foot on the stage; but the man closed the trap tighter, mistaking the signal. 'Oh! Katie! Katie!' I cried.

"Oh! Nelly, Nelly!" returned my sister.

"Mrs. Kean came rushing on, and made them open the trap, and so I released my foot.

"'Finish the play, dear,' she whispered, excitedly, 'and I'll double your salary!'

"There was Kate holding me up on one side and Mrs. Kean on the other. Well, I did finish the play; it was something like this:—

"If we shadows have offended ('Oh! Katie! Katie!')

Think but this, and all is mended, ('I hope my poor toe will!')

That you have but slumbered here
While these visions did appear. ('I can't! I can't!')

And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream; ('Oh! dear!

Oh! dear!' and a big sob.)
Gentles, do not reprehend;

If you pardon, we will mend. ('Oh! Mrs. Kean!')

"And so I got through it. My salary was doubled, and Mr. Skey, President of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, who chanced to be in a stall that very evening, came round behind the scenes and put my toe right. He remained my friend for life. I can well

heartrending was the scream, that it electrified the audience.

After leaving the Keans, Miss Terry appeared at the Royalty and Haymarket Theatres. Already her work was being closely followed by the critics. Then came the first playing with Mr. Irving. It was at the old Queen's Theatre, in "The Taming of the Shrew." Miss Terry said that it was such a foggy night that you could scarcely see across the stage. The usual forebodings predicted by such a dark night, however, have not been realized, for surely no work could have been brighter or more brilliant than that which was subsequently—and is to-day—associated with the names of Miss Terry and Mr. Irving.

After an absence of seven years from the stage, she played a short engagement at the



AS "QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA."
(Charles I.)
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

remember Charles Kean—he was so charming and lovable; Mrs. Kean was more alert and admirable. He was very fond of children. He had a rare way of amusing us little ones at the theatre. He had a tiny ballet skirt made. This he put round his hand, and placing his third and fourth fingers out and folding up the others, it looked just like a little woman dancing. Oh! how we used to scream with laughter, and the louder we laughed the higher the lady kicked."

Everybody saw in the child Nelly an actress; but this was strongly substantiated one night in a remarkable way. It happened through a scream. She was playing in a piece in which she had to put a snake round her neck and scream. Of course, the snake was not real, but so intense and



From a Photo. by]

AS "CAMMA."
(The Cup.)

[Window & Grove.

last-named theatre, followed by engagements at the Prince of Wales's and the Court. Then came a memorable night: her first appearance with Mr. Irving, at the Lyceum, as *Ophelia*, on December 30th, 1878—nearly fourteen years ago. Since then, as effort succeeded effort, creation succeeded creation, so has she advanced in the favour of the



AS "LUCY ASHTON."
(Ravenswood.)

From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

public, and made good her claim to rank amongst the greatest actresses our country has given us. *Pauline, Portia, Desdemona, Juliet, Lady Macbeth*, and many more; how well we know them all!

Miss Terry well remembered that memorable night of December 30th, 1878.

"You ask me if I know what nervousness means," she said. "Why, I am so high-strung at the Lyceum, on a first night, that if I realized that there was an audience in front, staring at me, I should fly off and be down at Winchelsea in two two's! I shall never forget my first appearance at the Lyceum as *Ophelia*. Dear old Mrs. Rumball—you remember meeting her at Barkston Gardens?—was waiting for me in my dressing-room. I finish my part at the end of the fourth act—I couldn't wait to see the fifth. I rushed upstairs to my room and threw myself into her arms.

"'I've failed—I've failed!' I cried, in despair.

"'No, no!'

"'But I have—I have. Come along,' and we hurried away from the theatre. I in my

Ophelia dress, with a big cloak thrown around me, and drove up and down the Embankment a dozen times before I dared go home."

"And when you saw the papers in the morning, how did you feel then?" I asked.

And as Punch, the terrier, came rushing down the path towards its mistress, the reply to my question told everything.



From a Photo. by]

AS "NANCE OLDFIELD."
(Nance Oldfield.)

[Window & Grove.

She simply answered—and with all her heart—"Very happy."

"Dead! Dead, sir! Dead little doggy. Why won't you die? I really think this dog is as mad as a hatter. If he doesn't alter, I shall certainly call him 'The Hatter.' Die doggy, die!"

Punch did die eventually. He lay on his side, with his legs as stiff as those of a mahogany table. Then at the words "One—two—three!"—equivalent to the tolling of the bell—up he jumped, fully decided that it was downright ridiculous to die when he could live and be happy at Winchelsea.

Then tea was brought out, and over a refreshing cup, accompanied by delicious bread and butter and sultana cake—real sul-



AS "LADY MACBETH,"
(Macbeth.)

From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

books. Its leaves were interspersed with almost as many notes as there was type—notes on the character of the woman, period, costume, surroundings, influences. One little note reads: "Character—Undemonstrative—Singing voice—About twenty-five;—She ought to be nice-looking, for the King of France took her without any dower; every servant in the Court loves her—indeed, the Court Fool pines away when she goes to France." Some half-dozen books, all for the same character, are full of notes of this kind. She loves *Beatrice* and *Ophelia* the best, and the shortest and smallest part she ever played was only a year or two ago, when she went on at an amateur performance, and the applause which greeted her would scarcely allow her to give her one and only line: "Please, ma'am, are you him or are you hout?"

tana cake, with plenty of plums in it! —I learnt much of the greatest interest. Dress is a very important matter with Miss Terry. She, with Mrs. Comyns Carr, designs her own costumes. Miss Terry thinks—and rightly too—that a dress should do much to indicate the character of the woman who is wearing it, as witness the dress she wears as *Lady Macbeth*, which looks like a coiling snake. "I could have gone mad," she said, "as *Ophelia*, much more comfortably in black than in white. But, oh! the little ins and outs of which the public know nothing. *Hamlet* and *Othello* must be black, then *Ophelia* and *Desdemona* must be white." Then on the question of studying a part. Any school-girl can *learn* the words of a part, but that is a very different thing to knowing and growing up, as it were, with the character you are called upon to conceive and create. To study means to *know*, to know means to *be*. I saw one of her



From a Photo. by]

AS "VIOLA."
(Twelfth Night.)

[Window & Grove.

"I feel very strongly about girls going on to the stage," said Miss Terry, quietly. "They talk so glibly about it—but they don't understand it a bit. I look upon going on the stage as a divine mission—a mission intended for the few and not the many. You can't *teach* acting. It is the same as everything else—acting is a gift, a precious gift, which must be highly cultivated, and those who possess it can't go and tie their talent up in a napkin and bury it in the ground. It must—it *will* come out. I examine lots of girls in elocution—how few of them possess the one thing needful."

But the contents of the little silver teapot were all gone, the cream in the jug at a premium, and the sultana cake a thing of the past. So we went into the house, and a pile of letters

a clergyman's son. Will you lend me £8?" Here is another:—

"Dear Madam,—I have just been offered a position of clerk in Manchester. I cannot afford a ticket from London. I should like to go on a bicycle. Will you, dear madam, give me one, and, if you will, will you do a



From a Photo. by] AS "OLIVIA." [Window & Grove.
(The Vicar of Wakefield.)

was brought out. These are some of the missives which fall to the lot of a great and popular actress:—

"Madam,—I am a gentleman, although



From a Photo. by] AS "ELLALINE." [Window & Grove.
(The Amber Heart.)

double-barrelled kindness and buy it at my brother's shop?"

"Then," said Miss Terry, "I have any number of letters from people who want to dress me at the theatre for nothing. Poor creatures! They little know what is in store for them. 'Lizzie'—her name is Julia, so I suppose that's why I call her Lizzie—Lizzie has been my maid at the theatre for fourteen years, and I haven't quite killed her yet!"

Birthday presents! On her birthday flowers are arriving at Barkston Gardens all day long; yes, and fruit and vegetables, too. Many old market women know her, and with reason; and when the 27th of Valentine's month comes round they like to send their little presents. Miss Terry might have read,

"Because you have been kind to me," written in large letters on the sack, which contained a bushel of potatoes, sent from an old woman last birthday.

Yet, a very precious present was given to her once. She was playing *Frou-Frou* in the provinces. One of the actors got to know that it was her birthday. In the last act of this play, when *Frou-Frou* is dying, she asks for her locket, in which rests the portrait of her little child. The locket was brought. *Frou-Frou* opened it, and there was a picture of her own two children. Needless to say, the acting at this moment did not lose in its intensity.

Together we looked through her album. A portrait of the Queen comes first, then follows a view of Hampton Court, where Miss Terry's first cottage was situated. The album is full of friends, and by the side of views of places visited are tiny flowers, bits of grasses and ivy gathered there. Both her children always give her a present on the first night of a play. Here is a faded rose from her daughter on the first night of "The Dead Heart," and next to it the original of a piece of music which her boy composed in honour of the event.

As we shut the album, Miss Terry cried out merrily:—

"Now let's go and see the hop-pickers. There will be plenty of time before dinner. Come along."

It was quite dark when we—Miss Terry, her daughter, and myself—got into the carriage. As we drove along the lanes of Kent, what merry stories we listened to!

"People think they see everything on the stage," Miss Terry said. "Nothing of the sort. Acting is an art which can show what you want to show, and hide what you want to hide. I remember years ago playing with a well-known actor. He was full of tricks, and was the possessor of a false tooth. In a certain play he was on the stage with me, and I had to sit with my face in full view of the

audience. Suddenly—in a most serious part—he pulled out his handkerchief and put it to his mouth. I knew what was coming—I knew it—the false tooth! He dropped something from his handkerchief on the ground at my feet! I trembled—I could scarcely go on. The manager noticed it and at the conclusion of the scene came up.

"Why, what has upset you, Miss Terry?"

"I expect I did," said the culprit, who was standing by; "but I think it very hard on me that Miss Terry should be upset only because I let fall—an acid drop!"

We had reached the hop-pickers, and our carriage drew up by the side of the hedge in the dark lane. It was a most impressive scene—the tents of the pickers standing out like phantoms, the whole thing being made all the more weird by the light of the fires over which the hoppers were bending, cooking their evening meal. It was all so silent, save for the voice of a hop-picker who would suddenly shout out some command, or the cry of a child; for the tiniest of workers may be found "helping mother" in the fields by day. I can see Miss Terry now, as she stood up in the carriage and looked upon this striking picture.

"If that could only be reproduced on the stage!" she said. "Look at it now. Wait a

moment—until it is very still. Now. Now what does it look like? Why, the finest idea of a battle-field by night it is possible to have."

As we drove back again we stopped for a moment to hear the owls hissing amongst the ivy which covers the walls of the old church. How they hissed—a positive warfare in hissing!

Miss Terry leant across to me, just as an extra strong noise came from the ivy, and said merrily:—

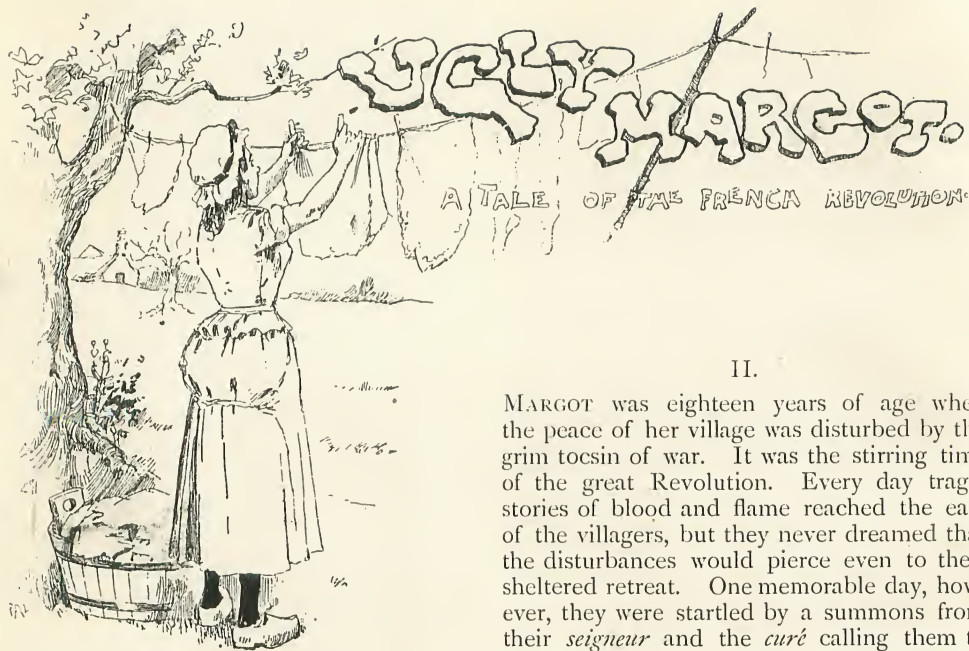
"I don't think I have ever been hissed, but in future I shall come here and study my parts. Then I shan't get vain!"

HARRY HOW.



AS "QUEEN KATHARINE."
(Henry VIII.)

From a Photo. by Window & Grove.



I.

IN a picturesque cottage of a retired straggling village in the province of La Vendée, dwelt an aged woman and her granddaughter, Margot. Margot was amiable, cheerful, industrious, kind; she possessed, in short, every feminine gift save one. That one was beauty! She was so ugly that the neighbours had given her the name of *la vilaine tête*. But Margot was a good girl, and did not murmur at her deprivation. On the contrary, she was thankful for her perfect health and strength. She thought little of her appearance, or, indeed, of herself at all, being always so much occupied with her duty. She was the best *savonneuse* in the village. She washed the linen of the neighbouring château, and her own and her grandmother's caps and kerchiefs were conspicuous for their whiteness and dainty get-up. In spite of her ugliness, everyone loved Margot. It is true that she was called *la vilaine tête*, but nicknames among rustics are not necessarily tokens of ill-nature or dislike. Margot bore the designation with perfect equanimity, for she had another, pleasanter one. She was also called: *The Good Margot*.

II.

MARGOT was eighteen years of age when the peace of her village was disturbed by the grim tocsin of war. It was the stirring time of the great Revolution. Every day tragic stories of blood and flame reached the ears of the villagers, but they never dreamed that the disturbances would pierce even to their sheltered retreat. One memorable day, however, they were startled by a summons from their *seigneur* and the *curé* calling them to the aid of the Royalists. Thenceforward no sounds of joy were heard in that once happy spot, unless it were the savage shouts of occasional triumph. The church bell, no longer a message of peace, called now to blood and battle. The sports and labours of the field were abandoned for fiercer pursuits. The cloud of anxiety darkened every face. Each day brought new events: some fresh encounter, some impending danger, some hard-earned victory. Many a gallant youth of the village lay unburied on a distant battlefield; others, after every action, returned home to die. As the Vendéan women were forbidden to follow the army, most of them remained and performed all the duties of guard-mounting and patrolling like experienced soldiers. Some, however, of the more adventurous, disguised as men, girded on swords and mingled in the ranks, leaving their infants and aged parents to the care of those who, like our gentle-natured heroine, stayed at home. The church had been turned into a hospital, wherein, under the direction of the *curé* and of a surgeon, tender-hearted and tender-handed women ministered to the wounded victims of the war. One of the most loving and skilful of this noble army of nurses was Margot.

III.

NEARER and nearer to the devoted village swept the wild current of war; for the wide-spreading force of the Republican arms was now driving the gallant Vendéans to the more remote and difficult positions. Margot's village became the headquarters of one of the retreating bodies of Royalists. All was bustle and excitement. The *seigneur*, having escaped death in several desperate encounters, had reached again his own roof, there to enjoy such a measure of repose as his anxiety would allow him. The general commanding, with his staff, was, of course, lodged in the château. Margot was appointed washer-woman to the whole establishment. This provided her with ample employment for both day and night, and put besides a lot of money into her pocket.

One night, as the girl was busily preparing some linen, which was to be delivered at the château on the following day, she heard a gentle knock at the outer door. She raised the latch unhesitatingly, but started back in dismay at sight of the figure standing there. It was that of a young soldier in the Republican uniform, unarmed, with pale face, and a ghastly wound upon his forehead. One arm was bound with a coarse handkerchief, and supported by his cravat, which served as a sling. His feet were bare, his clothes torn in several places, and covered with dust and mire. "Hide me!" he said, in a hoarse, hurried whisper. Royalist though Margot was, she could not withstand this appeal. She drew him quickly in, and fastened the door.



"SHE STARTED BACK IN DISMAY."

La Crosse (for such was the stranger's name) then told Margot that he had that day, after a skirmish in the neighbourhood, been brought as a prisoner to the village. After a brief examination by the Royalist officers, he had been thrust into a wretched hovel. His guards had kept careless watch, and he had contrived to make his escape. While searching for a hiding-place, he had been attracted by the light in the cottage window, and, seeing through the lattice that there was only a young woman within, he had determined to throw himself upon her pro-

tection. The poor fellow entreated Margot to shelter him. Not in vain. She led him softly to her own little chamber, and insisted on his occupying her bed. She warmed some water, with which she bathed his wounded forehead and lacerated feet. She next bound up his contused arm, then brought him food and drink, of which he stood in sore need. After that he fell asleep, and Margot, who had had by this time sufficient experience to see that his wounds were not dangerous,

left him. She spent the remainder of the night on an arm-chair by the kitchen fire, laying plans for her guest's complete escape.

IV.

MORNING dawned, and the wearied-out man still slept. Margot, again busy in her kitchen, was feeling strangely happy, although she knew that she had put herself in peril of punishment, should her aiding and abetting be discovered. But as she opened the casement to admit the delicious morning air, she saw a sight which struck a chill to her heart.

Three or four armed men were coming out of a cottage opposite, and she rightly conjectured that these were searching for their escaped prisoner. Rushing to her room, she shook the man awake, and hurriedly explained to him his danger. Then she flung over him a huge heap of the unwashed linen which lay there ready to her hand, leaving only a small opening at the back of the bed, through which he had barely sufficient space to breathe. She was just in time! When, a minute later, the door of the cottage burst open, and the soldiers appeared, the girl's head was bent over the wash-tub in the kitchen. The men's rough voices roused the old grandmother in the room within. With a terrified scream, she hastened into the kitchen, and demanded the reason of this visit. When she understood their errand, she was furious. That they should dare to suspect *her* of harbouring a rebel! Her indignation found vent in no measured terms. Paying no heed to the old woman's reproaches, the soldiers proceeded to search the cottage. They invaded the sanctuary of the good dame's repose, and prodded her bed with their bayonets. When satisfied that no living thing lurked beneath the blankets, they went next to Margot's room. The heap which lay upon her bed was about to be subjected to a similar examination, when the old woman fiercely interposed, exclaiming that it was the general's linen, in

time to save the heap from perforation and the secret from discovery.

Margot, meanwhile, stood by, silent, and almost senseless with fright, until she saw the soldiers, still pursued by her grandmother's tongue, leave the cottage. Then, with a deep sigh of relief, and a great heart-throb of thanksgiving, she turned again to her work.

V.

MARGOT had to resort to many and strange devices in order to keep from her grandmother the secret of her guest. The old lady marvelled greatly at her grand-daughter's sudden prodigious access of appetite, which Margot tried to persuade her was the effect of her increased exertions. The anxious girl employed herself in unceasing efforts on behalf of her *protégé*. Night after night she wore herself out in altering the appearance of every article of his attire. She cut his soldier's coat into the jacket of a civilian; stripped it of its military ornaments, and turned the skirts into a cap.

Meanwhile, daily skirmishes were taking place between the Royalist and Republican troops, and a great battle was expected. At length, La Crosse could endure confinement and inaction no longer. One dark night, amid heavy rain, he took leave of his protectress, who forced upon him her last-remaining coins, and cautiously made his way to the Republican army.

VI.

THAT night of La Crosse's departure was the eve of the battle. Margot was awakened the next morning by the cannon's roar. Where was her friend? was her first thought. Making a hasty toilet, she flung open the cottage door, and ran at her utmost speed to the nearest rising ground in the direction of the battle. There is no need to describe the terrible scene. Amid all those sickening sights and sounds fear for herself never once entered the brave girl's mind; all her anxiety was for *him*—her late guest.

For a time victory seemed to smile upon the Royalists. But suddenly their opponents made a general and overwhelming charge, which



"THE OLD WOMAN FIERCELY INTERPOSED."

carried before it the broken parties of the Vendéans like the *débris* upon the bosom of a flooded stream. On towards the village swept the mingled mass, and Margot, stunned and almost stifled, was hurried along with it. All the cottages of the place were speedily set on fire by the ruthless victors, that of our heroine being one of the first to perish. Never again did Margot see her poor old grandmother, or learn for certain of her fate! The church itself, in which numbers of the pursued had taken refuge, was soon in flames.

When at last the tide of battle had ebbed away from the wrecked village, Margot, having marvellously escaped all personal injury, but nearly dead with grief and horror, was free to weep in solitude over the smoking heap which was all that remained of her home. With a burst of agony she buried her face in her hands, and sank almost unconscious upon the ground.

VII.

SHE was aroused by a voice that seemed familiar; it was calling "Margot!" She lifted her head. It was La Crosse, who, fearing lest harm might befall his benefactress, had come in search of her. With suddenly renewed vigour she sprang to her feet, and was hastening to meet him when she saw him fall. He had been shot by a party of three or four Vendéans, who had caught sight of the detested Republican uniform which he had now re-assumed. Margot rushed to his side; the Vendéans did the same. They were strangers to Margot—men from another village. Two of them, with a rough curse, forced her with them into the wood, whilst another rifled the body. "Dead!" the girl heard them say.

VIII.

WHEN evening fell, Margot took advantage of the dusk to escape from her captors. With heavy yet eager heart she at once sought the spot where La Crosse had fallen. No trace of his body was to be seen. The heart-broken girl wandered aimlessly on, until, in the neighbourhood of the château, she was stopped by a Republican soldier of ruffianly appearance. "On which side are you?" demanded he, in a fierce tone. "Royalist," murmured Margot, too utterly spent to think of the peril she incurred by such an answer. She was instantly made a prisoner, and passed the night, with many other unfortunates, in an outhouse belonging to the château. At day-break, after a scanty meal, the party of captives was sent off on the road to Nantes.

IX.

WE will not dwell upon the sadness of Margot's farewell look upon the ruins of her beloved village, or on the miseries of the journey to Nantes, where hooting and reviling greeted the arrival of the hapless Vendéans. Our poor Margot, nearly dropping with fatigue, covered with dust, and at no time of a prepossessing appearance, was

singled out as the principal butt of ribaldry and sarcasm.

Several of the prisoners died during the first night in the dungeon of Nantes. In the morning a strange scene was enacted. For the women of the newly-arrived band one chance of life and doubtful liberty remained. Each Republican soldier was permitted to choose from among the condemned one woman, to be acknowledged as his wife. All were chosen but one. Need we say that this one was Margot?



"ON WHICH SIDE ARE YOU?"

X.

MARGOT was sentenced to transportation, but weeks passed before the sentence was carried out. At length, on the appointed day, she was conducted from the prison to the boat. Her face was besmeared with dust and tears; her clothes were disordered and torn; her hair hung all dishevelled upon her shoulders. When she reached the boat, in which several other victims of the war were already embarked, she was pushed over the side by the guards, and received by the soldiers aboard with a shout of derision.

The preparations were all complete, the boatmen in the very act of pushing from the shore, when a young soldier, flushed and

panting, forced his way through the crowd, plunged into the water, seized the prow of the boat, and cried in a loud voice: "Stop! stop! I claim that girl for my wife!" The object of his choice shrieked at sight of him, and, as he held out his arms to receive her, fell into them fainting. A roar of ironical laughter went up from the onlookers. But La Crosse—for it was he, who had been only stunned, not killed, by the Vendéan ball, and had now recovered from his wound—cared not a whit for their jeers. He believed that "Handsome is as handsome does," and, as Margot had acted handsomely by him, he was bent upon behaving handsomely to her. They were married that very day, and "lived happy ever after!"



"I CLAIM THAT GIRL FOR MY WIFE."

Types of English Beauty.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEX. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



MRS. CAMERON.

MISS KENNA.

MISS BROWNRIFF.



MISS REISS,

MISS CARLISLE.

MISS KINGSTON.



MISS ST. CLAIR.



MISS GOSSE,



MISS FORSYTH,

A Palpitating Interview.

BY MRS. E. BAUMER WILLIAMS.



"Lincoln's Inn, May 5, 18—.

MY DEAR JACK,—Your letter of yesterday has completely staggered me. Of course you will rely on me for the 25th, although your extraordinary secretiveness about the affair fills me with the gloomiest forebodings. Oh! Jack, Jack! has the fascinating Kitty really succeeded in bowling you over at last? Her efforts on board the Wilmots' yacht would enable me to credit anything with regard to her powers of persuasion—but you, no: I'll not believe it! You used to be blessed with the usual average of intelligence. I hereby chuck Miss Kitty overboard, neck and crop, and await your answer to this. And be so good as to remember that I am only human, and don't keep me in suspense. Who is 'she'? What is her name? Where did you meet her? And where, oh! where have all the matrimonial prejudices fled?

"If I am to be 'best man' on the 25th, it will never do for me to appear on the scene in such a condition of benighted ignorance upon current events; so I insist on full and detailed particulars by the next post, pending which I reserve my congratulations.—Yours most anxiously,

"MELTON WINTHROP.

"P.S.—If it turns out that it *is* Kitty Simmonds, after all, you can look up another best man, for I'll not assist at the ceremony in any capacity."

While converting this characteristic epistle into pipe-lights I pondered my reply. I was sorely tempted to keep up the mystery a little longer, but I finally rejected the idea. It would be a shame to Kitty Simmonds, whom I remember to have rather liked. I never could understand Winthrop's ill-nature about that poor girl. She certainly never made love to *him*, though she undoubtedly singled me out as an object for civility. To tell the truth, it had more than once crossed my mind that there might be a spice of jealousy at the bottom of it, for I should probably have forgotten her existence if he were not in the habit of constantly offering

her up in his caustic way. The study of motive is a very curious one.

Well, but Kitty had nothing whatever to do with my plans for the 25th. So I, too, determined to "chuck her overboard," and decided to relate my plain, unvarnished tale to my old chum, determining that he should have no cause to grumble at paucity of detail. After all, he was too good a fellow to tease.

With my feet in a pair of comfortable slippers, a pipe in my mouth, and peace and goodwill in my heart, I poked my fire and settled down to transcribe a full and open confession on a sheet of foolscap which lay ready to hand.

"May 6, 18—.

"My dear Winthrop,—Your promise to see the last of me on the 25th is a shade grudging, perhaps, but I shall rely on you all the same.

"Why, you idiot, K. S. married young Lee Simms, whom she used to snub so unmercifully during that memorable cruise, about three months ago!

"I have known it for an age, but could not resist fooling you to the top of your bent, whenever you raved on the subject.

"Well, my news astonished you a little, eh? Read the following true and particular account of my proceedings; I am not afraid but that the conditional congratulations will follow.—Yours always,

"JACK C. CARLTON."

I have a very old friend named Stelling, who has a private asylum for lunatics at Ashmead.

He is the most delightful, open-handed fellow in the world; everyone has a good word for him, and though many years my senior, he and I are capital friends.

His dinners are good; his dances—well, just what dances should be, plenty of pretty girls and waltzing men, plenty of room, a good floor, a good band, and a hearty welcome. His wife is just such another kind, genial soul as himself.

The house is divided into two parts: one reserved exclusively for patients, the other

appropriated to the Doctor's private use. A fine rambling old place it is, too, and in the cosy, habitable part it is next to impossible to realize anything suggestive of constraint or restriction within such easy reach. Indeed, the fact that I am in an asylum never crosses my mind when I am under Stelling's hospitable roof.

One of these delightful dances was on the *tapis* a short time ago, and though on the same evening there arose the densest fog I think I have ever seen, I was determined not to lose the fun and started for Ashmead.

I soon began to wonder whether I was really in my senses in making the attempt, but once started I pushed on, persuading myself that it would be as difficult to retreat as to advance, and battling with difficulties about which you shall laugh another time.

The point at present is that I did finally arrive at my destination, but at so absurdly late an hour that I found the festivities well-nigh over, many of the guests having withdrawn, while others were in the act of saying good-bye.

Clamorous shouts of derision greeted my entrance, and naturally inspired me to enlarge and improve upon my series of adventures since leaving my chambers, and straightway I did "a tale unfold," that carried, as it was intended it should, consternation before it.

Dismay was written on every face, and when the excitement had somewhat subsided, the Doctor's cheery voice was heard to announce that not a soul should leave his house that night to encounter such perils as I had described.

Of course, there were demurrings from the girls, over-ruled and set aside by brothers

in charge, and after an endless and distracting buzzing of tongues, our host's suggestion of unlimited shake-downs was carried unanimously, and then began some fun. The Doctor was in his element. The servants, who one and all adore their master, were summoned to the council, and plans were proposed and discussed for the accommodation of the multitude.

Ceremony was cast to the winds, and the resources of the establishment freely canvassed.

The discovery of varicous odd corners in which the men could be stowed away; the lavish distribution of mattresses for the ladies; the extension of sundry easy-chairs for the accommodation of long legs; all these gave scope for an amount of ingenuity which rendered that evening one to be remembered.

When all was arranged, and we began to feel, like the village blacksmith, that we had earned a night's repose, we were standing, a merry group, in the great hall preparatory to a general good-night.

Stelling beckoned me aside.

"Look here, Jack," he whispered, "you are

not the fellow to be subject to the twattlers. I shall have to put you up over there," pointing with his thumb over his shoulder to the lunatic half of the building. "I can't help it, and it has its advantages, too. You'll have more than a square inch to turn round in, and that's what I can't offer you on this side. You don't object?"

Well, I did object most emphatically, but I lacked courage to say so, and the faint smile of acquiescence which my features assumed was born rather of politeness than of bliss.

"Why, of course, Doctor, if you like. They can't get out, I suppose?"



"SHOUTS OF DERISION GREETED MY ENTRANCE."

"Get out, my dear boy! Lord, no,—that is, they don't get a chance. Thank my stars, it is an age since we had a night disturbance. It was Rathbone's fault, my head keeper, and the poor devil got his throat cut for a punishment. Nasty business, that—but I'll tell you all about it another time. Come now, good people, the tempus is fugiting, and everyone in the house is bound to be up and stirring at six in the morning. Off you go to bye-bye." And, amid much noise and laughing, the final farewells were said.

There was no help for it then. As I followed my old friend along the corridor, I found myself repeating, in an idiotic, parrot-like way, "Rathbone," "throat cut," "nasty business," etc., until we reached the end of it. Stelling stopped here, and touching a spring in what I had always regarded as a blank wall, caused a sliding panel to glide on one side, and admitted us to the unknown territory beyond. The panel closed again, and we found ourselves in the dark. "Wait," whispered Stelling, "till I strike a light." He need not have been alarmed; I had not the least intention of abandoning him in the darkness, and pushing on on an independent voyage of discovery. I waited, then, till a small electric

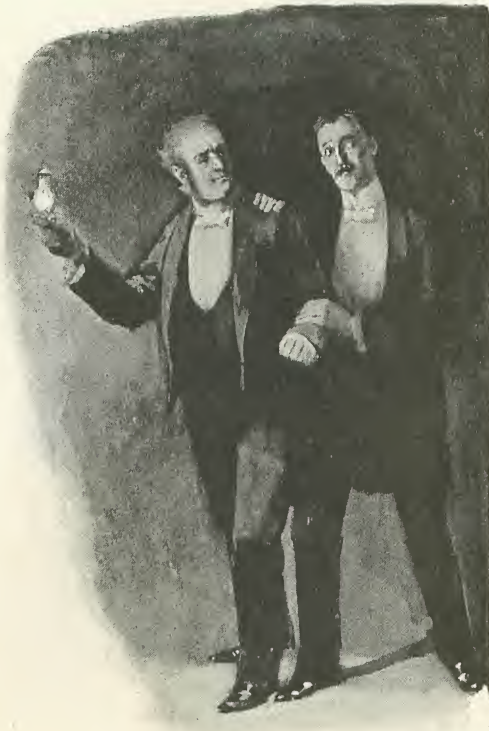
lamp which he carried lighted up his kindly features, and then prepared obediently to follow wherever he led. As we passed an occasional doorway, hung with a heavy curtain, my guide stopped and whistled softly, when the sound was repeated from within, and we again continued our march. At least it was reassuring that someone besides ourselves was on the alert, and I began to pull myself together, and make headway against my absurd cowardice, when all at once, the sound of a ghastly and prolonged chuckle broke the stillness and threw

me into a cold perspiration. I convulsively clutched at Stelling's shoulder, who quieted me with a polite "Don't be a fool, Jack!" and we stood motionless for at least five minutes; then we again moved on, and at last pulled up in a snug little apartment, lighted up with a cheerful fire, which threw a cosy flicker on the wall, and gave me a comfortable sense of well-being. After all, it was not so bad. I was by this time dead tired, and, sinking into a huge arm-chair, I kicked off my boots and began to feel at home. This was easy enough as long as Stelling would stay with me, but I dreaded

the moment of separation which was at hand, and I chattered on industriously, jumping from one topic to another with feverish ingenuity in the effort to keep him at my side. At first it was all very well, but it soon became deplorably evident that Stelling wanted to go to bed. I felt sorry for him, but continued, notwithstanding, to plunge into one anecdote after another of rather doubtful veracity, charging madly at reminiscences which had their origin in my excited brain alone, and, even resorting to riddles, I plied the poor fellow with why and because until his brain became sodden, and undisguised snores took the place of polite

yawns. The end came, however, and, as we at length nodded good-night, and I watched his burly form recede into the corridor beyond, I had hard work to refrain from following him to implore him not to abandon me, and to impress upon him my willingness to accompany him to the ends of the earth, or of any other place he might select, rather than that I should lose sight of his cheery face.

I did ejaculate his name in a feeble voice after the door closed, and he heard me and looked in again.



"I CONVULSIVELY CLUTCHED AT STELLING'S SHOULDER."

"I don't see any gas, Doctor."

"Gas, eh? Why, you are a pretty chap to expect such a thing in this part of the house! We should all be burnt in our beds, or blown into next week; no, no, best in the dark. You've got matches? Yes, and a candle? All right! Good-night again," and this time he was really gone.

I listened until the last sound of his footsteps had died away, and then proceeded to make a survey of my surroundings. There was really nothing awe-inspiring in my new quarters. An inviting bed, with a gay silken eider-down stretched across its white coverlet, was the reverse of terrifying, but before testing its good points, I decided to make a hasty investigation around. On inspecting the match-box, to begin with, I experienced a slight shock; it contained exactly three specimens, and, laying them carefully side by side, like the corpses on the shining sands, within easy reach of my hand, I fervently trusted they were good of their kind. I opened a deep cupboard in the corner, and ejected an enormous dressing-gown which confronted me with outstretched arms, and made me feel a little uncomfortable. No

possible emergencies), and got between the sheets.

Here I lay for half an hour or so, watching the antic shadows of the firelight on wall and ceiling, tossing and plunging round and round, and working myself up into a state of restlessness about as far removed from repose as can be imagined. The demon of unrest had got possession of me. In vain I thumped my pillow and turned from side to side; I was fairly on the *qui vive* for something to happen, and, after ten minutes' more fruitless attempts to sleep, I tumbled out of bed with a groan, wrapped myself in the thick dressing-gown which had startled me a short time before, and, raking together the dying fire into a comfortable blaze, I settled myself in the easy chair before it, and, with my feet on another, resigned myself to wakefulness.

On the table in front of me were a few books—odd volumes of Waverley I found they were—and, opening one listlessly, I began to read. In five minutes, I must record, with due apologies to dear old Sir Walter, that a delicious sense of drowsiness began to steal over me; in ten, the chaste Rebecca was pelting the Templar with ginger-bread nuts, while her wounded knight gobbled up a venison pasty as if he liked it.

Alas, portentous dream! I found myself suddenly wide awake again, this time with the appalling consciousness that I was ravenously hungry. On making this discovery, I sat bolt upright in sheer desperation. I knew what it meant well enough—that sleep was now really out of the question for me till my cravings were satisfied.

I reflected that I had eaten nothing since midday, and that I had fully



"A SERIES OF VICIOUS POKER-THRUSTS."

resistance being offered to a series of vicious poker-thrusts which I bestowed under the bed, I manfully extinguished the candle (there was only about an inch and a half of it, and I thought it prudent to reserve it for

intended an attack on a noble sirloin which had attracted my attention on the dining-room sideboard soon after I had entered the house. In the confusion which followed my arrival, however, I had forgotten my supper;

and, now that my mind had regained its normal condition of calm, the pangs of hunger were returning with renewed insistence.

My sufferings were now of so practical and matter-of-fact a nature that I could afford to laugh at my previous "ado about nothing"; and so utterly had my imaginary alarms fled that I found myself calmly contemplating a prowl below, in the hope that if the beef had been removed, I might at least lay hands on something eatable, which the tired servants had left to be cleared away in the morning.

Drawing my wrap closely about me, and arming myself with candle and matches (still, thank Heaven! in the plural), I opened my door, and peered cautiously around before sallying forth on my voyage of discovery. All was profoundly still, and I ventured out, finding my way easily enough to the sliding door, which, to my astonishment and delight, was not so difficult to open as I had fancied it might be. A little fumbling and prodding, and by good luck, I hit upon the spring at once, and passed through. All was now plain sailing, and I pushed on; but how cheerless and changed everything was! How feeble the light of my solitary candle compared with the glare which had previously brightened up the old hall, and shed its lustre on the crisp holly and evergreen decorations that now loomed sombre and dark from its corners.

There was something oppressive in the profound silence which renewed my uneasy qualms. Silence, did I say? What was that? I could have sworn to a distinct, though faint, rustling behind me—nay, my excited fancy created for me a stealthy foot-fall, as well as a smothered sigh. I came to a dead standstill, peering breathlessly around, till the fancy died away again. What folly! All was as still as death, and I could plainly hear my own heart thump-

ing absurdly against my ribs. Once more my fears of I knew not what subsided, and, hurrying on again, I gained the deserted supper-room, there to behold my friend, the beef, in all his glory. I made for that beef without loss of time, and seizing the carving-knife which lay by its side, I looked round for a moment among the littered glass and china for a resting-place for the candle.

While doing so I chanced to raise my eyes to the long looking-glass behind the sideboard, and remained frozen with horror, gazing at the sight that there met my view. Merciful Heaven! what does it mean?

A woman stood there, clothed in a long, loose robe of crimson, her beautiful hair in the wildest confusion over her shoulders, and her bare feet flashing white against the red. But the face! It was exquisitely beautiful, but never had it been my lot to witness such a wild, frenzied expression on any countenance. Its startled, hunted look filled me with a terrible fascination, and I was literally incapable of removing my eyes. Hers, with an agonized horror in them impossible to describe, were fixed on my features, and, as she slowly advanced towards me, I gathered up the remnant of my scattered nerve, turned and faced her.

As I did so, a change of lightning swiftness passed over her whole demeanour. She paused; then, smiling slightly, advanced again until we were within a couple of feet of each other; her eyes fell, and she was calmness itself. But the bewildering trans-



"I TURNED AND FACED HER."

formation was shocking to me—it was enough that I had seen in the plate glass the more ghastly side of the picture, and her assumption of absolute indifference impressed me terribly.

For several moments we faced each other in silence, then my companion stepped deliberately forward, and laid an icy cold hand on mine, which was grasping a chair back. Its touch broke the spell, and brought me to a complete mastery over myself. I realized to the full that on my promptness and decision depended, it might be, the life of this helpless being, pity for whose unhappy face stirred my soul.

I took in mine the cold hand she had extended, and, while gently chafing it, considered my best plan of action.

I must, of course, try to convey her whence she came, and that without frightening her or raising an alarm; any undue excitement should be guarded against at any cost. The next instant I had to deplore my want of foresight. She must have been watching her opportunity, for, abruptly drawing her hand from mine, she darted behind me, and, before I had guessed her purpose, had possessed herself of the huge carving-knife, which I had a moment before placed on the table.

I felt she had scored one in the encounter, and, cursing my short-sightedness, I vowed that no other false move of mine should give her the advantage. I, too, would be on the alert, but I knew I must proceed with caution.

I closed the door and placed my back against it, while she employed herself in hugging the huge knife to her bosom, her large, penetrating grey eyes never once leaving my face.

I returned her gaze as calmly and composedly as I knew how, and assuming the quietest and most everyday tone at my command, I pointed to her bare feet and said, severely, "How very silly to wander about the house barefooted on such a night! You will most certainly take cold."

Beyond a slight start at the sound of my voice, she took no notice of my remark, so I tried again, and ventured gently to suggest she should return to her room.

This time she murmured a few words which I did not catch, then, after a pause, she spoke out clearly and distinctly:—

"Thank you; but I am not at all cold, and do not intend returning to bed yet. I mean to stay here for a short time."

"In that case," I rejoined politely, "let

me offer you a chair, or, better still, this sofa. I, too, strangely enough, am feeling restless, and disinclined for sleep. If you will allow me, I will keep you company."

She made no objection, and after some slight hesitation placed herself upon the couch I indicated. As I covered up her feet with a woollen antimacassar, which I took from a neighbouring chair back, I heard a weird, terrible little laugh, which made me shudder from head to foot.

I dragged forward an easy chair, and took my place opposite her. She was trembling violently, whether from the effects of the cold or suppressed excitement I could not determine; but she still clasped the knife with a feverish energy, and I, while turning over in my mind the best way to get hold of it without irritating her, continued to talk as indifferently as I could, although I had the conversation entirely to myself. Yet I could feel she was listening to me and following my words, while never for one instant relaxing her fixed gaze on my features.

As the moments sped on without fresh outbreak on her part, I leaned back in my chair, and tried to persuade myself that her expression was growing calmer and more tranquil.

I glanced across the room at the candle: it was perceptibly smaller, and I shuddered at the thought that darkness might fall upon us with that ghastly weapon still between us. She was holding it in one hand now, and the gleaming blade was partly hidden by the laces of her dress, so I determined, if possible, to possess myself of her other hand. To my surprise, after some faint resistance, she relinquished it to me quietly enough, and it lay passively in mine, its soft quiver thrilling me from head to foot. Then I leaned forward again, remarking in a casual way that she must be tired of holding that heavy knife; if she would allow me, I would replace it on the table for her.

It was a false move. I saw in an instant that I had lost ground again; the old excitement was returning with renewed force, and she started back, clutching the weapon more eagerly than before.

"No, no!" she panted, wildly, "you shall not have it, I tell you; I want it myself."

"Nonsense," I said, lightly; "why not let me put it down for you?"

She clenched her hands and made a movement forward, and I nerved myself for the struggle. None came, however, to my intense relief, and, shrugging my shoulders, I sub-



"CLUTCHING THE WEAPON MORE EAGERLY THAN BEFORE."

sided back into my chair and resigned myself to patience.

"Keep it, of course, if you choose ; it makes no difference to me."

She gave a sigh of relief, and a swift glance in my face, and in a moment it was evident that her mood had changed. Placing her hand again on my arm, she seemed struggling to keep back her tears, and at length, with a pathetic sweetness in her voice, she spoke again.

"I think you look kind and good ! I am sure you would not harm me !"

"Harm her !" Poor hunted creature ! I whispered words of sympathy and reassurance, and succeeded once more in calming her. I now decided that any fresh attempt to force the knife from her would be worse than useless, and again we relapsed into silence. I was really beginning to feel quite worn out, and over and over again, while considering the embarrassing situation, was tempted to make a dash for the knife, and shout for help at the same moment ; but I determined, if my patience would hold out, that any coercion would be best avoided. As to leaving her alone, that was undoubtedly out of the question. I was practically helpless, then, as long as she clasped to her bosom the murderous steel, which she might in an instant employ in a manner which I shuddered to contemplate.

Besides, a new idea had now seized me, which I hailed as a possible mitigation of the strain which was beginning to tell upon me.

If she would but fall asleep ! She was so still, so intensely still ! Yet, though I tried to persuade myself to believe in such a piece of good luck, I had all the while a strong misgiving that she was very wide awake indeed, and that a close, though stealthy, scrutiny of me between her half-closed eyelids had never for one instant relaxed. I am quite unable to say how long this state of things endured, though I remembered noticing with thanksgiving that when the candle expired with a sickly gasp in the socket, some faint rays of coming dawn were finding their way into the room.

And so we remained facing each other in the terrible silence, until at length it became intolerable, and I spoke again.

"Look ! Do you see the day is breaking ? Now, what if you were to go back to bed, and try for an hour's sleep before sunrise ? It happens so often that, when sleep is driven away early in the night, one can rest just before morning. Come," I continued, gently, "do return to your room to please me."

She shook her head, and I went on desperately. "It was our thoughtless, noisy merriment last night that roused you and disturbed you from your rest, I suppose. We were very selfish to forget all the trouble and suffering that were so near us."

The effect of this remark was electrical. She half started from the sofa, snatched her hand from mine, and gazed eagerly in my face.

"You mean you were at the dance?" she cried, wildly. "*At the dance!* Then you are—that is, you are not——"

"A patient?" I shouted, a light breaking suddenly upon me. "Not I, thank Heaven! And you?"

But she was gone. Before you could say "Jack Robinson!" that girl was up two flights of stairs and out of sight, leaving me like one in a dream, gazing stupidly at the knife, which she had flung on the carpet at my feet. Then I slowly turned and made for my room.

During the remainder of that bewildering night much of the truth dawned upon me; but it was not until after explanation that I

supervision, and determined to follow me at all costs and give the alarm. But it was not until she saw me seize the carving-knife that her apprehensions reached a climax; and it was at that moment that I first caught sight of her in the glass. Afterwards, half dead with fright, she remained by my side, having the strength of mind to sustain a two hours' *tête-à-tête* with one whom she believed to be a dangerous lunatic, in the hope that her presence might avert a catastrophe.

That she was Dr. Stelling's ward I learned from Mrs. Stelling, who, knitting in hand, was entertaining me with a cup of tea and small talk the next afternoon, when all the noisy guests had departed. I had remained in my



"AT THE DANCE?" SHE CRIED, WILDLY.

learned and realized in its fullest extent the heroism of my beautiful companion. I was told that she was Dr. Stelling's ward, and that, though staying in the house, a severe headache had kept her to her room during the dance, and of the subsequent housing of so many of the guests she, of course, knew nothing. On awakening from the first heavy sleep into which she had fallen, she was startled by the sound of the clicking of the sliding panel—which I manipulated clumsily enough—and, cautiously opening her door, she caught sight of a strange man creeping stealthily past. She was perfectly familiar with all the inmates of the house—including the attendants—and, as I was quite unknown to her, she decided at once that I was probably a patient escaped from

room until late in the day, really feeling too seedy to put in an appearance earlier, and had just accepted a pressing invitation from the Stellings that I should remain with them for a few days, and be doctored up.

"You really look thoroughly out of sorts, Mr. Carlton," said my kind hostess, eyeing me sympathetically; "and now that all these gay young people have cleared off, I shall have to nurse you up before we allow you to leave us."

I assured the good lady that I should, in a very few hours, be as good as new again, and wondered how I should find out, as I was burning to do, whether my unknown acquaintance had also "cleared off" with the rest.

"Nobody is here now but Dulcie," con-

tinued Mrs. Stelling, placidly counting her stitches between every pause. "Dulcie? Oh, yes! of course you wouldn't know her. She is Dulcie Challis, my niece, and the Doctor's ward, and she sails in the *Kangaroo* on the 18th, to join her uncle and aunt in Jamaica."

I was afraid to be too inquisitive, and decided to wait as patiently as I could for the further development of my little romance, but I sounded my hostess cautiously as to the previous night—whether the visitors had enjoyed rest in their extempore shake-downs, etc., and could glean nothing that implied anything like the adventure in which I had so strangely shared. I therefore concluded that my fair friend had kept her counsel, as I religiously kept mine.

When I entered the breakfast-room the next morning, my doubts and conjectures were dispelled. My heroine and Dulcie turned out to be, as I strongly suspected, one and the same. She was already seated at the table, and when Stelling introduced us,

second time in my life, through the looking-glass.

She became pale now, and obviously ill at ease and constrained. The Doctor glanced curiously from one to the other, and rallied his ward on her absent-mindedness; and when, with manifest effort, she became bright and talkative, I watched my opportunity for insinuating myself into the conversation, which I daresay I did clumsily enough.

It was wonderful, however, to notice how soon all restraint died away. In half an hour we were capital friends, and the rest, I think, I need not tell you. The 18th came and went, and Dulcie did not sail in the *Kangaroo*.

Stelling always declares that he saw on this occasion, for the only time in his life, a genuine case of love at first sight. "You couldn't take your eyes off her from the first, old fellow! Don't tell me! I saw you plainly enough peeping at her in the mirror. As for her," he continues, confidentially, "as for her; I've known that girl

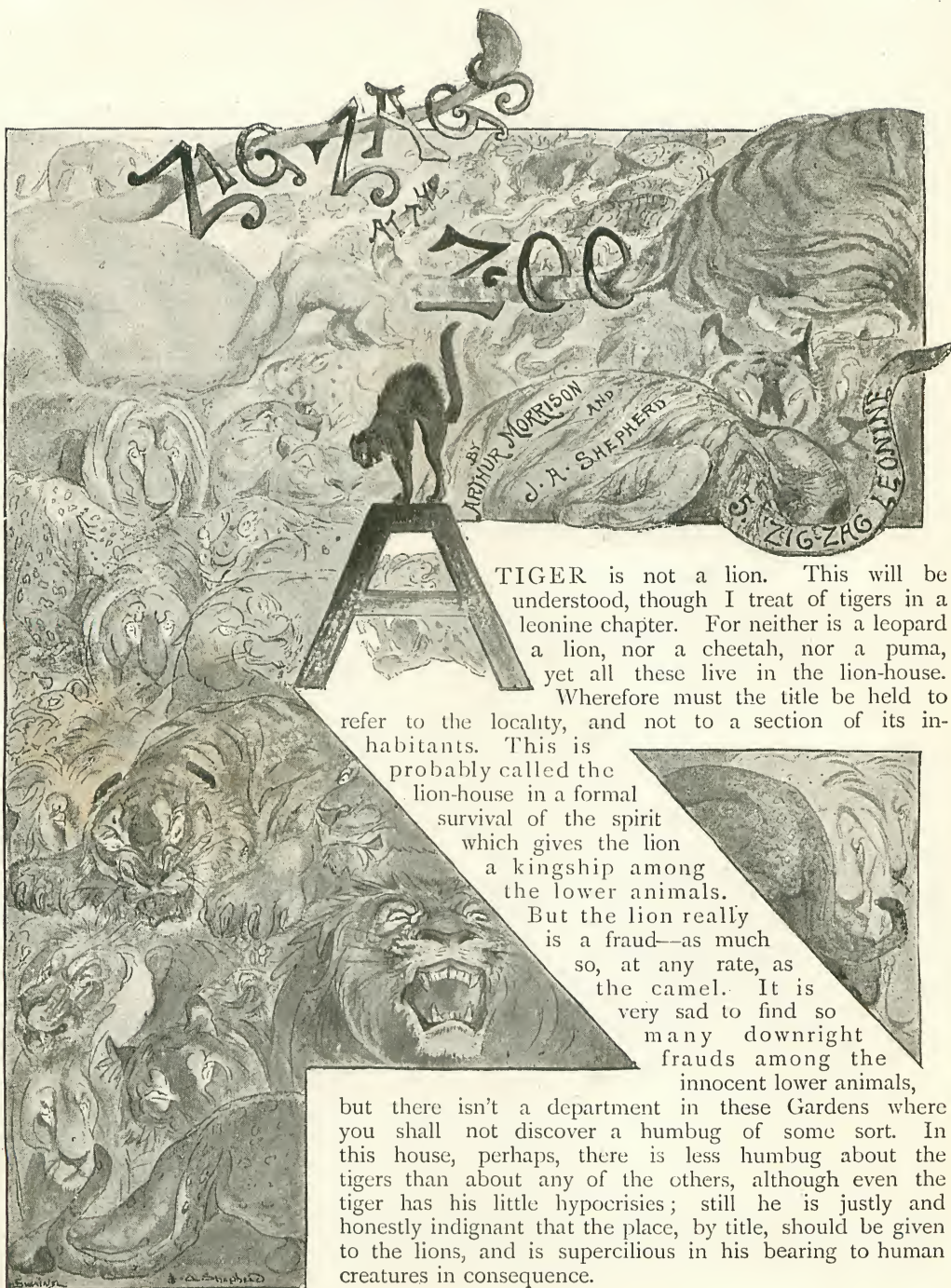


"STELLING INTRODUCED US."

a crimson flush spread itself slowly over her face. She bowed and smiled, of course, but I noticed that she studiously avoided meeting my eye, and, pitying her embarrassment, I deliberately turned my back upon her, though I could not refrain from studying her, for the

all her life, and I tell you, sir, there was a look on her face when you entered the room that I have never seen there before."

Stelling is an observant, clever fellow, and I have no doubt whatever he is perfectly right.



TIGER is not a lion. This will be understood, though I treat of tigers in a leonine chapter. For neither is a leopard a lion, nor a cheetah, nor a puma, yet all these live in the lion-house.

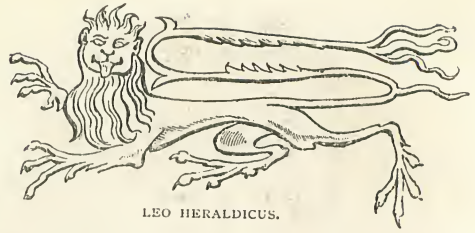
Wherefore must the title be held to refer to the locality, and not to a section of its inhabitants. This is

probably called the lion-house in a formal survival of the spirit which gives the lion a kingship among the lower animals.

But the lion really is a fraud—as much so, at any rate, as the camel. It is very sad to find so many downright frauds among the innocent lower animals,

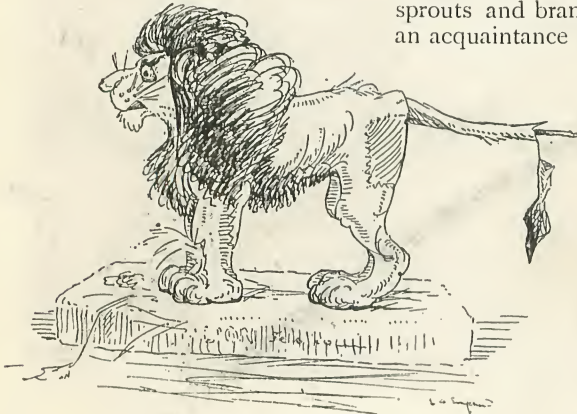
but there isn't a department in these Gardens where you shall not discover a humbug of some sort. In this house, perhaps, there is less humbug about the tigers than about any of the others, although even the tiger has his little hypocrisies; still he is justly and honestly indignant that the place, by title, should be given to the lions, and is supercilious in his bearing to human creatures in consequence.

It must be noted that the show of lions here to be seen, large as it is, is by no means fully representative of the various species. There are none of the more familiar of our English lions; the Red Lion, the White Lion, the Blue Lion—to say nothing of the accompanying stomach-warmer—familiar as they are in our town streets, are not to be found here; nor is that noble creature, the lion of heraldry. This is a pity; because here he would be fed, and would get rid of that painfully greyhound-like waist which is among the more noticeable of his characteristics; and I should have an opportunity of inspecting that



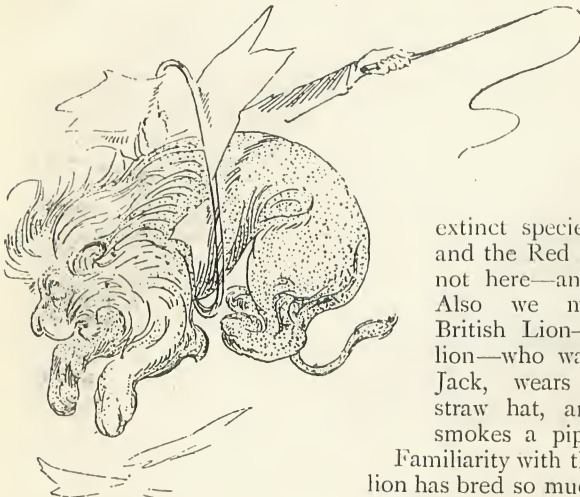
LEO HERALDICUS.

extraordinary growth, his tail, with its many vigorous sprouts and branches; and many other of his members, an acquaintance of which in the flesh I have long much desired.



LEO SHAGBAGGA STUFFICUS.

It was never very good upholstery, being chiefly flue and dusty straw, but it was quite equal to imparting a distinctive want of shape



LEO IGNOMINIOSUS.

in classing him a domestic animal. They keep him in a shed, whack him with a stick, and make him jump through a hoop—and a poor old sheep he seems, he

Nor is the King of Beasts represented as he was of old in the British Museum—by the remarkable species *Leo shagbagga stufficus*; wherefore also I grieve. For in the museum variety were many strange bodily developments and physical functions unknown among others. *Leo shagbagga stufficus* might be approached with perfect safety, and any naturalist sufficiently intrepid might, in the fabled manner of Richard Cœur de Lion, boldly thrust his hand deep between the beast's open jaws, and from his innermost vitals extract upholstery. The tail, also, has been known to yield walking sticks. External patches of differing tints, attached by large stitches of pack-thread, did not indicate a separate variety of this species, being peculiar to individuals only.

I fear *Leo shagbagga* is now an extinct species, but the Blue Lion, the White Lion, and the Red Lion we may see every day—although not here—and become intimately acquainted with. Also we may see the British Lion—the cartoon lion—who waves a Union Jack, wears a straw hat, and smokes a pipe.

Familiarity with the lion has bred so much contempt for him that really we shall be going very little further



LEO BRITANNICUS.



A SUPERIOR PERSON.

a mere beer-drinking vulgarian and a smoker of pipes. So always with the lion; he will pose fine and large if he meet you out for a walk in a jungle, and do his utmost to terrify you; if driven to it he may take the liberty of helping himself to a mouthful of you. But all this is only if he has first failed to sneak away unobserved. In South Africa a team-driver, finding a family of lions in his path, will calmly take his long stock-whip and whip them away; and they go meekly, glad to escape the lash. When no stock-whip is handy, a traveller from England is used—preferably with a title.

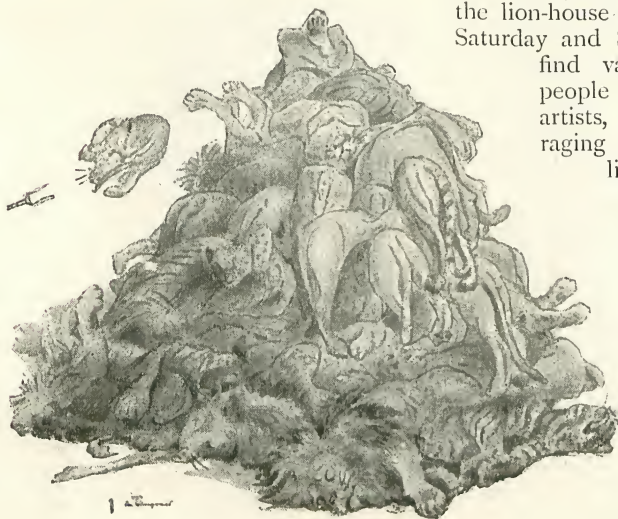
Here in one respect only are the lions treated with absolute cruelty, but in that respect

the cruelty is of an aggravated sort. Come into the lion-house at what time, on what day (except Saturday and Sunday) you please, and you shall find various artists, and more various people who are not, nor ever will be artists, sketching and daubing and out-raging the features and the feelings of lions and tigers. Perhaps, however, it is a moral dispensation, teaching the animals to look forward to Sunday with longing, as a day of blessed relief and rest; guarding their conduct in the matter of Sunday observance, while the bars and the keeper take care of it in other matters.

Little defence is available against all these daubers; but it is possible for a lion or a tiger to lie lifelessly and flat upon its side, offering only the uninspiring outline of a



A BEER-DRINKING VULGARIAN.



FOR CARTAGE.



DUKE.

the artists—of the pinchings of tails left near bars, of the twitchings of protrusive whiskers, and the pea-shootings in the countenance—let there be silence, lest others be tempted to imitate and fall victims to the casual paw, or to the little less deadly detection of Sutton, the keeper.



THE GENTLEMAN NEXT DOOR.

his own selection. When they are chosen by the keepers he chews them himself. He once gave a lioness a fatal bite, but that is his only claim to the designation of a lady-killer. And so he lies curled up alone, hugging himself with reciprocal affection. I remember a keeper once making a long and elaborate joke about this lion putting up his dukes and putting down the Duchesses, but have forgotten its exact terms.

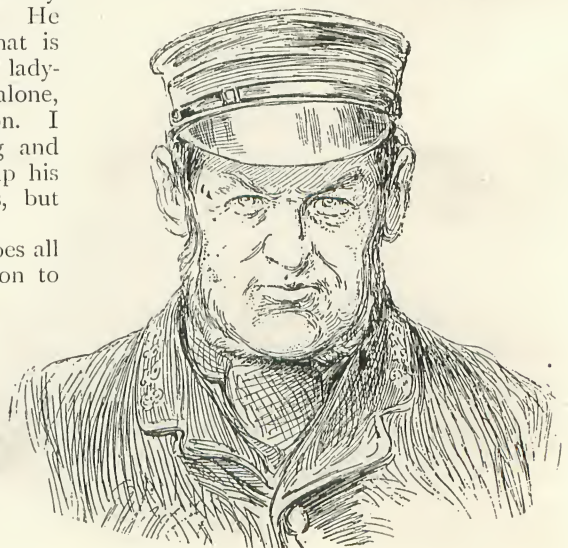
Another lion, a little further along, does all Duke's share of love-making, in addition to more than his own. The keepers have their own name for this lion, but I prefer to call him The Gentleman Next Door, any lioness who happens to be in the adjoining cage being Mrs. Nickleby. He does not throw her cucumbers and vegetable marrows, for several obvious reasons; but he roars and scratches at the iron partition door with a vigour proper to the part, while Mrs. Nickleby lolls indifferently

rug or an empty sack, as though the pelt had been cast, and the animal were somewhere else. This expedient is largely practised; until it would seem the most natural thing in the world for a keeper to enter with a pitchfork and toss all those empty skins into one heap, to be carried away on wheelbarrows. Of the counter-expedients of

Even a humbug may be a handsome humbug. Look at Duke, the wicked old Nubian in the end cage, as he sits serenely and loftily looking over your head. He knows better than you do that you admire his fine, up-lifted head and his great tawny and black mane. Duke is a great character in his way. Handsome old chap as he is, and proud of it, Duke never was a gallant—never a lioness's lion. All sorts of attempts have been made during his long residence here to mate him, but Duke draws the line at Duchesses. Perhaps he would treat the ladies better if he were allowed to make



MRS. NICKLEBY.



THE LION-KEEPER.

in her own place. Prince and Nancy are a fine old couple of lions—married fifteen years, and a peaceable, comfortable old pair still. Ask Sutton, the head lion-keeper, about Prince and Nancy. Sutton, by-the-bye, will soon have been employed in these gardens for forty years. If I were a statistician I probably could prove, by rule of arithmetic, that Sutton has been killed many times over, in the course of so many years among lions and tigers. Not being a statistician, I am compelled to admit that he hasn't. Sutton enjoys the distinction of being the only thing in the lion-house never sketched by the artists and the sketchers who are not artists.

It is noticeable that a lion—any lion, every lion—likes to take his ease with his nose stuffed out between the bars—by way, probably, of sniffing the air of freedom, and feeling as much at liberty as possible in the circumstances, regardless of contact with the iron of the cage. I am not sure that this muzzle-exposure is always good for *Felis Leo*; I have a suspicion that it may be responsible for some of the toothaches wherewith he now and again is afflicted, and ascribes, probably, to Sutton's partiality for open windows. A lion with a toothache is a pitiable thing; still, a thing to which I should prefer to administer comfort from the opposite side of the bars; and one the extraction of whose tooth I could leave, without envy, in other hands. Any person of ordinary humanity would prefer losing a tooth of his own to inflicting the pain of extraction upon—say Duke here—with his own hand. There is more tenderness for the feelings of dumb animals than one might imagine in the world, in such circumstances as these. Although why Duke should be called a dumb animal is not easy to explain after hearing his shocking language if dinner arrives a little later than suits him.

Notwithstanding all his grandeur and all his posing, the lion doesn't sufficiently wash his face; nor, indeed, any other part of himself. A tiger's ablutionary lickings are disproportionately few and small

in area compared with those of the humble tom-cat of our native tiles. But compared with those of the lion they are profuse, excessive, superfluous. The lion has not yet learned the lesson of personal cleanliness. Some day, if I think of it when I see him, I shall suggest to Sutton the expedient of turning the garden hose on these lions. I don't believe they would enjoy it at first, but their education must begin somewhere. And Sutton might find this process more convenient than an actual bodily assault with soap and towels, although, considered as a spectacle, this plan would have its merits; and



THE AIR OF FREEDOM.



TOOTHACHE.



YOU DIRTY LION.

might command its price as an advertisement for the soap. There are other respects in which the lion compares unfavourably with the tiger. Watch them yawning. Yawning, by-the-bye, is the only really fashionable amusement here in the lion-house—after eating. One of the cheetahs has a wooden ball to play with, but a cheetah is naturally low in

his tastes, and even he is ashamed of the amusement, pursuing it by stealth,

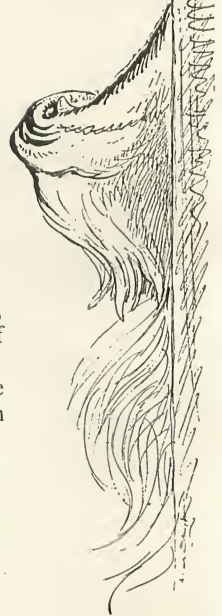
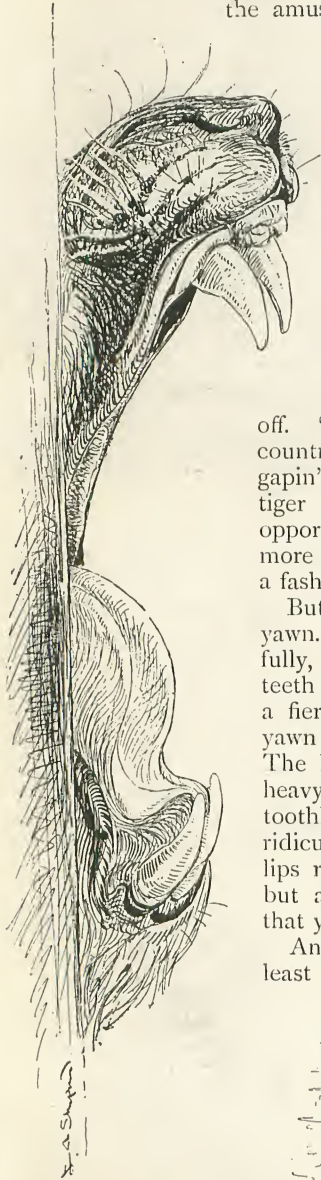
when unobserved, and concealing the ball by lying before it when visitors arrive; and in his inner heart I feel sure he prefers eating—if not yawning.

I have before now felt suspicious of the genuine character of some of the yawns here to be inspected. There are really too many of them. It is largely a mere posing and show-

off. "Law, Maria," says the country cousin, "look at him a-gapin'; what awful teeth!" and the lion (or tiger as may be) likes it, seizing the first opportunity of gaping again, and extracting more flattery. So that yawning has become a fashionable pursuit.

But there is an inferiority in the lion's yawn. The tiger opens his head frankly and fully, baring his gums and exposing his teeth in all their vicious pointedness. It is a fierce yawn, a downright yawn, such a yawn as could be no yawn but a tiger's. The lion's might almost be a sheep's. His heavy lips overhang his gums like those of a toothless old woman. It is a mere slovenly, ridiculous yawn, with no terror in it. The lips retract a little perhaps as the mouth closes, but all the lustre is already gone from out of that yawn.

Anybody who looks at the matter with the least care may see that in all things the lion

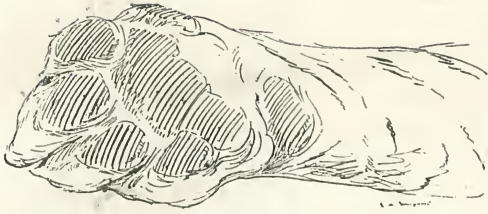


has been accorded an elevation which is not his right. The superstition is long a-dying, even among the lower animals themselves. The puma here, for instance, puffed up



DRESSING THE PART.

with a ridiculous vanity born of having been called the American lion by some naturalist who should have known better, rolls among his bed-straw until enough hangs



ILLUSTRATIONS OF PALMISTRY—I.



II.

about his ears to represent a mane, and then stalks forth to be admired. He is encouraged by ignorant visitors who, from his size and colour, assume him to be a young lion, and call him one. I have even heard these sages disputing about his age, and walking off saturated with the animosity born of contentious ignorance, without once looking at the label which published the creature's pumaship to all the world. This sort of thing turns the puma's head, and makes a fool of him.

The tiger's superiority to the lion consists chiefly in his candour. He is a wicked, vicious rascal, a thief and a

murderer, and he owns it. He doesn't pose. He would always rather run away than be bothered with fighting, unless he happen to be hungry, and so would the lion. But the lion will attitudinize if he thinks you have observed him, and try to make his running away look like magnanimity. The tiger simply bundles off, without any false pride. These particulars I give on hearsay evidence. They did not seem sufficiently important to warrant the expense of a personal test. Anybody anxious to know more of the lion or tiger has open to him several means of acquiring information at first hand—among others, palmistry. Both the lion and the tiger have paws of great



THE TIGER IS AMUSED.

mobility of expression. I have no doubt that if a skilful chiromancist were carefully and painstakingly to examine the paws of either Duke the lion or Tommy the big tiger here, he would before very long be greatly struck by them. Indeed, persons with very little practical knowledge of palmistry have been known, after a very short acquaintance with a tiger's paw, to carry away an extremely vivid impression thereof.

It should be more generally understood that a tiger does not eat buns. There is a popular superstition that he does—a superstition extending also to lunch biscuits, bull's-eyes, and acidulated drops. Worthy old ladies are the chief votaries of the bun superstition, little boys and girls attending school treats taking the bull's-eye and acidulated drop branch. A tiger doesn't resent the offer of a bun as an insult—he is merely amused. Offer a bun to Duke, and he will express a desire to bite off half of you at once.

Tommy and Minnie are a long-wedded tiger couple—at the opposite end to Duke. And in their cage, if feeding-time be near, you shall see a quaint thing. Every animal in this place carries an internal clock of extreme accuracy, which sets him roaring furiously a little before four o'clock—every one but Tommy. Tommy makes a clock of himself



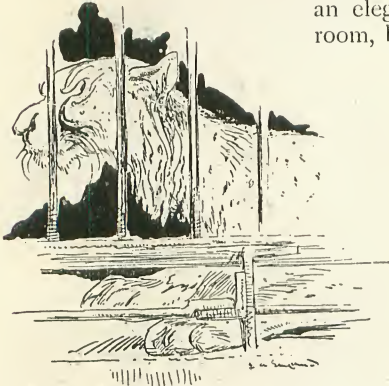
TOMMY.

entirely, to measure up the tedious minutes. He makes no sound, but walks, persistently following his tail, in a circle. As the minutes pass the circle narrows and the pace quickens; until, as the dinner-waggon rolls in its appointed grooves, he turns completely on an axis, his head making to the left, his tail to the right. And so until his dinner is actually within the bars, when he picks it up in his stride and retreats with it to a corner.

The smallest cat here is not on show. This is Dodger, the baby tiger. He lives in an elegant private bed-sitting-room, built of strong planks, at the back of the house, by the door of Sutton's quarters, and in full view of the iron bathing-machine arrangement whereby the lions and tigers pass out to their back playgrounds in fine weather. The Dodger is not, perhaps, altogether beautiful—in a physical sense. He runs largely to ears and feet, and has the general appearance of having been put together hurriedly, with the wrong neck. But Dodger



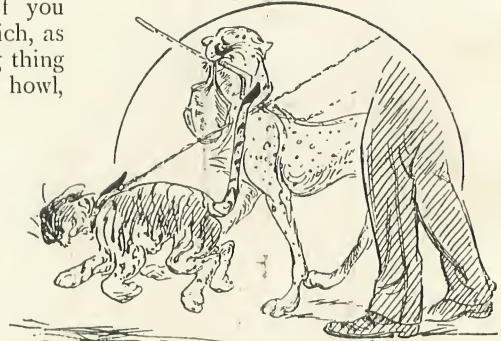
THE DODGER.



THE CHEETAH.

means well, and will play with your hands as long as you please to risk a nip of the teeth. If you are a stranger he will mew at you at first, which, as his voice is just breaking, is an exhilarating thing to hear, being a varying compound of roar, howl, mew, and whimper, grateful to the tympanum. But he soon grows friendly, especially if you place your hand casually on the dinner-waggon standing near his quarters.

Another affable creature is the cheetah. With his lithe limbs, strong neck, and small bullet head, he has a certain prize-fighting appearance, but, like the Game Chicken, is quite affable. The cheetahs here are subjected to a certain ignominy which I trust and believe the Society is not intentionally responsible for. A board inscribed "Beware of Pickpockets" is hung conspicuously over their heads. It is scarcely credible that the proximity is intended as suggesting a horrible pun upon the name of the poor animals, but it arouses suspicions in the minds of some people, and is apt to place the unfortunate cheetahs in the abject position of accomplices in the outrage. And when the Dodger is promoted to one of these large cages, the suspicion in his case may even be greater, and naturally; with the possibly redeeming feature that only a lame joke, and not an inhuman pun, will be suspected. Before then, however, the reproach may be removed.



A WALK.



A FAMILY JAR.

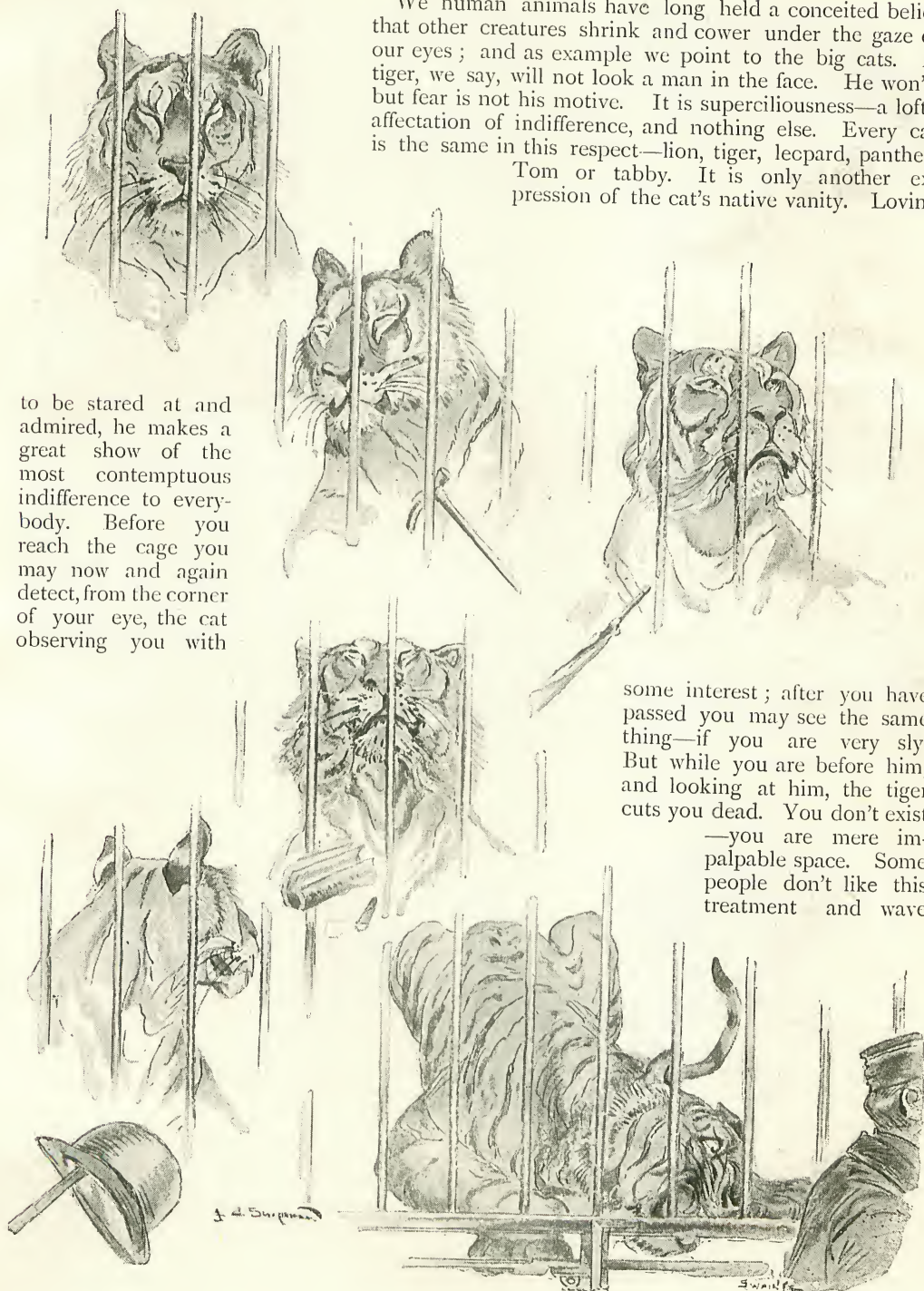
In the early morning, before the gardens are opened, Sutton, Dodger, and the cheetah go out for a walk about the grounds, amid a shower of envy. Michael, the big bear, in particular, looks from behind his window blinds in much displeasure. I should like to take Michael out for a stroll—say along the Strand; there would be a deal to amuse him.

It is a pity that some of the leopards are not as good-humoured as Dodger and the cheetahs. One particular pair live in a perpetual mutual threat to bite off each other's heads. Anything is a sufficient provocation. Whatever the one is doing arouses the jealousy of the other—and there you are !

We human animals have long held a concealed belief that other creatures shrink and cower under the gaze of our eyes ; and as example we point to the big cats. A tiger, we say, will not look a man in the face. He won't, but fear is not his motive. It is superciliousness—a lofty affectation of indifference, and nothing else. Every cat is the same in this respect—lion, tiger, leopard, panther, Tom or tabby. It is only another expression of the cat's native vanity. Loving

to be stared at and admired, he makes a great show of the most contemptuous indifference to everybody. Before you reach the cage you may now and again detect, from the corner of your eye, the cat observing you with

some interest ; after you have passed you may see the same thing—if you are very sly. But while you are before him, and looking at him, the tiger cuts you dead. You don't exist—you are mere palpable space. Some people don't like this treatment and wave

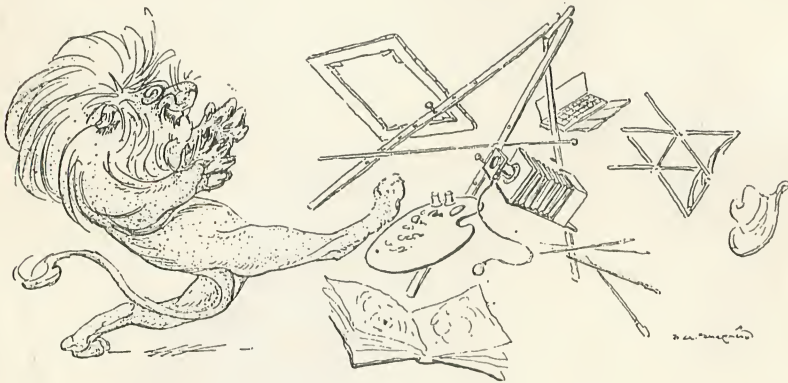




CONNECTED WITH ROYALTY.

sticks and umbrellas to attract his attention ; but he only gazes dreamily away into some other region of space. They get angrier, and hurl guide-books and cigar-ends ; and he stares placidly at the ceiling. They waggle hats on sticks, as irritatingly as possible, and he glances casually at his bedroom door. Even when it seems proper to transfer his gaze from the space at the left of his interviewer to that at his right, it sweeps round with a most offensive air of passing over mere space ; or perhaps it passes over the insulted person's head. With the keeper it is different. No tiger is a hero to his keeper, and the tiger knows it. The keeper has found him out long ago, and it is useless to attitudinize before *him*, or to attempt to ignore his existence. So the tiger tries to rush at him under the bars. The keeper is associated in his mind, and very naturally, with something to eat. The keeper always appears with the beef, but although the beef comes between the bars, he is always defrauded

of the keeper. Wherefore the keeper is a *bête-noir*, a constant reminder of a good meal put under his nose and taken away again. Perhaps it may be hinted to those nobly ambitious of attracting the notice of a lion or tiger, that the hat-trick may be expensive if tried upon a young and frolicsome animal. A sudden temptation, such as the offer of a new hat, may cause a young lion or tiger to forget his dignity for some little time—as long as the hat lasts. It was a very few Sundays ago that Victoria—the young lioness here belonging to the Queen—secured a very decent bowler, which had been extended with a view of reaching something from the ledge before the cage. Victor, her mate, although, of course, connected with Royalty by marriage, so far unbent as to participate in that hat, which provided a pleasant twenty minutes' entertainment ; at the close of which the late owner borrowed a peaked cap from the keeper, and went home. But Victor does not unbend as a rule. He is an affable lion, however, perfectly friendly with those he knows. He might almost be allowed out, were it not that the artists and the photographers, and the daubers and sketchers who are neither, would probably suffer from his natural indignation. So he sits behind the bars and dreams of the golden time when all things shall be free and equal, and he shall kick those people and all their works into the outer darkness.





A
STORY
FOR
CHILDREN

FROM THE FRENCH OF E. LABOULAYE.



THREE or four hundred years ago there lived at Skalholt, in Iceland, an old peasant, who was no more rich in wisdom than in fortune. Whilst at church one day the good man heard a fine sermon on charity. "Give to him that asketh thee," said the preacher, "and it shall be returned unto thee a hundred-fold." The peasant's attention was taken by these constantly-repeated words, which confused still more his already clouded faculties. Hardly had he returned home than he began to cut down the trees of his garden, to dig up the soil, and to pile up stones and wood as though he were about to build a palace.

"What are you doing there, my poor man?" asked his wife.

"Call me no longer 'my poor man,'" said the peasant, in a solemn voice; "we are rich, my dear wife, or at least we are going to be. In a fortnight's time I am going to give away my cow and ——"

"Our cow! our only resource!" cried the wife, "we shall die of hunger."

"Hold your tongue, you silly woman," replied the peasant; "it is easy to see you understand nothing of our pastor's Latin. In giving away our cow, we shall receive a hundred back as a reward. The pastor said so. I shall shelter fifty beasts in the stable I am building, and with the value of fifty others

I shall buy pasture enough to feed our herd in summer as in winter. We shall be richer than the King."

And without heeding either the prayers or reproaches of his wife, our simpleton began to build his stable, to the great astonishment of his neighbours.

This work finished, the good man slipped a cord round the neck of his cow and led it direct to the pastor's house. He found him talking to two strangers, whom he hardly glanced at, so eager was he to make his present and to receive his reward.

The pastor was amazed at such a new species of charity. He gave a lengthy explanation to the foolish fellow to show him that the Bible only spoke of spiritual rewards. It was of no use; the peasant only repeated, "You said so, sir, you said so." Wearied at last of reasoning with such a blockhead, the pastor broke forth in holy wrath, and slammed his door in the face of the peasant, who, perfectly astounded, stood rooted to the spot, repeating incessantly, "You said so, you said so." However, he had to return home; no easy matter. It was in spring; the ice was melting, and the wind swept the snow in great drifts. At every step the man slipped, the cow bellowed, and refused to advance. In an hour's time the peasant had missed the path, and was in fear of losing his life. He stopped in perplexity, knowing no more what to do than the animal which he led. Whilst he stood in doubt, a man, laden with a great sack, came up to him and asked him what he was doing in such bad weather with his cow.

When the peasant had told him his grievance, the stranger replied, "My good man,

take my advice, and make an exchange with me. I live near here; let me have your cow, which you will never succeed in leading back to your house, and take this sack; it is not very heavy, and everything it contains is worth having."

The bargain concluded, the stranger led away the cow. The peasant, hoisting the sack, which he found terribly heavy, on his back, set off on his way home.

In great trepidation at the reproaches and jeers of his wife, he entered the cottage and burst into a long description of the dangers he had incurred, and how, like the clever man he was, he had exchanged a dying cow for a sack full of treasures. On hearing this fine story, the woman began to show her displeasure; whereupon her husband implored her to restrain her bad temper, and make no delay in putting her largest saucepan on the fire. "You will thank me," he said, "when you see what I have brought you."

Upon which he opened the sack, and behold, out of its depths came a little man all clothed in grey, like a mouse!

"Good-day, good people," he said with all the dignity of a prince. "I hope that, instead of boiling me, you will supply me with something to eat. This little expedition has given me a good appetite."

The peasant fell upon his stool as though he had been thunder-struck.

"There," said his wife, "I was sure of it. Here is a new folly. But what can you expect from a husband? He is certain to do something idiotic! We have lost the cow by which we lived, and now that we have nothing left, you bring us another mouth to feed! I wish you had remained under the snow, sir, you, and your sack, and your treasure!"

The good lady would have gone on talking if the little grey man had not pointed out to her that big words do not fill the pot, and that the wisest thing to do was to sally forth in search of game.

Saying this, he went out in spite of the wind and the snow, and after some time returned with a great sheep.

"There," he said, "kill this

animal for me, and do not let us die of hunger."

The old man and his wife glanced at each other across the little man and his prey. This windfall looked remarkably like a theft. But hunger silences all qualms of conscience. Lawful or not, the sheep was devoured with the greatest relish. From that day, plenty reigned in the home of the peasant. Sheep succeeded sheep, and the good man, more credulous than ever, began to think that, after all, he had gained by his bargain, since instead of the hundred cows he expected, Heaven had sent him such an expert purveyor as the little grey man.

One story is good till another is heard. Though the sheep multiplied in the old man's cottage, they diminished visibly in the Royal flock, which grazed in the vicinity. The chief shepherd, becoming uneasy, informed the King that, for some time, in spite of the increasing vigilance of the watch, the finest animals of the flock disappeared one after the other. Without doubt, some clever thief must have taken up his abode in the neighbourhood. Before long it became known



"THE SHEEP DIMINISHED VISIBLY IN THE ROYAL FLOCK."

that there was a stranger from no one knew where, and whom nobody knew, staying in the peasant's cottage. The King ordered that he should be brought before him. The little grey man set out boldly; but the peasant and his wife began to feel conscience-stricken as they thought of the thieves and their accomplices who were hung on the same gibbet.

When the little grey man appeared at Court, the King asked him if, by chance, he had heard that five fine sheep had been stolen from the Royal flock.

"Yes, your Majesty," answered the little man; "I took them myself."

"By what right?" said the King.

"Your Majesty," replied the little man, "I took them for an old man and his wife, who were dying of hunger, whilst you had plenty and to spare. You cannot even spend the tenth part of your revenue, and I thought it only right that these good people should live on what you had no need of, rather than die of starvation."

The King was thunderstruck at such audacity; he eyed the little man with a look that boded nothing good. "It is evident," he said, "that your greatest talent is stealing."

The little man bowed with an air of self-conscious modesty.

"Well, you deserve to be hanged," said the King, "but I pardon you on condition that to-morrow at this time you shall have taken from my herdsmen my black bull, which is guarded with the greatest care."

"Your Majesty," answered the little grey man, "your condition is im-

possible. How do you think I can elude such vigilance?"

"Unless you do it," replied the King, "you shall be hanged."

And with a wave of his hand he dismissed our thief, who heard, as he passed out, derisive whispers of: "You will be hanged! You will be hanged!"

The little grey man returned to the cottage of the peasant, where he was warmly welcomed by the old man and his wife.

But he said nothing to them, except that he was in need of a rope, and that he was going away the next morning at daybreak. They gave him the old halter of the cow, and then he went to bed and slept peacefully.

At dawn, with the earliest beams of the rising sun, the little grey man went out, taking his cord with him. He strode into the forest, by the path usually used by the King's herdsmen, and selecting a big oak in full view, he hung himself by the neck to the largest branch. But he was very careful not to make a slip-knot.

Very soon afterwards two herdsmen passed by, leading the black bull.



"GOOD-BYE, OLD CHAP."



"Halloa!" said one of them, "here is our rascal, who has got what he deserved. Good-bye, old chap; you won't steal the King's bull now."

As soon as the herdsmen were out of sight, the little grey man came down from the tree, and taking a short cut hung himself once more to a great oak close by the road. Imagine the surprise of the herdsmen, when

they caught sight of him again!

"Who is that?" said one. "Are my eyes deceiving me? Here is the little man we saw hanging over yonder!"

"How stupid you are!" said the other. "How can a man be hanged in two places at the same time? It is another thief, that is all."

"I tell you it is the same," replied the first shepherd; "I recognise his coat and his grin."

"I bet you," answered the second, who was of an independent turn of mind, "that it is a different man."

The wager was accepted. The two men fastened the King's bull to a tree, and ran back to the first oak. But while they were running the little grey man jumped down from his gibbet, and quietly led the bull to the peasant's house. There was great rejoicing, and the animal was put into the stable until it should be sold.

When the two herdsmen returned to the palace in the evening, they hung their heads and looked so dejected that the King saw at once he had been duped. He sent for the little grey man, who appeared with all the serenity of a great mind.

"You have stolen my bull!" said the King.

"Your Majesty," replied the little man, "I have only obeyed your orders."

"Very well," said the King; "here are ten gold crowns to pay for my bull; but if within two days you do not manage to steal the sheets off my bed while I am in it, you shall be hanged."

"Your Majesty," said the little man, "pray

do not ask me to do any such thing. You are so well guarded that a poor man like me could never even approach the palace."

"Unless you do it," answered the King, "I shall have the pleasure of seeing you hanged."

That night the little grey man, who had returned to the cottage, provided himself with a long rope and a basket. In this basket, lined with moss, he placed a cat and her kittens, and then he went out. Gliding noiselessly through the darkness he reached the palace, and climbed upon the roof without being perceived by anyone. To enter a garret, where with the help of a saw he quickly made a neat opening in the floor, was for our clever little fellow the work of a few moments.

On reaching the King's bedroom, he proceeded to carefully uncover the Royal bed, and after placing the cat and her kittens in the centre, he arranged it neatly again, and then, by the aid of his rope, climbed upon the canopy, where he sat down to await the result.

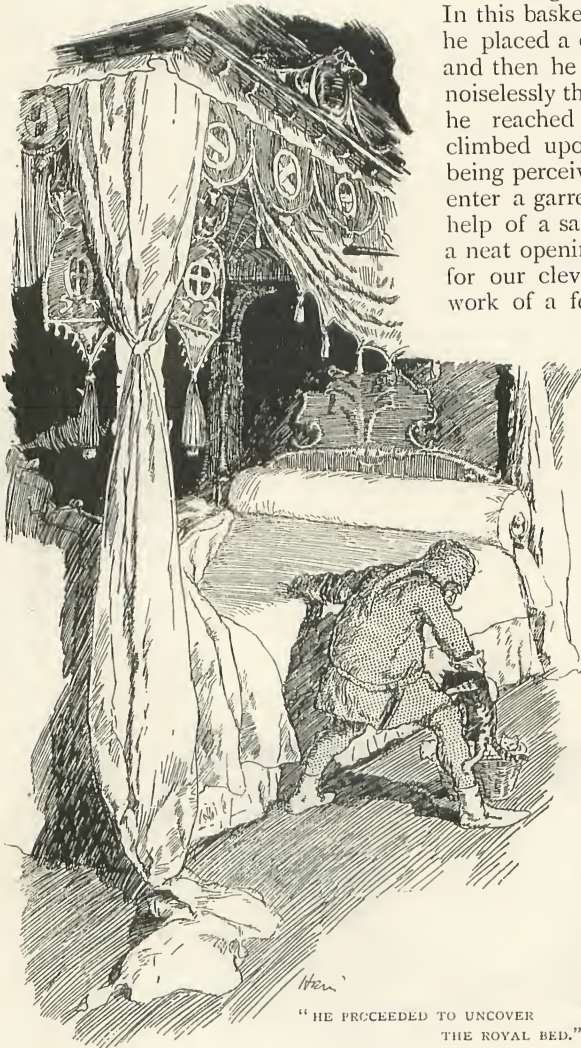
The palace clock struck eleven as the King and Queen entered their chamber. The light having been extinguished, the Queen was about to step into bed, when she uttered

a shrill scream and ran to the further end of the room.

"What is the matter? Are you mad?" said the King. "You will rouse the whole palace."

"Do not get into bed," answered the Queen; "my foot touched something warm and soft."

"Why not say at once that there is a hob-



"HE PROCEEDED TO UNCOVER THE ROYAL BED."

goblin in the bed?" replied the King, laughing contemptuously. "All women are as timid as hares, and as senseless."

Upon which, like a true hero, he bravely entered the bed, but as quickly jumped out again, howling frantically and dragging with him the cat, whose claws were firmly embedded in the calf of his leg.

At the cries of the King, the sentinel hastened to the door, and knocking three times with his halberd, inquired if assistance was needed.

"Silence!" shouted the King, ashamed of his weakness, and not wishing to make an exhibition of himself.

He struck the tinder-box, re-lit the lamp, and on going towards the bed, discovered in the middle the cat, who had returned to her place and was quietly licking her kittens.

"This is too bad!" he exclaimed; "the impudent animal has no regard for our crown, and has chosen our Royal bed as a snug corner for her kittens. Wait a moment, little wretch; I will soon give you your reward!"

"She will bite you," cried the Queen; "she may be mad."

"There is nothing to be alarmed at, my dear," said the good King. He then took the sheets by the four corners, and, tying them together with cat and kittens inside, he rolled all together in the blanket and counterpane, and threw the enormous bundle out of the window.

"Now we will go into the next room," he said to the Queen, "and since we have had our revenge, we may hope to sleep in peace."

The King slept, and we may imagine pleasant dreams refreshed his slumbers; but while he slept a little man climbed upon the roof, and, with the aid of a rope, slipped quickly down into the courtyard. He began to search for some invisible object, which, having found, he hoisted on his back, and was soon after hastening along the snow-covered road. The sentinels thought they had seen some phantom, and wondered what those cries they had heard, like those of a new-born infant, could mean.

When the King awoke the next morning he began to think over the events of the previous night. A dim suspicion dawned upon his mind that he had been the victim of some practical joke, and that its author was probably the little grey man. He sent for him immediately. The little man arrived, carrying on his shoulders the sheets neatly folded, and falling with bended knees before the Queen, he said humbly:—

"Your Majesty is aware that I have only carried out the King's orders; I hope your Majesty will be gracious enough to pardon me."

"I pardon you," replied the Queen, "on condition that we see you no more, or else I shall die of fright with your tricks."

"But *I* do not pardon you," said the King, very much annoyed that the Queen should have taken upon herself to act without consulting her lord and master. "Look here, you rogue, you shall be hanged to-morrow night, unless you have managed before then to steal the Queen herself!"

"Your Majesty," cried the little man, "let me be hanged at once, for you would spare me twenty-four hours of anxiety. How could I attempt such a thing? It would be easier to steal the moon."

"That is your business, not mine," replied the King. "In the meantime, the gallows shall be prepared."

The little man left the Court in despair, burying his head in his hands, and sobbing pitifully; the King laughed joyfully.

In the dusk of evening a holy monk, carrying a rosary in his hand and a bag under his arm, came to the palace to beg as usual for his convent. When the Queen had



"A HOLY MONK."

given him her contribution, "Madam," said the monk, "Heaven will reward so much charity. I bring with me even now its recompense. To-morrow, as you are aware, a poor fellow, whose guilt is undoubtedly great, is to be hanged within the palace."

"Alas!" answered the Queen, "I pardon him willingly. I would gladly have saved his life."

"That cannot be," said the monk; "but this man, who is half a wizard, can make you a valuable present before he dies. I know that he possesses three wonderful secrets, of which one alone is worth a kingdom. He can bequeath one of these secrets to any woman who has had compassion on him."

"What are these secrets?" inquired the Queen.

"With the knowledge of the first, a wife is able to make her husband do everything she wishes," replied the monk.

"Oh!" said the Queen, with a pout, "there is nothing very wonderful in that. Ever since the time of Eve that mystery has been known from generation to generation. What is the second secret?"

"The second imparts wisdom and goodness."

"Well," said the Queen, yawning, "and what is the third?"

"The third," said the monk, "endows the woman who possesses it with matchless beauty, and with the gift of everlasting youth."

"Reverend father," cried the Queen, eagerly, "I should dearly like to know *that* secret."

"Nothing is easier," said the monk. "The only thing you have to do is to allow the sorcerer before he dies, and while he is still at liberty, to hold both your hands in his and to breathe upon your hair three times."

"Let him come," said the Queen; "fetch him at once, reverend father."

"That is impossible," replied the monk. "The King has given strict orders that this man shall not be allowed to enter the palace. It would mean instant death to him to step within these walls. Do not begrudge him the few hours that still remain."

"Unfortunately, reverend father, the King has forbidden me to go out until to-morrow night."

"That is a pity," said the monk. "I see you must give up this wonderful gift. Nevertheless, it would be delightful to remain young, beautiful, and especially to be loved for ever."

"Alas, my father, you are right; the King's

order is extremely unjust. But if I attempted to go out, the sentinels would stop me. You look astonished; that is the way the King treats me occasionally. I am a most miserable wife."

"My heart aches for you, poor woman," said the monk. "What tyranny! But Madam, you should not yield to such unreasonable demands; your duty is to do as you please."

"But how?" asked the Queen.

"There is a way, if you are willing. Get into this sack. I will undertake to carry you out of the palace, even at the risk of my life. And fifty years hence, when you are still as beautiful and as youthful-looking as to-day, you will rejoice that you defied your tyrant."

"I agree," said the Queen; "but are you quite sure that this is no hoax?"

"Madam," said the holy man, raising his arms and beating his breast, "as surely as I am a monk, you have nothing to fear on that score. Besides, I shall remain with you during your interview with this fellow."

"And you will bring me back to the palace?"

"I give you my word of honour I will."

"Knowing the secret?" added the Queen.

"Yes, knowing the secret. But since your Majesty hesitates, we will drop the question; the secret may die with him who discovered it, unless he prefers to tell it to some woman who has more confidence in him."

The only response the Queen made to this was to jump bravely into the bag; the monk drew the cord, lifted the burden on his shoulders, and crossed the courtyard with measured steps. On his way he met the King, who was making his round of inspection.

"You have made a good collection, I see," said the King.

"Sire," replied the monk, "your charity is inexhaustible; I fear I have imposed upon it. Perhaps I should do well to leave this sack and its contents here."

"No, no," said the King. "Take it all, reverend father; it is a good riddance. I do not suppose what you have in it is worth much. Your feast will not be a sumptuous one."

"May your Majesty sup with as good an appetite," replied the monk in a fatherly tone, as he disappeared, muttering something inaudibly. It was probably a Latin prayer.

The supper-bell rang; the King entered the room rubbing his hands. He felt pleased with himself, and the prospect of having his revenge gave him a good appetite.



TAKE IT ALL, REVEREND FATHER."

"Is the Queen not down yet?" he asked, impatiently. "It does not surprise me, though; women are never punctual."

He was about to take his seat, when three soldiers threw open the door, and pushed into the room the little grey man.

"Sire," said one of the guards, "this rascal has had the audacity to enter the palace yard, in spite of the Royal order. We should have hanged him at once rather than disturb your Majesty at supper, but he pretends that he has a message from the Queen, and that he is the bearer of a State secret."

"From the Queen!" exclaimed the King, aghast. "Where is she? Wretch! what have you done with her?"

"I have stolen her!" quietly replied the little man.

"How did you do that?" said the King.

"Sire, who was the monk with a large sack on his back, to whom your Majesty conde-

scended to say, 'Take it all, and a good riddance'?"

"It was you," cried the King; "consequently even I am no longer in safety. One of these days you will steal *me*, and my kingdom into the bargain."

"Sire, I have come to ask you one thing more."

"I am afraid of you," said the King. "Who are you? A sorcerer, or the devil himself?"

"Neither, Sire. I am simply Prince Holar. I was on my way to ask you for the hand of your daughter, when I was overtaken by the storm and obliged to take refuge with my equerry in the house of the pastor of Skalholt. But chance threw in my way a foolish peasant, who has been the cause of my acting in this manner. However, I have only obeyed your Majesty's orders in all this."

"Well, well," said the King, "I see—or rather I do not see; it matters little. Prince Holar, I would rather have you as a son-in-law than as a

neighbour. As soon as the Queen comes back——"

"She is here, Sire; my equerry has conducted her back to the palace."

The Queen soon reappeared, rather ashamed of having been so easily duped, but readily comforted at the prospect of having such a clever man for her son-in-law.

"You must tell me the wonderful secret," she whispered to Prince Holar. "I wish to know it."

"The secret of being beautiful for ever is to be loved," said the Prince.

"How can one be always loved?" asked the Queen.

"By being good, and simple, and by pleasing one's husband."

"Is that all? And you pretend to be a sorcerer!" exclaimed the indignant Queen, throwing up her arms.

"Enough of all this mystery," said the King in alarm. "Prince Holar, you will

have plenty of time to chat with your mother-in-law when you become our son. Come, supper is getting cold. Let us have the whole evening to enjoy ourselves; make the best of your time, my boy, to-morrow you will be married."

Having made this remark, which he thought rather witty, the King glanced at the Queen,

Happy days have no history. We only know that he succeeded his father-in-law and became a powerful ruler. Being something of a liar as well as a thief, bold yet artful, he had all the qualities needful for a conqueror. He took more than a thousand acres of land, which he lost and re-conquered three times, in doing which he



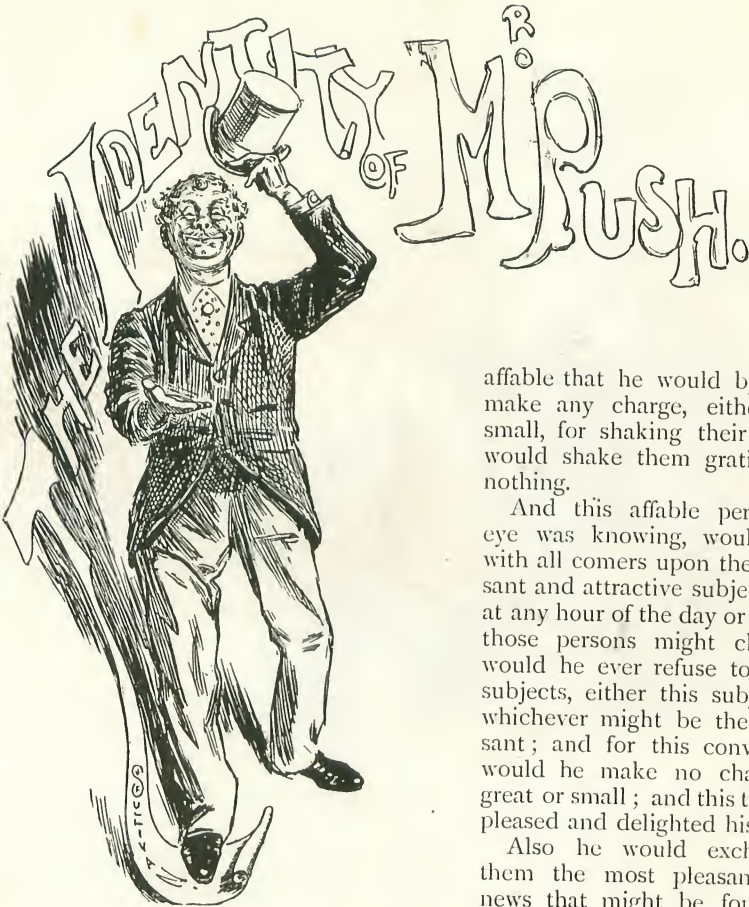
"THE KING STROKED HIS CHIN."

but he received such a look in return that he immediately stroked his chin and contemplated the flies on the ceiling.

Here end the adventures of Prince Holar.

sacrificed six armies. In the celebrated annals of Skalholt and Holar his name figures gloriously. We refer our readers to these famous and most interesting records.

The Queer Side of Things.



HE incidents of the following story occurred at a very remote age, anterior to the European glacial epoch, and, therefore, bear no sort of analogy to anything which could possibly take place in our times.

There once lived a very affable gentleman whose eye was exceeding bright and knowing, and the grasp of his hand was hearty and effusive, so that he was most pleasant to shake hands with; and many persons would make long journeys across the deserts and the oceans to have their hands shaken by him, feeling much delight and satisfaction at it. These would sit down before him—him that had the eye that was so bright and knowing—and would hold out their hands to be shaken; and he of the bright eye was so

affable that he would by no means make any charge, either great or small, for shaking their hands, but would shake them gratis, even for nothing.

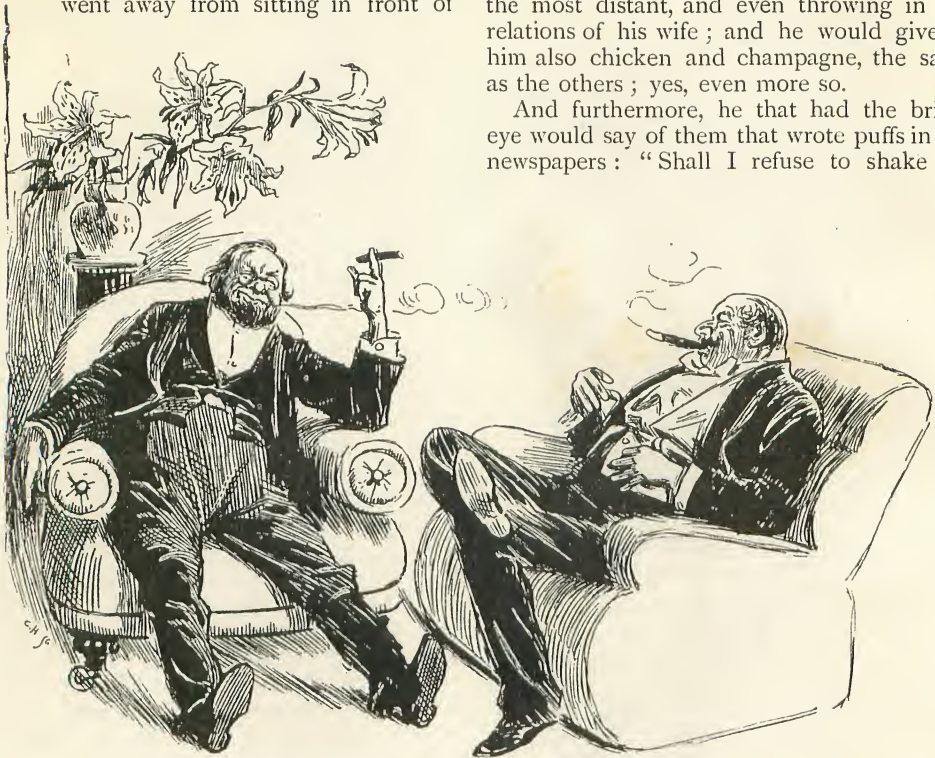
And this affable person, whose eye was knowing, would converse with all comers upon the most pleasant and attractive subjects, and this at any hour of the day or night which those persons might choose; nor would he ever refuse to talk upon subjects, either this subject or that, whichever might be the more pleasant; and for this conversing also would he make no charge, either great or small; and this thing greatly pleased and delighted his hearers.

Also he would exchange with them the most pleasant items of news that might be found in the daily papers; making this communion the more enjoyable by repeating to them the jokes from the comic papers, even the best jokes they contained.

Also he would ask after the health of their wives and families, and even of their cousins and distant relations; never churlishly refusing to inquire of the health of any relation, however distant; and for all this, too, did he make no charge, even the smallest charge.

But he who shall say that these things were all the pleasant things he did, shall say falsely and otherwise than the truth; for he did other things: he would make little feasts for those he knew, and the feasts were of chicken and champagne; and they that partook of his chicken and champagne were comforted, for they knew there would be no charge; therefore did they consume them freely until their

waistcoats were too tight for comfort; even as those do who know there is nothing to pay. So when those that knew him went away from sitting in front of



"THEIR WAISTCOATS WERE TOO TIGHT FOR COMFORT."

him they would say, one to another, with great satisfaction and joy, "He shook my hand seven times, and asked after the health of my great aunt"; or, "He gave me much chicken that was tender, and much sweet champagne, even too much," and they rejoiced, patting their digestions.

And there lived at this time another person who was quiet, and had a small professional business in a back street. And this party did not go forth of a morning to ask of the health of the wives and families of all he met; neither did he give little feasts which were of chicken and champagne. And his business was poor and of no account. Let us not talk of him.

And the affability of him that had the bright eye was large and liberal: so much that he would never say, concerning an influential person: "Behold, this is an influential person; therefore I will not shake his hand, neither will I give him little feasts of chicken and champagne, nor ask of the health of his wife and family."

And he would straightway treat the influential person as one would wish to be treated; asking after all his relations, even to the most distant, and even throwing in the relations of his wife; and he would give to him also chicken and champagne, the same as the others; yes, even more so.

And furthermore, he that had the bright eye would say of them that wrote puffs in the newspapers: "Shall I refuse to shake the

hands of these, and to entertain them with affable conversation, merely because they write puffs in the newspapers?" and he answered and said, "No." And he didn't. Nay, he gave them twice the amount of the chicken and also of the champagne, that they might by no means feel lonesome and out in the cold; and this to the great tightening of their waistcoats.

But there was one habit of him that had the bright eye, and this habit was the most affable of all the habits he had, which were all affable.

And this habit, which was more affable than the affability of all his other habits, was this: he would at all times of the day, and also of the night, embrace any he might meet that wrote puffs in the newspapers; and would straightway take them into the private bar and drink with them all manner of drinks, either hot or cold, either tall or short, as might the most please and comfort them; so



"CHAMPAGNE."

that when any two or three of those that wrote puffs in the newspapers should meet together they would say, the one to the other, "For he is a jolly good fellow!"

And these also were greatly comforted and full of joy.

Then he that had the bright eye, even he that shook hands in so affable a way, got introduced to the wives and families of them that wrote puffs in the newspapers; and, that the wives and families also might not feel lonesome and out in the cold, he gave them little things, both this little thing and the other little thing; so that there was no end of the little things which he gave them; for he would give them all manner of little things, even peaches and peppermint-drops, and parasols, and books, and birthday cards, and bric-à-brac. And their babies also would he treat with great honour, presenting them with corals and teething-rings. And these persons also were content.

And it came to pass that, after a while, those that wrote puffs in the newspapers became so filled with a sense of the affability of him of the bright eye, that when they sat at their desks writing puffs for the newspapers, they would say within themselves: "As he is so affable, it stands to reason that the work of his hand must be very good and clever." So they did not examine his work (for it was not their business to examine any man's work; their business was to write puffs), but straightway set down in the newspaper: "His work is very clever; he is a great man"; yet they said no word in the newspaper concerning his affability, nor of his asking after the health of their wives and families.

And this thing grew upon them so that at length they could not forbear from putting mention of him into all subjects of which they wrote, even though these subjects had no connection with him; as, for instance, they would say: "The Queen held a Drawing Room on such a day. He of the knowing eye did not attend"; or, "So-and-so was condemned to penal servitude at the Central Criminal Court; but he of the knowing eye (whose work is so clever) had nothing to do with the case, and was not present"; or, "Shares are dull, but he is never dull," and so forth.

And these mentions were meant to be read by the Public, and the Public read them; and, moreover, they that wrote the puffs in the newspapers would often look

out from the door of the newspaper office as the Public went by and call out: "He of the knowing eye is a very great man"; and yet they never spoke of his being so affable and inquiring; nor did they call out to the Public from the door of the private bar.

But it is needful to explain who the Public were. They were a class or sect whose duty it was to be innocent and help-



"CORALS AND TEETHING-RINGS."

less and easily taken in, and there was exceeding great care exercised in the selection of those who were to be members of the Public; for the moment that one of them showed any aptitude for helping himself (especially any aptitude for helping himself to that which belonged to others) he was straightway cast out from being a member of the Public and was compelled to become a member of the Legislature, or of a county council, or of a vestry, or to take up some other capacity in which it was his duty to defraud the Public. And it was the duty

of the Public to believe all they were told (particularly what they were told in the newspapers), and to pay twice its value for everything : and they did their duty.

So in this wise, when the Public read in the newspapers how he of the knowing eye was a very great and clever man, they went about saying one to another, "He is a very great and clever man. Who is he?"

And all this while that other person who was quiet and had a small business in a back street, and did not ask after the health of the wives and families of them whose duty it was to write puffs in the newspapers ; all this time he had holes in his boots and no jam on his bread. And his head was bald, and he had many lines across the forehead ; and his waistcoat was very loose ; and his name was MR. TALENT.

Then the Public began to inquire, saying "Who is he that has the bright and knowing eye, and what is his name?" For, when one would go about speaking of the greatness of a person, it is better that one should know his name ; for, if one does not know his name, then one must needs identify him in



"MR. TALENT."

some other way, such as saying "He who wrote so and so," or, "He that drew such a picture" ; the which thing is awkward when one knows nothing of his works, but only knows that he is a great man.

In such wise the Public wished to know his name ; for in certain cases, when one of them would say, "He is a great man," another would say, "What has he achieved?" whereat the first must needs say, "I know not ; but he is a great man, for the newspaper says so." Now, if the first speaker had but known his name, he might have answered to the question of the second, "Go to, Ignorance ! Dost thou not know the works of A?"

So when the Public said, "What is his name?" those who wrote puffs in the newspapers replied with one voice, "His name is Mr. Talent."

And this was a strange thing, that they did not reply, "He is Mr. Affability," or "Mr. Shaker of the Hand" ; but they said, "Mr. Talent."

Now when the Public heard this reply they were greatly puzzled ; for the name on the door-plate of him who had the poor little business in a back street was "Mr. Talent." So they went to those whose duty it was to write puffs in the newspapers, and said, "Is he the brother of him of the back street?" And those others replied, "We know of no one in a back street. We know of no Mr. Talent except him who is affable and shakes hands frequently, and asks after our families, and drinks with us, and gives us chicken and champagne. There is no other Mr. Talent."

But the moment they had said these things they saw that they had forgotten themselves, and made a slip of the tongue. However, it was all right ; for the Public, for all they were puzzled by it, did not understand the thing which had been said, being too foolish.

Now, when Mr. Talent, of the back street, heard of all this, he delayed for some time ; and after that wrote a plaintive letter to the editors of the newspapers, saying that he was Mr. Talent, and the other was not. And the editors said to those whose duty it was to write the puffs : "Do you know this Mr. Talent, of the back street? Can he really be Mr. Talent?"

And then those others replied :

"He cannot be Mr. Talent ; for the only Mr. Talent we know always dictates to us what we shall say about his works in the puffs which it is our duty to put in the newspapers ; and this one

hath never done this thing, so that he cannot be Mr. Talent. But for all that, we will go and inquire, that we may not be in error."

So they went to him that had the bright and knowing eye; and they inquired of him, saying, "Can this other really be Mr. Talent, instead of you?"

And he said, "Nay, he cannot be"; and straightway shook them all by the hand

So he went to him of the back street, and inquired of the matter, holding out his hand to be shaken, and stating that he had a family, and looking about on the table to see if the whisky and soda were there; but when he of the back street neither shook his hand, nor inquired of his family, nor gave him to drink, he said to himself that there could be nothing in it; yet, nevertheless, he got his editor to publish the letter, to the end



"HE SHOOK THEM ALL BY THE HAND SEVEN TIMES."

seven times, and made a great feast of chicken and champagne; and he also dictated to them many little pars about himself, the which they were to insert in the papers; and the pars ran thus and thus: "Mr. Talent, who is a very great man, has gone on a yachting cruise," and, "Among the guests at Marlborough House were the Marquis of A, and Prince B, and Mr. Talent," and so forth. And those that wrote the puffs went back satisfied to the editors; and the editors suppressed the letter of him of the back street.

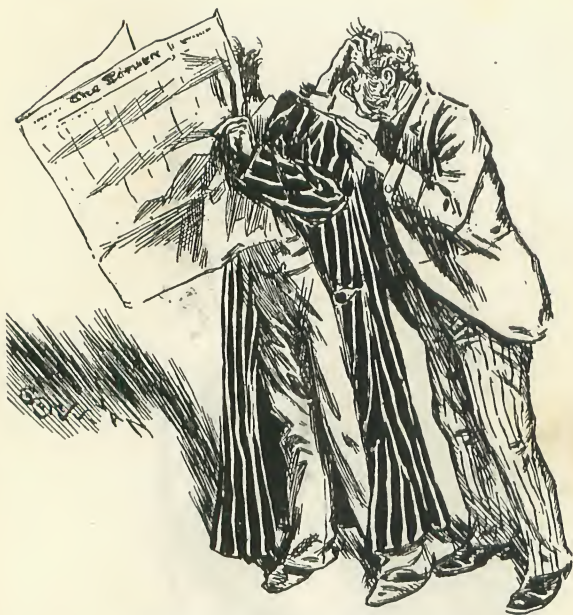
Now, had he of the knowing eye not overlooked one of those whose duty it was to write the puffs, then would all have been well; but there was one of these whose hand he had forgotten to shake, and whose wife and family he had neglected to inquire after; so that this one, reading the letter of him of the back street, felt that there might be something in this thing, and that it was his duty to inquire, in order that justice might be done if necessary.

that he of the knowing eye might be reminded that he had not shaken his hand, nor done his duty.

And the Public read this letter in that newspaper, and were dreadfully puzzled and upset; so much so, that some among them began to believe that he of the back street *was* Mr. Talent; and there was great confusion and questioning; and everybody went about saying, "Who is the real Mr. Talent?"

Then said he of the bright eye to himself: "Shall I not go into partnership with this old Talent?" (For you see that he called the other by that name to himself, just as though he himself were not Mr. Talent, but someone else; the which is very curious to think of!) And he said, "This old Talent may be useful even to *me*; at least, I shall be as well with him as without him."

So he went into partnership with him of the back street who had no jam to his bread, and the next week they both came out of the back street and built a



"THE PUBLIC WERE DREADFULLY PUZZLED."

palace in the broadest thoroughfare, and set up gilded lamps, and a flag, and nine footmen in golden liveries, and had a trumpeter at the front door.

But when anyone called he was received by him with the knowing eye, and the hands that came to be shaken were shaken by him; and he that had been of the back street was not seen at all, but lived at the very top in an attic, and did the work. So then everyone was satisfied, and began to examine the works of Mr. Talent, and found them very good; and these were the same works which they had examined before, when they had been issued from the shop in the back street; but they did not recognise them.

And he from the back street was satisfied with this arrangement, for he was now able to have jam on his bread, and new boots.

And it came to pass one day, when he of the knowing eye was making a speech at a banquet in his honour, given by those who wrote the puffs and other admirers of ability, that he let fall from his pocket an envelope addressed to him by his mother.

Now he had always carefully burned these envelopes which he had received from his mother, so that no man might see them. And the principal organizer of the ban-

quet (who was a most Influential Person, and a Great Judge of Talent and Patron of Genuine Ability, and looked upon as a Most Discerning Critic) happened to pick up the envelope; and behold the name written upon the envelope was "MR. PUSH!"

So then the Great Judge of Talent bit his lip and turned pale and nearly choked; and all the others at the table, hastening to see what was upon the envelope which had so upset him, read the writing upon it; and when they saw that the guest of the evening was named "Mr. Push" instead of "Mr. Talent," behold they all bit their lips and turned pale and nearly choked.

But as for MR. PUSH (for that, indeed, was his name, for his mother must needs have known), he smiled more affably than ever, and went round the table shaking seven times the hand of each one present, and

asking after the health of even their most distant relations.

And the next day, when their heads were cool, all the people who had been at the banquet thought that thing calmly out, the right side up; and they saw, even as one man, that no Mr. Push could possibly be admitted to exist.

For they said, "Have we not admired



"HE LET FALL FROM HIS POCKET AN ENVELOPE."

him as Mr. Talent, and raved about him, saying: 'He is a great man'? And shall we now say he is not Mr. Talent, as we fancied, but Mr. Push? No, indeed!"

So, behold, they all went in a body to call upon him, and to assure him that his mother was mistaken about his name, and that he was Mr. Talent.

And they put it fairly to him, saying: "Can we all, being Influential and Competent Appreciators, have made a mistake?" And he saw the force of their argument; and he frankly admitted that they could not have made a mistake, and that he was Mr. Talent.

Then Mr. Push (for that in truth was his name) said to himself: "I can now dispense with the partnership of old Talent, for will not my work do as well as his, now that it will not do for the critics to have made a mistake? And why should mere Talent take part of the profits that rightly belong to Push?" And he straightway went and turned out poor old Talent from the business, taking away his jam and his new boots—nay, even his bread which he had brought into the firm; and Mr. Push went on producing work on his own account; and the critics, and those whose duty it is to write the puffs for the newspapers (which two classes are by some considered to be identical), cried out louder than ever about his greatness, and told how he parted his hair, and how much mustard he ate, and what sort of hats he wore. And Mr. Push made so much money that he was knighted

for being rich; and then a very noble and generous thought occurred to him; and he said to himself: "If I shall be so magnanimous as to build an almshouse, and put old Talent into it, I shall be made a lord, because of my virtue and munificence."

So he builded the almshouse; and on the front of it he put a graven stone which nearly covered the front, and made it necessary to place the windows at the back; and on the stone was carven:—

"THIS ALMSHOUSE
WAS ERECTED BY
SIR TALENT

FOR THE BENEFIT OF A POOR RELATION."

But when he tried to find old Talent he could not.

Now at this time that writer of puffs who had not been shaken by the hand by Mr. Push, put it about that Mr. Push, and those others whose duty it was to write the puffs in the newspapers, were to be prosecuted for conspiring to make away with poor old Talent; but when Mr. Push had gone about and shaken the hands of the public prosecutor, and of the judges, and of such as might haply be called on the jury, and had asked after the health of their relations; it was publicly denied that there was to be any such prosecution, and Sir Push was made Lord Push and Baron Brazenfront.

And the day after that they found poor old Talent by the roadside, dead of starvation.

And that is the story of the Identity of Mr. Push.

J. F. SULLIVAN.



To Catesbye Guido Fawkes
 Henry Garnett
 Thomas Ambrose Bateson
 Thomas Wootton
 Francis Trepan
 To the right honorable
 the Lord Mountague
 the Lord Digby.

THE ABOVE PLATE EXHIBITS THE AUTOGRAPHS OF SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL CONSPIRATORS IN THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

ROBERT CATESBYE.—Taken from an original letter from Catesbye to his cousin, John Grant, entreating him to provide money against a certain time. This autograph is very rare.
 GUIDO FAWKES.—Taken from his declaration made in the Tower, on the 19th November, and afterwards acknowledged before the Lords Commissioners. When first apprehended he called himself John Johnson, and it was not until his third examination he confessed his name was Guy Fawkes.
 THOMAS PERCY.—From an original letter to W. Wydliff, Esq., of York, date at Granborough, November 2nd, 1605.
 HENRY GARNETT.—From an original letter, declaring that he had felt a scruple of conscience, wherein he confessed to have been on a pilgrimage to Winifred's Well.
 AMBROSE ROOSEWOOD.—From an original examination before the Lords Commissioners, on the 24th November, 1605.
 FRANCIS TRESPAN.—From his examination relative to the book on Equivocation. Trespan escaped being hanged by dying in the Tower, on the 23rd December, 1605.
 SIR EVERARD DIGBY.—From an original examination. He was related to John Digby, subsequently created Baron Digby and Earl of Bristol, and was a young man of considerable talent. He was in the 24th year of his age when executed.
 TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD MOUNTAGUE.—The superscription to the anonymous letter that led to the discovery of the plot. By whom it was written still remains a mystery. The Conspirators themselves suspected Trespan, but he solemnly denied it; and nothing transpired on the trials of any of the Conspirators, by which the author could be ascertained.
 All the principal Conspirators were married and had families; several of them possessed considerable property, and were highly, and in some instances nobly, related.



From a Photo. by]

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

[W. & D. Downey.

(From a Photograph presented by Her Majesty to Moulvie Rafiuddin Ahmad.)



MOULVIE RAFIÜDDIN AHMAD (BARRISTER-AT-LAW).
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

The Queen's Hindustani Diary.

BY MOULVIE RAFIÜDDIN AHMAD.

[The following important article has been written by an eminent Indian scholar, and Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to peruse and revise that portion of it relating to her studies in Hindustani. Her Majesty was good enough to copy the two pages from her Diary expressly for this article.]

بقوم کر نیای پسند خدای دهد جا کر ماعقل و نیای

“When the Lord is pleased with the morality of a people, He gives them a sovereign wise and just.”—Saadi.



HE above verse of the immortal poet Saadi, the Shakespeare of Persia, pregnant with a deep philosophical meaning, often quoted by the Mohammedan nations, can nowhere be more appropriately applied than in the case of the British people and their

august and well-beloved Sovereign. Indeed, it is a matter of high pride and great gratification to the children of this country and the countless citizens of this ever-growing glorious Empire, that her ancient throne is occupied by a ruler as wise and beneficent as she is just and merciful.

Queen Victoria is admired and adored by

millions besides her own subjects—not so much because she is the Sovereign of Great Britain (though that in itself is a unique distinction), but because she unites in herself political, moral, and intellectual qualities of the highest order, granted by Providence only to the chosen few. That the Republic of the United States, which is no lover of crowned heads, and which is supposed to worship no other altar than that of genius, should hold in the highest possible veneration the name of our Queen is, in my opinion, the greatest testimony to her sterling merits.

Of the political talent of the Queen, it may only be said that she is the greatest authority living on the practical politics of Europe, and particularly on the intricate Constitutional questions of this country. She has spoken politics, acted politics, and lived politics all her life. The ablest of her Prime Ministers often owed the solution of many grave political difficulties to the knowledge of the Queen. A Radical journalist of renown has the following: "Broadly speaking, it may be fairly said by all her Ministers, Liberal or Conservative, that she has more knowledge of the business of governing nations than any of her Prime Ministers; more experience of the mysteries and intricacies of foreign affairs than any of her Foreign Secretaries; as loyal and willing a subservience to the declared will of the nation as any democrat in Parliament; and as keen and passionate an Imperial patriotism as ever beat in any human breast." The administrative ability of the Queen was formally acknowledged by the Society of Arts, the most impartial and learned association in the kingdom, when they conferred the "Albert Medal" on his noble consort, in 1887, for fifty years' wise and most Constitutional administration.

That Her Majesty is one of the greatest and most practical moral leaders of England will scarcely be denied by any wise and thoughtful body of men. The Court of England has never been purer throughout its history. Mr. Depew, in his Columbian oration in Chicago, styled her "the wisest of Sovereigns and best of women." John Bright said: "She is the most perfectly truthful person I ever met." A model wife, a model mother, a pattern to womankind!

But the quality which would endear her most to posterity is her intellectual eminence. A mind so deep, a will so strong, an imagination so rich could not have failed to give the world a philosophical work of lasting fame or a sensational novel of a high reputation. Even now her wide and fruitful

excursions over the domains of literature and science are such as to reflect the highest credit on her mental powers. All who have read her "Journals in the Highlands" and her letters given to the public in the Life of the Prince Consort cannot fail to find a strong literary tendency in the Imperial mind. Nothing surprises one more than her wide information, her sweet and modest expression, and her logical and learned remarks in the course of conversation. But the latest display of her mental activity, which eclipses all past achievements in her literary pursuits, will come as an agreeable surprise upon all lovers of learning in every part of the world. Her Majesty the Queen, with all the duties and responsibilities incident to the possession of the Imperial sceptre, finds time to learn an Oriental language, and has actually made so great a progress during the last three years as to be able to write a separate diary in the Hindustani language.

The preservation of all mental faculties by distinguished men of letters in an advanced old age is the peculiar characteristic of the Victorian Era. Among many others, four personages in the Queen's reign have preserved their mental abilities without any perceptible decay to a patriarchal age. These are the late Lord Tennyson, the late Cardinal Manning, the present Prime Minister, and, last but not least, Her Majesty herself.

If it is interesting to hear that Mr. Gladstone can deliver lectures, write articles and review novels at his age, it is much more so to know that his Sovereign Lady, at her age, can master a new language entirely alien to the people of Europe, acquaint herself with the philosophy of the East, read the sentiments of her Eastern subjects in their vernacular, and keep a daily account of her work in her new language. It is all the more interesting because the Queen does it with a sincere desire to know the wants, manners and customs, ways and thoughts of the people, and particularly of the women, of India.

The fact of the Queen's studies has reacted in the most sympathetic manner in India. The princes and people of that country recognise in this Imperial act a further mark of tender care and parental attention towards her subjects in the East. It serves to add one more strong link to the chain of loyalty and attachment which binds them to the throne of England. The Queen has set a noble example to the princes of India and scholars of the East. The aristocracy in

India will return the compliment of their Sovereign by studying her language and literature, and thus bring about mutual amity and understanding between the two nations. The philosophers of the East will be emulated to inquire more and more deeply into the modes of thought and bases of society in the West, and will, as far as practicable, introduce the comforts and conveniences of life afforded by modern sciences into Oriental countries.

The Queen's studies have made a marked effect upon the minds of the Mohammedan Emperors. Hindustani is a Mohammedan language, and the Empress of India has the good fortune to reign over a larger number of Moslems than the three Mohammedan Emperors collectively, viz., the Sultan of Turkey, the Shah of Persia, and the Shereef

of Morocco. The Sultan of Turkey, ever since his visit to the Queen, has had feelings of veneration for her, and, ever since his accession to the Caliphate, has endeavoured to maintain the existing friendly relations between the two greatest Mohammedan Powers.

On my visit to Constantinople, His Majesty, as Protector of Oriental learning, was extremely astonished to hear that the Queen had lately commenced to learn Hindustani, and the news increased his admiration of the English Queen beyond all bounds. The Sultan is a highly intelligent and well-informed monarch, and if the political horizon of Europe continues to be as clear as it is to-day, it is highly probable that His Majesty himself will turn his attention to enriching his Imperial mind with the philosophy of

Wander (after 1889) ۱۸۸۹
۲، جولائی

آج کل دن بہت اچھا ہے۔ شاہِ پرتگال ہمارے
ملاقات کو ہمیں دینوں کی جگہ ای ٹی ٹی اور
کہانا بھی بہت اچھا ہے اور سوائس کی لٹرن
وایس کی۔

Today was very fine. The Shah
of Persia came to see me today
with some of his Ministers
at two o'clock, and took
luncheon with me, and
returned to London at a quarter
past three.

India. It may also be hoped that the same news may lead the Committee of Public Instruction in Turkey to establish a chair for Hindustani in Istamboul.

The Shah of Persia, when he visited the Queen in 1889, was no less surprised to see the Queen learn Hindustani than his Imperial cousin at the Golden Horn. The accompanying remarks of the Queen in her Hindustani diary respecting His Majesty's visit will doubtless prove very interesting to the readers of this Magazine.

Some description of the Hindustani language will not be out of place here. Of all the modern languages spoken in India—I might say in Asia—the Urdu language stands pre-eminently distinguished for the delicacy and sweetness of its expressions. The Moghul emperors stood in need of a common language for their court and camp, which were composed of representatives of various nationalities, and thus a mixture of Persian, Arabic, and Sanskrit gave rise to a new and beautiful language.

Nowhere have the Moghuls rendered a more lasting service to India than in giving her the Urdu language, which may fairly be said to be the *lingua Franca* of India. It has in it the sweetness of Persian, the grandeur of Sanskrit, and the sublimity of Arabic. The language has, during one hundred years' connection with England, borrowed many political and scientific expressions of the West, and recent translations of eminent foreign works have enriched its vocabulary to an enormous extent. If the language continues to make the present progress in the course of the next hundred years, it will perhaps be the richest language in Asia.

Time was when Mohammedan scholars who always used Arabic or Persian thought it *infra dig.* to use Hindustani as a means of intercommunication, just as much as British scholars thought of using English in place of Latin. But of late the feeling has undergone a complete change simultaneously with the growth of the language. The rich and healthy literature that comes out every day from the pen of the rising generation is simply amazing. Newspapers and periodicals are fast over-running the length and breadth of the country. We have always had beautiful works in poetry and fiction, but modern books on these subjects indicate a marked revolution in the ideas of the writers; while both the manner in which they are written and the matter which they contain are extremely praiseworthy.

The rapidity and ease with which the

Queen is mastering the language is very remarkable. Among her many enviable qualities, there are two which the Queen possesses in an eminent degree. These are strict regularity and firm determination. Both these qualities have never been more conspicuously displayed by her than in the acquisition of her new language. It is generally known that no frost, no wind, no rain will ever prevent her from her daily drives—I may say, no pressure of work, no anxiety, no sorrow keeps her from her linguistic work. Every day at the appointed hour the Queen is busy with her Hindustani. Even during the hours of most poignant pain and bewildering grief, enough to upset the daily routine of ordinary minds, the Queen did not fail to write her Hindustani diary at the usual time. The accompanying remarks of Her Majesty on the death of the Duke of Clarence in that diary will be read with much interest and sympathy by her loyal subjects.

The diary—which I had the privilege of seeing, among many other interesting things at Balmoral—is highly instructive, and I am sure the readers will be very grateful to Her Majesty for graciously permitting us to publish with this article *fac-simile* copies of a leaf or two out of the same for the benefit of the literary public.

I have said above that the Queen's studies have reacted in the most sympathetic manner in the East. The people of India may well expect that they will give new impetus to Oriental learning in this country. For the first time in the history of Europe a Sovereign of a great Power has devoted herself seriously to the literature of the Orient. The fact is noteworthy, because it marks an important epoch in the history of the reunion of the East and West. Whoever writes the future history of the rise and progress of Oriental literature in Europe, will be bound to chronicle the self-sacrificing devotion and gracious literary patronage of the illustrious Empress of India.

Forty years ago, when "Albert the Good," with the true insight of a statesman and a philosopher, nobly advocated the spread of Oriental learning in this country, little did he dream that his own Royal Consort would one day declare herself an Oriental student, and thus give a practical shape to his laudable advocacy. Had he been alive to-day we should have found in him, not only the strongest supporter of the languages of the East, but also an Orientalist himself.

Doubtless it is that he should have encouraged Oriental learning among the

۱۸۹۲
Osborne Jan. 14, 1892

اج بس قمر احمد اور انجھم کو اور ہاری اولاد
کو بھی کبھی نہیں ہوا۔ کونکر ہاری جوانی نوایسی
پیرسی البت و کٹر اف ویاس انجھم فر
فوت ہو گئی۔

Today I and my family
were almost in greater sorrow
and grief than they had
ever been before as my
young Grandson Prince
Albert Victor of Wales died
this morning at nine
o'clock.

members of his own noble and intellectual family. Macaulay says: "The highest intellects, like the tops of mountains, are the first to catch and to reflect the dawn. They are bright when the level below is still in darkness. But soon the light, which at first illuminated only the loftiest eminences, descends on the plain and penetrates to the deepest valley."

The late Lord Tennyson, it is not generally known, was a great admirer of Oriental literature. He, as a true poet, knew the value of Eastern imagination. His

admiration led him to the study of the Persian language, which task, as he regretfully expressed to me, he had to give up because of the weakness of his sight. During my visit to him at Farringford, I was much surprised to find in his library translations of eminent Persian authors. He himself showed me, with much delight, the work of Abul Fazl, a book which he highly valued. His latest poem, the "Dream of Akbar," which he did me the honour of reading aloud, cannot fail to show the amount of the Eastern poetical fluid which

the poet had imbibed. He was delighted to hear of the Queen's Hindustani studies, and expressed continued admiration of the intellectual power of his Sovereign.

Some persons here may call into question the utility of the study of Oriental languages and literature, and declare it to be a mere idle curiosity. But I believe it is of the highest material advantage to all classes in this country. The statesman will be far better able to grapple with Asiatic questions, understand the real wants of the people directly through them, and escape falling into fatal administrative blunders. A poet will grow richer and loftier in his imagination, the East being the affectionate mother and tender nurse of the poetical child.

Some of the minor poets of Mr. Trail's list might drink deep at the running fountains of the immortal poets of the East, and convey their sublimer ideas to their brethren of the West. As it is, the poets here do not at all avail themselves of half the accumulated poetical treasure of mankind. What prospects for a master of fiction! The East is a celebrated storehouse for the perpetual loan of beautiful scenes and plots. One romance in the Hindustani language consists of seventeen thick octavo volumes, and is appropriately named "The Garden of Imagination." It is, perhaps, the most powerful work of imagination extant in the world. The novelist might describe scenes and introduce plots that would startle the simple people of the West, and make them thirst after the literature of the East. Byron owes much of his inspiration to his personal acquaintance with Oriental nations. The best of his essays, "Warren Hastings," Macaulay owed to his knowledge of the East. And for his marked success as a novelist, Thackeray was no little indebted to his earlier connection with India.

What a valuable information can a playwright or an actor derive from Eastern literature! The multiplicity of nations, religions, characters, and dresses in the land of the sun cannot fail to offer him a useful inspiration. Daily illustrations of the evolution of modern civilization and of the gradual advancement of human thought must needs give him valuable food for reflection. An actor like Mr. Irving or Mr. John Hare may give such a dramatic representation of Eastern scenes as will drown the stage in tears, or keep them laughing for hours. An artist might paint a strange scenery, a new animal, or a fresh plant every day of the year without exhausting his materials.

What a vast field will be open to the musicians! I have often wondered how it was that in the concerts and the drawing-rooms here none of the exquisite musical instruments of the East could, by chance, get admission. Is it because we possess no good instruments that can entertain English ears, or because the English artists cannot, owing to ignorance, appreciate them? The excellence of our instruments can be undoubtedly proved, and the fault will, I am afraid, lie at the doors of ignorance and prejudice. We can certainly say that it would be an uncommon treat to the lovers of music if an eminent player like Madame Albani were to give here a performance on the *Tāos*, *Saringe*, and *Setar*.

What splendid prospects for the members of the medical profession! The knowledge of a Mohammedan language will place at the disposal of a medical man here the keys of a system of medicine and therapeutics simply unknown to the Europeans. The system contains remedies for certain chronic diseases pronounced incurable by European physicians, which the profession here will do well to borrow.

As for religion, it can only be said that not a single patriarch or prophet of note has ever been born in Europe. The East is the blessed land for the birth and work of the chosen children of the Almighty. The language which the Patriarch spoke and wrote, and in which he delivered his orations, and through which he transmitted his Divine message to mankind, cannot but appeal to the highest instincts of his followers, and particularly to those who have taken upon themselves the responsible work of ministering to the soul of man.

I was much surprised to hear the Duke of Connaught break the conversation in Hindustani during the course of an interview I had with His Royal Highness a few weeks ago. The words which fell from the lips of the Duke were neither slang nor ungrammatical, but pure Hindustani—unlike those generally used by military officers. The cultivation of Oriental studies among members of the Royal Family of England will certainly render more assistance to the cause of Oriental learning in this country than all the books written, meetings held, and lectures delivered in furtherance of the same object.

The aristocracy of England always show their good sense by faithfully following the example of Royalty in all that is good, great, and noble. We respectfully recommend the above for their consideration.

If knowledge of Hindustani be desirable for English literary people in general, how much more so it is in the case of such of them as live in India. Professor Max Muller

tells us in his address which he delivered before the Congress of Orientalists a few months ago, that if the English in India had understood a little better the language and literature of the Indians, the unfortunate mutiny, probably, would not have broken out at all. He also remarks that, if the languages of India be more widely cultivated among the British officers in the East, the social gulf of separation between the rulers and the ruled in India, which unhappily exists to-day, may be bridged over by means of a better mutual understanding. In this respect I may incidentally remark that the

high officials in India have wisely commenced to set a noble example to their subordinates.

A quarter of a century ago it was by no means an easy task to learn an Oriental language in England. To-day every facility

has been thrown at the disposal of a student. The ancient universities have established chairs for important Eastern languages. The Imperial Institute has opened classes for them. There are coaches that prepare students for all examinations. In fact, one can learn these languages with ten times less expense and more conveniences at present than one could do twenty-five years ago.

The rapid progress which the Queen has made in her studies is not a little due to the assiduous and responsible services of her able and intelligent Moonshee and Indian secretary. Hafiz Abdul Karim has sprung from a respectable family, and inherits many of its good qualities. His integrity and amiability have won for him the esteem of his friends and acquaintances.

In conclusion, we earnestly hope that God Almighty may bless our Sovereign Lady with a long life, sound physical and mental health, and enable her long to control the destinies of the greatest Empire upon earth



From a Photo. by

MOONSHEE HAFIZ ABDUL KARIM.

[Elliott & Fry.]

Shafts from an Eastern Quiver.

VI.—THE HINDU FAKIR OF THE SILENT CITY.

BY CHARLES J. MANSFORD, B.A.

I.
“**W**HAT an extraordinary scene!” said Denviers, as we sat under the veranda of a Hindu house facing the street.

“Well,” I responded, “after what we saw at Jaganath I am scarcely surprised at anything in India.”

“The sahibs have reached Conjeve just in time,” said our guide, Hassan, as he stood behind us watching what was transpiring with his grave eyes, “for of all the sights in Southern India this is surely the most remarkable!”

After our escape from the temple at Delhi and the capture of the diamonds from the sword-hilt of the idol which it contained, we had passed through the long plain of the Ganges, and eventually reached Calcutta. We then determined to travel along the coast of India, and, after witnessing the death of several voluntary victims beneath the wheels of the famous car of Jaganath, we pushed on to Madras, and thence to Conjeve, where we were destined to meet with a strange adventure.

“What is the cause of all this excitement, Hassan?” asked Denviers, as he looked into the thronged street.

“It is the first day of the festival which is kept every year,” he answered; “the image yonder on the idol car is that of the principal god.”

Amid the wild cries

and excited gesticulations of the onlookers we saw a car fully forty feet in height, and shaped like a tower or gopuram, upon which was placed the gigantic image of a god riding upon a bull carved in black granite, and with its horns gilded. The whole of the car was covered with grotesque carvings, while before the solid wheels, on which it moved slowly along, was a crowd of pilgrims and devotees pulling with all their might at the ropes as they were cheered on by the vast concourse which lined the streets.

“We may as well get a nearer view of the car,” said Denviers, as he rose from the chair on which he had been sitting. “The carving upon it is certainly worth closer examination.” Hassan placed his hand on my companion’s shoulder as he said quickly:—



“THE FESTIVAL.”

"It is no wise thing which the sahib proposes to do. I know that he is brave, but in the hands of the frenzied worshippers there, alone or together, we should fare badly. It is well not to run into needless danger at such a time. Will not the sahib hear the words of Hassan, since more than once has he seen enacted a terrible deed in the streets of Conjeve?"

"I see no reason why we should be afraid to go among the crowd yonder," returned Denviers; then, turning to me, he added, "Come on, Harold, the idol car is half-way up the street!" I rose and followed him, and, as I did so, turned to the Arab, saying:—

"You need not come, Hassan, unless you wish to; we will soon return."

"The Arab does not fear for himself," responded Hassan, calmly. "Where the Englishmen go their slave is ready to follow," and a moment after we were pushing and jostling in the crowd which followed the car. Hindus in their white robes and gaily-coloured turbans; women profusely adorned with jewellery on their arms and necks and in their hair, which was uncovered; and besides these, religious mendicants, jugglers, and pilgrims smeared with ashes, whose clothes were less than catty, all made up the excited throng into which we thrust ourselves.

In spite of the deep bronze which overspread our features, the effect of our prolonged travels, many curious glances were turned upon us, some of them friendly enough, but others expressive of hatred that we should dare to mingle with those whose foreheads were duly inscribed with the sacred marks which betokened their devotion to the idol.

Whether Hassan's recent remarks were caused by a foreboding of evil or not it is difficult to say, but in our anxiety to reach the idol car we pressed on forgetful of him. When we had succeeded in satisfying our curiosity, I looked round, and found that Hassan was not to be seen. Turning to Denviers, I asked:—

"What has become of our guide, Frank?" To my surprise, he responded:—

"I thought we had left him behind; he seemed disinclined to come with us, and I have not seen him since we left the veranda."

"But he followed us," I persisted; "he was close behind until a few minutes ago, I am certain." My companion, however, remarked, lightly:—

"We shall see him again before long.

Hassan has been in Conjeve before to-day; I dare say he thought that pushing through a crowd of Hindus on such a hot day as this is, was not quite the form of pleasure that he cared to indulge in. No doubt he is under the veranda again by this time, meditating on our folly and his own wisdom."

Denviers had hardly finished speaking when a great din rose in the street through which we had passed. Something unusual had evidently happened, and, connecting the event somehow with our guide, we made a desperate attempt to break through the throng which we saw had gathered round a spot where the street widened to accommodate one of the temples which we met at every few yards in Conjeve. The excitement rapidly spread, and in a few minutes we were hemmed in by a swaying mass of humanity, in which to either advance or to retreat was impossible. Fortunately for us the height of those in the crowd before us did not completely hide the view, and with a little struggling we managed to get some idea of what had happened.

Standing with his left arm behind him close to an opening in the ruined wall of a temple was our faithful guide Hassan, parrying dexterously the savage thrusts which were being made at his body by an ugly-looking fakir, or religious enthusiast. The latter was clothed in a tightly-bound yellow garment, his face—dark and fierce—being partly hidden by the matted, neglected hair which hung down as far as his shoulders. Unlike the rest of the Hindus in the crowd, he wore a long, shaggy beard, to betoken that he had undertaken some vow, and his countrymen were urging him on to the combat, while they were careful to keep themselves out of the reach of Hassan's blade, which flashed as he warily kept the fakir at bay.

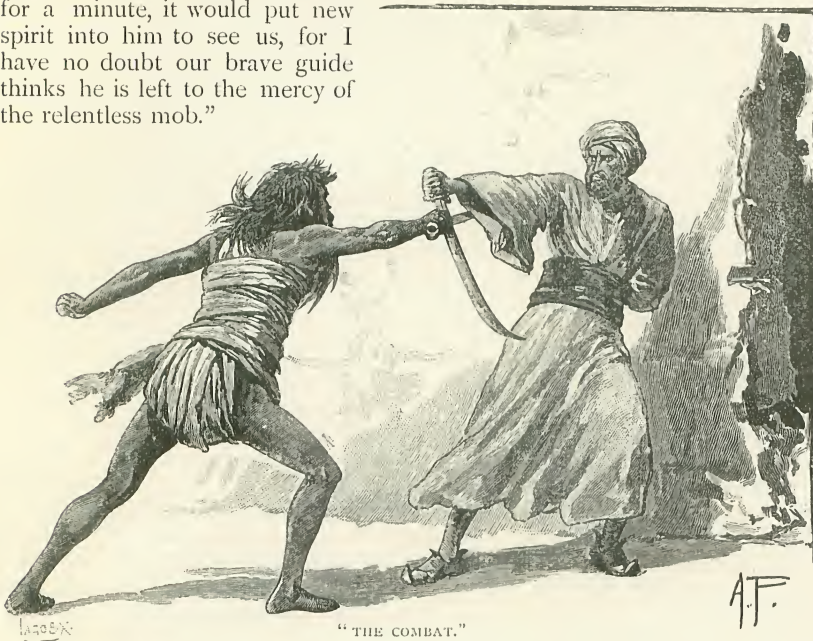
"If only I could get through this crowd, somehow," said Denviers, "I would paint that fakir's robe a different colour for him. I wonder what Hassan did to cause all this commotion?"

"Very little, no doubt," I responded. "Hassan is too cautious to offend, wilfully, the prejudices of a fanatic." Then, watching the struggle in which we were quite unable to join, I added:—

"Hassan is giving the fakir plenty of hard work, and the yelling mob can tell that plainly enough. I suppose if their comrade loses there will be an ugly rush upon the Arab, and we shall, possibly, have a few minutes' tough fighting."

"Hassan little thinks we are in the crowd

watching him," said Denviers. "At present the crush is so intense that I cannot get my hand down to touch the handle of my sword. I wish he would look this way for a minute, it would put new spirit into him to see us, for I have no doubt our brave guide thinks he is left to the mercy of the relentless mob."



"THE COMBAT."

"What a splendid thrust!" I exclaimed, as Hassan, parrying a blow aimed at his head, narrowly missed piercing his enemy's chest. It was strange how much we had become attached to Hassan, for, in spite of his passion for committing small depredations from us on every possible opportunity, our guide presented a combination of qualities rarely met with in the East. Certainly the pluck which he displayed on this occasion was something for any Englishman to admire, and as I looked into my companion's face while he fumed at our helplessness, I saw the glances of admiration which he bestowed on the Arab. The cries of the frenzied throng grew fiercer, for they saw that, having at first acted on the defensive, Hassan now began to press the fakir considerably, whom he wounded, indeed, several times in quick succession.

Our guide was not destined, however, to win the combat, for one of the Hindus bolder than the rest suddenly darted upon him from one side, and in the momentary surprise which this brought to Hassan, he glanced aside. In a second, the sword which he held was wrenched from his hand and fell on the ground, while the Hindu, slipping off the cloth which formed his turban, bound Hassan as the fakir held him.

There was a loud cry of satisfaction from the Hindus as they saw this, and a moment afterwards they attempted to throw them-

selves upon the defenceless Arab. The fakir, however, waved them off, and then called something out, the purport of which we did not understand. The surging crowd immediately took up the cry, while, securing the advantage of the rush, we pushed and elbowed our way to within a few yards of Hassan, where we were

again completely hindered from advancing. The Arab glanced towards us, and struggled to free his arms, but in vain; and then we saw the fakir and the Hindu forcibly drag our guide through the gap in the broken wall which we had already observed.

Denviers managed to unsheath his sword, and as he did so the crowd drew back for a moment, then turned furiously upon us. We had reached the gap in the interval, and, dashing aside a scowling Hindu who ventured to bar the entrance, we darted through it, and found ourselves in a small paved court, at the end of which was a dwelling, one story in height and evidently built long before, for the chunam which had been used to plaster it over lay scattered about it. We pushed through the *débris*, and beat violently on the door. No answer was returned, and we thereupon burst it in, to find ourselves confronted by the fakir!

II.

"Why do the Feringhees force their way into my abode uninvited?" he asked, as he turned his evil-looking face towards us.

"Where is the man whom you just dragged through the gap in the outer wall of the temple which is apparently beyond here?" said Denviers, answering the first question

with a second one. A scornful smile crossed the face of the fanatic as he answered :—

"I know not of whom ye speak; no Feringhee, save yourselves, has entered here." Denviers looked threateningly at the man as he gave this equivocating reply, and I saw his right hand wander to the handle of the sword which he had sheathed after passing through the gap.

"We do not seek an Englishman," he said, in a tone of suppressed anger, "but for our Arab guide. If you have dared to injure him you shall surely die."

The fakir glanced at us defiantly for a moment, then flung himself upon the rush matting which covered a portion of the stone floor of the dilapidated and wretched room in which we stood.



"STRIKE IF YE WILL!"

"Strike if you will," he said in his fierce tone, "yet I will not deal a blow in return, for not thus will the secret be wrung from me which ye vainly covet." Denviers stood for a moment irresolute. He could not injure a man who evidently had no intention to defend himself if attacked, and yet he knew that every minute wasted in this way was precious to us indeed. I made a careful examination of the room, observing it thus narrowly to discover if in this way a clue to Hassan's whereabouts might be obtained. The walls were apparently made of sun-dried mud and were entirely bare of ornament, save for some strange marks scored upon them, and which corresponded with those upon the fakir's forehead. The fragments of ceiling above consisted of a few bamboo rafters, covered doubtless at some former time with palm-leaf thatch, but at this period almost bared to the sky. The rush mat on which the fakir lay and a few broken earthen vessels formed the entire furniture of the wretched man's hut, into which we knew Hassan must

have been brought—for no other way to reach the temple-like building which towered beyond it existed between this hovel and the gap in the wall, since on either side of the fakir's abode a second wall ran parallel to the outer one.

"What are we to do now?" I asked Denviers, dejectedly. "This cowardly fanatic, assisted by the Hindu, has certainly made away with Hassan, and yet the wall of the room opposite seems to contain no exit, the only one being that by which we entered this hovel."

"Be patient for a few minutes, Harold," said Denviers, "we shall find out the secret directly; meanwhile keep before the doorway, and whatever happens don't let this fellow escape in that direction."

I uttered a few words of assent, and took up the position which my companion had indicated, as he moved slowly towards the reclining fakir, and then stooped over him, saying, as he did so :—

"You are weary after the fight which

took place between yourself and the Arab just now in the street yonder; nay, you are badly wounded!" and Denviers pointed quietly to a dark stain which was conspicuous upon the fanatic's robe.

"Yes," he answered, fiercely, "but the dog who did it shall die as surely as I have a vow to fulfil." He moved his body restlessly upon the rush matting, and a moment afterwards, to my astonishment, I saw Denviers seize hold of the matting and attempt, forcibly, to drag it from beneath the fakir! The latter leapt suddenly to his feet and exclaimed :—

"Why touch with your polluting hands the sole resting-place for my weary frame?"

Denviers pointed to the spot where the fakir had spread the mat and answered :—

"The entrance to the place where the Arab has been taken lies there; lead us to him that we may set him free, or we will drag you there by force."

"The Feringhee is quick-witted and has even discovered the secret way; why then

should I conduct him thither?" Denviers drew from his finger a ring set with a brilliant which he wore, and holding it out towards the fakir, responded:—

"The reason why you should do so is there, for by the begging gourd which is upon the floor I judge that you are poor. Take this and lead us to the Arab." The eyes of the fanatic gazed with cupidity upon the gem. Taking it with an eager clutch he said:—

"Feringhee as thou art, I accept what thou offerest. What threats could not accomplish has been won with a bribe!" The fakir's tone jarred upon my ears, and I felt that his promise was an insincere one. I uttered a few words of caution to Denviers expressive of my distrust just as the fakir stooped and raised with apparent ease a block of stone from those which formed the floor of the hovel, and, pointing downwards, said in a reluctant tone, as if repenting of his bargain:—

"The twisted ladder of palm-shoots which ye see, reaches from here to the bottom of a passage leading to the place ye seek. Dare ye, with all your bravery, venture thither?" We looked shudderingly down the yawning, gloomy gulf, and saw a faint light, which came from the passage far below. Denviers turned to me and said quietly:—

"We must risk it for the sake of Hassan." Then turning to the fakir he added, sternly:

"Go down first, we will then follow you; betray us if you dare." Denviers waited until our fierce guide had descended, then clung to the ladder, and with a few encouraging words, bade me follow. Slowly and cautiously we descended, the frail ladder oscillating violently with us in the pitchy darkness. Occasionally we stopped, and endeavoured with our eyes to pierce the gloom, fearing lest the fakir had evolved some treacherous scheme in order to entrap us. At last we reached the bottom, and found ourselves at what was the end of a rocky passage, which had been roughly hewn out and sloped upwards. Into this the light from outside was stealing from the distant entrance. The fakir cast a strange, inquiring glance at us as we joined him in this subterraneous place, but beyond muttering something incoherently to himself, did not volunteer any remark until we had traversed the entire passage. Emerging into daylight once more, we stopped suddenly, and gazed in bewilderment at the scene before us.

Towering in the distance rose the ruins of a vast temple, resting above a rock which seemed to have been partly excavated into the form of arches. In the central niche was a huge representation in stone similar to the idol which we had seen that day dragged through the streets, while on either side of it was carved a great throng of worshippers

adoring it. The rock in the background was deeply cut to present the appearance of the side of a street, while many strange emblems were shown thereon. Below were the remains of a ruined village, the miserably small hovels contrasting forcibly with the grandeur and boldness of the wonderful carvings above. How many centuries had passed since the place was inhabited it seemed impossible for us to surmise. The

ground was thickly covered with a jungle-like grass, and I noticed that part of it seemed to have been recently beaten down. I pointed this fact out to my companion, who responded:—

"Very likely that



"DARE YE VENTURE?"

happened when Hassan was dragged into this place, for I expect he resisted pretty stoutly." We saw the fakir throw himself prostrate upon the ground as he faced the stone idol, then, raising his body slowly, he approached us and asked:—

"Have the Feringhees seen aught like this silent city before?" Denviers shrugged his shoulders impatiently as he answered:—

"Show us the spot where the Arab is hidden; we did not come here to look at the work of a race of fanatics. If the trampled grass before us indicates anything, you have dragged him into one of these caves which surround us."

The fakir gave a shrill laugh, which re-echoed from cave to cave. Then he replied:—

"A stranger cause than ye suppose was that which beat down the grass before us growing amid these ruins which ye have dared to enter, yet shall ye see the cave wherein is the imprisoned one whom ye seek." He moved across the dry, rustling grass as he spoke, closely followed by us. In the shadow of the ruins above, one side of this vast hollow seemed to grow dim, the caves running into it appearing gloomy and uninviting. When he had neared one of the caves the fakir stopped and, pointing to it, said:—

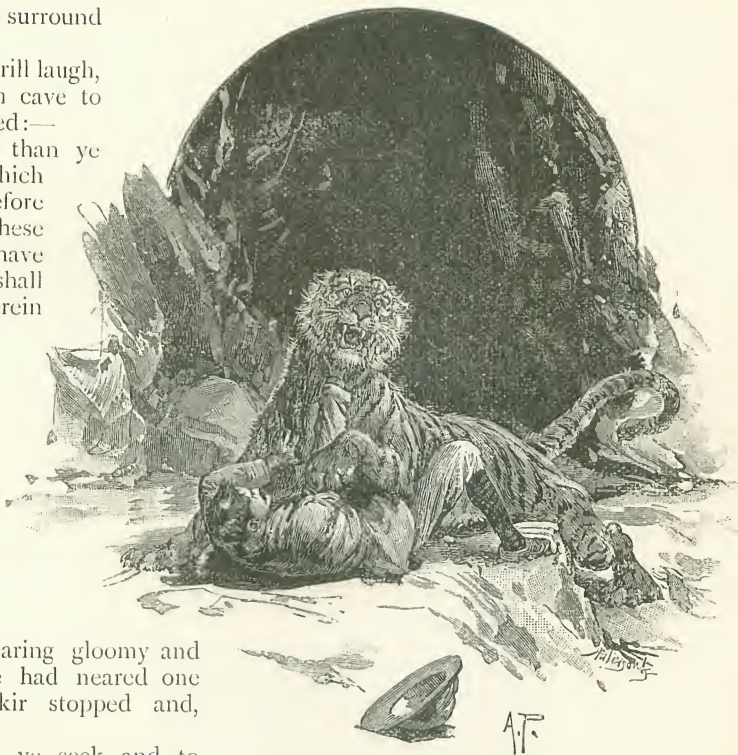
"That is the place ye seek and to learn about which ye bribed me. The man lies asleep, but stooping over him ye may rouse the Arab and take him hence." I glanced for a moment at the fanatic as he spoke. Beneath his disordered and matted hair a fierce hatred seemed to light up his eyes as they were directed towards us. As we approached the entrance of the cave, another shrill laugh came from his lips; turning round I saw him wave his arms wildly in the air and then disappear into one of the cavities, just as Denviers exclaimed:—

"Follow me cautiously, Harold; it is quite possible that some plot may be revealed to us in a moment. I have no confidence whatever in this treacherous fakir."

We entered the cave, my companion leading the way and softly calling Hassan's name. No reply came forth, however, and when we had advanced a few yards he stopped, saying:—

"Perhaps Hassan is asleep, after all. Unless my eyes deceive me in the gloom, there is certainly something lying in the cave a little farther on." I peered carefully into the dark cave, and then became aware of two bright red spots shining just in front of us.

"Frank," I said to my companion,



"I SAW DENVIERS STRUGGLING WITH A HUGE TIGRESS."

"Hassan is lying there, sure enough. I can see his eyes turned towards us; I wonder why he ——" I left the sentence unfinished, for Denviers, uttering a warning cry to me, turned and fled from the cave. I felt his breath come fast upon me as he pressed on from behind me, then a moment afterwards, just as we emerged from the cave, I heard him fall with a heavy thud to the ground.

Turning quickly round, I saw to my consternation that Denviers was struggling might and main with a huge tigress, which held him down as he tried to grip her by the throat!

III.

THE struggles of my companion only seemed to infuriate the tigress still more, and for a moment it was impossible for me to attempt to rescue him. I drew my hunting-knife, and when a favourable opportunity arrived lunged at her as I threw myself bodily upon the tigress, determined to save Denviers at all hazards. The fierce beast, recognising that her injury had been inflicted by me, left my companion and, raising one paw, dashed me headlong to the ground. In a moment she bounded heavily upon me as I lay there, her weight crushing and bruising me severely. Immediately afterwards I felt myself lifted bodily from the ground, and the brute began to carry me away to the cave into which we had been recently lured by the treacherous fakir! I made one supreme effort to release myself, and succeeded as I thought in doing so, for the tigress dropped me and bounded with a fierce cry towards her lair, just as I heard the sharp ping of a bullet re-echo through the silent city. My companion rushed up, and, stooping over me, asked:—

"Harold, are you much hurt? I have shot the brute, she will never reach the end of her cave alive!" I staggered to my feet, and, looking towards the animal's lair, saw the body of the tigress lying motionless within the entrance.

"Not badly," I answered, "except that I got some pretty severe bruises in the encounter." We rested quietly for several minutes; then I questioned:—

"Frank, where

is Hassan concealed? We must rescue him somehow!" Denviers rose as he answered:—

"It is certain that he is hidden in one of these caves, very likely where the fakir is now."

"Then we must make a careful search for him," I responded; "but this time we will improvise some torches, so as to get a good view of these gloomy caverns before venturing into another one of them." We twisted together some of the tangled grass, and made for the direction in which the fakir went, just when he saw that his cunningly contrived plot was apparently successful.

When we reached the caves Denviers turned to me and said:—

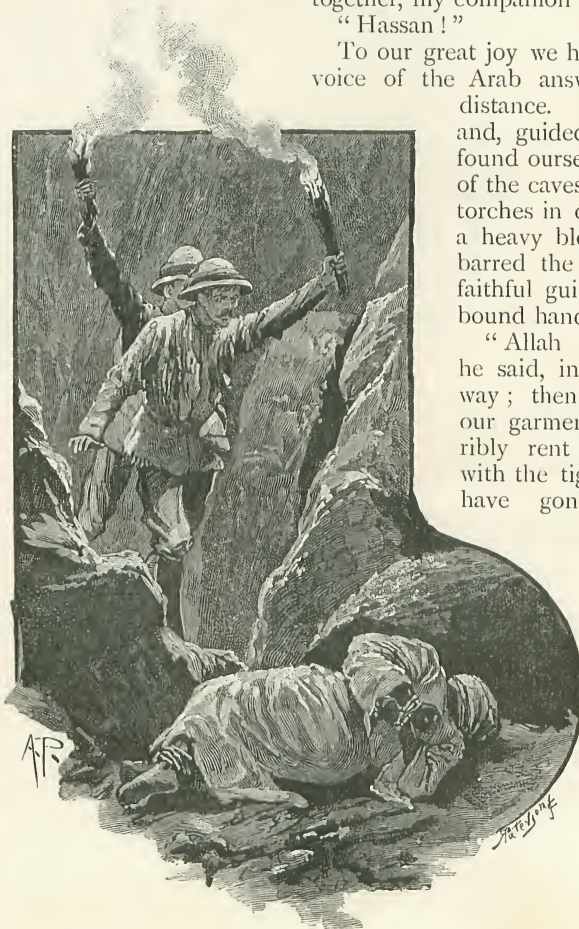
"I think it would be a good plan to call out our guide's name from time to time, he may hear us, and unless he is gagged will respond, and so lead us to him." To this remark I readily assented, and standing before several of the caves which lay close together, my companion shouted:—

"Hassan!"

To our great joy we heard the well-known voice of the Arab answer us from a little distance. We shouted again, and, guided by his responses, found ourselves traversing one of the caves, holding the blazing torches in our hands. Moving a heavy block of stone which barred the way, we found our faithful guide lying behind it, bound hand and foot.

"Allah bless the sahibs!" he said, in his grave, Oriental way; then his eyes fell upon our garments, which were terribly rent after our encounter with the tigress. "The sahibs have gone through peril to rescue me," he continued, as Denviers speedily unbound him; "their slave will be ever faithful to them."

We had some difficulty in getting Hassan from the cave, his limbs being swollen and painful, but at last we emerged and sought for some way of egress other than the one



"WE FOUND OUR FAITHFUL GUIDE BOUND HAND AND FOOT."

we knew, owing to its difficulty. At the far side of the hollow we found some rudely-carved steps, deeply worn, by which the people of the now silent city had entered the temple which they had built for themselves. Climbing these we passed through the gigantic ruin, and saw vast fragments of the roof lying scattered among fallen idols. The wall beyond was in ruins also, and we found a gap through which we went. The outer wall still confronted us, but at last we reached a stone gateway through which the pilgrims, long before, had doubtless passed.

"Hassan," I said, "as we were climbing the stone steps, I

tigress entered and took up her abode. The Hindus, surprised at this strange marvel, sought for its solution. They at last concluded that the god who rides upon the bull was angry with them, and called upon this fakir to help them. He declared that someone had polluted a temple, and that until some stranger fell a victim to the tigress the god would not be appeased! His long beard, which ye have seen, indicated the vow he made to find the one who should suffer. He purposely pushed violently against me in the street, and when I remonstrated he drew his sword. The rest ye saw, and I was to become the victim to the tigress when the sun had thrice streaked the eastern sky."

"Well, Hassan," said Frank, as we found ourselves on the way once more to Conjeve, "don't you think the adventure which we have had brought us more pleasure than sitting under the veranda?"

"The sahibs are brave, and make light of the rescue of Hassan, the dust beneath their feet, whom they saved from the tigress, now dead."

"I am sorry the brute is dead!" interposed Denviers, as he listened to the Arab's remark. The latter turned his grave eyes upon my companion and asked:—

"Why, sahib?"

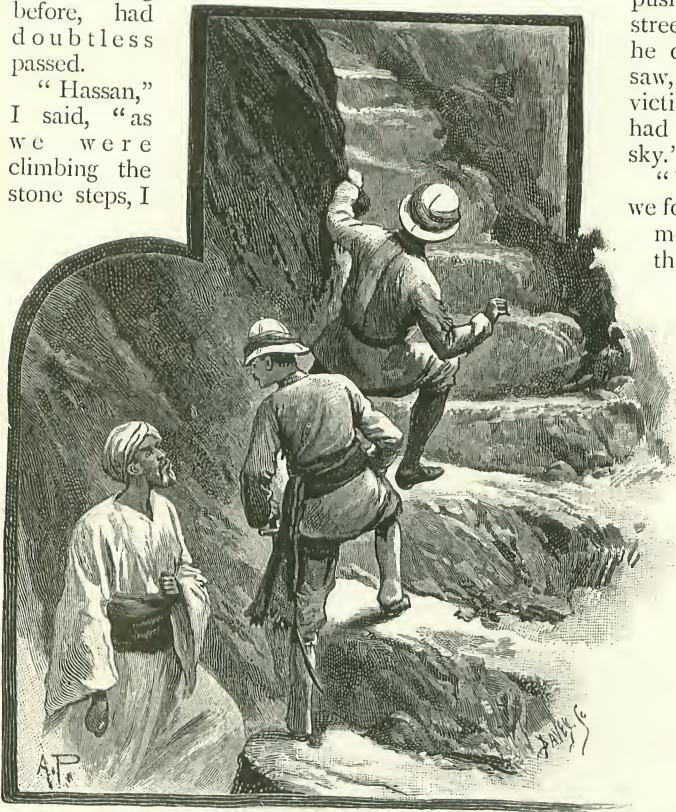
My companion smiled at Hassan as he replied:—

"Because she might have taken it into her head one day that the fakir would furnish a tooth-

some meal, and so have demolished him accordingly, adorned with his yellow robe."

We reached the Hindu's house at which we were staying, and were glad to rest ourselves after the events of the day, for the tigress had left some marks upon Denviers also, which from his conversation I subsequently discovered, while my own injuries were much more severe than I had supposed at the time when the tiger attacked me.

Vol. iv.—73.



"WHAT DID THEY INTEND TO DO WITH YOU?"

saw the fakir and the Hindu start from a cave and come forth to watch us. Their plot has been foiled; what did they intend to do with you?" The Arab gazed at our torn garments again and then responded:—

"Will the sahibs tell me how their garb was rent?" We gave him a short account of what had happened, to which he replied:—

"This is the explanation of what occurs: Into the silent city, which we have left, a

Illustrated Interviews.

No. XVIII.—WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, LL.D



It may be fairly said that Dr. Russell is the accredited father of a professional family which, though necessarily limited in the number of its sons, possesses the world as its debtors.

The dodging of bullets and shells, the cornering of ourselves in some haven of refuge from the ferocious charging of maddened horses and men—in short, the participation in all “the pomp and circumstance of glorious war,” is not run after by the average man. Dr. Russell was the first of our known war correspondents. The remembrance of this—as I ascended in the lift which delivered me at the door of his flat in Victoria Street—was suggestive of the probable unfolding of a life of the deepest interest. Nor was I disappointed. I spent some hours with Dr. Russell, and when it came to “Good-bye,” he asked: “Have you got what you want?”

I was in earnest when I asked him if he could cut out ten or twenty years of his life, for my load of delightful information was so great that I feared the space at my disposal could not hold it all. His reply was: “Ah! willingly, willingly—if I could. The burden of my years is heavier than the load of incidents you are carrying away with you.”

Dr. Russell is of medium height, strongly built, wearing a white moustache, and

possessing a head of wavy, silver hair. He is now lame from injuries received by his horse falling on him in the Transvaal. He took me from room to room, and as he narrated the little incidents associated with his treasures, it was all done quietly, impressively free from any boastfulness. For he wished me to understand that though his life had often been in danger, in scenes where men won great names for heroic deeds and gave up their lives for their country, he was only a camp follower and nothing more in the nine campaigns which he has seen—he chronicled history, he did not make it. I hope this little article will prove a courteous contradiction to this.

You pass by many articles of rarity in the corridor on your way to the dining-room—cabinets of battle-field relics, jade bowls, Indian and Egyptian ware, a great Hindu deity, once the property of Baine Mahdo, the Oude Tlookdar, an Indian chief; recreation and sport are represented by gun-cases and a huge bundle of fishing rods in the corner. Here on a table are half-a-dozen cigar cases, one of which, with silver clasps, is from the Prince of Wales, as a souvenir of the visit to India in 1875-6, in which Dr. Russell acted as Honorary Pri-

ate Secretary to H. R. H.; some exquisite cups and bowls of bedree work from Lucknow; and over one of the doors is



From a Photo. by

DR. RUSSELL. (Diaz Spencer & Co., Valparaiso.)

Landseer's "Horseman and Hounds," which, curiously enough, was reproduced in an article I wrote in this Magazine entitled "Pictures with Histories," in April, 1891. The cosy, small dining-room overlooks Victoria Street, and contains some excellent pictures—one of Dr. Russell's mother, another of the artist, J. G. Russell, A.R.A., who also painted the portrait of Mr. Russell's paternal grandfather opposite that of his uncle, and several depicting scenes in the hunting-field. Two big canvases, however, are particularly interesting. One dated Lucknow, March, 1858, is "The Death of Cleopatra," painted by Beechey.

"Beechey visited India long before the Mutiny, and was entertained by the King of Oude," explained Dr. Russell. "He painted this portrait, probably of a Circassian, for the King. During the looting of the Kaiserbagh of Lucknow at the time of the Indian Mutiny, when we were leaving the palace, I remarked to an officer that it was a pity to leave it hanging there.

"Cut it out of the frame," was his advice.

at it for an hour at a time, saying softly, 'Poor old thing! poor old dear! how fine and how silly he looks.' Dear Thackeray!—he was one of my dearest and warmest friends. He lived in Onslow Square, very near to my house in Sumner Place; for several years. He was very fond of my wife, and I well remember how, when she was laid low with a serious illness and was not expected to live, Thackeray would stand every morning opposite my house, waiting for me to appear at the window. If I nodded, it was a sign that my wife was a little better, and he came in for a few words; if I shook my head, he went quietly and dolefully away. We often dined at the Garrick Club. One night I met him in Pall Mall on my way home to dinner.

"Let us dine at the Garrick to-night," he said.

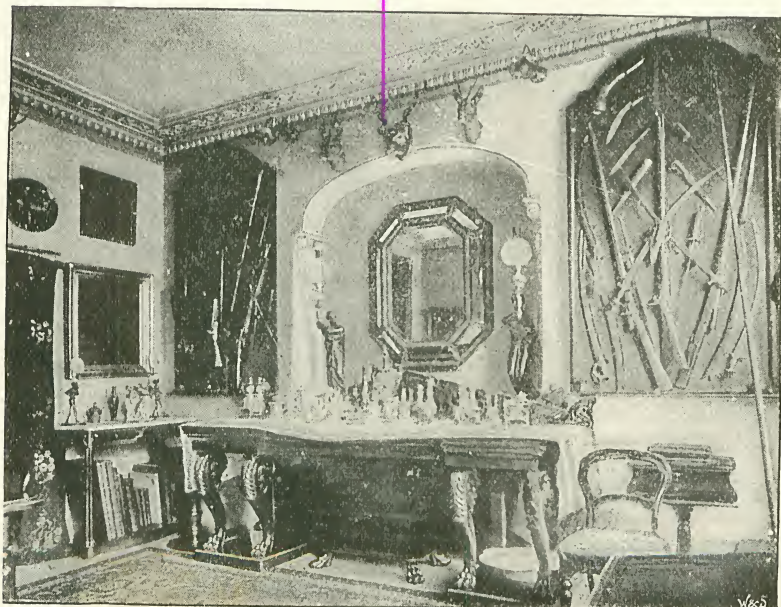
"I told him I could not, as I had promised to dine at home.

"Oh!" said he, 'I'll write to Mrs. Russell, and I know she will excuse you. It is important, you know.'

"I consented. I sent a messenger home with the letter of excuse and a request for the latch-key. It came, with this little note in my wife's handwriting attached to it: 'Go it, my boy! you are killing poor Thackeray and Johnny Deane!' Thackeray was delighted and put the note in his pocket. Deane was a neighbour of ours."

You may count the ink-pots and paper-weights made out of shells and bullets on the tables by the score. But examine these two great boards or shields, covered

with red cloth, on either side of the fine side-board. Picturesquely arranged are muskets from the Crimean battle-fields, Alma, Inkerman, etc., matchlocks and tulwars from India, spears, Zulu assegais, swords, fencing foils, revolvers, and old-fashioned pistols. Here is a beautiful dagger from the Rajah of Mundi, near it is the key of one of the magazines



From a Photo. by]

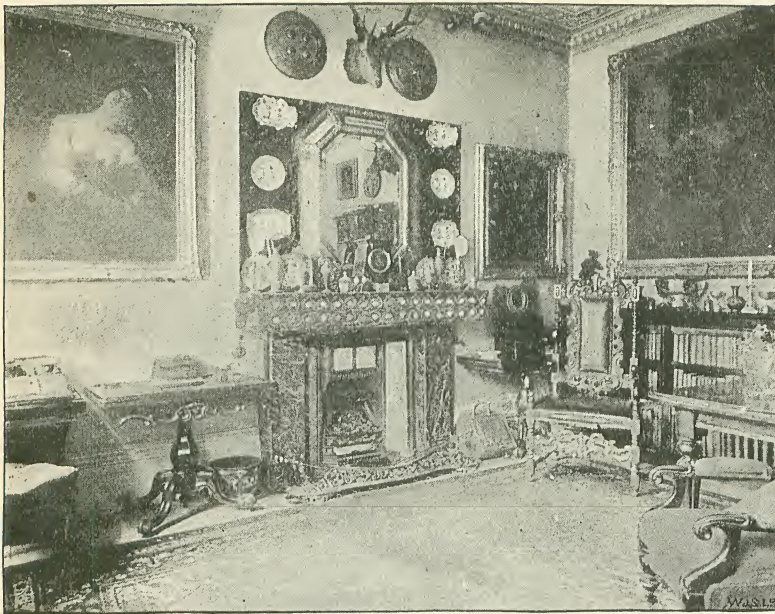
THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

I did so, and a soldier wrapped it round his rifle barrel, and so we got it away."

The other canvas, painted by a native artist, is of the King of Oude himself, surrounded by his Court and attired in all his Oriental splendour.

"That was one of Thackeray's favourite pictures," said Dr. Russell. "He would look



From a Photo. by

THE DINING-ROOM.

(Elliott & Fry.

of the Great Redan at Sebastopol, which the present owner took out himself, on 9th September, 1855, the day of the fall of the place. Handle this remnant of a scabbard thoughtfully: it once belonged to a poor fellow in the Crimea—the remainder of it was driven by a shell splinter into his side. Examine this curious old blunderbuss, and listen to its story.

"It comes from India," said Dr. Russell. "A pile of arms were brought in to headquarters at Lucknow to be surrendered. I was examining this article, when Lord Clyde—who was standing by my side—asked: 'Is it loaded?'"

"No," I answered, immediately pulling the trigger. But it was! The charge tore up the ground at Lord Clyde's feet, and his escape was miraculous. His anger was considerable. No wonder I did not know it was loaded, for the steel ramrod hopped up when I tried it, but the piece was fully charged with telegraph wire cut into small pieces!"

The drawing-room contains objects of great interest. An autographed picture of the Princess of Wales fondling a kitten rests on the mantel-board with other souvenirs. Just near the piano—which is covered with some fine Japanese tapestry—is Meissonier's "1807." This beautiful plateau and coffee set of Sèvres was bought at Versailles in 1871, when the people were starving, for a trifle. A tiger's skin—a trophy from India—lies in front of a shelf over which rises a fine mirror. The

knick-knacks are countless. This exquisite jade vase—once studded with rubies—was given to its present possessor by the Maharajah of Puttiala. It is one of many here. The medals, one "in memoriam" of the coronation of the Czar at Moscow, 1856, and silver trinkets are numerous—an immense "turnip" watch, the property of a great-great-grandfather, was said to be 150 years old when he first had it.

An idol from a Japanese temple, and a chobdar of rare beauty, composed of various stones of different lengths, all with some mystic meaning, are here. A hundred photographs of celebrities are set out on a screen near the door—Sir Collingwood Dickson amongst them.

"The bravest and coolest man I ever knew," said Dr. Russell. "He practically won the battle of Inkerman with his two eighteen-pounders."

The portrait of Dr. Russell's second son—now Vice-Consul at the Dardanelles—reminds him to tell me that he is now the only survivor of the original party who went with Gordon up to Khartoum when he was first appointed Governor. Gordon made him Governor of Farschodah—a bad place for a white man at present.

"I can see Gordon now," Dr. Russell said, quietly, "fighting in the trenches at Sebastopol. I can just recall a very striking incident I heard one night. There was a sortie, and the Russians got into our parallel. The trench guards were encouraged to drive them out by Gordon, who stood on the parapet, in imminent danger of his life, prepared to meet death with nothing save his stick in his hand.

"Gordon—Gordon! come down! you'll be killed," they cried. But he paid no heed to them.

"A soldier said, 'He's all right. He don't mind being killed. He's one of those blessed Christians!'"

A large portrait of Dr. Russell is on the

wall amongst others, taken in Chili, in all his medals and decorations. These are many, for he is a Knight of the Iron Cross, an Officer of the Legion of Honour, has the Turkish War Medal of 1854-6, the Indian War Medal of 1857-8, with the clasp for Lucknow, the South African War Medal of 1879, the Medjidieh (3rd and 4th class), the Osmanieh (3rd and 4th class), the St. Sauveur of Greece. He is a Chevalier of the Order of Franz Josef of Austria—the Redeemer of Portugal—etc.

We looked through a book of literary and pictorial reminiscences of the Crimea. Many of the sketches, the majority by Colonel Colville, now Equerry to the Duke of Edinburgh, are highly humorous. The gallant colonel has certainly depicted the chroniclers of war's alarms under very trying circumstances, and Captain Swaebey of the 41st, who was killed at Inkerman, presents the landing of the famous war correspondent and the total annihilation of the rival pressmen of the *Invalide Russe* and the *Soldaten Freund* in a boldly dramatic way. Here is a photograph by Robertson. It shows Balaclava—"The Valley of Death." On the opposite page is a cartoon from *Punch*. A mother and her children are sitting with open ears and excited, tearful faces listening to Paterfamilias by the fireplace, reading a description of the cavalry fight of Balaclava from the *Times*, and flourishing a poker over his head. That account was written by Dr. Russell, and there is little reason to doubt that the word-picture penned by him inspired Lord Tennyson to write the "Charge of the Light Brigade."

We turn over the pages of the album. This slip of blue paper is a delivery note from the Quartermaster-General for a box from England, which Dr. Russell got up with great difficulty at Balaclava. It created great joy,

as the label on it of "Medical Comforts" suggested to the hungry warriors something good from the old country. They gathered round in anxious expectation. Alas! the box contained wooden legs, splints, and such useful supports in life! The letters from generals commanding are numerous—a passport to the interior after the war, a portrait of Catharine of Russia, and one of the Czar Nicholas, torn down from a wall at Buljanak, and many other mementoes. The reading of a letter from the famous French *chef* Soyer reminds Dr. Russell of an anecdote.

Soyer was arrested one night in the Crimea as a spy.

"Who and what are you?" asked the officer into whose presence he was brought.

"I am an officer," was the reply.

"What rank?"

"I am chief of a battery."

"Of what battery?"

"Of the Batterie de Cuisine de l'Armée Anglaise, monsieur!" was the witty answer.

"M. Soyer," continued Dr. Russell, "was very eccentric, but very original—as a cook supreme. He erected a handsome monument to his wife's memory at Kensal Green, and was on the look-out for an



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

inscription. At last he made known his wish to Lord Palmerston.

"Well," said the great statesman, "I don't



From a Photo. by]

THE STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.

think you can do better than put on it: *Soyez tranquille !*”

From the drawing-room, the carpet of which was a wedding present from the suite of the Prince of Wales on Dr. Russell's marriage to Countess Malvezzi in 1884, we went into the study, the writing table in which was a personal present from the Prince of Wales on the same occasion. Boxes, full to their lids with diaries and papers, are scattered about; the portraits on the walls are mostly family ones, though here and there hang a few outside the immediate family circle. Dickens and Thackeray are not forgotten; and the head of a little dog is here, under which Landseer has written “Brutus.” It was his own dog.

“The most faithful friend I ever had,” the great artist said, as he put the picture in Dr. Russell's hands one day.

Over the mantel-board is a picture of the *Serapis*, the vessel in which Dr. Russell accompanied the Prince to India, and photos of the Prince's parties in India and Turkey. A huge paper-weight and an inkstand are not without a history. The inkstand is formed from a piece of a shell which is embedded in a stone from the Palais de St. Cloud. It was fired by the French from Valérien at their own palace the day it was burned, just as General, then Colonel, Fraser arrived from Versailles. The paper-weight is also a very formidable bit of a shell which was fired from Vanvres at the staff of the Crown Prince

on the 19th September, when they obtained their first view of Paris from the heights of Châtillon after the battle of that day. A very few inches nearer, and the probability is that Dr. Russell would not have been sitting in his chair in the cosy study at Victoria Street.

William Howard Russell was born at Lilyvale, co. Dublin, on March 28th, 1821. He really belongs to a Limerick family, and to this day there is just

the faintest and happiest tinge of the dear old brogue on the tip of his tongue. He exemplifies in a way the “distractions” of the “distressful country” in politics and religion, for he had a great-grand-uncle hanged on Wexford Bridge in 1798, as a rebel during the war; whilst his grandfather was engaged on the side of Government, and was a valiant member of a Yeomanry Corps. He went to the Rev. Dr. Wall's, who used to flog severely, and to the Rev. Dr. Geoghegan's, a dear old fellow, who was not so birchingly inclined, both in the same street; but whatever he knows is due to Dr. Geoghegan's school, where he was a “day boy” for six or seven years. Amongst his schoolfellows were General Waddy (Alma, Inkerman, etc.), R. V. Boyle—who defended Arrah in the Mutiny—General Sir Henry de Bathe, Colonel Willans, and Dion Boucicault, who was then called Boursiquot.

“Boucicault was a very cantankerous boy,” said Dr. Russell, “though unquestionably plucky. I remember he fought a big fellow named Barton—who, by-the-bye, became a famous advocate in India, and died not long ago a J.P. in Essex—with one arm tied behind his back, and took a licking gallantly. He was always considered a clever fellow; but, oh! how he used to romance! St. Stephen's Green was the great battle-field of the schools—Wall's, Huddart's, Geoghegan's, etc.—in those days. Black eyes were as plentiful as blackberries, and I had my share. I was always very fond of soldiering,

and used to get up early and set off from our house in Baggot Street to watch the drills in the mornings at the Biggar's Bush Barracks. I used to get cartridges from the soldiers, which caused my people much annoyance. Yet not so much as they did the old watchman in his box at the corner of Baggot Street. We found him asleep one night, discharged a shot or two inside, and pitched him and his box over into the canal. He escaped, but we did not, for we caught it severely, and deserved it. When the Spanish Legion was raised I made frantic appeals to join—officer, private, anything—and was only prevented from running away with De Lacy Evans' heroes by the strong arm of authority.

"I entered Trinity College in 1838 at seventeen. Only the other day I was present at the tercentenary, and found myself in the identical place I used to occupy at examinations when a student. There I again met an old class-fellow—Rawdon Macnamara, President of the College of Physicians, Dublin. There were glorious doings during election times, when the Trinity College students—who were mostly Orangemen—met the Roman Catholics and engaged them in battle; but, alas! they were tyrannous and strong. The coal porters were there—'the descendants of the Irish Kings from the coal quay,' as Dan O'Connell called them, and sometimes we had to seek safety at the college gates. Sometimes we had it all our own way, and made the most of it. Away we would go to King William's statue on College Green, shouting, 'Down with the Pope! Down with the Pope!' During one election there was an exhibition in the Arcade of the 'wonderful spotted lady' and 'the Hungarian giant.' We made a charge, overturned the pay box, dismissed the proprietor, made 'the Hungarian giant' run for his life, to say nothing of seeing 'the spotted lady' going off into hysterics. The Dublin coal porters used to be called in to disperse us. We frequently parted with broken heads. We were often triumphant, though."

Dr. Russell left college for a couple of years, during part of which he was mathematical master at Kensington Grammar School. He returned to Trinity, and with the elections of 1841 came his first real literary effort, though he is very proud of a sketch and account of an *alauda cristata*, or crested lark, which appeared in the *Dublin Penny Journal* when he was fifteen years of age—the bird was of his own shooting. A cousin, Mr. R.

Russell, employed on the *Times*, came over to "do" the elections, and suggested the earning of a few guineas to the young collegian by going to the Longford election and writing an account of it. He accepted the suggestion, and not only penned a vivid description of the scene in the hospital where the wounded voters lay with bruised bodies and cracked craniums, but entered heartily into the political campaign, and spoke and fought in it *con amore*. His description delighted the *Times* people. He received bank-notes and praise, both acceptable and novel; he continued to write more descriptive accounts of the meetings of the day, and Delane, the editor, told him to expect constant employment.

O'Connell? Dr. Russell knew him well. No orator has impressed him more, before or since.

"O'Connell was really an uncrowned king," he said. "He wore a green velvet cap with a gold band round it, and a green coat with brass buttons. Still, we had a crossing of swords occasionally. The *Times* commissioner, Campbell Foster, characterized a village on O'Connell's estate, at Derrynane, in a letter on the state of Ireland, as a squalid, miserable settlement of cabins, not possessing a pane of glass in any of the houses. O'Connell declared this to be a lie. I was requested by the *Times* to repair to the spot with Maurice O'Connell to see for myself, and to deny or corroborate Foster's assertion. I could not but corroborate it. On entering a crowded meeting one night at Conciliation Hall, O'Connell rose up and shouted: 'So this contemptible Russell says there is not a pane of glass in Derrynane? I wish he had as many pains in his stomach!'"

"Yet O'Connell was always personally kind to me. Once my carriage broke down on the road to Dublin from a monster meeting. O'Connell's was passing at the time. He turned out poor Tom Steele, gave me his place, and a good dinner into the bargain. 'Honest Tom Steele,' as they all called him. He was devoted to O'Connell, and after his death became disconsolate, and eventually threw himself off Waterloo Bridge."

It was just before the arrest of O'Connell that Dr. Russell saw Lord Cardigan for the first time. He was with his regiment of hussars, near Clontarf, where there was a great display of the military who had been sent to prevent the great agitator from holding a meeting, which had been declared illegal by

proclamation. Cardigan was quite magnificent. The next time Dr. Russell met him was in a transport going to Varna. The third time he saw him crestfallen and wounded not quite in front after Balaclava. But O'Connell and his head pacificator, Tom Steele, wore great bunches of shamrock in their coats, and a great posse of priests begged the people to disperse quietly. Then commenced the memorable Irish State trials.

"Both the *Times*—for which I wrote the descriptive portion of the trials—and the *Morning Herald* had chartered special steamers to carry the news and the results of the Government prosecutions to London," said Dr. Russell. "The great day came. The trial of O'Connell and the traversers lasted long, but at last it was over. It was very late on a Saturday night when the jury retired; the judge waited in court for some time, but went away after an hour's expectancy, and the other newspaper correspondents left to get refreshments. I was sitting outside the court, wondering whether I should go to bed. Suddenly my boy rushed up to me.

"Jury just coming in," he said.

"And they brought in a verdict of guilty. The moment I heard it I flew from the court, jumped on a car—drove to the station, where I had ordered a special train to be in readiness—got to Kingston—hailed the *Iron Duke*, the steamer chartered by the *Times*—got up steam in half an hour, and left with the consolation that the steamer of the *Morning Herald* was lying peacefully in harbour! Arrived at Holyhead—sped away—special to London—tried to sleep, couldn't—tight boots—took them off. Reached Euston,

"So glad to see you safe over, sir!" he cried. "So they've found him guilty?"

"Yes—guilty, my friend," I replied.

"The *Morning Herald* came out next day with the news of the fact—the bare fact—as well as the *Times*! The gentleman in the shirt-sleeves was an emissary from their office!"

In 1846 Dr. Russell married the daughter of Mr. Peter Burrowes, and severed for a short period his connection with the *Times*, in the same year becoming "Potato Rot Commissioner," as it was termed, to the *Morning Chronicle*, for which he wrote letters from the famine-stricken districts in the West of Ireland. In 1848 he was special constable on the occasion of Fergus O'Connor's abortive Chartist demonstration at Kennington, and in 1849 he accompanied the Queen's flotilla on a visit to Ireland, and described for the *Times* the first review at Spithead by the Queen, as well as the first review of the French fleet at Cherbourg by Napoleon, after the *coup d'état*. He was summoned home from Switzerland in the same year to attend the Duke of Wellington's funeral. At this ceremony Dr. Russell saw the late Cardinal Howard, then a cornet, riding at the head of a detachment of the Life Guards.

"I was at his funeral only a week or two ago, at Arundel," he said. "A Roman Catholic bishop spoke to me at the Castle, after the ceremony was over. Did I remember him? No, I did not. He introduced himself as Dr. Butt, Bishop of Southwark, who thirty-six years ago was Catholic chaplain in the Crimea, and presently I met his venerable colleague, Bishop

PASS FOR THE BRITISH TRENCHES, FOR ~~THE DAY~~

June 4 1865

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
HEAD QUARTERS

W. H. Russell Esq

J. A. Burson

Has permission to pass through the Trenches.

man waiting with cab, struggled to get on boots, only managed the left foot, and when I reached the *Times* office it was with one boot under my arm.

"As I got out of the cab in Printing House Square, a man in shirt-sleeves—whom I took to be a printer—came up to me.

Virtue, who had also been a chaplain in the Army before Sebastopol. I had not seen either of them since. At lunch I sat next Father Bowden, chief of the Brompton Oratory, who had been in the Guards, and who was a fellow member of the Garrick Club."

We hurried over events. The first battle he saw was that between the Danes and Prussians at Idstedt in 1852, where he was put in a place of safety, which half an hour afterwards became the centre of action! He was wounded under the arm by a bullet. In February, 1854, he went to Malta with the advanced guard of the army. He scarcely wanted to go. He pleaded his business at the Bar, and other matters, to the editor of the *Times*; besides, how could he leave his young wife and two little ones?

"Nonsense!" said Delane. "It'll be a pleasant excursion. When the Guards get to Malta, and the Czar hears of it, he won't be mad enough to continue his adventure. You'll be back before Easter term begins, depend on it"; for Dr. Russell at this time was in practice in election and Parliamentary cases, having been called to the Bar in 1850.

"Well," added Dr. Russell, smilingly, "I got back in 1856!"

to paint! It was one long story of suffering, from the beginning to the end. The war correspondent paid £5 for a ham, 15s. for a small tin of meat, 5s. for a little pot of marmalade, £6 for a pair of common seaman's boots, and £5 for a turkey; and he fattened up that turkey for days. The turkey was kept under a gabion. It wanted three days to Christmas. Dr. Russell, accompanied by a friend, went forth to look at the bird that was to be killed for the banquet. They looked through the wickerwork and could see the feathers, but the bird did not move. They raised the gabion. Alas! some villain had stolen the turkey, leaving nothing but the claws, head, and wings!

"That was a very miserable Christmas Day," added Dr. Russell. "Inkerman had just been fought, the army was practically dying out. Then consider the terrible knowledge we possessed. We spent that Christmas Day knowing that there was no hope



From a)

BALACLAVA.

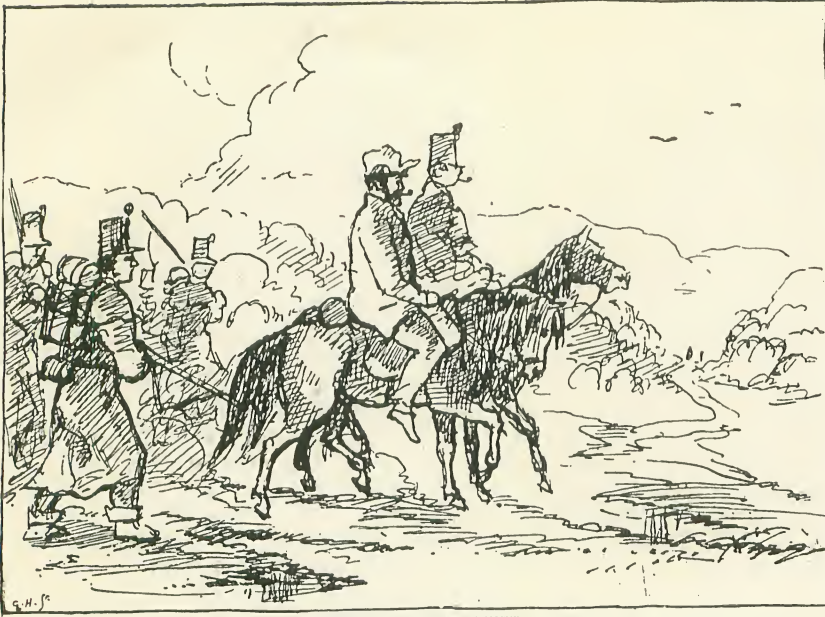
[Photograph.

His descriptive writing from the Crimea of the dreadful winter roused England and turned out the Government.

What terrible pictures his pen was forced

of entering Sebastopol for weeks to come."

Dr. Russell wrote his account of the battle of the Alma in the leaves of a dead Russian's



RETURNING FROM PICKET.
(Sketched by Col. Colville.)

note-book upon a plank laid across a couple of barrels, under a scorching sun.

Dr. Russell put a little brass eagle in my hand.

‘That is from the shako of a Russian soldier,’ he said. ‘I never saw such gallantry. The fellow rushed out of the column that came down on the Light Division, and which had thrown the Scots Fusiliers into confusion, and made straight for the standard of the Guards. He clutched the staff—swords and bayonets cut and pierced him, but he fought on; and Lindsay and others had to fight for it too. At last he dropped, and I brought this brass eagle, which Norcott’s sergeant gave me, as a memento of one of the most persistent examples of hopeless bravery I ever witnessed.’

When peace was declared he returned to England in the spring of 1856. He reached home late at night, and his wife led him quietly upstairs to a bedroom. She opened the door, and there stood his little ones in their night-gowns at the foot of the bed, singing: ‘Oh! Willie, we have miss’d you, Welcome! welcome home!’

‘I had never heard the song before,’ said Dr. Russell, ‘and I thought it was some little ditty of their mother’s teaching for my welcome. Imagine my disgust next morning, when sitting at breakfast, to hear a band of Ethiopian melodists outside strike up—‘Oh! Willie, we have miss’d you!’”

Now, Dr. Russell’s baptismal appellation is William.

He had not long been home ere he was asked to go out again to Russia to describe the Coronation of the Czar, the account of which he considers his best bit of writing.

“Whilst at one of the receptions at Moscow,” he said, “I met a Russian officer, who spoke excel-

lent English, who had been at Balaclava, and was much interested in the details of the day. In the course of conversation he said:—

“‘I laid the first gun of my battery against a troop of your artillery so true, that when the shell burst, it blew the officer who was riding in front into pieces.’

“‘Pardon me! You are mistaken,’ I said. ‘Permit me to tell you that Captain Maude, who was the officer who rode in front of that troop, is now standing close behind you!’ Major, now General, Maude was indeed badly wounded by that shell, but he is now alive and well, I hope, and at the head of the Queen’s stable.

“Returning home again, Thackeray and others suggested that I should lecture on the war. I did so, with Willert Beale as my impresario. I used to rehearse my lecture before a select audience—Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, John Leech, Thackeray, Delane, Douglas Jerrold, and half the Garrick Club, who used to introduce, ‘Hear! hear! cheers and laughter’ at appropriate places. At last the eventful night of the *début* as lecturer came. The scene was Willis’s Rooms. I peeped into the vast room. Great Heavens! The hall was filled with Crimean officers. I recognised Lord Lucan, Lord Rokeby, Airey, etc., etc., all grimly expectant in front, and many familiar faces behind.

“‘I can’t go on,’ I said.



*Sampling of an Hon. M. and destruction of the Correspondence
of the Hon. Mr. Russell & Soldiers Friend*

(A Sketch by the late Captain Swaeby.)

"‘Nonsense,’ said Thackeray. ‘I’ve lectured, so can you.’

"‘I can’t do it, I tell you—go on, somebody, and say I’m ill. The money will be returned!’

"Just then Deane came up with a bumper of champagne. I couldn’t drink it. I peeped through the doorway again, when suddenly I was seized and run on to the platform by Thackeray and Co. So I unwillingly made my first appearance as a lecturer in rather an undignified manner.

"I visited many towns in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and made money by my tour, but it was distasteful to me; I was glad when my engagements were over, and have never lectured since, though often asked to do so. When the Indian Mutiny broke out I was abroad, but I was sent for, and after a short holiday, I was asked by Delane very urgently to go out and join the army preparing to relieve Lucknow, under Colin Campbell. That was in 1857. The very day I arrived at Calcutta, the news came that Havelock was dead, and that Colin Campbell had got the garrison and the women and children out of Lucknow, but that he was unable to take the place. I went up country to join Sir Colin Campbell’s headquarters at Cawnpore, with Pat Stewart.

"Sir Colin said to me: ‘Now, Mr. Russell, you’re welcome. You have seen something of war. I am going to tell you everything. But only on one condition.

That when dining with headquarters mess you don’t blab what you hear. There are native servants behind every chair watching, and what is said inside the tent is known outside five minutes afterwards. I want to show you my plans for attack on Lucknow. Go with Colonel Napier. He will let you see what we are going to do.’ The officer to whom Sir Colin introduced me, afterwards Field Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala, took me across to his tent. ‘Now,’ said he, ‘here are our plans—ask me anything you please. Mind! You must keep my purdah down.’

"Now, though I had not been long in India I knew that a ‘purdah’ meant a curtain. I rose and let down the flap over the entrance of the tent, shutting out all the light.

"Napier smiled.

"‘No, no,’ he cried, ‘what I mean is, you must keep my plans to yourself!’”

Dr. Russell was present at the siege of Lucknow, and also served in the campaigns of Oude, Rohilkund, etc. Whilst on one of the many night marches Sir Colin made in India, he received a kick from a horse which nearly led to the loss of his life.

"A horse broke loose and commenced to attack my little stallion,” he said. “I went to its assistance, when the brute, which belonged to Donald Stewart, an Indian officer on the staff, let fly at me, catching me on my right thigh. The kick bent the scabbard of a sword I was wearing, and fairly drove it into

my right thigh. We were just on the move, hoping to come into action with some Oude rebels, and I was in agony—unable to move a step—so I was placed in a litter and carried along with the sick of the headquarters staff into Rohilcund. Small-pox broke out at Lucknow, and clung to us on the march, and among the sick were Sir W. Peel (he died at Cawnpore), Sir David Baird, and Major Alison. On the 25th March, 1858, the battle of Bareilly was fought. Our coolie bearers had carried the sick litters into a shady tope or grove of trees—the sun was fierce. There I lay, helpless, listening to the sound of battle close at hand. My only clothing consisted of a shirt. Suddenly a cry burst from the camp followers:—

“The Sowars are coming! The Sowars are coming!”

Our Syces ran up with the chargers. How I did it, I do not know. But I hopped out of my litter and scrambled up into the saddle—the flaps felt like molten iron, and the blister on my leg rolled up against the leather roasted by the sun outside the tope—on my horse. My servant—a very brave fellow—held on by the stirrup leather, flogging the horse, for I had only bare feet and bare legs. Suddenly he let go. He saw a Sowar making for us, and he released his hold so as not to impede my flight. He was cut down, I presume; for I never saw him again—and his wages were due. I struggled on, but the sun was more powerful than I. I had only proceeded a few yards when I fell off my horse insensible—with sunstroke.

“Then I heard a voice.

“Look—a white man!”

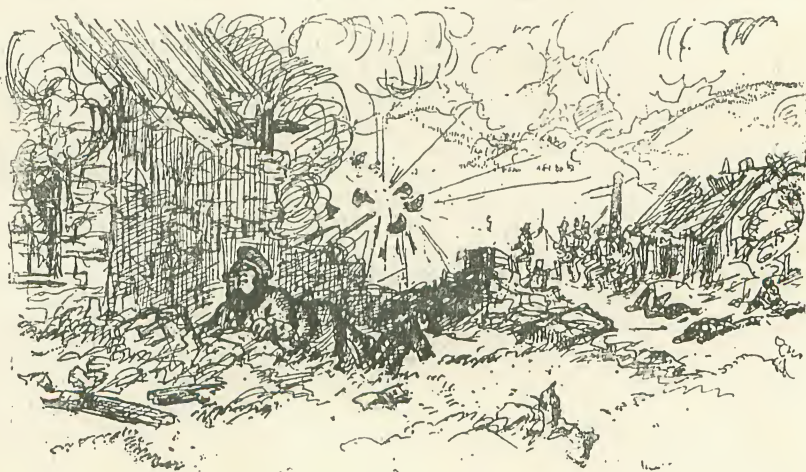
“It was some of our people, thank God! They thought I had been killed, and that the Sowars had stripped off my clothing, for I was naked, all save my shirt, and it was bloody. They bent over me. “He’s warm,” cried one of the men—it was Tombs’

battery that had come up. I got back to camp, but I was very near the point of death; and, indeed, I had the unique and unpleasant trial of listening to my good friends and physicians, Tice and Mackinnon, discussing the question of my burial at the foot of the charpoy, on which I was stretched, apparently dead.”

Such is one of the experiences of Dr. Russell during the Indian Mutiny.

Yet another Christmas Day (1858) was spent in India on the borders of Nepaul. The day dawned upon an anxious people, but it *was* Christmas, and the war correspondent, with a party of friends, meant to keep it up. They gathered for dinner in a large mess tent, from the ridge pole of which hung a huge lamp. A well-known Scotch enthusiast’s presence suggested a Highland fling as an appropriate finish. The gallant Highlander got on the table, and his tripping was so vigorous that it shook down the lamp. In two minutes the tent was in flames. So ended another Christmas Day.

In 1859 Dr. Russell returned to England, and received the Indian War Medal with the Lucknow clasp. In 1860 he started the *Army and Navy Gazette*, of which he is still part proprietor and editor, and in 1861 went to the United States, in time to hear Mr. Lincoln deliver the Inaugural Address at Washington, which was accepted as a proclamation of war against their “domestic institutions” by the Southern States. He was exceedingly well received, and sat down at Lincoln’s first official dinner in the White House, being the only person there who was not a Cabinet



DR. RUSSELL: OR THE TROUBLES OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT.
(A Sketch by Col. Colville.)

Minister. He was unfortunately present at the first battle of Bull Run. Dr. Russell gave it as his opinion that McDowell, the general commander of the Federal troops, may have lost that battle through eating too much water-melon. He was a confirmed vegetarian, and ate too much of that fruit the morning of the action. At all events, brave and capable as he was, McDowell was beaten. The Federals fled in disorder from the field, and Dr. Russell had to describe the flight, which was to him personally a most disagreeable experience. The North, angry and frightened, could not forgive; and when

shall induce me to receive a correspondent of a paper which has shown itself so hostile to me as the *Times*.* The French Government would not allow the presence of any correspondents. Dr. Russell heaped coals of fire on their heads, so to speak, when, after the battle of Wörth, a little later on he assisted in securing the release of two correspondents of the Paris Press from captivity, who had sought refuge in the clock tower of a church.

Dr. Russell proceeded to Berlin and joined the staff of the Crown Prince. Colonel Pemberton, of the Grenadier Guards

—a valued friend—burning with a desire to see service, joined him, as did also Lord Ronald Gower, who—when his mother was Mistress of the Robes—had been much with the Queen's children, and who was sure of a warm welcome from the Crown Princess.

"Our reception," said Dr. Russell, "at the New Palace, Potsdam, was most gracious, but the Crown Princess was in tears. She said: 'You have arrived at a dreadful moment. My husband and his father

start for the scene of carnage immediately. You have traversed the Palatinate, and you have seen the peaceful towns and villages which will soon be heaps of ashes, and the harvest ripening in the fields will soon be soaked with blood; but I feel assured we shall conquer in the end.'

"In the midst of the preparations for war, I was bidden to the christening of a little princess at the Palace. I was presented to the Emperor by Lord Augustus Loftus, our ambassador on the occasion. His Majesty made a very kindly speech and said, 'The Press is a new power, and I accept you as its ambassador.'

"The day of my arrival at Berlin, Count Bismarck sent to say that he would like to see me early next morning (*Morgen früh*) at the Foreign Office—what 'early' meant I knew not. I was in the Wilhelmstrasse before the doorkeeper was awake. It was long after eight o'clock before I was introduced to the Great Chancellor, who offered me a cigar, and as soon as I was seated launched into serious business. I was much impressed with his



MORE TROUBLE.
(A Sketch by Col. Colville.)

his account of the battle—which the leading journal of New York declared was awaited with as much anxiety as a Presidential message—arrived, the vials of wrath were poured out upon him. Dr. Russell was not altogether popular in America. The man who does not fear to speak and write the truth is not always a popular personage. He wrote facts, hard-hitting facts, and the Press nicknamed him "Bull Run Russell," as if he caused the disaster. However, newspaper abuse did not deprive him of the necessary breath to reach England.

In 1866 he joined the Austrian Army under Benedek, and again, at Königgrätz, had to fly before a victorious enemy; but he visited Kuhn's headquarters, Custozza, etc., remaining in Vienna some time after as the *Times* correspondent.

Now comes a memorable year, 1870, which brought the declaration of war between France and Germany. He asked to join the French headquarters, but the Emperor said: "I should be happy to see Mr. Russell at my headquarters, but nothing

estimate of the Emperor of the French. 'He is a dreamer—a mere dreamer,' he said. 'I went to see him at Biarritz in order to come to some understanding about our relations, and, if possible, to clear the sky. I had practical questions to propose and settle but I could not get him to grapple with a single one. He wished to entertain me with his theories for the removal of the causes of poverty, and for meeting the dangers of an educated proletariat. I was only anxious to lay the way for peace; but, no! he would have none of it. Now see what we have come to!'

"My interview with Count Bismarck lasted two hours, during which he spoke almost uninterruptedly, with great vivacity, generally in French, frequently breaking out into English, and he quoted Shakespeare at least twice.

"At the close of the interview I asked him to procure me a Legitimation, without which I could not accompany the army. 'I am not the man for that. General von Roon is your man.' 'But I do not know him, sir.' 'Well, perhaps he will do it for me—we will see.'

"The Legitimation business detained us several days in Berlin. In the meanwhile, the mobilization of the army was rapidly going on. It was almost impossible to obtain horses, and we could get no vehicles. I will tell you how we managed to get one. One day we saw a Berlin egg-cart, a sort of flat van on wheels. An idea struck us. Why not buy an egg-cart, get a light frame to go over the top, and cover it with canvas? Excellent. So we bought a cart and rigged it up. But how to distinguish it? Another happy thought. My crest is a goat, so we painted a big black goat on the canvas. All through the campaign vulgar boys and people would point at it and cry—'Ba-a-a! Ba-a-a!' to the great annoyance of my servant. One curious thing occurred in connection with my waggon. An English officer attached to the French army as one of the Geneva Cross Association saw this cart in the French lines, and inferred that the German army had been defeated and my cart captured. I lost my egg-cart on the march to Versailles."

At last Dr. Russell got away from Berlin with Lord R. Gower and Colonel Pemberton. His military railway ticket—the number of the train and the time-table of the stations were printed on it—was dated some time before war was declared! At Worms they left the train and took a carriage for Landau. Their coachman was not a man to be sought after. At one spot he refused to go any farther

with the pair of horses, which had been obtained after much trouble, and they only got to Wissembourg the night after the battle, in rear of the Crown Prince's staff. The result was that Dr. Russell and Lord Ronald Gower were arrested as spies, and sentries placed over them, with orders to shoot them if they stirred.

"A false alarm roused the sentries," the old war correspondent explained. "They left us. We made good our escape into the inn, where a good Samaritan gave us some delicious hot coffee. Years afterwards I came across the landlord's son who had so befriended us, as a waiter at the Salthill Hotel, Dublin."

Dr. Russell was at the battle of Wörth. The Crown Prince's dinner was very simple, consisting of soup served in metal cups, and boiled ration-meat, bread, cheese, and beer. There was silver on the table, however. It belonged to the camp equipment of Frederick the Great, and was, and is always, carried at the Royal headquarters in war time. He spoke of the great anguish of the Crown Prince as he read the names of his fallen officers.

Dr. Russell was at the siege and fall of Paris, which he entered with the Crown Prince, and took a cartload of fresh meat and vegetables over the bridge into Paris, the first day it opened, to the British Embassy. There he found Sir Richard Wallace in his shirt-sleeves, serving out horse-flesh to the starving English grooms, tutors, and governesses. He remained in Paris till the massacre by the Communists in the Place Vendôme, and returned the night after the Commune expired in ashes and blood. He looked on at the gay city in flames.

"As I watched millions of fiery tongues leaping up towards the sky," continued Dr. Russell, "my mind went back to the extravagant splendour of the year in which the Great Exhibition was held, when I served on the jury in the arms department. There, on the grand-stand of the racecourse, I saw the Emperor. With him were two Emperors and several Kings. He was reviewing part of the great army which in a few years was to be swept into captivity. What an inconceivable change! I stood behind the Emperor of Germany on the same grand-stand from which he reviewed the German army previous to its triumphant march into Paris. I could scarcely believe the evidence of my senses when I rode under the Arc de Triomphe in the train of the conqueror

down the Avenue of the Champs Elysées. That afternoon, after incurring many dangers—indeed, imminent peril—I managed to get from the Prussian lines, and make my way to the railway station. There a special train arranged to take me to Calais, whence I sent my account to the *Times* of the entry of the German army into Paris.”

Dr. Russell took from one of his great despatch boxes a number of volumes. Among them were the diaries of his trip to India when he accompanied the Prince of Wales as honorary private secretary. The *Times* asked Dr. Russell to act as their correspondent. Then trouble arose. Other correspondents wanted to go in the *Serapis*, but this was objected to. At last a compromise was arrived at.

“It was,” said Dr. Russell, “to the effect that I could not write letters from the *Serapis* as the *Times* correspondent, and that the other newspaper correspondents might go to India on their own responsibility. Still letters *did* appear in the columns of the *Times* during the voyage out. I used to write to the editor personally, and he would put in my communication with the heading: ‘We have received the following from a friend on board the *Serapis*.’ It is impossible to describe all the rejoicings and festivities. I saw in Nepaul an army of 900 elephants for the hunting party arranged by Jung Bahadur, surely the biggest elephantine gathering on record! And such sport as there was. The Prince is a very steady rifle shot,” and together we looked through the record of a day’s shooting as chronicled in the diary:—

“H. R. H. Prince of Wales: One tiger 7ft. 6in.; one pig, two hares, one partridge.

“Lord Suffield: One tiger, 7ft. 9in.; one tiger’s cub, three cheetahs.

“Prince Louis of Battenberg: One cheetah.

“Captain Rose: One tiger, 9ft. 6in., which charged the Prince of Wales, wounding his elephant.

“Russell: One cheetah.

“Col. Fitz-George: One pig.”

And so forth. “Ellis, Prinsep, Sam Browne, Fayrer, various heads.”

“One day we killed six tigers,” said Dr. Russell, “of which the Prince shot five. The

best work in this direction on the part of the Prince was a couple of tigers shot in an hour—one was killed with the first shot, the other creature took a long time to come out of its lair. We threw every soda-water bottle we had got with us at him until he was roused by one thrown by Jung Bahadur, which burst on a stone near his head. We left Bombay in the March of 1876, bringing home a grand menagerie and an infinite wealth of presents for the Prince. We arrived at Portsmouth on the 11th of May—after visiting many of the principal cities homewards—and the following day made a state entry



(A Sketch by Col. Colville.)

into London.”

Dr. Russell’s last campaigning experience was in 1879, when he accompanied Lord Wolseley to South Africa, and was at the taking of Sekukuni’s stronghold. The close of the pleasant hours spent with the famous war correspondent was nearing, and lighting up our cigars, he looked back upon that well-remembered day when he met with the regrettable accident which resulted in his lameness.

“We had arrived within ten or twelve miles of Pretoria,” he said, “and halted for the day. I said I would go on to Pretoria and get my

despatches off. I left the camp alone. Sir Baker Russell suggested my taking an orderly. But I wouldn't. Whenever I meet Sir Baker now he always says: 'Ah! you should have taken that orderly.' I rode six miles from the camp over a sprint, reaching a road which led down a steep hill to a ford. The threatening sky told me to look out for a Cape storm. They rush down upon you with scarcely a warning. I knew the river at the bottom of the road would swell rapidly, so I urged my horse forward down the hill. I got into the middle of the ford just as the storm burst on us in all its fury. A flash of lightning struck the water, my horse reared violently, lost his footing, threw me over his shoulder, and I fell under him. My right leg was caught by the stirrup; my left leg was under the horse's shoulder; his neck lay over my chest, preventing me from rising. There was I on my back, with my head just up, supporting myself with my right hand on the bottom of the river, and with my left joggling the reins to make the poor beast rise—the water slowly rising with the pouring torrents—I was drowning. I could feel the water getting higher and higher—it reached my neck, my chin—when, with almost a dying effort, as my horse struggled up a little, I made an attempt to move my leg, but down he went again. However, the strap of my spur gave way—my right leg was liberated—I was able to raise myself on it and to pull at the horse's head. My horse got up; I managed to lean on him, and he just carried me to the bank. I tried to get on his back, and down he went again, so with my leg doubled under me I put one hand on his shoulder, and so I crawled on to the house of an old Scotch farmer named Gray. He put me into bed, and rubbed me with 'Cape smoke,' and I found that I had not only lost my helmet, note-books and despatches, but that my leg was useless, with a chance of being lame for the remainder of my days.

"In the morning the headquarters staff rode across the ford, amongst them Lord Wolseley. He called at the

farm; Gray told him of my plight, and he came to my side.

"'I thought my last day had come, and that my body would never be found,' I said to him.

"'My dear fellow,' was his characteristic reply, 'I would never have left the country until I had found you, and I would have given you a jolly good burial!'"

I knocked the ash off my cigar and rose to go.

"But what, Dr. Russell," I asked, 'do you consider the most unenviable position in which you were ever placed—in what battle?'"

"It wasn't in a battle," he answered, merrily, and laughing happily. "Oh, no! it wasn't in a battle. It was in a bed! When I was accompanying the Prince to India, we stayed at the Palace at Athens. One night the King said to me, 'Do you get up early, Mr. Russell?'"

"'Yes, sir,' I replied; 'I generally rise at six o'clock.'"

"'Very well, we'll say half-past six to-morrow morning. I want to walk with you in the garden and talk over one or two things.'"

"I went upstairs to bed. I couldn't sleep. The mosquitoes bit me to their hearts' content, particularly about the hands and arms. I happened to have a pair of long white kid gloves in my bag. I got up and put them on.

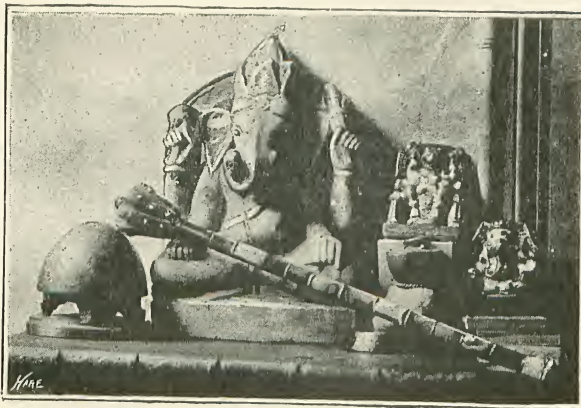
"I awoke in the morning with the knowledge of having somebody by my bedside. It was the King, accompanied by his big dog. It was half-past six! I sat up in bed.

"'In half an hour, Mr. Russell,' said the King, smiling, as he left the room, 'I shall come back for you.'"

"At breakfast that morning, during a moment of silence, the King, addressing the Queen, with a sly glance in my direction, said:—

"'Well, I've met a great many dandies in my time, but Mr. Russell beats them all. He actually sleeps in white kid gloves!'"

HARRY HOW.



From a Photo. by]

A HINDU DEITY.

[Elliott & Fry.



A LEGEND OF FINLAND.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES EPHEYRE.



UPON one of the rugged coasts of Finland, facing the little fishing village of Liedsmarken, there rises a barren peak, a solitary rock in the middle of the sea. When the weather is fine, you can distinguish, from the coast, the jagged outlines and steep slopes of this peak, its forbidding aspect unrelieved by any trace of vegetation; it is an unfavourable place for sailors and fishermen, for the sea is deep just there, and landing becomes a very difficult matter as soon as the wind begins to blow a little. The only inhabitants of the rock are the sea-birds, which gather there in great numbers at evening time.

As you draw near to it you can see a recess in the cliff, about half-way up—a recess which, with a slight stretch of the imagination, may be compared to a chapel—in which a human figure, probably the figure of a woman, has been roughly cut in

the rock. The worship of this singular divinity dates back, without doubt, to the time of paganism; in later years it has been looked upon as the statue of a virgin. It is called "The Black Virgin," and is supposed to watch over the destiny of the village of Liedsmarken.

The Black Virgin, however, is not looked upon as a benevolent divinity. For a long time it exercised a fatal power; and if at the present time this power is not used, it is because it was conjured many years ago by devotion and love.

Here is the story as it was told to me by a fisherman of the village:—

The village of Liedsmarken has always been inhabited by fishermen and peasants; honest, poor, and hard-working, and all thoroughly convinced of the power of the Virgin on the rock.

Every year the Virgin demanded a victim, and, as a matter of fact, each year one of the inhabitants of Liedsmarken had been

struck by death—one year it would be an old man, another year a child in the cradle, a third year a brave sailor, whose frail barque would be lost in a storm.

In the year 1656, the Black Virgin was once more awaiting a victim; the year was drawing to a close—it was already in the latter half of December—but not one of the good people of Liedsmarken was missing as yet. One of the inhabitants, however, was ill, and it was upon him, no doubt, that the Black Virgin's choice had fallen. He had only a few days more to live, for it was the twenty-third day of December, and it was certain that little Axel would not see the first of January.

smile and to sing, in the hope of bringing a gleam of pleasure into the boy's eyes.

Frida's resources being insufficient to meet expenses, her affianced husband, Robert, assisted her; and Frida, looking upon this help as quite natural, had accepted it; for she loved Robert, and her love was returned. Their marriage had been a settled matter for months. Every evening, after a hard day's fishing, Robert came to see Frida; but when he pressed her to fix the wedding-day she shook her head and, without replying, looked at Axel.

That evening—the 23rd of December—when Robert entered the cottage, Frida and Axel were not alone; their neighbour, an old



"CHRISTIAN WAS TALKING TO FRIDA"

Poor little Axel! He was lying in bed, his head buried in the pillow, his white hands—you could almost see through them—wandering over the rough bed-clothes. The fire was crackling in the room; outside the snow was falling, spreading its white mantle over the dark ground, and little Axel, who knew the legend, was saying to himself that the Virgin of the rock had marked him, and that he would soon go to sleep under the white snow.

Axel was an orphan under the care of his sister Frida, a handsome, stout-hearted young woman. Night and day she sat at his bedside, holding his hand and telling him all sorts of wonderful stories; despair in her heart and tears in her eyes, yet she tried to

fisherman named Christian, was talking to Frida in a low voice while Axel slept. Robert sat down silently by the side of Frida, and listened to the old man.

"Yes," said Christian, "I am quite sure that it is possible to cure Axel; people in a worse state than this poor child have been restored to health. As to the Black Virgin—well, she is not so bad as people say, and it is possible to turn her from her purpose if you choose a favourable moment."

"Alas!" said Frida, "how can I believe in so much happiness? Everything tells us that dear little Axel is doomed. My mother left him to my care, and this is all I have been able to do for him! Is it not cruel, Christian? Look how pale he is! Hark

how hard it is for him to breathe! No, no! The Black Virgin has never spared a victim! My poor Axel!"

"Do not say that the Black Virgin is unrelenting," said Christian, gravely. "Why should I not tell you something which probably no one in the village knows? I was spared by the Black Virgin! I was as ill as your brother, but my father, a bold and vigorous seaman, went on the night of Christmas Eve to the Virgin herself, in her chapel, and she heard his prayer; for she can refuse nothing to those who manage to reach her on that night. From that moment my strength returned, and I got well, to the great astonishment of the whole village."

Frida's eyes sparkled; her look, usually gentle and tender, became energetic and determined.

"Thank you, Christian," she said; "your advice is good, and I will go to-morrow to the black rock."

"Alas!" sighed Christian. "It is useless to think about it. This year the Baltic is not completely frozen, and you would be obliged to cross an arm of the sea in which no boat could be taken with safety, on account of the enormous blocks of ice which are floating about. A large boat would be crushed by the icebergs within a few minutes; how could you hope to succeed in a small one?"

"I will dare anything to save Axel!"

Christian and Robert then endeavoured to convince her of the madness of the undertaking. At first she would not listen to their arguments; but after a time, without entirely yielding, she seemed to regard them as irrefutable.

"Let us say good-bye till to-morrow," she said, rising from her seat.

Robert was the last to leave. As he went out he kissed her forehead tenderly. "My Frida, I love you, I love you!" he cried. "Swear to me, Frida, dear," he added, "that, whatever happens, you will never forget me—never!"

"Never, never, Robert, dear!" she replied,

resting her head on his shoulder. "Am I not wholly yours? How could I forget you?"

"Come, hurry up!" exclaimed old Christian from outside. "You evidently forget that I am waiting, and that it is very cold."

And the lovers separated.

During the evening, when Frida was alone she thought over what Robert had said before he left her, and wondered why he had spoken such sad words. What did he intend to do?

Little by little she understood. Yes; there was no doubt about it, Robert had resolved to go to the rock to beg the Black Virgin to spare Axel. Why, it was certain death to try it! Axel was dear to her, but Robert must not be allowed to sacrifice himself for Axel, and sacrifice himself uselessly; for all that had been said about the Virgin was only an idle, childish superstition. Christian had related a circumstance which proved nothing. No, Robert must not risk his life!

All night long Frida sat at the bedside of Axel, who slumbered with half-closed eyes. She did not sleep; she pondered over Robert's words, "Swear to me that, whatever happens, you will never forget me!" and she could still see fixed upon her the bold, proud, and tender look of the man she loved.

The next morning—it was Christmas Eve—Frida went out to find Robert.

"Robert," she said, "answer me frankly. I

know you, and I know that you are incapable of telling a lie. Tell me, Robert, do you think of going to the rock to-night?"

Robert lowered his head and said nothing.

"I will not have it," continued Frida.

"Do you hear? I will not allow it! You have no right to risk your life in that way. Are you not the sole support of your old father? What would become of him without you? And do you think that I could live without your love, without your dear presence, especially if my silly superstition were the direct cause of your death? Hark how the wind howls! We seldom have such a gale



"HOW COULD I FORGET YOU?"

as this, and the sea yonder is raging. If you attempt it, Robert, I will never forgive you! See, dear, how criminal such an attempt would be. You cannot save Axel—for Christian's story is absurd—and you will perish before reaching the rock, and I should be miserable for the rest of my life."

Robert promised her everything, but he did it without really comprehending what he was doing. He only knew one thing: he must not make Frida unhappy.

"Let us go and see Axel," he said.

Axel was rather feverish that day. There was a ring in his voice, and his lips trembled. He motioned to Robert and Frida to sit down by his side, and he took Robert's hand and Frida's hand.

"You will be together," he said, "when the Black Virgin has taken me away."

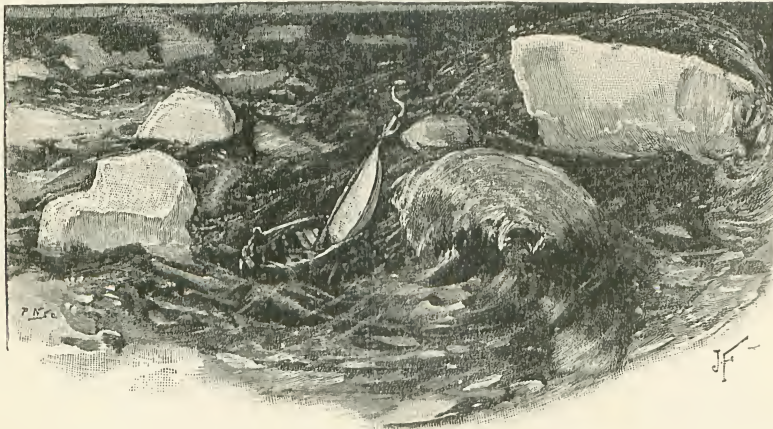
Frida could not restrain her tears, and she sobbed bitterly. As for Robert, he knelt by the bedside, kissed the boy's thin hands, and rushed out of the cottage.

During the winter, night falls about two o'clock in Finland. Without thinking, without a glance backwards, Robert hurried to the beach. A wide stretch of snow-covered ice lay before him; in a very short time he had crossed it. He knew that a boat was moored to an islet some distance from the beach, and believed that from this point the sea was free, or nearly so. He could not bear to think of Frida's grief. He must get

However, near the islet the sea appeared pretty calm. The black rock did not seem to be so far off. "In an hour," thought Robert, "with the help of this favourable wind, I should reach the rock. Why should I not do the same as Christian's father did? I promised Frida that I would not go; but if, thanks to me, Axel should be restored to health, she will pardon me. After all, it is better to struggle heroically against the waves and the blocks of ice, like a brave seaman, than to stand by powerless and fearful, and watch the agony of a child and the despair of a woman."

All these thoughts passed rapidly through Robert's mind. Like all men of action, he acted quickly, and, before he really knew what he was doing, he found himself in the boat with the sail spread to the wind, holding the rudder with a firm hand as he set the boat's head to the rock.

The force of the wind nearly overturned the boat, but she righted herself gallantly and rode on the crest of the waves. Enormous blocks of ice drifted silently past like gigantic phantoms, Robert skilfully avoiding them. Many times the little craft was on the point of being sunk, but Robert was one of the most vigorous sailors of Liedsmarken, and he was nerved to his task by the thought of how much depended upon his reaching the rock. Were not the life of Axel and the happiness of Frida at stake? What joy there would be when he returned!



IN THE MIDST OF THE GALE.

away from it. He would go to the islet, but would not get into the boat—it would be certain death, for the wind was blowing fiercely, driving the snowflakes before it in a blinding shower, and precipitating the blocks of ice against each other with great force.

In the midst of the gale, blinded by the snowflakes, his boat reeling half over, his existence threatened every minute by the gigantic blocks of ice which drifted around him, Robert went bravely on, upheld by the thought of the welcome he would receive

from Frida when he brought her the news that Axel would live.

The hours passed, nine, ten, eleven o'clock, and still the little craft pursued its way; but how slowly it went! It was impossible to steer straight for the rock. Robert was obliged to steer first to this side, then to that, in order to avoid the floating ice.

At last the rock was reached. The heavy surf rendered it difficult to land; but, having selected a suitable spot, Robert lowered the sail with considerable trouble, and, taking hold of the rope, he sprang from the boat upon a ledge. His feet slipped; by a tremendous effort he managed to clutch a point of rock, and, in spite of the foaming waves, he succeeded in reaching a small platform

easy about getting back. Robert made his way to the figure of the Black Virgin, and, kneeling down, implored her to work a miracle—yes, a miracle; for Axel was nigh unto death. But this was the favourable night, and the Virgin ought to reward the heroism of one who had gone through so many perils to implore her help.

When he had finished, he looked towards the sea.

"Am I dreaming?" he exclaimed. For out at sea was another boat, similar to his own, and this boat was apparently making for the rock. Here and there, between the blocks of ice, the second boat made its way, boldly pursuing its course in the midst of those moving mountains. There was no



"HE MANAGED TO CLUTCH A POINT OF ROCK."

of rock, upon which he scrambled, safe and sound. He still retained his hold of the rope, and although the boat had been driven violently against the reef, he knew that her planks were solid, and he was not at all un-

doubt that its destination was the rock of the Black Virgin.

A sudden thought flashed through Robert's mind, and made him shiver with anxiety—supposing it were Frida in that boat! Suppose

she had been so imprudent as to undertake the journey, after all ! He hurried down to the sea, and called to the occupant of the boat :—

“Frida ! Frida !”

“Robert ! Robert !”

Merciful Heavens ! It was Frida !

But there was no time for sentiment : never had Robert felt braver or stronger than at that moment.

“Throw me the rope !” he cried.

With all her strength Frida threw a rope, which whistled past Robert ; he seized it, drew in the boat, and took Frida, who was now quite exhausted, in his arms.

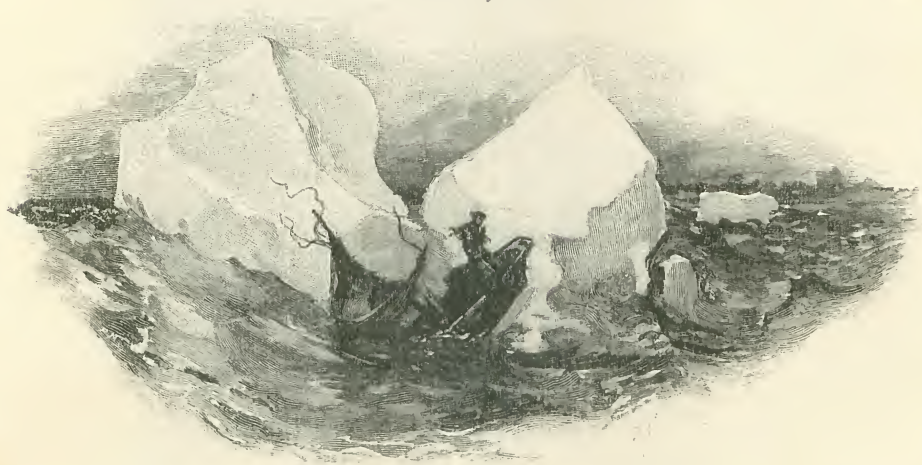
“Saved ! We are saved !” he exclaimed, thankfully.

He did not think of reproaching her for her rashness in undertaking the journey ; he was too happy at finding himself by the side of the woman he loved. Both felt that Axel would not die ; that the Virgin would be touched by their courage.

“How did you come ?” asked Robert. “That is Christian’s boat, is it not ? Then Christian allowed you to come ? What a terrible night ! Frida, my love, my love !”

The next morning, as soon as the pale December sun appeared on the horizon, they set off on the return journey, but before they had gone far their boat was crushed between two great blocks of ice. Some fishermen, who were anxiously watching, saw the wreck floating about among the icebergs for some time ; then it slowly disappeared towards the north. No trace could be seen of Robert and Frida.

As to the Black Virgin, she granted their prayer. Axel got well, and from that day the evil destiny of Liedsmarken was conjured ; for the Virgin of the rock never afterwards demanded an annual victim, and now we have nothing to fear.



Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

MR. DADABHAI
NAOROJI, M.P.
BORN 1825.



R. NAORO-
JI, the first
Indian
Member of
Parliament,

was born in India, and brought up by his mother; his father, a Parsee priest, dying when he was five years old. He was educated in the Elphinstone Institution, where he had a brilliant career, ending in his appointment as Professor of Mathematics. In 1855 he



AGE 20.

From a Photo. by Rustamjee Jamsetjee, Poona.

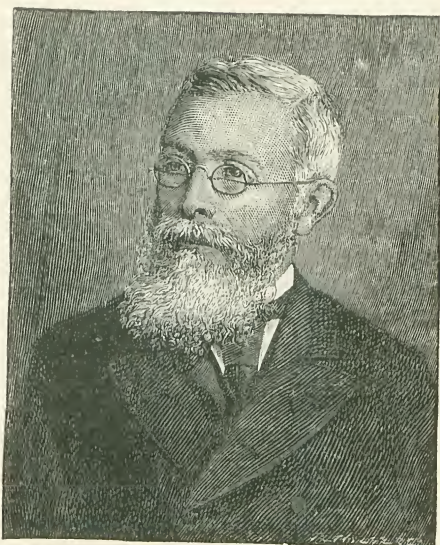
came to this country as a partner in the firm of Cama and Co. — the first Indian house of business opened in England. He has always taken an active interest in social questions, especially in India, and his book on "The Poverty of India" is a standard work. His return to the House of Commons as member for Central Finsbury at the recent election has been received in India with wide-spread enthusiasm.



From a

AGE 41.

[Photograph.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 66.

[P. Baum.



From a Water]

AGE 13.

[Colour Drawing.

AGE 8.
From a
Miniature

From an]

AGE 23.

[Oil Painting.

SIR HENRY PONSONBY.

BORN 1825.



ENERAL THE RIGHT HON.
SIR HENRY FREDERICK
PONSONBY, K.C.B., P.C.,
was born at Corfu, educated at

Sandhurst, and appointed ensign in the 49th Regiment at seventeen, from which he was transferred to the Grenadier Guards, with whom he served in the Crimea. After the war he was appointed Equerry to the Prince Consort, and in 1870 Private Secretary to Her Majesty, which post he still holds.



From a Photo by]

AGE 42.

[Maull & Co.



From a Photo.]

PRESENT DAY.

[by Walery.



AGE 7.

From a Photo. by Hawkins, Brighton.

MISS EDNA LYALL.



EDNA LYALL, which is the *nom-de-plume* of Miss Ada Ellen Bayley, is the youngest daughter of the late Robert Bayley, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-law. She was born at Brighton, and has been heard to say, with a laugh, that she made up her mind at the age of ten to be a novelist. She had only just left school, and was still in her teens, when she wrote her first novel, "Won by Waiting"; but it was with "We Two" and "Donovan" that she made her first conspicuous hits. Miss Bayley has resided for the last few years at Eastbourne, before which time she was living at Lincoln. She is fond of travelling, and has seen much of Italy and Norway. When asked by an interviewer about the way her works were written, Miss Bayley stated: "The conception of my central character comes before my plot. I then plan the circumstances in which his individuality can be surrounded. I think every

novel should have a purpose, provided it is not too prominently thrust forward. I write for two or three hours in the morning; but the time I take over my work varies." Miss Bayley is still young, and with her undeniable literary qualifications as an earnest thinker, being possessed of a vivid imagination, a delicate humour, and a simple, vigorous, as well as graceful style of writing, we may expect in the future to receive many more charming novels from her fertile pen.

Perhaps less is known of the life and character of Edna Lyall than of any other writer of equal prominence of the present day. Indeed, till recently there has been a considerable amount of mystery as to



AGE 14.

Mayall, Brighton.



AGE 27.

From a Photo. by Lewis, Eastbourne.



PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by Churchill, Eastbourne.

who is this Edna Lyall that came to the front so rapidly as a novelist—a mystery which she has done little to clear up.



From a Water]

AGE 35.

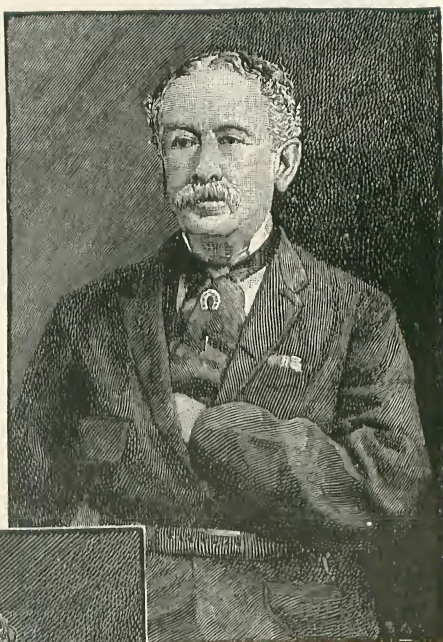
[Colour Drawing.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 43.

[Angerer, Vienna.



AGE 58.

From a Photo. by Gros, Pretoria.

DR. W. H. RUSSELL.

BORN 1821.



R. RUSSELL,
the Prince of
War Corre-
spondents, a
most interest-

ing account of whose
career, told by his own
lips, will be found in the
Illustrated Interviews on
another page, was, at the
age at which our first
portrait represents him,
just returned from the
Crimea, of which he
gave so thrilling and
graphic an account in



From a]

PRESENT DAY.

the columns of the
Times. Our second
portrait shows him after
the American War; while
our third portrait dates
after the taking of Seku-
kuni's stronghold. Our
last portrait depicts him
at the present day, wear-
ing the many decorations
which he has received
during his stirring and
adventurous career.



From a] AGE 12. [Pencil Drawing.



AGE 21.
From a Pencil
Drawing.

SIR NOEL PATON.

BORN 1821.

SIR JOSEPH NOEL PATON, R.S.A., LL.D., was born at Dunfermline, was admitted a student of the Royal Academy



From a Photo. by] AGE 43. [John Drummond.

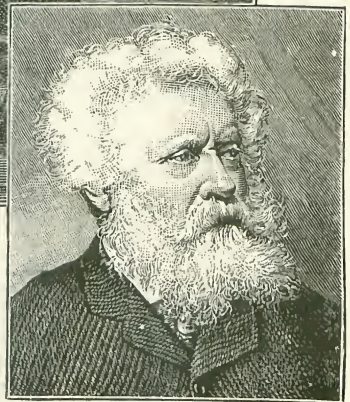
at the age of twenty-two, and four years later gained a prize of £300 for his two pictures of "Christ Bearing the Cross" and the "Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania." In 1861 was painted what many consider to be his finest work, "Dawn: Luther at Erfurt."

He was appointed the Queen's Limner for Scotland in 1865, and in 1867 received the honour of knighthood. Among the best known of his later pictures may be mentioned "Satan Watching the Sleep of Christ," "Christ the Great Shepherd," and "The Man with the Muck-rake."



AGE 61.

From a Photo. by Shaw, Edinburgh.



PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by Kingsbury and Notcutt, London.



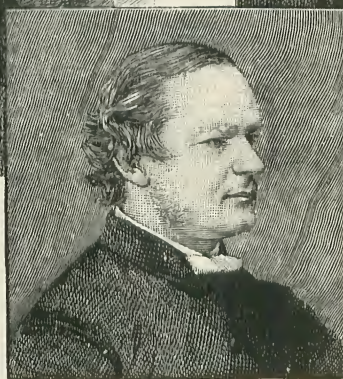
AGE 6.
*From a
Water-colour
Drawing.*



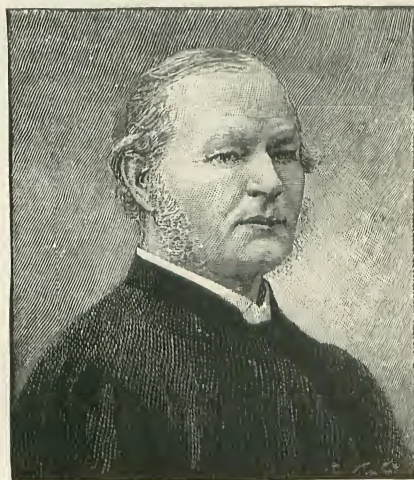
AGE 14.
From a Daguerreotype.



AGE 28.
From a Daguerreotype.



AGE 46.
From a Photograph.



From a Photo.] PRESENT DAY. *[by Barraud.*

ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

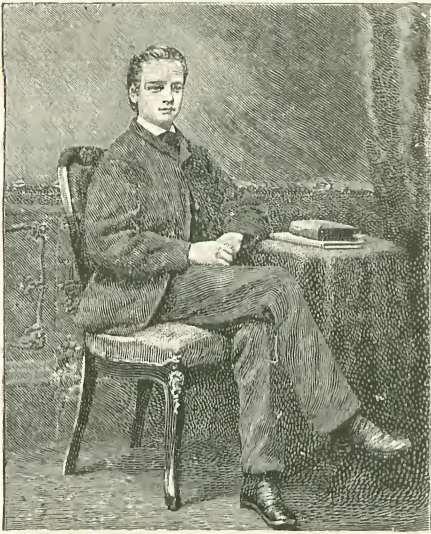
BORN 1831.



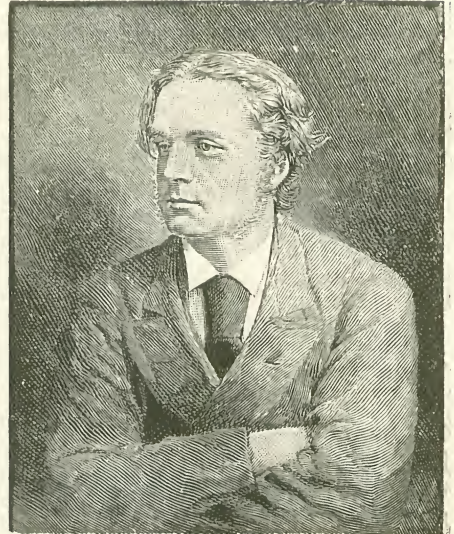
HE' VEN.
FREDERIC
WILLIAM
FARRAR,
D.D., F.R.S.,

Archdeacon of Westminster, the son of the Rev. C. R. Farrar, Rector of Sidcup, was born in Bombay, and received his education at King William's College in the Isle of Man, and King's College, London, from which he passed to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he had a distinguished career. In 1854 he was ordained, and for many years was an Assistant Master at Harrow, where

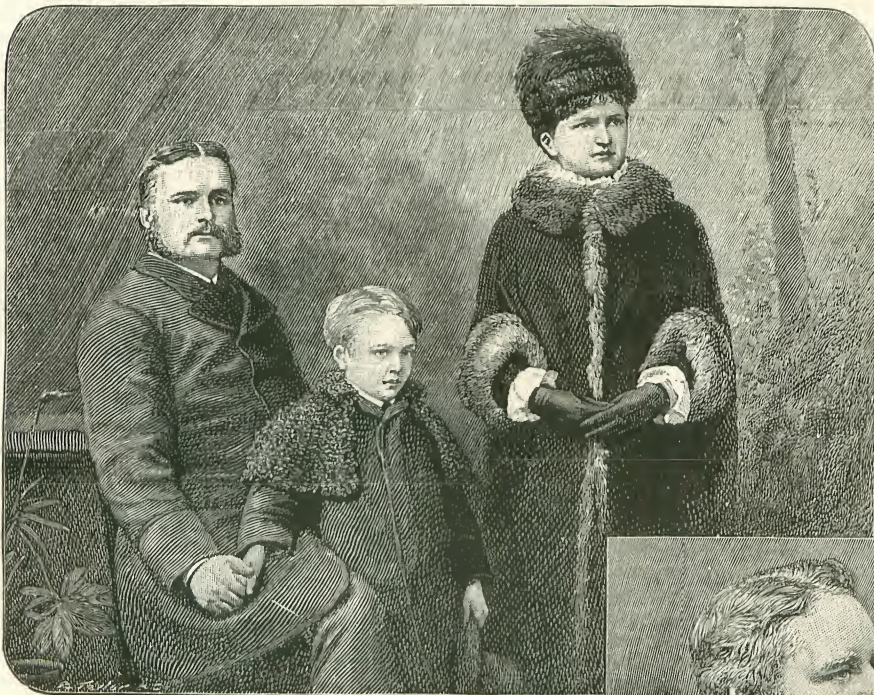
he wrote his well-known book for boys, "Eric"; after which he held, with great distinction, the post of Head Master of Marlborough, during which he published "The Life of Christ," which ran through twelve editions in a single year. In 1876 he was appointed Canon of Westminster and Rector of St. Margaret's. In 1883 he was created Archdeacon of Westminster, which is, however, a post to which only a nominal salary is attached. Archdeacon Farrar has taken a prominent part in temperance reform and in many other philanthropic works.



From a Photo. by] AGE 15. [Foxlee, Cheapside.



From a Photo. by] AGE 21. [Howe, Newbery.



From a Photo. by] AGE 31. [Debenham, Brighton.
WITH MRS. NEWNES AND SON.

MR. GEORGE NEWNES, M.P.

WE must apologize for intruding this set of portraits, but it has been done in consequence of the repeatedly expressed wish of readers of *Tit-Bits* and *THE STRAND MAGAZINE*.

The publication of a description of the offices in this number may, perhaps, claim for it a certain amount of appropriateness.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Maull & Fox.

A Description of the Offices of The Strand Magazine.

VISITORS to these offices have expressed so much interest, and letters of inquiry have so constantly reached us from those who are unable to come themselves, that we think no apology is needed for the following brief description of the work involved in producing *THE STRAND MAGAZINE* and its fellow publications.

As one makes toward Covent Garden from the Strand, the most noticeable building in Southampton Street is seen to be the establishment of George Newnes, Limited. Its fine, broad front, wherein the architect has with a just hand distributed the red brick and white stone in the parts above the stone ground floor, stretches through four numbers on the right-hand side of the street, and the building is carried, in depth, through to Exeter Street, wherein stands a large "back front," as architects quaintly term it, itself of good dimension and appearance. It is at this "back front" that the heavy work of sale, cartage, cranage, and general in-take and out-go is carried on.

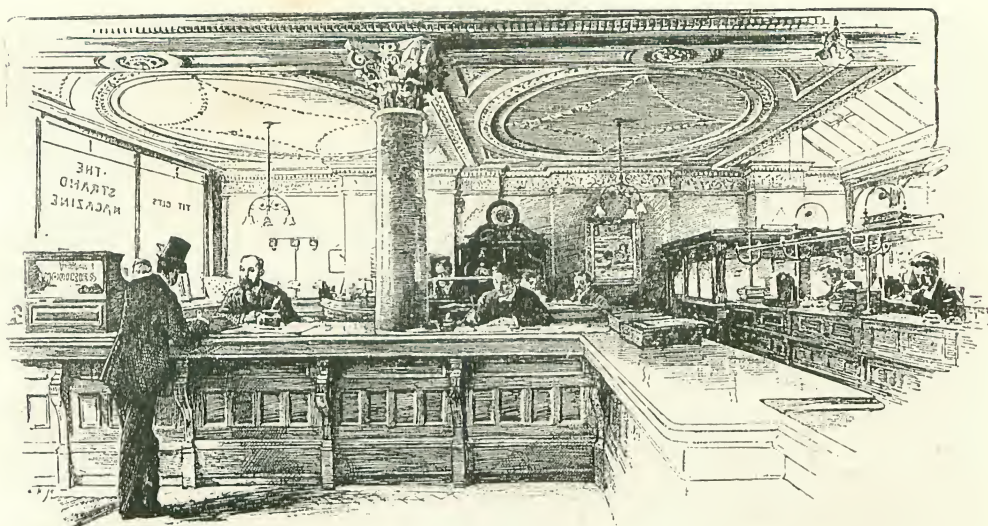
Between these two fronts lies much of interest—most of it open to inspection by the general public. In Southampton Street, a handsome, triple entrance stands between large plate-glass windows. Through the windows on the right, the curious may observe certain of the packing operations incidental to the issuing forth of *THE STRAND MAGAZINE*, *Tit-Bits*, the *Million*, and the bound volumes published by the firm. The windows on the left admit light to the counting-house. The counting-house one reaches by the left door. It is a spacious room, fitted and furnished in a handsome but business-like fashion, the ceiling decorated in various pale tints, and all the woodwork—counters, partitions, door-frames and so forth—of ma-

hogany. A very large double-doored safe, many brass desk-rails, certain telephone fittings, and various heavy account books combine to suppress the lighter suggestions of the elegant electric lights and the few wall pictures. Parts of this large room are partitioned off, including the sanctum of Mr. A. H. Johnson, the secretary to the firm, who is to be seen in the illustration talking to a visitor across the counter.

A door from this room takes one into the ground-floor corridor, leading direct from the central entrance. Here one chooses between the staircase on the right or the lift on the left. On the first floor, in the fore part of the building to the right, doors lead to the rooms in the more immediate occupation of Mr. Newnes. The chief of these, the sanctum sanctorum, is a large, pleasant room, something over thirty feet in length, with windows from which one looks into Southampton Street, over rows of flowers which stand upon the sills. The mural cover-



THE OFFICES OF "THE STRAND MAGAZINE."



THE COUNTING-HOUSE.

ing is a lincrusta of salmon pink, with a dado in a terra-cotta shade. All the joinery is of polished mahogany, the carpet is a velvet pile, and the ceiling is decorated in pale tints of salmon, green, and cream. Many original drawings for STRAND illustrations brighten the walls, and a high book-case hides such of the further end wall as is not occupied by one of the two fireplaces. The chairs are

upholstered in dark blue leather, and these, a small cabinet, and two tables constitute the chief floor furniture. Electricity is represented by telephone fittings communicating with every department in the building, as well as by the brackets and chandeliers of electric light. Mr. Newnes's own particular table is the upper large one.

On the right, double folding doors lead to



MR. NEWNES'S OFFICE.



MR. NEWNES'S OFFICE (GENERAL VIEW).

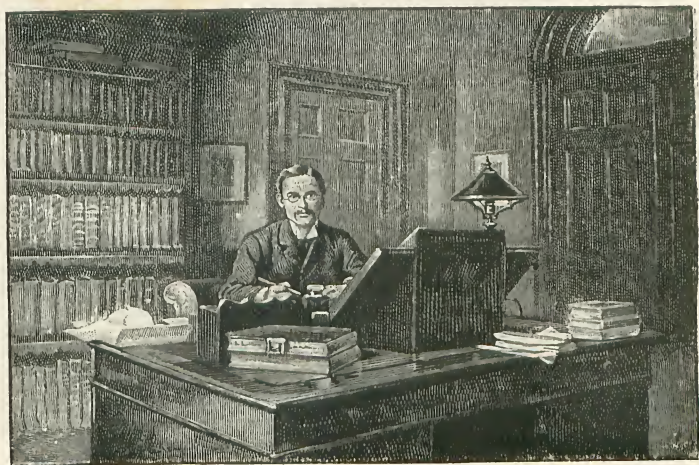
the room occupied by Mr. Newnes's private secretary, Mr. William Plank—a smaller, but still a good sized room, fitted and furnished in much the same manner, on a minor scale. From this the corridor is reached through a smaller room—the “White Room”—occupied at busy times, as *Tit-Bits* press day, by Mr. Newnes's editorial assistants. Here they are close at hand to the chief and secure from casual interruption.

At the opposite side of the corridor stands the Art Gallery—a place open every day, and all day, to the inspection of whomsoever may like to inspect.

The Art Gallery, which consists of two rooms, is devoted to the exhibition of the original drawings for the illustrations which have appeared in *THE STRAND MAGAZINE*. A large ottoman stands in the middle of the first room, the dull crimson of whose walls is only just visible near the ceiling, above the close covering of pictures.

The second room opens from this on the left, and contains, in addition to its many drawings, a side-board, whereupon are displayed a set of the carved electro blocks used for printing the various colours

in one picture in the *Million*. Of the hundreds of clever drawings hanging in these two rooms it is impossible to say more than that they include some of the best examples of the work of such artists as Sidney Paget, W. H. J. Boot, Gordon Browne, Paul Hardy, H. R. Millar, J. A. Shepherd, J. F. Sullivan, Jean de Paléologue, J. L. Wimbush, Louis Wain, W. B. Wollen, W. Christian Symons, G. C. Haite, A. Forestier, W. Stacey, Harrison Weir, Frank Feller, J. Gülich, and A. Pearse; with many others of like abilities. All these drawings are offered for sale; but whether a possible purchaser or not, the passer-by will



THE PRIVATE SECRETARY'S ROOM.



THE ART GALLERY.

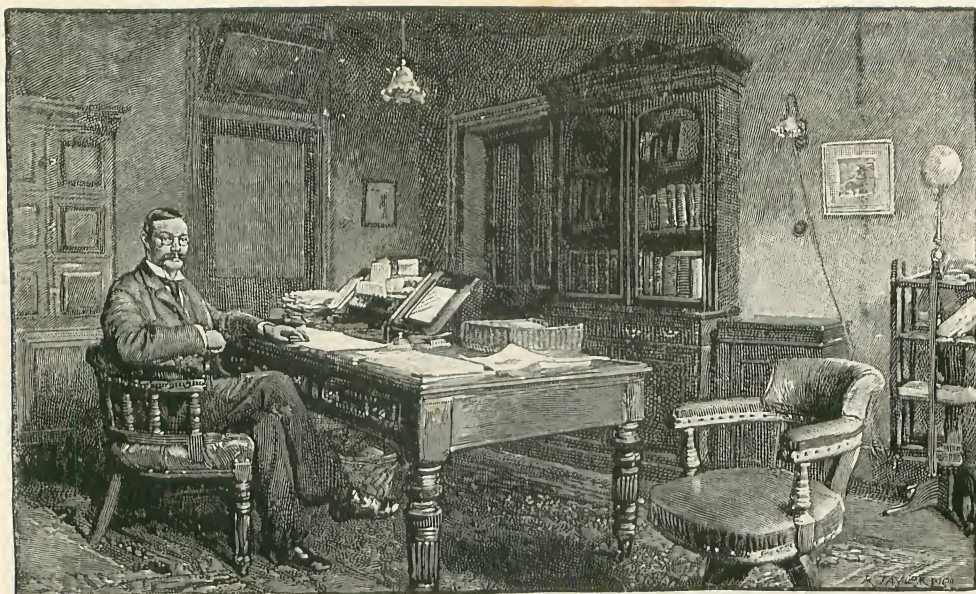
not waste the time occupied by a look round these two pleasant rooms.

Adjoining the Art Gallery stands the *Million* editorial office, occupied by Mr. Hartley

Aspden and Mr. Arthur Croxton, his assistant. The room is made cheerful by several of the original drawings reproduced in the *Million*. In all other respects the room and its furniture are suggestive of



OFFICE OF "THE MILLION."



EDITORIAL OFFICE OF "THE STRAND MAGAZINE."

nothing but strict business—a bookcase, desks, chairs, and many papers.

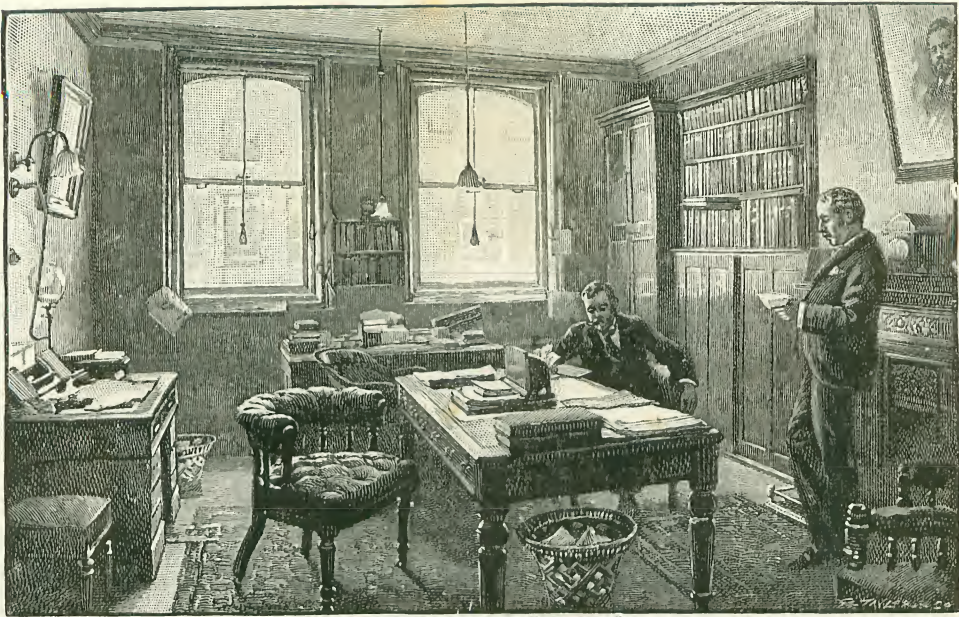
To the left, on the next floor, stands the editorial office of *THE STRAND MAGAZINE*, wherein, before the central writing-table, sits Mr. H. Greenhough Smith, in whose charge lies the selection and arrangement of the literary matter—the editing, in fact, of course under the supervision of Mr. Newnes—of

this, by far the most widely-circulated monthly in the country. This room also, with its bookcase, its cabinets for the reception of proofs and MSS., its telephones, and its many loose papers, is unmistakably a room for work.

Just so is the adjoining room, occupied by Mr. W. H. J. Boot, the Art Editor. Like Mr. Greenhough Smith's room, it overlooks



ART EDITOR'S OFFICE OF "THE STRAND MAGAZINE."

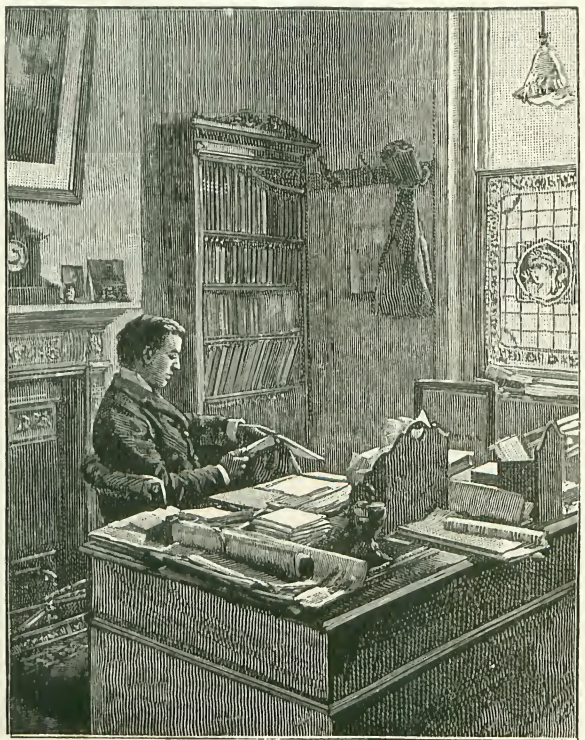


EDITORIAL OFFICE OF "TIT-BITS."

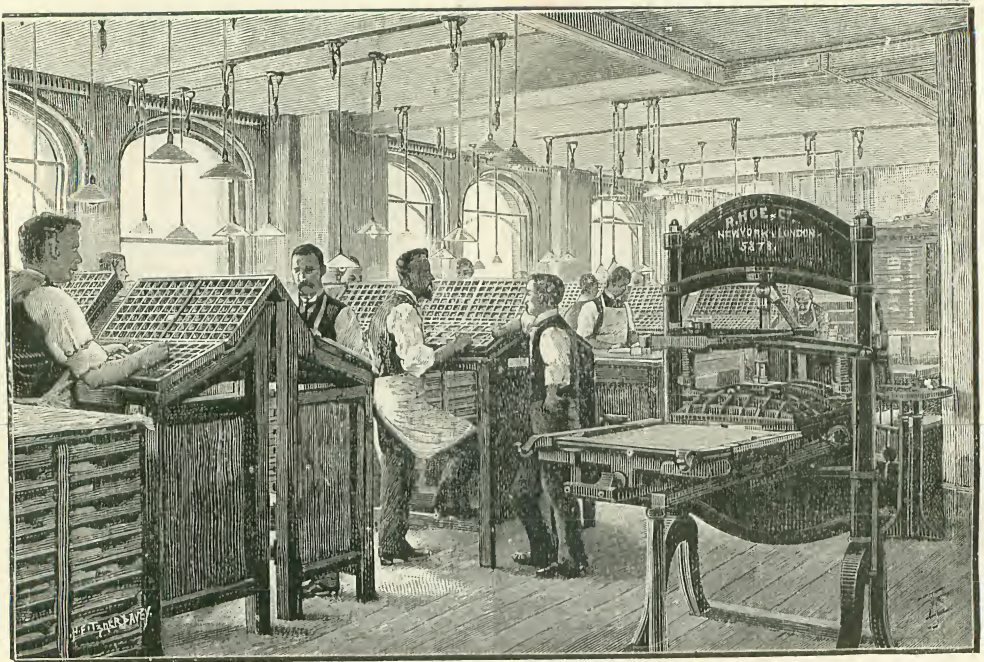
Southampton Street, and its permanent fittings are of a similar character—both pleasant rooms enough, with their framed sketches and padded chairs, but still work-rooms. Instead of MSS., however, many drawings, many wood-blocks, and many India-paper proofs litter the tables. Photographs of various-aged celebrities, and of their drawing-rooms and studies, are observable, lying in well-ordered confusion. There is a large magnifying lens mounted on a frame, and there are numbered drawers full of many clever pieces of artistry. The room behind, too, is devoted to the arrangement and storage of black and white drawings, and of current wood-blocks and electros. The table more immediately in Mr. Boot's constant use, near the window, is at once distinguishable by its plentiful litter of pencils and brushes.

On the opposite side a passage ends at the door of *Tit-Bits* headquarters. This is a light and airy room overlooking Southampton Street, and fitted with various writing-tables. Here is the sanctum of Mr. Galloway Fraser—who, under Mr. Newnes, conducts *Tit-Bits*—and Mr. J. L. Munro, who assists in the same work. In the illustration Mr. Fraser is standing. A large portrait of Mr. Newnes hangs over the mantel-

piece, and many books of reference occupy the surrounding shelves and cases. The usual electric lights and the telephone fittings for general communication are observable.



THE INNER ROOM.

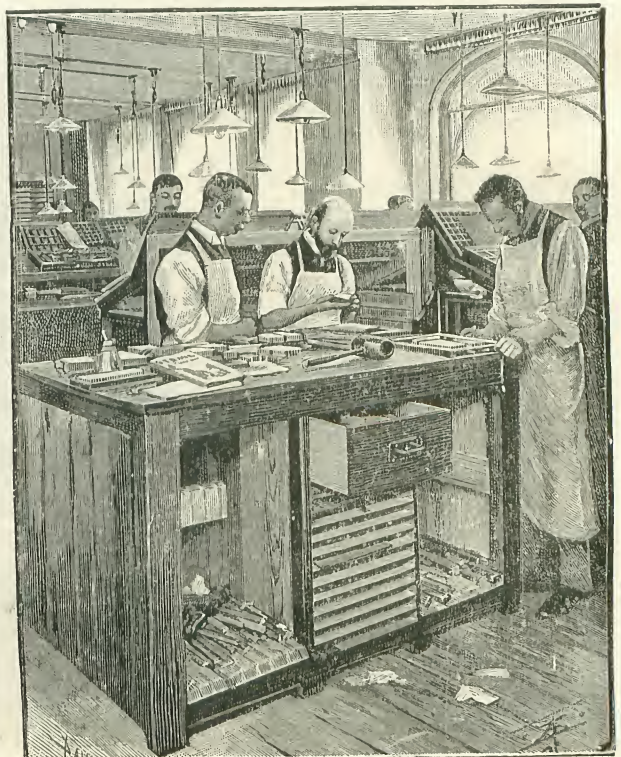


THE COMPOSING ROOM.

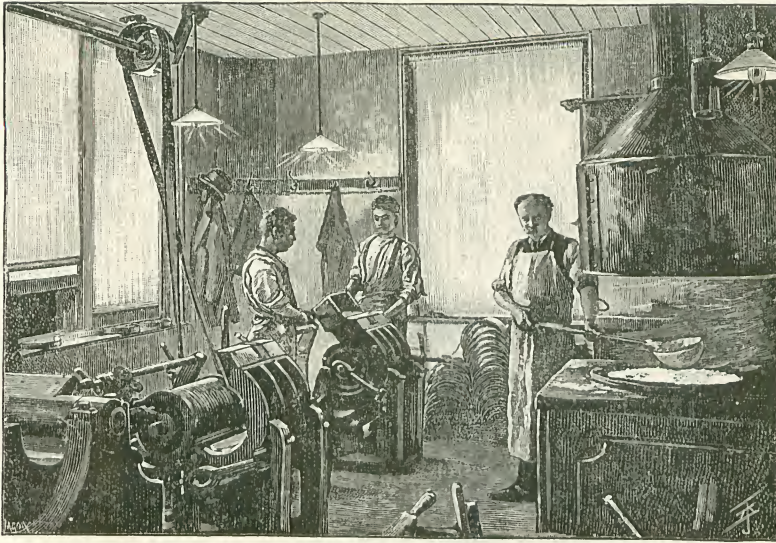
Leading from this is an inner room, containing, in addition to the ordinary furniture of a well set up private office, Mr. Harry How, who, besides his editorial work on *Tit-Bits*, is the writer of the Illustrated Interviews with celebrated people which form so prominent a feature in each month's issue of this Magazine. Here, in addition to a large portrait of Mr. Newnes, the walls are decorated with many photographic mementoes of Mr. How's interviews, with autographs of the notabilities operated upon. Among them is noticeable the last photograph ever taken of Cardinal Manning, Mr. How himself being included in the picture.

Now, when the work originating in these editorial offices goes out to be put into printed form, it first reaches the room at the opposite end of the second-floor corridor—the composing room. Here, under a little hanging forest of electric lamps, stands a little regiment of compositors, each man before his double case, filling his stick from his case and his galley from his stick, in the old familiar way of printers since printers were. When an article

is entirely put into type on the galley—a sort of long brass tray—a proof is printed of it on



LOCKING-UP "STRAND MAGAZINE" FORMES.



STEREOTYPING ROOM.

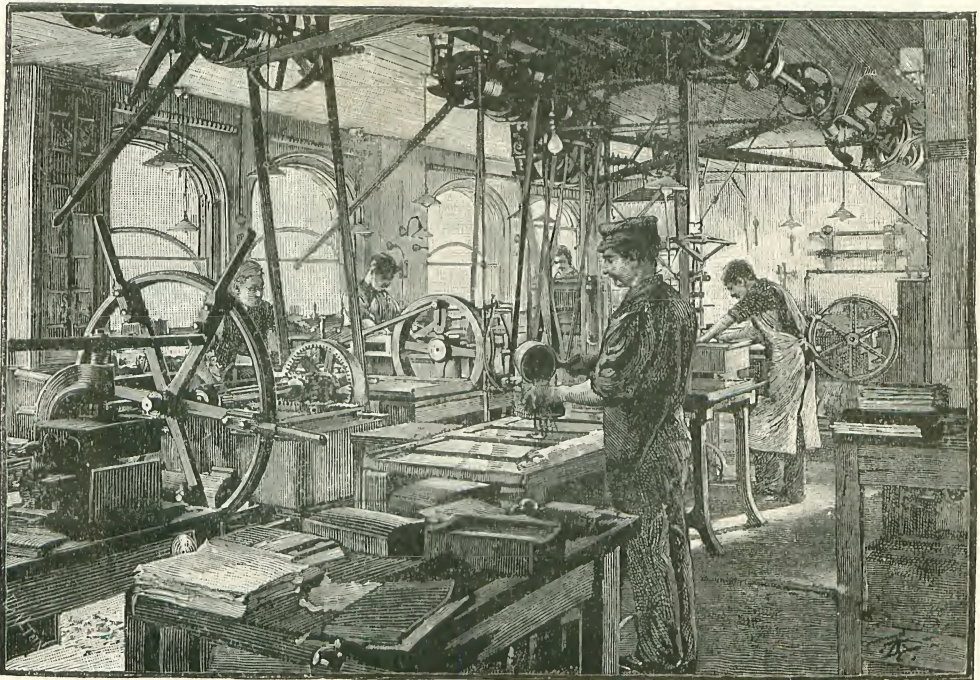
a hand-press, a few of which machines are here to be observed, kept only for proof purposes. When all the matter is corrected in this form, and all the illustration-blocks prepared of their proper size and shape, the type and the blocks, if any, are "made up" into pages, being fixed in iron frames, called chases. All this is very quickly said, and seems very simple, but numbers of cor-

rections and revises are made, and much labour, patience, and ingenuity expended in fixing the proper sizes of the illustrations, and fitting them to their proper places.

When at last the pages are "made up" and firmly screwed and wedged into their chases, the work is but begun. More proofs are taken and corrected, and the chases, with their

contents, then go to the electrotyping department, at the top of the building. This workshop is the dirtiest and the most interesting in the place. The dirt cannot be helped—it is clean dirt, so to speak—and is simply graphite, or powdered black-lead, which, being an absolute essential to the process, gets everywhere.

But first let us suppose the made-up page



ELECTROTYPING ROOM.



ELECTROTYPING ROOM—WORKING ON THE PLATES.

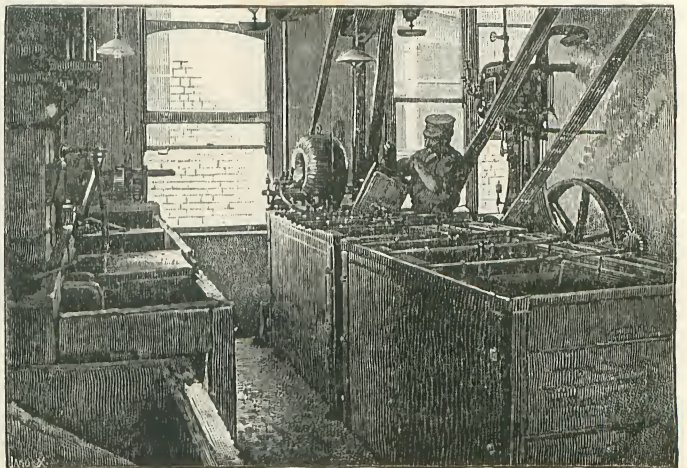
to be one of *Tit-Bits*, with no illustrations. This is not dealt with by electrotyping—it is stereotyped. First the “forme” of type is placed upon a flat plate, appertaining to a roller-press, and covered with a moist sheet of *papier-maché*. This is then passed under the press, so that the *papier-maché*, being pressed into the interstices of the type, comes away a perfect mould, or “matrix,” as it is called, of the page as set up. This matrix is dried, and, if found to be perfect, is inserted in the “casting block,” having first been dusted with French chalk. The “casting block” is a sort of massive cylindrical frame of iron, opening on a hinge—as shown by the illustration wherein are two “blocks,” one shut and one open. The interior of this “casting block” is so made that the matrix on being set in its proper place is curved inwards to a certain desired degree; the block is shut, and the workman, turning to the small furnace, takes a dip of molten lead in a peculiarly-shaped ladle, and pours it into the casting block. When set, this metal comes out in the form of a segment of a cylinder, having upon it raised letters in exact *fac-simile* of the original

type. This is carefully examined and touched up, the blank spaces being gouged deeper, the curve finally corrected on a saddle, and the back and edges planed true. It then travels down to the machine-room to be fitted upon the cylinder in the printing machine.

In the case of a page of the *STRAND* the procedure is different. First the type is carefully cleaned and dusted over with black-lead. Next a sheet of wax is obtained by pouring the substance, in a liquid state, into metal trays. This sheet, when firm, is shaved down to an exact thickness by a machine, the large wheel of which, with its projecting handles, may be seen in the illustration. Then it is placed upon the set-up type, and the two together are inserted in a special press—this one is, in fact, the only specimen in Europe—which is tested to a pressure of

280 tons. When withdrawn from this press the wax sheet readily leaves the type, the black-lead preventing any adhesion.

It is then seen to be an exact counterpart, sunk and in reverse, of the type and illustration-blocks upon which it has been pressed. Having been carefully examined for the detection of any faults and “loaded up” with additional wax in blank spaces, it is given a complete but thin powdering of black-lead in a powdering machine, wherein a rotary brush drives the lead well into the surface of the wax. This is because the black-lead is a conductor of electricity, and is, as such, necessary in the subsequent

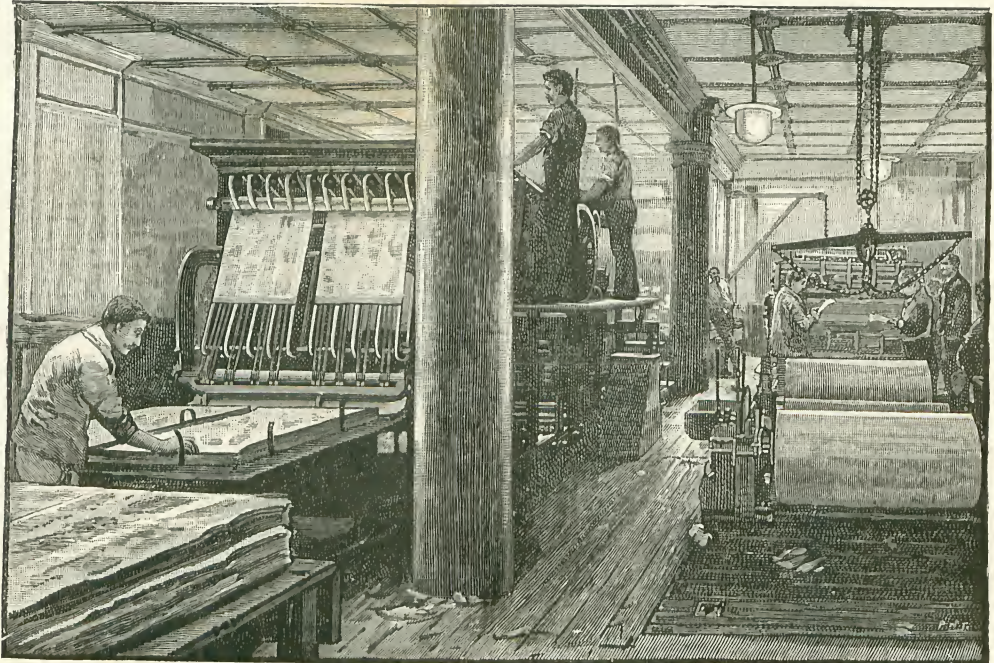


ELECTROTYPING ROOM—THE BATH.

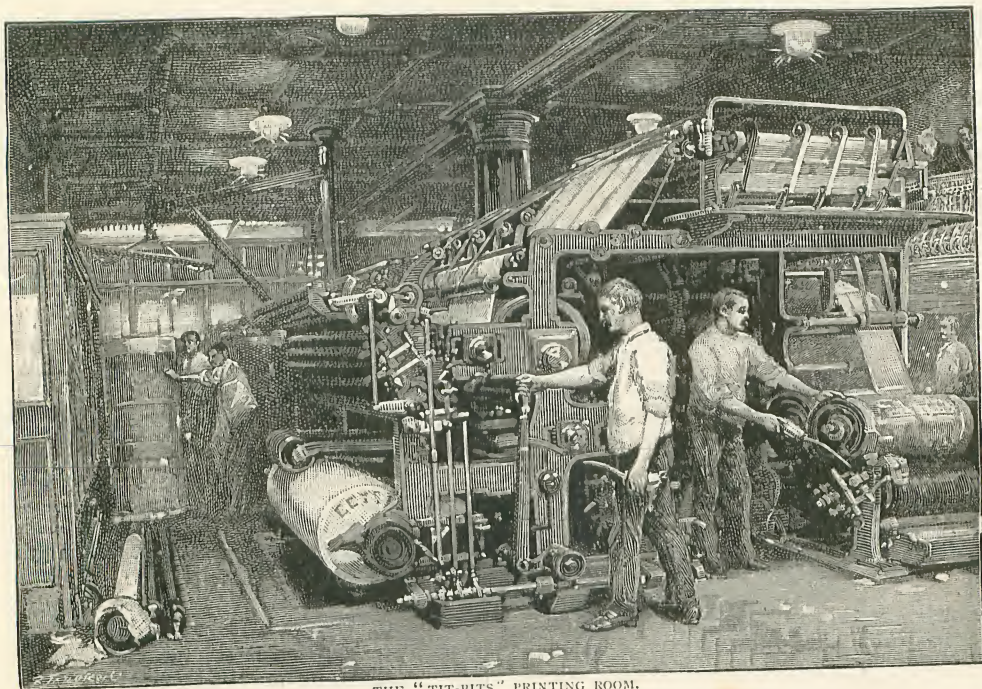
processes. After another careful examination and cleaning, the wax mould is immersed in the first plating bath, where it receives, by chemical action, a very thin first coat of copper. Next it goes into the copper-depositing bath, which is a large tank full of a forbidding-looking fluid, wherein the mould, with many others, is suspended from rods laid across the top. A dynamo buzzes furiously at the head of this tank, and dispatches electricity through its contents, liberating therefrom minute particles of copper, and attaching them to the thin film already deposited. The entire process might be gone through in this bath, but the chemical deposit is precipitated first for the sake of quickness. Some few hours of this immersion leaves a bright shell of copper, as thick as fairly stout writing-paper, upon the mould. This latter is then carefully washed away in hot water, and there remains an exact and delicate *fac-simile* in thin copper of the original page of type.

But before this can be printed from it must be "backed up." Another careful examination is the preliminary to this process, which consists in pouring upon the back of the copper shell a quantity of molten metal—principally lead—to a thickness of about a fifth of an inch, so as to make up a solid plate, with the printing surface in copper. The rough edges of this plate are trimmed off

with a fine circular saw, and another machine shaves it to the proper thickness. Then a skilled workman closely scrutinizes the plate for any inequality of surface caused by heat, etc., and cleverly beats it up perfectly flat; after which another machine is called into requisition, which shaves the edges exactly square and to size; still another machine finally shaves down the plate to the mathematically exact thickness required—a machine which can take off an almost transparent shaving half the thickness of tissue paper. Then a very exact piece of mechanism bevels the edges precisely to the correct angle required to fit the cylinder whereupon the plate is to be fixed for printing. After this, being placed upon a flexible piece of steel, the plate is brought between the jaws of the shaper, which, being heated by gas and air blast, close together and bring it to the proper curve to fit upon the printing cylinder. Then the plate is finally examined for minute defects, and, if found satisfactory, is sent to do its work. Such are the processes—in addition to some other smaller and subsidiary ones not necessary to explain—through which the metal surface from which this page is printed went before even approaching the printing machine. At any stage of the operations, even the final examination, a defect not easily remedied involves the casting aside of the plate and



"THE STRAND MAGAZINE" PRINTING ROOM.



THE "TIT-BITS" PRINTING ROOM.

the preparation of a new one from the beginning. In this electroplate and stereo-type department, with its complexity of overhead gearing, its grime of black-lead, and its smell of hot wax, there are no fewer than twenty-two entirely different *sorts* of machines at work; and it must be remembered that a deal of skilled hand-work is done with various additional tools.

When all these plates are prepared, of which no fewer than 460 are required every month, they are fixed upon the cylinders of the printing machines. And to see these machines, which for *THE STRAND MAGAZINE* alone are of three different sorts, we must descend to the basement. The most noticeable of these is the "Rotary Art Press"—the only one in Europe—which will print sixty-four illustrated pages at one revolution of the cylinders. Another is the Web Press, which will print and fold sixty-four pages at each revolution; and the third, a smaller "Stop Cylinder" Press, capable of very fine work, but printing only sixteen pages at a time, and covering 750 of such sheets on one side in an hour.

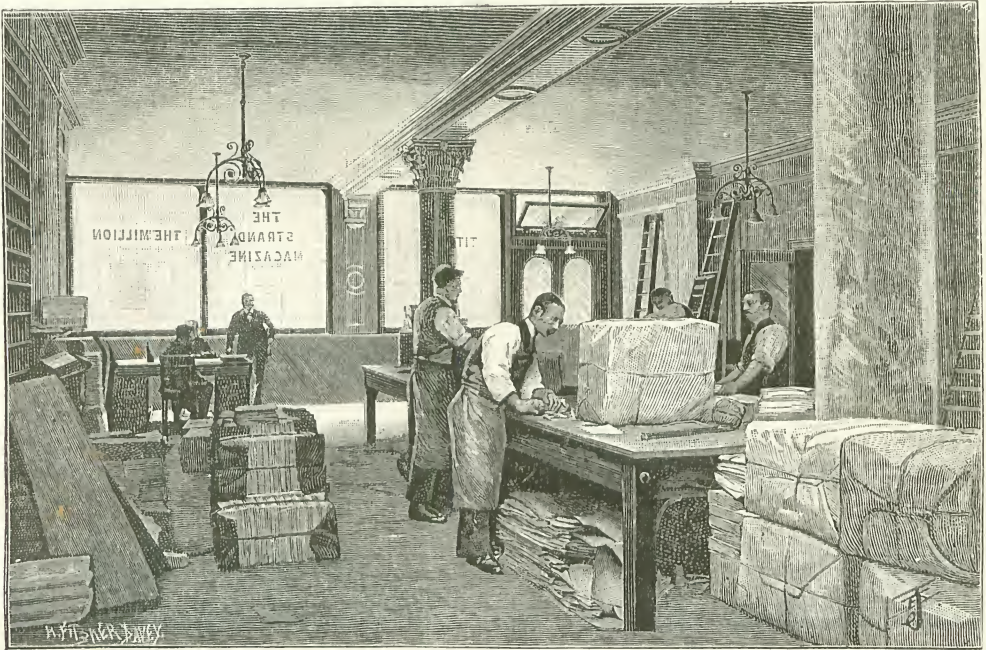
But before any printing takes place, the paper, in great rolls of more than two miles long, must be re-wound, and for this a special winding machine is provided, whereon the paper unwinds from its original roll and forms another. This liberates the electricity

with which new paper is usually highly charged, and which hinders and interferes with accuracy of the folding; it also facilitates the detection and cutting out of the inevitable faulty joins in the paper. Much depends on the paper, and great care is requisite in its use; it is often found that different reels of, to all appearance, exactly the same make of paper, for unaccountable reasons, produce entirely different results, good and bad.

Mounted on platforms attached to the Rotary Art Press are four men, whose business it is to "feed" the machine with sheets of paper. These sheets of paper are gripped by the machinery, and pass between two cylinders. The lower of these cylinders carries, firmly fixed to its surface, sixty-four plates of *THE STRAND MAGAZINE* pages, and sixteen inking rollers, supplied with ink from two fountains, ink these plates. The upper cylinder is simply the "impression cylinder," carrying no plates, its function being to press the paper against the lower. Thus only one side of the paper is printed at a time—it being found advisable in the case of fine work to allow one side to dry before treating the other. The printed sheets pass over and down on rows of guiding tapes, which keep them flat; they go four at a time, two on each set of tapes, and in the end slide over a light frame of laths, hinged at the bottom and looking like an exaggerated and very wide comb.

This frame swings forward and downward, and, depositing its sheets on the bench standing for their reception, returns for more. There are two such frames, depositing each simultaneously two sheets of sixteen pages each, and the machine can print 1,250 such sets of sixty-four pages in an hour. This is a bald description of the main features of the machine, which, wonderfully compact as it is, nevertheless is a mass of ingenuities. There is a deal more skill required in the printing of such illustrations as these pages contain than many are apt to imagine. For instance, there is the process of "over-laying"—an art in itself, and a difficult one. It consists in adding various

second plate cylinder, provided with another batch of thirty-two plates, which print upon it, exactly behind the original pages, thirty-two more. So far, the process has occupied less than two seconds. Still the paper travels on, and passes under a small cylinder with a hidden knife, which cuts the printed paper into strips four leaves long and two leaves wide. Still on these cut sheets are carried between endless bands of tape. Various complicated and unexplainable devices give each alternate sheet a quicker progress, carrying it over that which went before; under creasing blades and circular knives the paper passes, and in the end emerges



THE PACKING ROOM.

thicknesses in paper to the impression cylinder, in order that the impression on each plate shall be varied—the darkest shadows of the engravings receiving the heaviest pressure, the finest lines the lightest, and all intermediate shades in proportion.

The Web Press is a wonderful construction. At one end is observed an immense roll of paper unwinding into the machine at the rate of nearly two hundred feet a minute. This paper first passes over a jet of steam, which slightly softens—does not wet—its surface; next it passes under a cylinder covered with thirty-two curved printing plates, inked by seven rollers. This prints thirty-two pages on one side. Then it travels to a reversing cylinder, and presents its other side to a

in four-folded sections of eight pages each. Eight such sections emerge at each revolution of the cylinders all accurately printed, cut, folded and registered, and ready for the binder. At the side of the machine is a brass plate with glazed holes, behind which constantly changing figures denote the number of sheets turned out. Two lads are kept busily at work seizing the folded parts and packing them in boxes on trolleys; and yet, marvellously fast as the machine does its work, it is all with a regular, deliberate movement which seems almost slow.

The Stop Cylinder Press is a smaller machine, printing, as has been seen, at a comparatively slow rate, upon one side of the

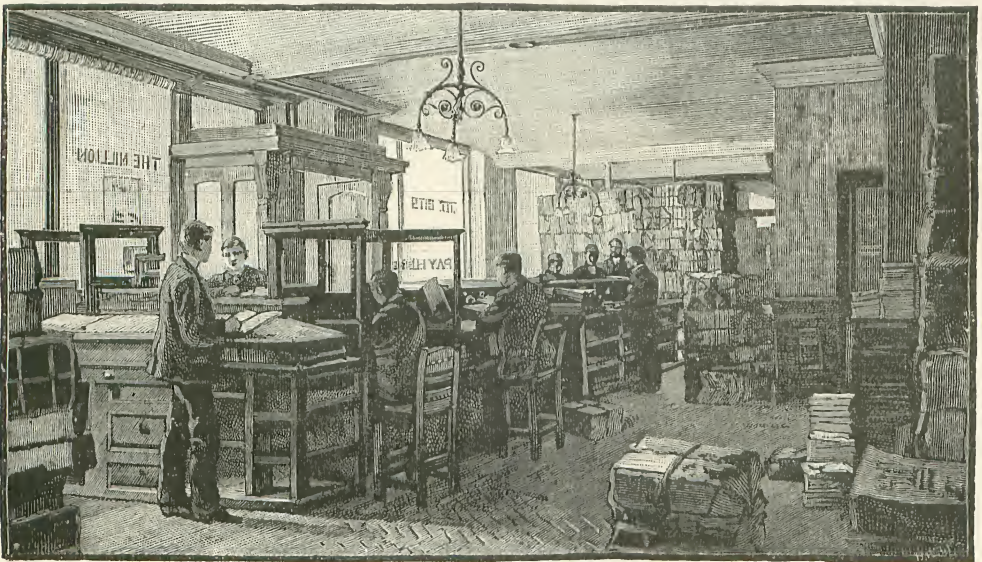
paper. It takes its name from the stopping of its cylinders, and is "fed" by hand.

The *Tit-Bits* machines, which, like the others, are manufactured by Messrs. R. Hoe and Co., are in number two, and larger than those we have seen. In addition to printing, they cut, fold, and paste the pages, turning the papers out complete, except for the edge-trimming. Here you see a machine which takes in, at two separate sides, rolls of white and green paper respectively, and turns out at a third side complete cut, covered, and pasted copies of *Tit-Bits* at the rate of something like seven a second. We have seen how the stereotyped plates are prepared. These, when fixed upon the cylinders, are inked by a system of twenty-four rollers to each cylinder. The paper, dampened, is controlled in its passage to the cylinder by an automatic brake, which keeps it to its proper timed pace. The cover is printed in what is, as a matter of fact, a smaller machine under cover of the larger one, and joins the white paper at the place where the covering takes place. As the paper runs through the machine it is pasted in the proper places from a paste-trough, wherein revolves a cylinder, from the surface of which the paste is taken and applied by a knife. The folding is effected by the paper passing over a series of triangular metal frames, apex downward. As the paper passes over the smooth surface of the frame it narrows towards the apex, and the paper doubles in the crease thus formed. The cover is attached in the

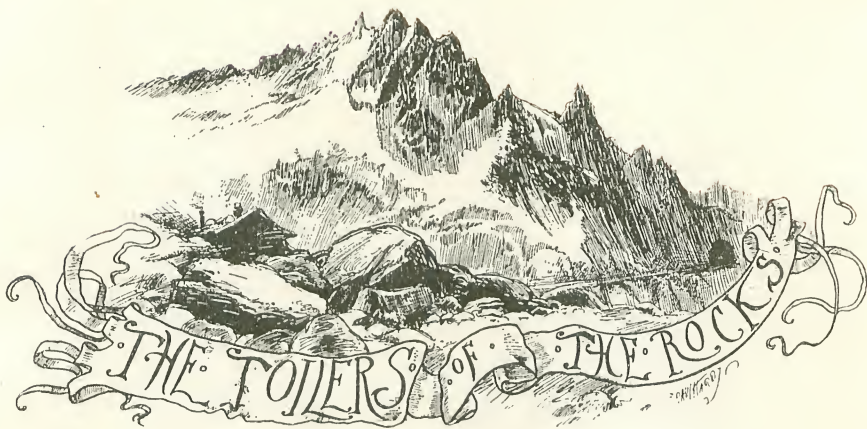
same way that the inner leaves are pasted together, and so, from each of these two large machines—each a double machine in itself—hundreds of complete copies of the paper fall every minute, numbered on the indicator at the side. In another part of the room is observed the apparatus upon which the paper is re-wound and at the same time wetted, ready to receive the impression. Above, a balcony stretches along the wall, from which visiting members of the public may watch the operations below.

After this there is only the publishing office, and the copy of *Tit-Bits* or THE STRAND MAGAZINE is launched upon the outer world. This office, on the ground-floor, is a great L-shaped room, or two rooms, as you please, one part extending along the Exeter Street front, and the other reaching away forward to Southampton Street. Between forty and fifty persons are employed in this department, under the direction of Mr. Harrison, the publisher, who, in the preceding illustration, is to be seen standing by the window with his hand on the table. From this place go, each Thursday, the many hundreds of thousands of copies of *Tit-Bits* which find their way into every corner of the world; and from here, on an ordinary month, issue out 114 tons of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

The building was erected by Messrs. Colls and Sons, of 5, Coleman Street, the architect being Mr. J. T. Woodard, of Bedford Street, Strand.



THE PUBLISHING OFFICE.



TRANSLATED FROM FERDINAND DE SAAR.



I. ONE of the most remarkable railways in the world is that which crosses the Semmering—a ridge belonging to the Noric Alps which marks the frontier between Austria and Styria the Green.

The traveller who makes this journey for the first time receives a deep and lasting impression. In truth, what can be more terrible, more striking, than the narrow track running at infinite heights between beetling walls and yawning precipices?—what more impressive than the carriages rolling with a crash like thunder over viaducts elevated to fabulous heights, or burying themselves to the shrill scream of the locomotive in the deep night of the long tunnels?

The air is cold—freezing. The train is swept along as by a whirlwind. The earth below is so far away that it can hardly be distinguished through the half-transparent mists. In the midst of scenes and works of such sublimity man realizes his own insignificance. But little thought is given to the thousands of poor people who amidst the greatest dangers have spent their strength in hauling the enormous rocks and blocks of stone, in spanning the gigantic gulfs with bridges, and in bringing their Titanic task to a successful issue.

It is the story of two of these poor creatures that I propose to tell. Not that

my intention is to excite the public pity for their fate, or to idealize their lives. I shall simply strive to shed a little light upon the immense mass of the suffering poor who, after a life of struggle, of privations, and of rude labour, sink, despised and unremembered, into the common tomb. I shall speak of the human heart, of its joys and its sorrows, and of the great tragedy of life which is renewed for ever amongst the humblest as among the most powerful of the earth.

The Semmering railway was almost finished. The hubbub of the labourers, the thunder of the blasting, had ceased. The swarm of workpeople who had come from Bohemia, from Moravia, from sterile Karst and fertile Frioul, had dispersed, and had pushed on farther south in search of work.

Reassured by the tranquillity of the place, the wild animals began to come forth again from the depths of the forest. Only here and there were still seen some of the little wooden huts which the wandering labourers had inhabited; most of which they had pulled down before they left.

These scattered cabins served as a shelter to a small number of workers who still remained to finish the railway; for still, at certain places, rails had to be fixed, telegraph poles to be placed, and the pointsmen's boxes to be completed, under the roofs of which the swallows had already made their nests.

One Sunday afternoon, a woman was sitting upon the threshold of one of these little huts, which stood against the rock, near the line. Her hair was hidden by a coarse scarf twisted round it; her face was worn and old-looking, and contrasted with her girlish figure. Deep lines crossed her forehead, and drew down with a mournful expression the corners of her lips.

The sun was sinking at the horizon. Great shadows already wrapped the highest summits; but a flood of living light bathed the valley and the forest pines. A cloud of flies, of butterflies and bees, whirled dizzily in the sunlight. The solitary girl saw nothing of this charming landscape. Her eyes were fixed upon a man's shabby jacket which she was darning. This work appeared to be particularly difficult to her, for if the coarse and horny hand that awkwardly held the needle was examined, it was easy to see that it was accustomed to handle the hoe and spade.

Suddenly the young woman's attention was attracted by the sound of footsteps. She lifted her head, and perceived a man of miserable aspect advancing towards the cabin.

He was slight and insignificant in figure, and was clothed in an old military coat with flapping skirts, too loose and too long for him. A soldier's cap, blue and greasy, was pulled down over his forehead to his eyes. He staggered as he walked, though to sustain himself he leant upon a knotty stick, and

though the little sack which he carried slung across his back appeared almost empty. He approached timidly, and looked helplessly at the young girl out of his weak eyes.

"Is this hut Number 7?" he asked, in a faltering tone.

"Yes, this is it," she replied, with the harsh accent peculiar to the Germans of Central Bohemia. "What do you want?"

"I have been sent here to work." And, as he spoke, he showed her a paper which he held in his hand.

The young girl scrutinized the strange costume of her questioner, and his thin white face with its straggling beard.

"The overseer is not here at present," she said at last. "He has gone down to the tavern at Schottwein with the men. Rest yourself whilst you wait, if you are tired." She cast a last glance upon the poor creature, who appeared to be in suffering, and then returned to her interrupted work, drawing the needle with renewed haste.

The soldier sent here to work. He dragged himself a little farther away, and let himself fall upon the grass with a great sigh of weariness. He lay there at full length, whilst the sun sank more and more at the horizon, pouring over the whole scene its liquid golden light. A deep silence reigned. Far above in the azure sky a solitary vulture wheeled, uttering its piercing cry. Very soon from the distance came the bellowing of drunken voices. The girl trembled.



"IS THIS HUT NUMBER 7?"

"Heavens!" she murmured, speaking to herself. "They are already returning, and the jacket is not done!"

The voices became more and more distinct, the howlings stronger, and in a few minutes a band of individuals of savage aspect burst upon the scene. In the midst of them, and rather better clothed than his companions, a man of herculean figure caught the eye. He was about fifty years of age. His big face was red and swollen by drink, and from under his straw hat, which was tilted backwards on his head, escaped a tangled mass of greyish hair. On his left shoulder was slung his coat, which he had taken off; his right arm, with its powerful muscles displayed by the turned-up sleeve, carried a great pannier filled with provisions. Two of his companions were loaded with heavy sacks full of potatoes, which were hoisted on their shoulders.

"Halloa! Tertschka," cried the man with the basket in a hoarse voice, "give us a light, so that we can put our provisions in the cellar."

As she stood before him his eye fell upon the unfinished jacket, which she held timidly against her breast.

"Well, is it done?" he asked, abruptly.

"Not quite," she replied, in some confusion.

"What, not done yet?" he cried, so fiercely that his face grew purple. "Did I not tell you that I should want it to-morrow?"

"I have worked at it all the afternoon. But I cannot darn it as quickly as someone who has learnt to sew."

The reproach contained in these plaintive words appeared to increase his irritation.

"You have always an answer ready," he cried. "But if at daybreak to-morrow my jacket is not finished, take care of yourself!"

He put down his basket of provisions and strode towards her, menacing her with a terrible gesture. She shrank back from the blow, and at that moment he caught sight of the man in the soldier's coat, who had timidly drawn near.

"Who is this?" he demanded, letting his hand fall.

"He has been sent here to work," replied Tertschka, breathlessly.

The overseer, for it was he, drew himself up to his full height and advanced towards the wretched little creature, measuring him from head to foot.

"Bah! to work! The rascal cannot even stand upon his legs."

"I have come a long journey," said the

stranger, hesitating. "I have walked here from Otterthal."

"That is a feat, no doubt," sneered the overseer, scanning in the twilight the paper which the young man held out with a shaking hand. "You are called Huber?" he asked, after a pause.

"Yes, George Huber."

"And why do you wear a soldier's uniform?"

"I have been in the army and have been discharged."

"What, you have been in the army?"

"Seven years in the 12th Regiment. I have been dismissed now because I cannot get rid of a bad fever which I caught during the siege of Venice."

"Good Heavens! Fever! This is the last straw! The devil must be in the Government that sends us such fellows. We get nothing but invalids to make stone-breakers of. And then people are astonished that no work is done. As for you," he added, with another threatening gesture, "take care, for if you fail to do your two cart-loads of gravel daily, I shall send you packing. This is not a hospital, remember!"

Thereupon he picked up his basket and, followed by his companions, entered the cabin. Tertschka led the way, holding in her hand a brand lighted at the fire. A door barred with iron led into a sort of grotto hollowed in the rock, in which the provisions were stored. The overseer then retired to rest in an adjacent room; upon which the labourers stretched themselves, yawning, here and there upon the floor, and without troubling themselves about their new comrade, prepared to sleep upon the old straw mattresses which were ranged against the walls.

George all this time stood irresolute by the door. In a few minutes Tertschka came towards him.

"You can sleep there," she said, pointing with her hand to a vacant place.

He obeyed her awkwardly, screwing himself together so as to take up as little space as possible. After making a pillow of his sack and covering himself with his old coat which he had taken off, he uttered a great sigh of weariness and composed himself to sleep. Tertschka lighted a little lamp, and crouching down by the fire began to sew with feverish haste. When she had finished her work, she extinguished the smoky flame, and stretched herself, dressed as she was, in a corner near the chimney.

Outside, the night was blue and balmy—a

summer's night in all its splendour. A cool wind blew. From the interior of the hut, whence could be heard the deep breathing of the sleepers, myriads of stars sparkled through the disjointed planks and crannies of the roof.

II.

THE dawn was already beginning to whiten the horizon, when George awoke from his deep sleep. He watched the workmen quit their meagre couches; rise and pass out, furnishing themselves as they did so with all sorts of tools which were hanging on the walls of the cabin. He followed their example, and after putting on his coat, stood hesitating in what direction to proceed in search of his work, when Tertschka came up to him, carrying on her shoulder a long-handled hammer.

"The overseer is still asleep," she said, "but I know what you have to do. Take this hammer and come with me."

He obeyed her, and they went out together.

where several of the men were at work, whilst the rest were busy upon the line, with wheelbarrows and spades. Tertschka, followed by George, passed these groups and paused at a heap of stones.

"This is my place," she said, seating herself on the middle of a pile of stones. "I never care to remain near the men. They are coarse and wicked; but if you like, you can work here."

He made no reply, but sat down at her side.

"See, these great fragments of rock must be broken into tiny pieces. "There," she added, pointing to a great heap of fine gravel, "is my last week's work."

He took a piece of limestone, and struck it with his hammer, but the stone remained unbroken.

"Strike harder," cried Tertschka. This time she struck it in her turn, and the rock flew into fragments. He watched her in amazement, and after making a second attempt was rewarded with success. Then, without saying a word, both devoted themselves to their task.

All around them lay stretched a wild but charming scene of hill and valley. But the work-people did not pause in their labour to admire its beauties. With stooping shoulders they struck and broke their stones, whilst the sun, now mounting in the heavens, beat down with scorching heat upon their unsheltered heads. The strokes of George's hammer became fainter and fainter, and at last the tool

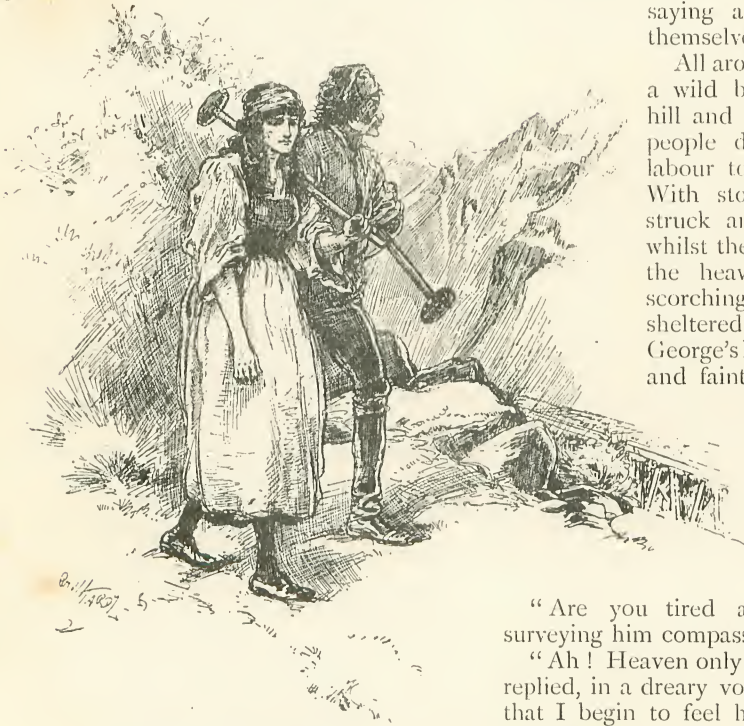
fell from his hand. He began to fan himself with his cap, and to dry the moisture which streamed down his face. Tertschka stopped also.

"Are you tired already?" she asked, surveying him compassionately.

"Ah! Heaven only knows how tired," he replied, in a dreary voice. "It is only now that I begin to feel how low the fever has brought me."

"Feeble and ill as you are, how could you accept work so hard and rude as ours?"

"What else remained for me to do? To beg? Not that, at any rate. I had learnt no trade. In my nineteenth year I was placed in the army. Now I am ill, they send me



"THEY WENT OUT TOGETHER."

Outside, all was cool and peaceful. Only now and then a bird twittered in the bushes. The grass was heavy with clear dew.

They walked silently along. After some distance they came upon a stone quarry,

here to break stones. Yes, now I am a stone-breaker," he said, with a smile frightful in its bitterness. He picked up his hammer.

Tertschka stood silent with drooping head.

"But you will never be able to stand it," she said at last, in a low voice.

"Oh! yes, perhaps, when I get food to eat; these last days have been very hard for me. I have eaten nothing since yesterday morning."

She made no reply, but slowly unwrapped and took out of her apron a piece of black bread, which she broke into two parts. She held out to him the largest of the two pieces.

"Eat," she said.

He glanced timidly at the piece she offered him.

"But—it is your bread," he replied in confusion. And he made a gesture of refusal.

"That does not matter. I have quite enough for myself."

As he made no movement to accept it, she placed the bread by his side.

"You must be thirsty also," she continued. "I will go and fetch you some water; there is a stream hard by."

She rose, took a small pitcher fixed among a heap of stones, and ascended the quarry towards the pine forest, where a tiny rill of limpid water trickled between tufts of green moss. She filled the pitcher and drank, and then filled it again, and returned with it. The piece of bread was still untouched.

He accepted the cool draught with gratitude.

"Thank you very much—very much," he said, in a broken voice, when he had finished drinking.

"It was done willingly; there is nothing to thank me for."

She sat down again.

"Eat," she continued, in a tone of sweet persuasion. "You can surely accept that of me."

The blood rushed to his face, and he took up the bread.

"Surely you, who are so kind-hearted, must also have been unhappy," he said, without looking at her, and breaking off a piece of bread.

"Yes, I know what it is to be unhappy; and I am often hungry myself."

A lump rose in his throat, and he felt as if he were choking.

"Is this work so badly paid then?" he asked, after a pause.

"I do not get paid at all."

"What—you receive no wages?"

"No; the overseer takes charge of them."

"The overseer?"

"He is my step-father."

"Your step-father?" he repeated, mechanically.

"Yes; my father was killed when I was quite little. Then my mother married the overseer, who at that time was simply a labourer. We all came hither from Bohemia."

"Then you are a native of Bohemia? and that is why you speak such a strange dialect, and why you have such a singular name? Tert—I cannot pronounce it."

"Tertschka," she repeated. "In German it is the same as Theresa; for short, I am called Resi."

"But," he continued, "if the overseer receives your wages, it is his duty to maintain you."

"Oh! he gives me just enough to keep me from starvation. He is a bad man. He beats me continually. You saw him, how he threatened me yesterday about his jacket?"

She paused, plunged in mournful remembrances.

"But if he illtreats you like that, why do you stay here?"

"I know that he would never let me go," she replied. "Some poor, defenceless being is always necessary to him, to torment with impunity. For he is a coward, though always ready to quarrel. And then, where should I go?" she continued, with a sigh. "Everywhere, life is sad. Everywhere, there is suffering."

So saying, she picked up her hammer, and George, feeling a little more revived, followed her example. Silently they returned to their work.

The hours rolled on; the heat of noon spread into the valley and upon the mountain. All was quiet, except for the regular heavy strokes of the hammers, and the tapping of the woodpecker in the branches. From time to time the hoarse voices of the men occupied on the line were heard, bursting into some brief refrain.

Suddenly the shrill tinkle of a bell rang out.

"What is that?" asked George, seeing the workpeople leaving their work and proceeding in the direction of the cabin.

"It is the dinner-bell," replied Tertschka. "Come, let us go."

He rose and followed her in silence. After finishing their meagre meal they returned together to the quarry, where they continued their hard toil until night fell.

III.

THUS days followed days, and they worked together side by side. George began to pick

up his strength with amazing rapidity. The wretchedness in which he had hitherto lived was overcome. The vivifying mountain air swept away the fever which was consuming him. Already he handled his hammer with real vigour, whilst at the same time recounting to his companion the perils and adventures of his military life. There were many things which Tertschka only understood intuitively—others not at all. They were all so alien to her monotonous life, passed amidst the solitude of the great mountains. One thing she seized clearly, and that was that George had suffered. She

began to tell him in return her own sad life and all its unhappiness. These long days of toil, passed side by side under the high, scorching sun, became very sweet to them both. They started each morning at day-break to the quarry, and when the bell rang at meal-time, they were loth to be torn from their solitude and pleasant companionship, to endure the coarse jests and savage humour of the other occupants of the hut.

But, alas! These days when mutual friendship was beginning to heal their wounds, and to soothe their poor bruised hearts, were not to last. Whether the overseer had been informed of their intimacy by some vindictive companion, or his own evil nature made him divine the pleasure they took in each other's society, they never knew. But suddenly one day they perceived him standing behind them.

"What are you always doing here together, like two toads?" he belowered. "Begone, to your proper place, you famished scarecrow," he cried, turning to George, and pointing to another part of the quarry.

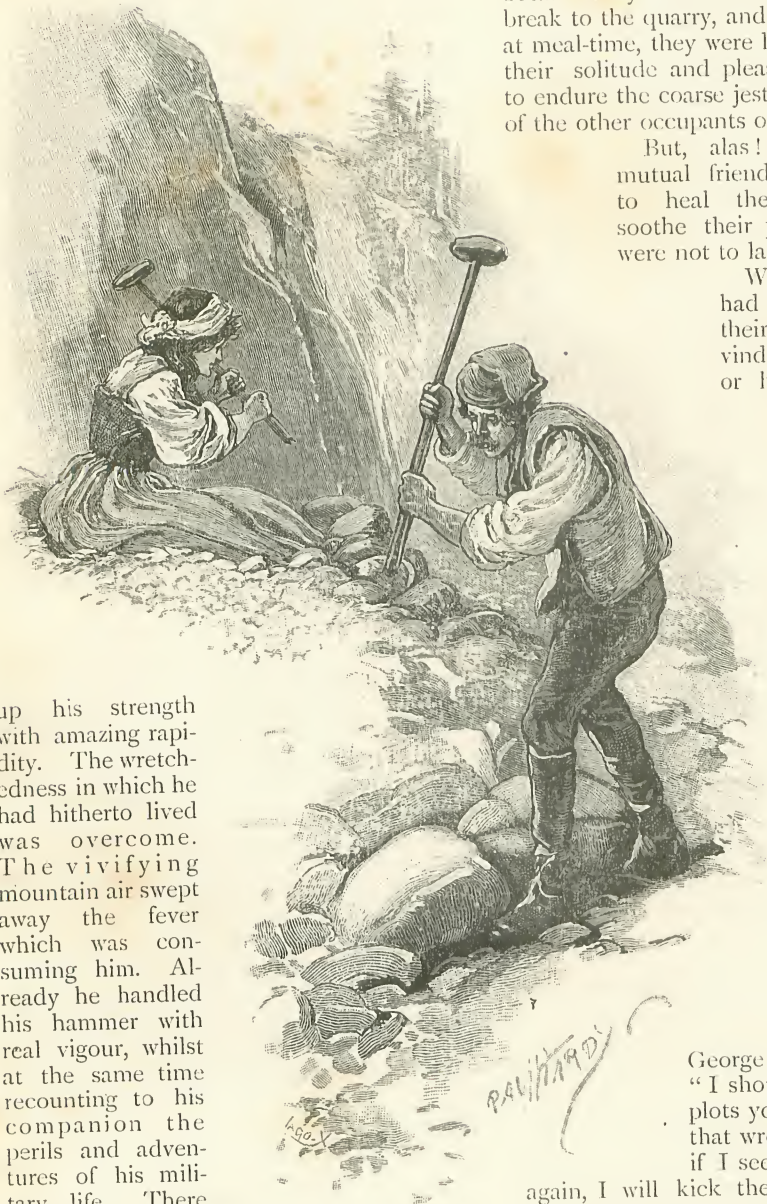
"As for you, you hypocrite," he continued to Tertschka, whilst

George crept silently away. "I should like to know what plots you are contriving with that wretched dwarf. Listen :

if I see you speaking to him again, I will kick the vagabond out of the place, and that day will be your last ; you understand ?"

Thus were the two poor creatures brutally separated.

On the following day, George received an order to work farther away, near the line. It was only at meal-times, or in the evening after the sun had set, that they saw each



"THEY WORKED SIDE BY SIDE."

other; and then they dared not give a glance of recognition. Harder still, they could not speak a single word, for the overseer's eye was ever on them, and they were under the constant surveillance of their companions, who watched them with mocking smiles.

permission from him. But let him say what he likes, I must not forget my religion in the midst of creatures who do nothing but drink and gamble."

George stood musing, with bowed head.

"It is a very long time since I went to church also," he said. "How delightful it would be if I could come with you."

"But it is impossible."

"Why? The overseer will know nothing. Let us each start separately and meet afterwards."

She reflected for an instant.

"It might be managed. In that case, you must start before

I do. Listen! On issuing from this cabin, there is a little pathway to the right which leads into the valley, and at the bottom of the path a wooden cross. Wait for me there. Now go," she added, in an imploring voice, "or we shall be observed."

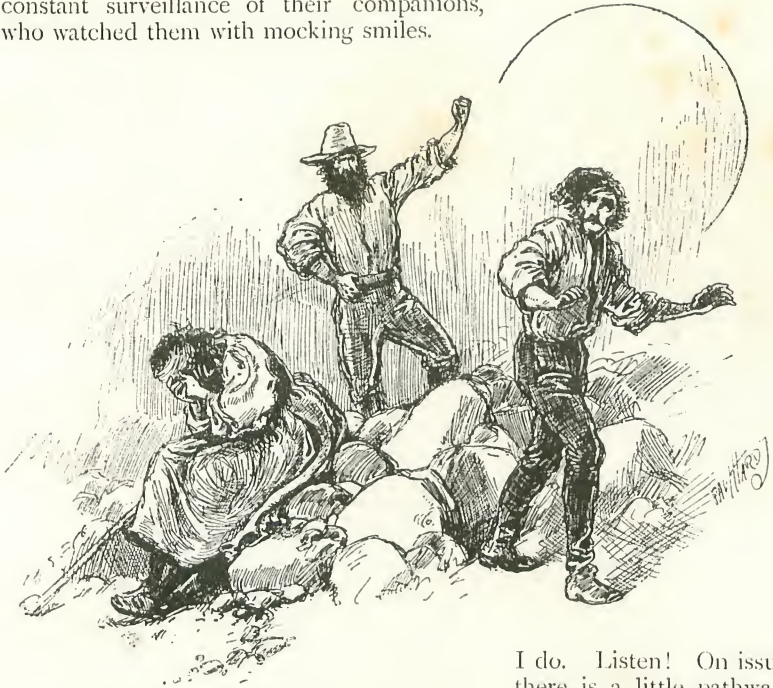
George went back and threw himself upon his couch, whilst the players roared and squabbled over their cards. He felt quite light-hearted and joyous in thinking of the morrow, and absorbed in pleasant anticipations, he soon fell asleep.

The next day was magnificent. A bright sun glittered through the pine trees as George descended the narrow green path that Tertschka had pointed out to him. He peered about for the cross which he was to find at the entrance to the valley. Soon he caught sight of its brown, worm-eaten wood among the young beech leaves. As he was there in good time, he sat down upon a large, mossy stone which served as a *prie-dieu*.

A deep silence reigned; the stillness of a Sabbath day. Even the bees, which were plundering the many-coloured petals of the flowers, seemed to restrain their drowsy hum. The moss was starred with blue gentians.

At length he started up impatiently, and

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"WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

It was Saturday evening, and the overseer, accompanied by some of the labourers, had gone to the tavern. Those who remained sat down to a game of cards, and soon became absorbed in handling the greasy pack. Presently they began to quarrel. Now was his time. George stepped softly over to Tertschka. The young girl was sitting in a corner on an old box, lost in thought.

"Why has he separated us like this?" he asked. "Surely it cannot matter to him if we sit together, as long as we do our work?"

She looked straight before her with a mournful expression.

"He is a wicked man," she said at last. "He cannot bear to see anyone happy. He would like to deprive everyone of every pleasure."

She rose and, lifting up the lid of the box, began to take out some articles of clothing.

"What are you going to do?" George asked, watching her.

"I have a great desire to go to-morrow to the church at Schottwein. There is no doubt I shall have great difficulty in obtaining

began to walk up and down. He gathered some of the gentians, and also some white and some yellow flowers which gleamed amid the grass.

"I will give them to Tertschka," he murmured, casting a complacent glance at his improvised bouquet.

At last he caught the gleam of a light dress upon the hill. Some seconds after he saw Tertschka descending the pathway. He hastened to meet her. "Here I am," she said, out of breath. "I have been able to get away this time without hindrance."

George stood gazing at her.

Her head was bare; the scarf which she habitually wore was gone, and her thick hair was parted simply on her forehead. A crimson kerchief which she wore around her neck cast a soft flush upon her pale cheeks, and her sober-coloured bodice, though too large for her, and her striped petticoat of muslin, were not unbecoming.

"How pretty you look!" he said at last.

She cast down her eyes and blushed.

"Take these flowers," George continued.

"I plucked them whilst I was waiting for you."

She took the bouquet which he had until then held behind his back, and tried to fasten it in her bodice, but it was too large, and so she continued to hold it in her hand, together with her rosary. They went on together down the mossy path and on through the cornfields, where the newly-reaped wheat stood in great sheaves of burnished gold.

At length they reached the hamlet of Schottwein. They found it in a state of great animation. It was mass day; the long, wide street which composed the village was thronged with all sorts of vehicles and with peasants clothed in their holiday garb. Opposite the church stalls were standing, crammed with every kind of goods for sale in rich variety—shawls of gay colours, cotton handkerchiefs, pipes, knives, glass bead necklaces, imitation coral ornaments, were piled side by side with cooking utensils, gingerbread, and children's toys.

They paused in ecstasy before the grandeur of the sight. George longed for a pipe. He used to smoke when a soldier. Now that he gained a living, and neither drank nor gambled with his comrades, he could well afford the luxury. He asked Tertschka's advice, and she encouraged him to buy one. Whilst he made his purchase, Tertschka strolled on in advance.

George elbowed his way through the crowd of loafers who pressed around the stall, and

bought a pretty porcelain pipe, embellished with tassels and a silken cord.

A brilliant necklace of amber beads caught his fancy. He imagined how pretty it would look on Tertschka's neck. The stall-keeper asking him but a moderate sum, it was soon wrapped in paper and in his pocket. And next, out of the change of the florin which he had given in payment, George bought at a neighbouring stall a gingerbread cake in the shape of a heart. He finally purchased some tobacco, and hastened on to join Tertschka.

He began by showing her the pipe, which she admired exceedingly.

"This is for you," he added, holding out the gingerbread heart. The heart was stamped in the centre with another heart, red, thrust with an arrow, and encircled with a garland of flowers.

She slipped it with a pleased smile of gratification between her bouquet and her rosary.

"I have something else for you," he continued presently, drawing the little packet slowly from his pocket, half opening it, and letting her see the gleaming of the yellow beads. She cast a rapid glance upon it.

"How could you spend so much money on me?" she cried. But her face was all rosy with pleasure, and her eyes sparkled with innocent joy.

"If I could only give you all that I desire!" he replied, with emotion. "But put it on and see how it looks."

She gave him her things to hold whilst she put on the necklace. But she could not succeed in fastening it.

"Let me do it," said George, and lifting gently the heavy masses of hair which clustered on her neck, he brought the two little ends of the snap together.

"There!" he said, examining her with a look of satisfaction.

They continued their route and soon came in sight of the little chapel standing in a cluster of lime trees.

Tertschka knelt down in the last row of benches, and placed her flowers and gingerbread before her. George stood erect behind her. He was much affected by that scene, so calm, so still. A mellow light streamed down through the lofty arched windows. But he could not pray. His eyes were fixed constantly upon that kneeling figure with bowed head and murmuring lips before him.

The mass ended. The priest blessed the congregation as they passed out; but still she knelt. At length she rose, and, followed

by George, advanced to the door where the impatient verger was shaking his bunch of keys. Outside, the sun was glittering through the green foliage.

"Come," said Tertschka, "let us go and sit down."

They proceeded towards a forest of young pine trees which fringed the meadows. A little hill, carpeted with soft moss, provided them with a seat, from which they looked down upon the village inn at their feet. They gazed with interest. The little inn was *en fête*. A merry wedding party were celebrating their happiness before the entrance, under a great beech tree, which spread its branches above their heads. Strains of music, softened by the distance, presently stole upon their ears. They saw the bridal pair advance and begin dancing upon the greensward to the music.

"How gaily they dance," cried Tertschka. "Do look at them."

"Yes, they are happy," he replied, dreamily. "If only we could celebrate our marriage too!"

"Oh! what are you saying?" she murmured, almost inaudibly; and, stooping down, she plucked a red flower in the grass at her feet.

"Resi!" he whispered — he called her by this name for the first time — and at the same moment he passed his arm timidly about the young girl's waist. "Resi, if you knew how much I love you!"

She made no answer, but she raised her eyes and fixed them upon his. In the love-light of their depths he read his happiness. He drew her gently to his heart, and their lips met for the first time in one long kiss of love.

IV.

SINCE I have undertaken the task of narrating this simple story as faithfully as possible, must I describe to you the dream of happiness in which our lovers lived from that day? I think it will be wise for me to pass it by in silence. What words can render the exquisite joys of a passion so pure as theirs?

It is true that they were compelled to conceal their happiness from all eyes, trembling with fear lest it should be discovered, as if they had been guilty of a crime. But in their secret hearts their passion thrived and flourished.

The fear that the overseer should learn of their visit to Schottwein diminished little by little; so much so that one day George, having gone to that part of the quarry where Tertschka was working, took the opportunity to snatch a few minutes by her side. For a little while the lovers forgot their woes in a

passionate embrace; but almost at the same moment they heard the sound of rapid steps behind them. They started instantly apart and perceived the overseer, who, with an evil smile upon his lips and his face purple with rage, stood gazing at them.

"Ha! so I have caught you this time, you wretched creatures!" he hissed forth. "This is the way you obey my orders! And you think I do not see your little game! I know well that you were together last Sunday, but I wanted to

surprise you in the act. You shall pay for this." As he spoke, he seized George by the throat, and, with a savage shake, threw him with such force upon the ground that the dust and stones flew up around him.



"RESI!" HE WHISPERED.

"Take away your load of stones, you gallows-bird! then pack, and be off. If ever I catch you prowling about here again, I will break every bone in your body!"

He kicked the poor fellow as he raised himself painfully; then following him to his cart, he drove him to the road with blows.

Then he came back and glared at Tertschka with a ferocious glance of hatred. "As for you," he said, "we will settle our account by-and-by."

Muttering and growling to himself, he strode away.

Stunned and blinded by the shock, George had rejoined his comrades. He emptied his cart mechanically, and sitting down upon a stone, gazed before him with thoughts far away. Since the morning the day had become dull and the sky covered with clouds. A biting autumn wind whistled in the tops of the pine trees. Suddenly the rain came down. But George never felt the icy drops which beat upon his face. Sparks danced before his eyes, and a shiver ran through his frame. Shame at the treatment he had undergone, mixed with the burning injustice which Tertschka, as well as himself, was enduring, brought the angry blood to his face. And now he was dismissed—separated from Tertschka—from that which was to him the most precious thing in all the world. The more he reflected, the more his shame and rage increased. His timid and patient nature was stung to revolt, and he felt within him a new-born strength to struggle, to resist, to conquer any obstacles which should rise to separate him from his betrothed. Gradually his dejected countenance assumed a terrible expression, and his eyes shone with a strange lustre.

He rose and took his way towards the little hill where Tertschka worked. His companions eyed him curiously. He found Tertschka sitting on the ground in tears.

"Do not weep, Resi," he said. His voice was calm and gentle, but singularly grave.

She made no reply.

He came to her side, and raised her head. Her sobs grew more violent.

"Do not weep," he repeated. "It was all for the best; we now know what we have to do."

She looked straight before her.

"You will come with me when I go away?" She shook her head slowly.

"I shall try to obtain the post of crossing-keeper, which is given, I believe, to soldiers who have served during the war. You shall

be my wife, and we will live in one of the little cottages beside the line. And if I fail in that," he added quickly, seeing that she made no sign of consent, and that her sobs redoubled—"if I cannot obtain this post—we will work for years with all our strength, and economize as much as possible. But, Resi, speak—tell me that you consent! Answer me!"

"Alas!" she moaned, "all that you say is Paradise, but you are not thinking of the overseer. He will never let me go."

"He cannot prevent you. You are no longer a child. He has no hold upon you, none. You are a worker like ourselves. You are free to come and go at your pleasure."

"Believe me, he will not let me go, and above all with you. I have never told you," she replied, after a pause, whilst a crimson flush of anger dyed her face, "but he killed my mother with his cruelty. I told him at the time what I thought of him. Ever since that day he has hated me like poison, and never loses an occasion to revenge himself upon me."

George grew pale to the lips. He seemed as if he were choking.

"The scoundrel!" he cried. "At any cost you must come with me, and we shall see if he will prevent you from going."

"Be careful," she cried, in alarm. "He is quite capable of killing any being too feeble to defend itself."

"I do not fear him," said George, his small stature dilating. "He took me at a disadvantage before, but now let him come!"

"Madonna!" she moaned, wringing her hands in agony. "You must not fight! I cannot bear it."

"No, no, it will not come to that," he replied, striving to appear calm. "First of all we will tell him our decision, and you will see that he will say nothing. Coward that he is, he will be forced to acknowledge that he has no hold upon you, and that you are free. Take courage, Resi," he added, gravely. "Would you let me go away alone?"

For answer she sprang towards him, and clung tightly round his neck.

"Now we will go and find him," he said, stroking her hair gently.

They went slowly towards the cabin, Tertschka in a tumult of alarm, George dignified and perfectly calm. When they reached the cabin, they found the overseer, knife in hand, seated before the table, peeling potatoes. He started on perceiving the two young people, but his surprise soon changed into a sort of frenzy.

"What do you want here?" he cried, half rising, and gripping nervously the handle of his knife.

"You have dismissed me," replied George,

manner so unexpected, that George could do nothing to prevent it. Without any undue haste, he buckled on his knapsack, and approached the overseer slowly.

"Let Tertschka out!" he said, in a firm voice.

The overseer went on peeling his potatoes.

"Let Tertschka out!" repeated George, again.

The overseer's hands began to shake. As George repeated his demand, for the third time, in a more imperative tone, he started up with clenched fists.

"Be off,"

with a calm voice, "so I have come to get my things, and to tell you that Tertschka will go away with me."

The overseer made a movement as if about to spring upon them. Then, seeing George's determined attitude, he recoiled in alarm.

"I have nothing to reply to you," he said at last, through his clenched teeth.

"That is not necessary. Tertschka is of age, consequently she is free to do as she pleases."

The overseer burst into a hiss of fury.

"Take what belongs to you, Resi," George continued, taking down his own coat which hung on the wall, "and let us go."

The overseer gasped painfully for breath. A struggle was passing within him. He hardly knew what to do next. As he hesitated, he threw a sidelong glance at Tertschka, who, unfortunately, could not control her agitation. As she walked towards her box he sprang upon her, and, grasping her by the shoulders, pushed her into the cellar, the door of which was half open, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

"That is my answer," he bellowed, with such fury that his whole body trembled. Then, gulping down his rage, he returned to his seat, and renewed his occupation.

This scene had passed so rapidly, and in a

he shouted, "unless ——"

"Unless what?" repeated George, calmly. "You cannot frighten me, with all your bluster. You ill-treated me when I was weak and defenceless. Now I defy you to your face!"

The overseer's countenance was terrible to look at. Hate and vengeance struggled on it with the basest cowardice. He gasped for breath, and his curved fingers seemed to clutch at something to rend to pieces.

"I advise you," said George, "to give up Tertschka, or else I shall use force."

In the midst of this scene several of the workmen had entered the cabin. Noon was approaching; perhaps they were also not unwilling to be witness of a scene which promised to be stormy. Their presence appeared to increase the irritation of the overseer. He felt that all their eyes were upon him, and to conceal his trepidation from those scrutinizing glances he assumed an air of insolence.

"Just listen to the cur! He threatens me. Come, kick him out of the place for me."

The men looked hesitatingly at one another, but no one stirred.

"You see," George continued, "no one will touch me. I ask you for the last time to let Tertschka out, or I will use this



"WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?" HE CRIED.

hammer. Two blows, and the door will be smashed to atoms."

"You would break down the door, would you, you scoundrel? Be off, or I will send for the police."

"Send for them," cried George, his blood boiling with righteous indignation. "We will soon see who is in the right. You will have to explain why you have locked Tertschka up. Everyone shall know that you have ill-treated her from childhood, that you have stolen from her the wages which she gained with so much labour. They shall also know how you oppress the feeble, and how you enrich yourself with the sweat and blood of the poor labourers confided to your charge."

George stopped. The truth of his reproaches stung his adversary into frenzy. The overseer's face turned livid. With a roar like that of a wounded bull, with foaming mouth and glaring eyes, he sprang at his opponent with his knife. George, on

door he broke it open with one blow. "You are free; our tyrant is no more."

"My God!" she shrieked, as she rushed out and saw the body lying stretched upon the ground. "He is dead! Oh! George! George! what have you done? You will be dragged to prison as a murderer."

"So be it! Nay, I will render myself up to justice. I will answer for my conduct to the court. My comrades can bear witness that the overseer attacked me with a knife and that I struck in self-defence. Go," he added, turning to the men. "Go to the police and tell them that George Huber, the stone-breaker, has killed your overseer."

V.

FOR four months George lay in the prison fortress of Wiener Neustadt awaiting his trial. Then he and his witnesses, among whom was Tertschka, were brought before the court-martial. The following sentence was passed:—

"George Huber, formerly a soldier in the 12th Regiment, having pleaded guilty of causing, by a blow, the death of the overseer at Semmering, is sentenced to a year's imprisonment. But taking into consideration the evidence of the witnesses, who swear that he only acted in self-defence, after the highest provocation, and his exemplary conduct whilst in the army, coupled with the personal testimony of those who know him, the Court reduces his sentence to the four months of im-

prisonment which he has already undergone in the fortress of Wiener-Neustadt since his arrest."

Two days after this George and Tertschka were sent for to the colonel's house. He regarded them for a moment in silence. Their sad story had touched him to the heart. Round these two poor creatures, tortured by the miseries of existence, shone the radiance of a love pure, deep, and



"HE SPRANG AT HIS OPPONENT WITH HIS KNIFE."

the other hand, scarcely knowing what he did, had gripped his hammer; it flew aloft; a dull blow resounded through the room, and the overseer, struck full upon the chest, staggered and fell backwards on the ground.

For an instant a death-like silence reigned. George stood like David over the dead body of Goliath.

"Resi! Resi!" he cried suddenly, as if returning to himself; and rushing to the

sublime. He advised them to remain at Wiener-Neustadt, where he would procure them work, and a salary sufficient to supply their wants. He promised to do still more for them in the future; and he kept his word.

To-day, where the black rails wind beside the gleaming River Mour, in the midst of green pastures and forests of sweet-scented pine trees, where the castle of Ehrenhauser rears its lofty towers upon the hill which overlooks the village, there stands a pretty little cottage. Behind the house extends a field of vegetables and maize. Roses and great golden-petaled sunflowers bloom before the door. A hedge surrounds the whole, over which the sweet pea twines its delicate tendrils.

In this pretty cottage, whose gay exterior attracts the admiration of the passers-by, George and Tertschka dwell. Their work

allows them ample leisure to cultivate their ground, to keep a goat and a brood of cackling fowls, and to bring up two chubby-cheeked, flaxen-haired children, who thrive amazingly behind the high hedge of sweet peas. In the evening they sit together before their cottage door, while the sunset dyes the sky with crimson flame; and their thoughts return to that well-remembered evening when first they saw each other upon the high summits of the Semmering, and to their past with all its suffering and its joys.

If these memories cast too sad a shadow on their minds they draw their laughing cherubs to their knees, and with the little, clinging arms around their necks, the silky hair against their cheeks, and the sweet innocent eyes regarding theirs, they forget, as if it were a dream, their past experience of the tears and sorrows which are the destined lot of every child of man.



Types of English Beauty.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, W.

MISS ETHEL CARLINGTON.



MISS ESSIE JOHNSTONE.

MISS DAY FORD



MISS MAUDE KENYAN.

MISS NORA MAGUIRE.

MISS HETTY HAMER.




MISS MARION GREY.

MISS M. STUDIOLME.

MISS PHYLLIS BROUGHTON.

A Vision of the Night.

BY RICHARD MARSH.

I.
“HARLIE, do you believe in dreams?”

It was in the great hall of the Poulhon spring at Spa. The band was playing. The motley crowd which gathers in the

season at Spa to drink, or not to drink, the waters, were talking, smoking, drinking coffee, something stronger, looking at the papers, or listening to the music. Among the crowd were Gerald Lovell and his friend Charles Warren. At the particular moment in which Mr. Lovell put his question, Mr. Warren was puffing rings of cigarette smoke into the air.

“Ask me,” he said, with distinct irreverence, “another.”

“A queer thing happened to me last night.”

“If you have any malicious intention of inflicting on me a dream, young man, there'll be a row. I have an aunt who dreams. She's a dreaming sort. She's always dreaming. And she tells her dreams—such dreams! Ye Goths! At the mere mention of the word ‘dreams’ the nightmare figure of my aunt rises to my mind's eye. So beware.”

“But I'm not sure that this was a dream. Anyhow, just listen.”

“If I must!” said Mr. Warren. And he sighed.

“I dreamt that a woman kissed me!”

“If I could only dream such a thing. Some men have all the luck.”

“The queer thing was, that it was so real. I dreamt that a woman came into my room.

She came to my bedside. She stood looking down upon me as I slept. Suddenly she stooped and kissed me. That same instant I awoke. I felt her kiss still tingling on my lips. I could have sworn that someone had just kissed me.

I sat up in bed and called out to know if anyone was there. I got up and lit the gas and searched the room. There was nothing and no one.”

“It was a dream!”

“If it was, it was the most vivid dream I remember to have heard of; certainly the most vivid dream I ever dreamt. I saw the woman so distinctly, and her face, as she stooped over me, with laughter in her eyes. To begin with, it was the most beautiful face

I ever saw, and hers were the most beautiful eyes. The whole thing had impressed me so intensely that I took my sketch-book and made a drawing of her then and there. I have my sketch-book in my pocket—here is the drawing.”



“DO YOU BELIEVE IN DREAMS?”

Mr. Lovell handed his open sketch-book to his friend. It was open at a page on which was a drawing of a woman's face. When Mr. Warren's eyes fell on this drawing, he sat up in his chair with a show of sudden interest.

"Gerald! I say! You'll excuse my saying so, but I didn't think you were capable of anything so good as this. Do you know that this is the best drawing of yours I have ever seen, young man?"

"I believe it is."

"It looks to me—I don't want to flatter you; goodness knows you've conceit enough already!—but it looks to me as though it were a genuine bit of inspiration."

"Joking apart, it seems to me almost as if it were an inspiration."

"I wish an inspiration of the same kind would come to me. I'd be considerably grateful—even for a nightmare. Do you know what I should do with this? I should use it for a picture."

"I thought of doing something of the kind myself."

"Just a study of a woman's face. And you might call it—the title would be apposite—'A Vision of the Night!'"

"A good idea. I will."

And Mr. Lovell did. When he returned to his Chelsea studio, he chose a moderate-sized canvas, and he began to paint on it a woman's face—just a woman's face, and nothing more. She was looking a little downwards, as a woman might look who was about to stoop to kiss someone lying asleep in bed—say a sleeping child—and she glanced from the canvas with laughing eyes. Mr. Warren came in to look at it several times while it was progressing. When it was finished, he regarded it for some moments in silent contemplation.

"I call that," he declared, sententiously, with what he supposed, perhaps erroneously, to be a Yankee twang, "a gen-u-ine work of art. I do. *The thing.* Young man, if you forward that, with your compliments, or without 'em, to the President, Fellows, and Associates of the Royal Academy, I'll bet you five to one it's hung!"

His prediction was verified—it was hung. It was the first of Mr. Lovell's pictures which ever had been hung—which made the fact none the less gratifying to Mr. Lovell. It was hung very well, too, considering. And it attracted quite a considerable amount of attention in its way. It was *sold* on the opening day. That fact was not displeasing to Mr. Lovell.

One morning, about the middle of June, a card was brought in to Mr. Lovell, while he was working in his studio. On it was inscribed a name—*Vicomte d'Humières.* The card was immediately followed by its owner, a tall, slightly built gentleman; unmistakably a foreigner. He saluted Mr. Lovell with a bow which was undoubtedly Parisian.

"Mr. Gerald Lovell?"

The accent was French, but, for a Frenchman, the English was fair.

"I am Gerald Lovell."

"Ah! That is good! You are a gentleman, Mr. Lovell, whom I particularly wish to see." The stranger had been carrying his stick in one hand and his hat in the other. These he now deposited upon one chair; himself he placed upon a second—uninvited. He crossed his legs. He folded his black gloved hands in front of him. "I believe, Mr. Lovell, that we are not strangers—you and I."

Mr. Lovell glanced at the card which he still was holding.



"VICOMTE D'HUMIÈRES."

"You are the Vicomte d'Humières?"

"I am."

"I am afraid—it is unpardonable remissness on my part; but I am afraid that, if I have ever had the pleasure of meeting you before, it is a pleasure which has escaped my memory."

"It is not that we have ever met before—no, it is not that. It is my name to which you are not a stranger."

Mr. Lovell glanced again at the card.

"Your name? I am afraid, Vicomte, that I do not remember having ever heard your name before."

"Ah! Is that so?" The stranger regarded his polished boots. He spoke as if he were addressing himself to them. "Is it possible that she can have given another name? No, 't is not possible. She is capable of many things. I do not believe she is capable of that." He looked up again at Mr. Lovell. "My business with you, Mr. Lovell, is of rather a peculiar kind. You will think, perhaps, that mine is rather a singular errand. I have come to ask you to acquaint me with the residence of my wife."

"With the—did you say, with the—residence of your wife?"

"That is what I said. I have come to ask you to acquaint me with the residence of my wife." The artist stared.

"But, so far as I am aware, I do not know your wife."

"That is absurd. I do not say, Mr. Lovell, that you are conscious of the absurdity. But still—it is absurd—I was not aware that you were acquainted with my wife until I learnt the fact, this morning, at your Academy."

"At our Academy?"

"Precisely. Upon the walls of your Academy of Painting, Mr. Lovell."

Mr. Lovell began to wonder if his visitor was not an amiable French lunatic.

"Is that not rather a singular place in which to learn such a fact?"

"It is a singular place. It is a very singular place, indeed. But that has nothing to do with the matter. It is as I say. You have a picture, Mr. Lovell, at the Academy?"

"I have."

"It is a portrait."

"Pardon me, it is not a portrait."

"Pardon me, Mr. Lovell, in my turn; it is a portrait. As a portrait, it is a perfect portrait. It is a portrait of my wife."

"Of your wife! You are dreaming!"

"You flatter me, Mr. Lovell. Is it that you suppose I am an imbecile? Are not

the features of a wife familiar to a husband? Very good. I am the husband of my wife. Your picture, Mr. Lovell, is a portrait of my wife."

"I cannot but think you have mistaken some other picture for mine. Mine is a simple study of a woman's face. It is called 'A Vision of the Night.'"

"Precisely. And 'A Vision of the Night'—is my wife."

"It is impossible!"

"Do I understand you to say, Mr. Lovell, of a thing which I say is so—that it is impossible?"

The Vicomte rose. His voice had a very significant intonation. Mr. Lovell resented it.

"I do not know, Vicomte, that I am *called* upon to explain to you. But, in face of your remarkable statement, I will *volunteer* an explanation. I saw the face, which I have painted, in a dream."

"Indeed; is that so? What sort of dream was it in which you saw my wife's face, Mr. Lovell?"

The young man flushed. The stranger's tone was distinctly offensive.

"It was in a dream which I dreamt last August at Spa."

"Ah! This is curious. At what hotel where you stopping last August at Spa?"

"At the Hôtel de Flandre—though I don't know why you ask."

"So! We approach a point, at last. Last August, my wife and I, we were at Spa. We stayed, my wife and I, at the Hôtel de Flandre. It was at the Hôtel de Flandre my wife left me. I have never seen her since. Perhaps, Mr. Gerald Lovell, you will be so good as to inform me what sort of dream it was in which you saw my wife's face, at the Hôtel de Flandre, last August, at Spa?"

Mr. Lovell hesitated. He perceived that caution was advisable. He felt that if he entered into minute particulars of his dream, there might be a misunderstanding with the Vicomte. So he temporized—or he endeavoured to.

"I have already told you that I saw the face in my picture in a dream. It is the simple fact—that I have no other explanation to offer."

"Is that so?"

"That is so."

"Very good, so far, Mr. Gerald Lovell. I thought it possible that you might have some explanation of this kind to offer. I was at the Academy with a friend. When I perceived my wife's portrait on the walls, and

that it was painted by a Mr. Gerald Lovell, I said to my friend: 'I will go to this Mr. Lovell, and I will ask him, among other things, who authorized him to exhibit my wife's portrait in the absence of her husband, in a place of public resort, as if it were an advertisement.' My friend proposed to accompany me. But I said: 'No. I will go, first of all, alone. I will see what sort of explanation Mr. Gerald Lovell has to offer. If it is not a satisfactory explanation, then we will go together, you and I.' I go to seek my friend, Mr. Lovell. He is not very far away. Shortly we will return. Then I will request, of your courtesy, an explanation of that very curious dream in which you saw my wife's face at the Hôtel de Flandre. Mr. Lovell, I wish you, until then, good day."

The Vicomte withdrew, with the same extremely courteous salutation with which he had entered. The artist, left alone, looked at his visitor's card, which he still retained in his hand, with a very puzzled expression of countenance.

"If the Vicomte d'Humières returns, it strikes me there'll be a little interesting conversation."

He laid down the card. He resumed the work which had been interrupted. But the work hung fire. A painter paints, not only with his hand, but with his brain. Mr. Lovell's brain was, just then, preoccupied.

"It was a dream. And yet, as I told Warren at the time, it certainly was the most vivid dream I ever dreamt." Deserting his canvas he began to move about the room. "Supposing it wasn't a dream, and the woman was a creature of flesh and blood! Then she must have come into my room, and kissed me while I slept. I'll swear that someone kissed me. By Jove! the Vicomte won't like to be told a tale like that! As he says, a man ought to know his own

wife's face when he sees it, even in a portrait. And if the picture is a portrait of his wife, then it was his wife who came into my room—and kissed me. But whatever made her do a thing like that? There's no knowing what things some women will do. I rather fancy that I ought to have made a few inquiries before I took it for granted that it was nothing but a dream. They would have been able to tell me at the hotel if the original of my dream had been staying there. As it is, unless I mind my P's and Q's, I rather fancy there'll be a row."

"Pardon!—May I enter?"

Mr. Lovell was standing with his back to the door. The inquiry, therefore, was addressed to him from behind. The voice in which it was uttered was feminine, and the accent foreign. The artist turned—and stared. For there, peeping through the partly open door, was the woman of his dream! There could not be the slightest doubt about it. Although the head was covered with the latest thing in Parisian hats, there was no mistaking, when one once had seen it—as he

had seen it—that lovely face, those laughing eyes. He stared—and gaped. The lady seemed to take his silence to imply consent. She advanced into the room.

"You are Mr. Gerald Lovell?"

As she came into the room, he perceived that she was not only most divinely fair, but most divinely tall. Her figure, clad in the most recent coquetties of Paris, was the most exquisite thing in figures he had lately seen. So completely had she taken his

faculties of astonishment by storm, that he could only stammer a response.

"You are the painter of my portrait?" For the life of him, he knew not what to say. "But, if you are Mr. Gerald Lovell, it is certain that you are. Besides, I see it in your face. There is genius in your eyes. Mr.



"PUZZLED."

Lovell, how am I to thank you for the honour you have done me?" Moving to him, she held out to him her hand. He gave her his. She retained it—or, rather, part of it—in her small palm. "If I am ever destined to attain to immortality, it is to your brush it will be owing. Monsieur, permit me to salute the master!"

Before he had an inkling of her intention, she raised his hand and touched it with her lips. He withdrew it quickly.

"Madame!"

She exhibited no signs of discomposure.

"I was at your Academy, with a friend—not half an hour ago. I beheld miles of mediocrity. Suddenly I saw—my face! my own face! glancing at me from the walls! *Ah, quelle plaisir!* But my face—how many times more lovely! How many times more beautiful! My face—depicted by the hand of a great artist! by the brush of a poet, and a genius!—Monsieur, you have placed on me ten thousand obligations."

She gave him the most sweeping curtsy with which he ever had been favoured—and in her eyes was laughter all the time. He was recovering his presence of mind. He felt that it was time to put a stop to the lady's flow of flowery language. He was about to do so—when a question she put to him again sent half his senses flying.

"There is one thing which I wished to ask you, Monsieur. When and where did I sit to you for my portrait? I do not remember to have had the pleasure and the honour of meeting you before." The lady's laughing eyes were fixed intently on his face. "And yet, as I look at you, a sort of shadowy recollection comes to me of a previous encounter; it is very strange! Monsieur, where was it we encountered—you and I?"

"Madame!"

Seeing how evidently he was at a loss for

words, she put out her hand to him as if to give him courage.

"Do not be afraid. Tell me—where was it that you saw me?"

"I saw you in a dream."

"A dream? Monsieur! To hear you speak—it is like a poem. Monsieur, where did you dream this dream in which you dreamt of me?"

"It was last year, at Spa."

"At Spa—that horrible place?"

"I did not find it a horrible place."

"No? Was it that dream which you dreamt of me which robbed it of its horror?" He did not speak. He allowed her to infer a compliment, but he did not proffer one. "But, Monsieur, I was only at Spa one afternoon and a single night."

"It was that night I dreamed of you."

"You dreamed? How? Tell me about this dream."

"I dreamed that you came into my room while I was asleep in bed, and kissed me!"

She continued to look at him intently a moment longer, as if she did not realize the full meaning of his words. Then—let us do her justice!—the blood

rushed to her face, her cheeks flamed fiery red. With her hands she veiled her eyes. She gave a little cry.

"*Ah, mon Dieu!* It was you—I remember. *Quelle horreur!*"

There was silence. Before she removed her hands from her eyes she turned away. She stood with her back towards him, trifling with a brush which he had placed upon the table. She spoke scarcely above a whisper.

"Monsieur, I thought you were asleep."

"I was asleep. I saw you in a dream."

"Then did—did I wake you?"

"You must have done. I woke—you must forgive my saying so—with a kiss tingling on my lips." The lady put her hands up to her eyes again. "The dream



"MAY I ENTER?"

had been so vivid I could not understand it. I got up to see if anyone was in the room."

"If you had caught me!"

"There was no one. But so acutely had your face impressed itself on my imagination that I took my sketch-book, and made a drawing of it then and there. In the morning I showed this drawing to a friend. He advised me to use it for a picture. I did. That picture is 'A Vision of the Night'!"

"It is the most extraordinary thing, Monsieur; you will suppose I am a very peculiar person. It is but a lame explanation I have to offer. Of that I am but too conscious. But such as it is, I entreat that you will suffer me to give it you. Monsieur, I am married"—Mr. Lovell bowed. He did not mention that he was aware of that already—"to the most capricious husband in the world—to a husband whom I love, but whom I cannot respect." Mr. Lovell thought that that was good—from her.

"He is a man who is extremely *difficile*, Monsieur. I do not think you have a word which expresses what I would say in English. He is extremely jealous; he is enraged that his wife should use the eyes which are in her head! The very day on which we arrived at Spa we had a dreadful quarrel. I will not speak of the treatment to which I was subjected; it is enough to say that he locked the door so that I should not leave the room—he wished to make of me a prisoner. Monsieur, directly he was gone, I perceived that there were two doors to the room—the one which he had locked, and another, which I tried. I found that it was open. Monsieur, when a prisoner desires to escape, he escapes by any road which offers. I was a prisoner; I desired to escape; I made use of the only road which I could find. I entered the door;

I found myself in a room in which there was—how shall I say it?—in which there was a man asleep. Monsieur, it was you!"

It must be owned that at this point the lady certainly did look down.

"I was, that night, in a wicked mood. I glanced at you; I perceived that you were but a boy"—Mr. Lovell flushed: he did not consider himself a boy—"but a handsome boy." She peeped at him with malicious laughter in her eyes. "I regarded myself as your mother, or your sister, or your guardian angel. Monsieur will perceive how much I am the elder." Again, a glance of laughing malice from those bewitching eyes. "I am afraid it is

too true that I approached the sleeping lips." There was silence. Then, so softly that her listener was only just able to catch the words: "I pray that Monsieur will forgive me."

"There is nothing for which Madame needs forgiveness."

"Monsieur but says so to give me pleasure. But one thing Monsieur must permit me to observe: If every woman were to be rewarded, as I have been, for

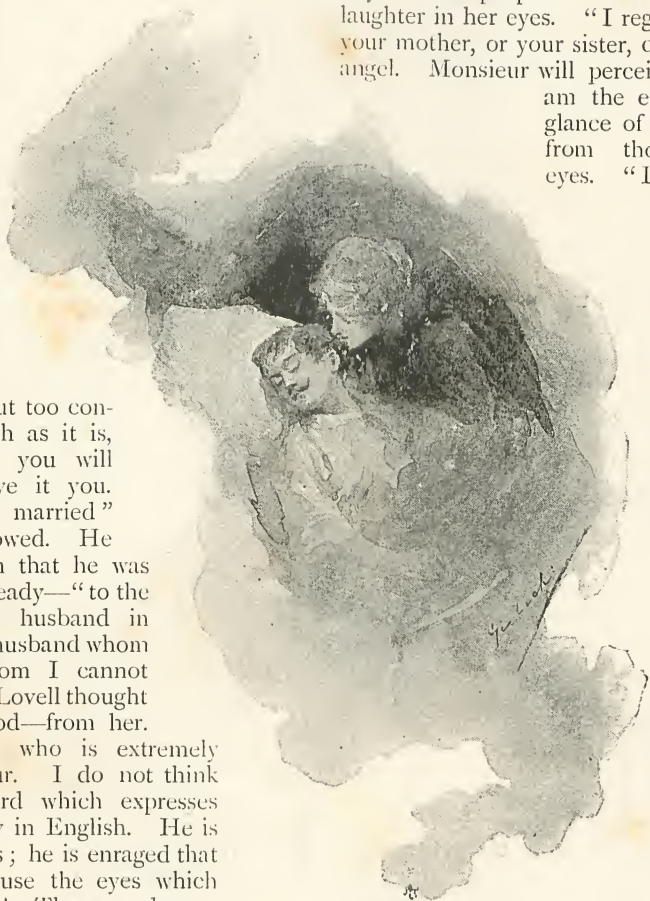
"A VISION OF THE NIGHT."

what I did, half the women in France would commit—a similar little indiscretion." Mr. Lovell was silent; he did not know exactly what to say. "Monsieur will permit me to regard him, from this day forward, as my friend? Mr. Gerald Lovell, permit me to introduce to you—the Vicomtesse d'Humières!"

The lady favoured him with another sweeping curtsy.

"I have already the pleasure of being acquainted with Madame's name."

"From whom did you learn it? From the people at the hotel?"



"I but learned it a few minutes before Madame herself came here."

"So! From whom?"

"I learnt it from the Vicomte d'Humières."

"The Vicomte d'Humières! My husband! Are you acquainted with him, then?"

"I can scarcely claim to be acquainted with the Vicomte. It seems, Madame, that this has been a morning of coincidences. It would appear that just before Madame perceived my little picture at the Academy, the Vicomte d'Humières perceived it too."

"Truly! But how magnificent!"

The lady clasped her hands in a little ecstasy.

"The Vicomte d'Humières did not seem to consider it magnificent. He took a distinctly contrary view."

"But that is certain!"

"He requested me to furnish him with your address. When I informed him that I was not acquainted with Madame, he desired to know who had authorized me to send your portrait to a public exhibition. I observed that I was not aware that it was the portrait of Madame, since the face in the picture was but the study of a face which I had seen in a dream."

"In a dream! You did not tell him—the little history?"

"I entered into no particulars."

"I entreat you, Monsieur, not to tell him the little history. There will be a scandal; he is so quick to misconceive."

"I will endeavour to observe Madame's wishes."

"It is like a little romance, is it not, Monsieur? Perhaps I should explain myself a little further. *That* night"—she emphasized the *that*—"I left my husband. In effect, he had become unbearable. I have seen and heard nothing of him since. But I am beginning to become conscious of a desire to meet with him again. I know not why! I suppose, when one loves one's husband truly, one wishes to meet him—once a year. I do not wish our reconciliation to be inaugurated by a quarrel—no, I entreat

you, Monsieur, not to recount to him that little history."

"I should inform Madame that I expect the Vicomte d'Humières to return."

"Return? Where? Here? When?"

"Very shortly—with a friend. In fact, unless I am mistaken, he comes already."

The lady listened.

"It is Philippe's voice! *Mon Dieu!* He must not find me here."

But, Madame——"

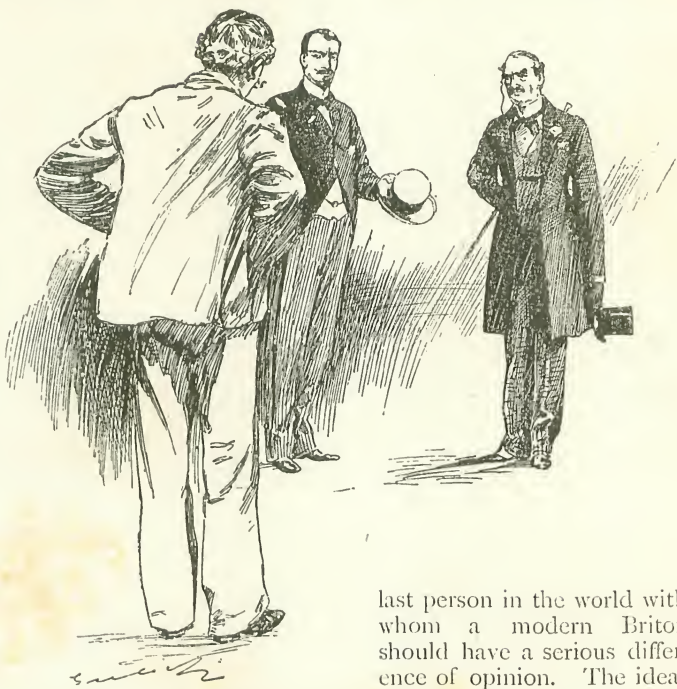
"Ah, the screen! It is like a farce at the Palais Royale—is it not a fact? I will be your model, Monsieur, behind the screen!"

"Madame!"

Before he could interpose to prevent her, the lady vanished behind the screen. The door of the studio opened, and the Vicomte d'Humières entered, accompanied by his friend.

II.

THE Vicomte's friend was a gentleman of a figure which is not uncommon in France, even to-day. His attitude suggested a ramrod, he breathed powder and shot; and he bristled—what shall we say?—with bayonets. The



"THE VICOMTE'S FRIEND."

last person in the world with whom a modern Briton should have a serious difference of opinion. The ideas of that sort of person upon matters which involve a difference

of opinion are in such contrast to ours. The Vicomte performed the ceremony of introduction.

"Mr. Gerald Lovell, permit me to introduce

to your courteous consideration my friend, M. Victor Berigny !”

M. Berigny bowed, ceremoniously. Mr. Lovell only nodded—his thoughts were behind the screen. The Vicomte turned to his friend.

“Victor, I have explained to you that I have already had the pleasure of an interview with Mr. Gerald Lovell.” M. Berigny bowed. “I have also explained to you that I have desired him to inform me by whose authority he exhibits a portrait of my wife in a public exhibition. To that he has replied that his picture, ‘A Vision of the Night,’ is not a portrait of my wife. I request you, Victor, to state, in Mr. Gerald Lovell’s presence, whether that picture, in your opinion, is or is not a portrait of my wife.”

“Certainly, it is a portrait.”

M. Berigny’s accent was more marked than the Vicomte’s, but still he did speak English.

“I thank you, Victor. It remains for me to once more request, in your presence, Mr. Gerald Lovell to explain how it was that he happened to dream of the face of my wife last August, in the Hôtel de Flandre, at Spa. Mr. Gerald Lovell, I have the honour to await your explanation.”

The Vicomte, his arms crossed upon his chest, his left foot a little protruding, his head thrown back, awaited the explanation.

Mr. Lovell’s thoughts ran screenwards.

“What the deuce shall I do if he discovers her behind the screen ?”

“Monsieur, I am waiting.”

“If he does discover her—there’ll be a row.”

“I still am waiting, Mr. Gerald Lovell.”

With each repetition of the statement the Vicomte’s tone became more acidulated. The artist arrived at a sudden resolution.

“Then I am afraid, Vicomte, that you will have to wait.”

The Vicomte looked at the artist with an evident inclination to add a cubit to his own stature.

“Is it possible that I understand your meaning, Mr. Gerald Lovell ?”

“My language is sufficiently simple.”

“In France, Mr. Gerald Lovell, an artist is supposed to be a gentleman.”

“And so in England, Vicomte. And therefore, when an artist is interrupted at his work by another gentleman, he feels himself at liberty to beg that other gentleman—to excuse him.”

Mr. Lovell waved his hand, affably, in the direction of the door. The Vicomte’s countenance assumed a peculiar pallor.

“You are a curious person, Mr. Gerald Lovell.”

His friend interposed.

“Philippe, you had better leave the matter to me.”

M. Berigny approached the painter—with a ramrod down his back.

“I have the honour, Monsieur, to request from you the name of a friend.”

“Of a friend ? What for ?”

“Ah, Monsieur—to arrange the preliminaries !”

“What preliminaries ?”

“Is it that Monsieur amuses himself ?”

“Is it possible that you suppose that I am going to fight a duel ?”

“Monsieur intends, then, to offer an explanation to my friend ?”

“M. Berigny, I do not wish to say to you anything uncourteous, or anything unworthy an English gentleman ; but I do beg you to believe that, because you choose to be an idiot, and your friend chooses to be an idiot, it does not follow that I choose to be an idiot, too.”

“Monsieur !”

“One other observation. I have not seen much of you, M. Berigny, but that little has not disposed me to see more. May I therefore ask you—to leave my studio ?”

“Monsieur !”

“Or—must I turn you out ?”

“Turn me out !”

The Vicomte had been listening to this little dialogue. He now turned towards his friend.

“Ah, my friend, it is as he says ! He will turn you out, neck and crop, as the English say. He will throw you down the stairs, he will heave half a brick at your head, to help you on your way. Then, when you require satisfaction, he will refer you to a magistrate. You will summon him—it will be in the papers—he will be fined half-a-crown ! That is how they manage these affairs in England. It is true !”

“But—among gentlemen !”

“Ah, *mon ami*, voilà ! In England, nowadays, there are no gentlemen !”

Mr. Lovell moved a step towards M. Berigny.

“I have asked you, as a gentleman, to leave my studio.”

“Monsieur, you are a coward !”

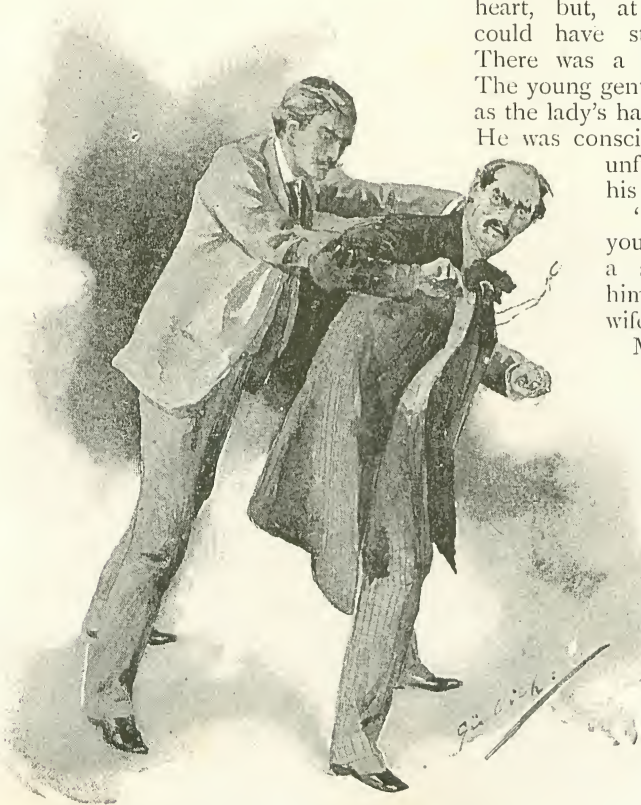
The painter’s eyes gleamed. But he kept his temper pretty well, considering.

“You appear to have been taught singularly ill manners in your native country, sir. I will endeavour to teach you better manners

here. Are you going? Or must I eject you?"

"*Polisson!*"

That was M. Berigny's answer. There was just a momentary hesitation. Then, grasping M. Berigny firmly by the shoulders, Mr. Lovell began to move him, more rapidly than gently, in the direction of the door.



"IN THE DIRECTION OF THE DOOR."

The Vicomte came forward, with the evident intention of interposing. There would probably have been a slightly undignified scramble had not a diversion been created by the opening of the door, and the entrance of Mr. Warren. That gentleman glanced from one person to another.

"I beg your pardon," he observed. "I hope I don't intrude!"

Mr. Lovell laughed, a little forcedly. His complexion was distinctly ruddy.

"Not at all! I wish you had come in sooner. The most ridiculous thing has happened."

"Indeed! I have an eye for the ridiculous."

"You know that picture of mine, 'A Vision of the Night'?"

"I've heard of it."

"This gentleman says that it's a portrait of his wife."

Mr. Lovell pointed to the Vicomte d'Humières.

"No? Then, in that case, this gentleman's wife came into your bedroom in the middle of the night, and—kissed you, wasn't it?"

Mr. Warren spoke in the innocence of his heart, but, at that moment, Mr. Lovell could have struck his boyhood's friend. There was a listener behind the screen. The young gentleman's cheeks grew crimson, as the lady's had done a few minutes before. He was conscious, too, that the Vicomte's unfriendly eyes were fixed upon his face.

"So! That is it! You—you——" The Vicomte moved a step forward then checked himself. "Tell me, where is my wife at this instant?"

Mr. Lovell could have told him, but he refrained.

"I decline to give you any information of any kind whatever."

"You decline?" The Vicomte raised his hand. He would have struck the artist. Mr. Warren interposed to avert the blow.

"He declines for the very simple reason that he has never seen your wife; isn't that so, Gerald?"

Mr. Lovell hesitated. He scarcely

saw his way to a denial while the lady was behind the screen.

"You see! He does not even dare to lie!"

"Don't talk nonsense, sir! Gerald, why don't you tell the man that you have never seen the woman in your life?"

"I repeat that I decline to give this person any information of any kind whatever."

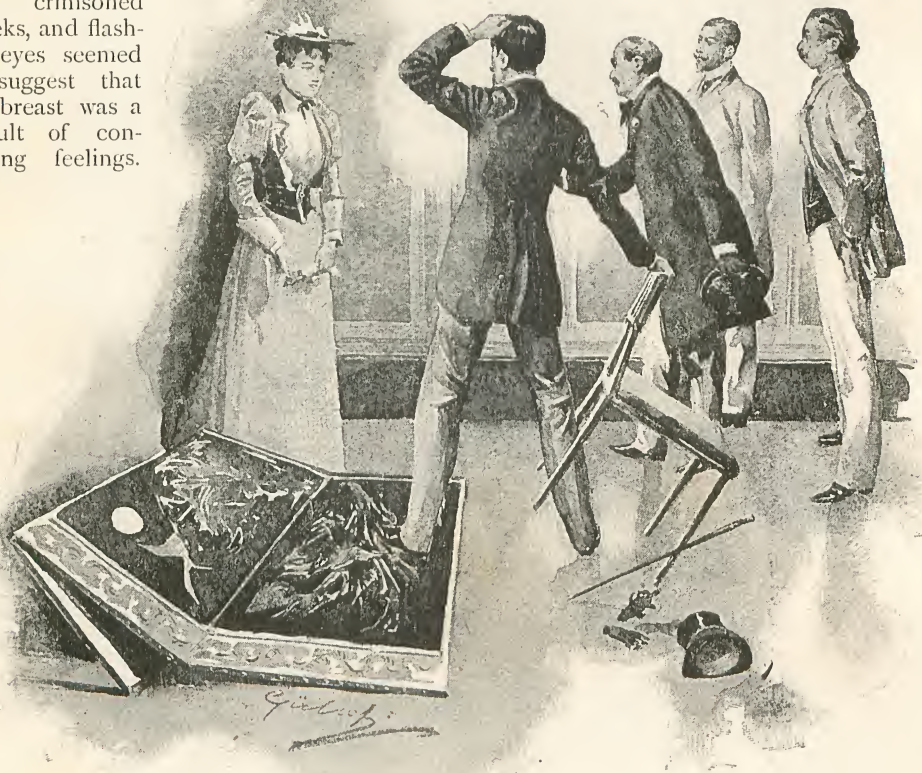
"You decline?"

The Vicomte uttered the words in a kind of strangled screech. His patience was exhausted. He seemed to think that he was being subjected to treatment which was more than flesh and blood could bear. He rushed at Mr. Lovell. Mr. Lovell, probably forgetting himself on the impulse of the moment—

or he would have been more careful—swung the Vicomte round against the screen. It tottered, reeled, and, raising a cloud of dust, it fell with a bang to the floor!

It was a leaf out of Sheridan.

For an instant the several members of that little party did not distinctly realize what it was that had happened. Then they saw. There was a pause—a curious pause. Their attitudes betrayed a charming diversity of emotions. The Vicomte, his coat a little disarranged, owing to the somewhat rough handling which he had just received, stood and glared. M. Berigny, more ramrodly than ever, stared. Mr. Warren gasped. Mr. Lovell's quickened breathing, crimsoned cheeks, and flashing eyes seemed to suggest that his breast was a tumult of conflicting feelings.



The lady, whose presence had been so unexpectedly revealed, stood behind the fallen screen, with the most charming air of innocence in the world, and she smiled.

It was she who broke the silence. She held out her hand to the Vicomte.

"*Bon jour*, Philippe!"

"Ah-h-h!" The Vicomte drew himself

away with a sort of shuddering exclamation. "Antoinette! It is you! It cannot be!"

"My dear Philippe—why not?"

"Why not? She asks why not!" The Vicomte held out his hands, as though he appealed to the eternal verities. "*Traitresse!* Once more is woman false and man betrayed!"

The Vicomte's gesture was worthy of the tragic stage—in France. The lady still held out her hand, and still she smiled.

"My dear Philippe—try comedy!"

"Comedy? Ah, yes, I will try comedy—the comedy of *r-r-revenge!*" The Vicomte distinctly rolled his r's. He turned to Mr. Lovell. "I will kill you, even though for killing you, by the law of England, I am hanged. Victor, where is my hat?"

"REVEALED."

The Vicomte put this question to his friend with a peculiar coldness.

M. Berigny shrugged his shoulders.

"How should I know? It is not a question of a hat."

"As you say, it is not a question of a hat. It is a question"—the Vicomte moved towards Mr. Lovell—"of that!"

He raised his hand with the intention of

striking the artist on the cheek. Mr. Lovell never flinched; but the lady, rushing forward, caught her husband by the wrist. She looked at him, still with laughter in her eyes.

"Try not to be insane."

The Vicomte glared at her with a glare which, at least, was characteristic.

"Why do I not kill her—why?"

The lady only smiled.

"They say that a woman is devoid of humour. How is it then sometimes with a man? You, Philippe, are always thinking of the Porte St. Martin—I, of the Bouffes Parisien."

The Vicomte turned to his friend.

"Victor, why do I not kill this woman?"

M. Berigny only shrugged his shoulders. Possibly because he was not ready with a more adequate reply. The lady turned to the artist.

"Monsieur, I offer you ten thousand apologies, which my husband will one day offer you himself, as becomes a gentleman of France."

The Vicomte repeated his inquiry:

"Victor, why do I not kill this woman?"

Only a shrug in reply. The lady went on:

"You have immortalized my poor face, Monsieur; my husband insults you in return."

The Vicomte folded his arms across his chest.

"It is certain, Victor, that she still lives!"

"One night, Monsieur, my husband locked me in my room. He designed to make of me a prisoner. Why? Ah, do not ask me why! When he had left me, I escaped, not by the door which he had locked, but by a door he had not noticed. This door led into an apartment in which there was a stranger sleeping. I was but an instant in that apartment—but the instant in which it was necessary to pass through. The sleeper never spoke to me; he never saw me with his waking eyes. But, even in his sleep, my poor, frightened face so flashed upon his brain that, even in his waking hours, it haunted him so that he made of it a picture—a picture of that vision of the night!"

The Vicomte approached closer to his friend. He addressed him in a sort of confidential, but still distinctly audible, aside:

"Victor, is it possible that this is true?"

"I beg, my friend, that of me you will ask nothing."

"Monsieur, this morning I was at your Academy. I saw my own countenance looking at me from the walls. For the first time I learned that my poor, frightened

woman's face had appeared to a sleeping stranger in a vision of the night. Oh, Monsieur, Monsieur!"

The lady covered her face with her hands. It would, perhaps, be rash to say that she cried; but, at least, she seemed to cry, and if it was only seeming, she did it very well.

"Victor," again inquired the Vicomte of his friend, "is it possible that this is true?"

M. Berigny wagged his finger in the Vicomte's face.

"D'Humières, it now becomes a question of hats."

The Vicomte laid his hand on his companion's arm.

"One instant, Victor—still one instant more."

The lady, uncovering her eyes—which actually were sparkling with tears—continued to address the artist:

"Monsieur, I will not speak to you of my love for my husband—my Philippe! I will not speak to you of how we have been parted for a year—a whole, long year—*mon Dieu*, Monsieur, *mon Dieu*! I will not speak to you of how, every instant of that long, long year I have thought of him, of how I have yearned for him, of how I have longed for one touch of his hand, one word from his lips, one glance from his eyes. No, Monsieur, I will not speak to you of all these things. And for this reason: That, with me, all things are finished. I go, never to return again. My face—you have made immortal; the rest of me—will perish. For the woman whose heart is broken there remains but one place—the grave. It is to that place I go!"

The lady had become as tragic as her husband—even more so, in her way. She moved across the room with the air of a tragedy queen—Parisian. The Vicomte was visibly affected. He fastened a convulsive clutch upon M. Berigny's arm.

"Victor, tell me, what shall I do? Advise me, oh, my friend! This is a critical moment in my life! It is impossible that I should let her go. Antoinette!"

The Vicomte advanced, just in time, between the lady and the door.

"Monsieur, I entreat of you this last boon, to let me go. You have insulted me in the presence of a stranger; for me, therefore, nothing else remains. You have inquired if you should kill me. No, Philippe, you need not kill me; it is myself I will kill!"

"Antoinette!"

"I am no longer Antoinette; I am the

woman whose happiness you have destroyed. It is only when I am dead that you will learn what is written on my heart for you."

"Antoinette," the strong man's voice faltered, "Antoinette, am I never, then, to be forgiven?"

There was a momentary pause. Then the lady held out both her hands. "Philippe!"

"My heart! my soul! thou treasure of my life! thou star of my existence! Is it possible that a cloud should have interposed itself between thy path and mine?"

He took her in his arms. He pressed her to his breast. M. Berigny turned away. From his attitude it almost seemed as if the soldier—the man of ramrods and of bayonets!—wiped away a tear.

"Philippe! Take care, or you will derange my hat!"

"Antoinette! My beautiful, my own!"

"Philippe, do you not think you should apologize—take care, my friend, or you certainly will derange my hat!—to the stranger who has made immortal the face of the woman who loved you better than her life—my friend, take care!—who has made her appear on canvas so much more beautiful than she is in life?"

"No, Antoinette, that I will not have. It is impossible. Beauty such as yours is not to be rendered by a painter's brush!"

"If that be so, all the more reason why

we should be grateful to Mr. Lovell for endeavouring the impossible."

The lady peeped at Mr. Lovell with the quaintest malice in her eyes.

"Certainly, Antoinette, there is something in what you say. And, after all, it is a charming painting. I said, Victor, when I saw it, there can be no doubt, as a painting, it is charming—did I not say so?" M. Berigny inclined his head. With his handkerchief the Vicomte smoothed his moustache. He advanced towards Mr. Lovell: "Monsieur, a Frenchman—a true Frenchman—seldom errs. On those rare occasions on which he errs he is always willing, under proper conditions, to confess his error. Monsieur, I perceive that I have done you an injustice. For the injustice which I have done you—I desire to apologize."

Mr. Lovell smiled. He held out his hand.

"My dear fellow! There's nothing for which you need apologize."

The Vicomte grasped the artist's hand in both of his.

"My dear friend!" he cried.

"Philippe," whispered the lady into her husband's ear, "do you not think that you would like Mr. Lovell and his friend to favour us with their company at luncheon?"

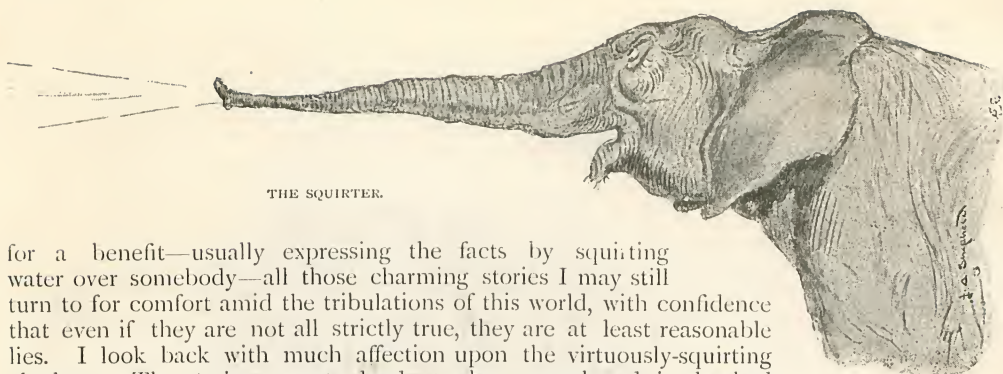
The Vicomte seemed to think he would. They lunched together—all the five! Why not?





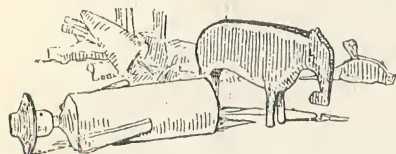
UFFA CULLI, Jung
Perchad, Jingo, and
Solomon—where are
their enemies? What
human thing so base
as nurse ill-will for the
genial elephant? The
jolly elephant—the
meek, all-obedient
elephant—the ele-
phant, who
provides the
world with
ivory, and

Sunday-school anecdotes, and rides for twopence! Though I turn from my fellow-man—having found him out—though every other thing that crawls, runs, or flies revolt me, still may I keep my faith in the elephant; for assuredly he will be worthy thereof. He, almost alone among living creatures, has never betrayed my trust. I believed in the lion—the picture-books of infancy taught me of his valour, his magnanimity, and all the rest; but the lion has turned out an impostor. I believed in the camel—his intelligence, his long-suffering docility; but the camel is a humbug. In the elephant I may still believe. All those charming stories, wherein the elephant never forgets an injury, nor is ungrateful



THE SQUIRTER.

for a benefit—usually expressing the facts by squirting water over somebody—all those charming stories I may still turn to for comfort amid the tribulations of this world, with confidence that even if they are not all strictly true, they are at least reasonable lies. I look back with much affection upon the virtuously-squirting elephant. The squirtee most clearly to be remembered is the bad tailor who pricked the elephant's trunk.



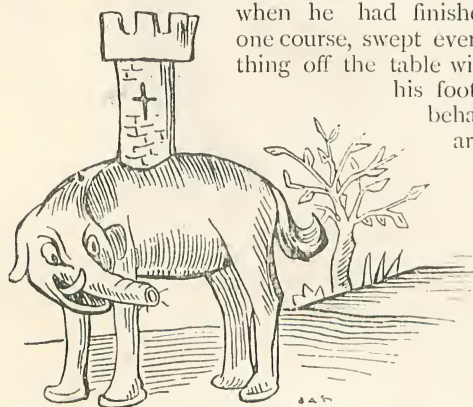
THE NOAH'S ARK ELEPHANT.

I could tell the paint came off, when he lost his grittiness and became a pig, having broken his trunk. He was not very broad in the back, it is true, having been made of a flat piece of wood, but he was a very interesting animal before he was a pig. I was much more intimate with him than with Noah, who was a little stiff, not to say stuck-up. As a pig his career ended suddenly in a memorable maritime disaster—when a vessel in my ownership, chartered at the time as a cattle-boat, foundered in the duck pond with most of the farmyard and a good deal of the ark.

It was while the Noah's Ark elephant was a pig that I first saw the circus elephant. He was not altogether a fair specimen. He was rude. He rang an immense railway



THE CIRCUS ELEPHANT.



MAUNDEVILLE'S "OLIFAUNT."

bell for his dinner, and when he had finished one course, swept everything off the table with

his foot. None of the elephants in this place would behave like that. Even Jingo and Solomon, who are young—mere boys—know better than that, and take buns and apples most respectfully. The circus elephant, too, played low practical jokes with the clown, and danced on a tub at a fatal sacrifice of dignity.

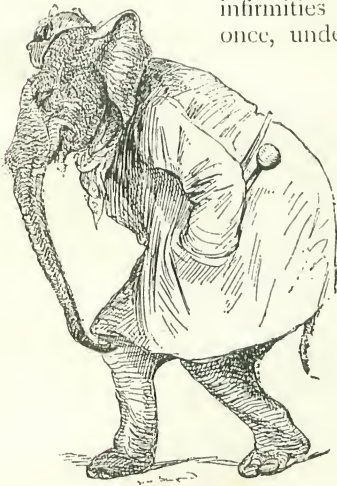
In Sir John Maundeville I still have a dear friend among what that charming old truth-monger called the "olifaunts." He has curly tusks and a bushy tail, and carries a very tall castle on his back, with mighty battlements. He is more startling even than our old friend of the Surrey side, once igno-

miniously cleped the "Pig and Tinder-box." When first I met the pantomime elephant I cannot remember. But I have often met him since, and more than once I have been permitted to refresh one or both ends of him with half-and-half. He is the only elephant of my acquaintance whose magnificence has turned out to be hollow. Anatomically, he is simple, his viscera consisting almost entirely of two convenient handles, whereby his trunk and tail may be made to swing. I knew an exceptionally talented fore-legs, who drew extra pay for his ability to knock off a stage policeman's helmet with the trunk.

But he was subject to the infirmities of genius, and once, under an exceptional



THE PANTOMIME ELEPHANT.



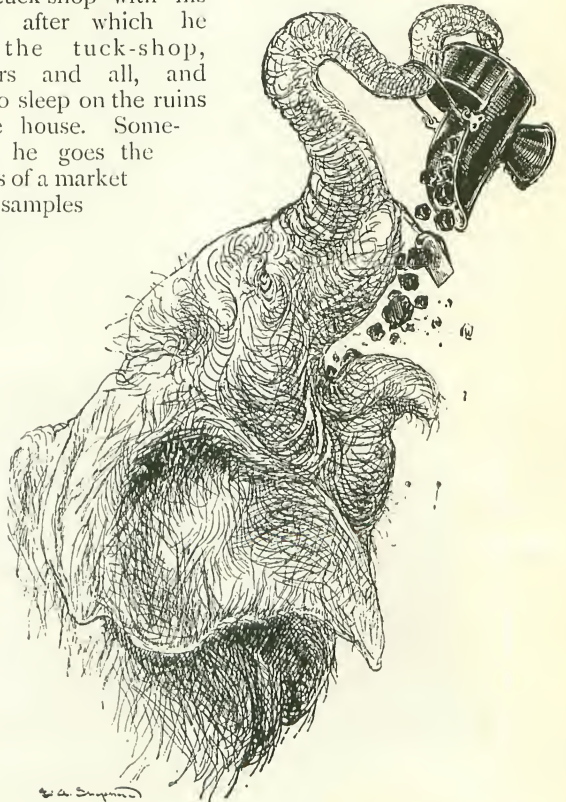
THE BURGLAR.

burden of half-and-half, fell ruinously down a trap-door with all the front half of the structure and the Great Mogul, who was in the howdah. Also, I knew a hind-legs—but that is another story.

The late Albert Smith once knew a sponge-cake elephant—but that also is another story. There is moreover another story still—any number of other stories—about the burglar-elephant. He is always in the papers. He gets away from a menagerie and shoves in the front of a tuck-shop with his head; after which he eats the tuck-shop, shutters and all, and goes to sleep on the ruins of the house. Sometimes he goes the rounds of a market and samples

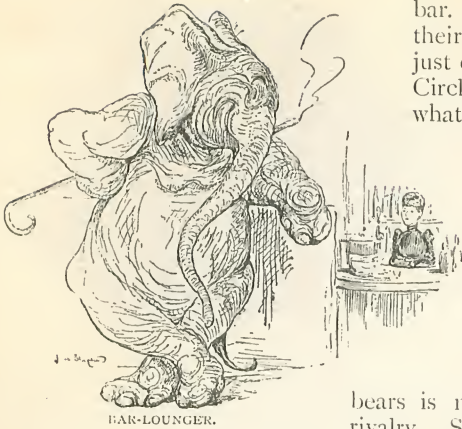
things in general. He is very catholic in his tastes, and will toss off a scuttleful of coals or a suit of ready-made clothes with equal freedom and good humour. He has also been known to break into a pill factory, being afterwards used as an advertisement for the pills. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals seems to have had no means of preventing the perpetration of this form of revenge.

Here, at the Zoo, the elephants are much too respectably brought up for this sort of thing. Still they are not muffs, and will take their beer and 'bacca in all good-fellowship. Leave no unprotected pocket where-in cigars within the sweep of Jung Perchad's trunk. For 'bacca he will chew and beer drink, if Iles, his keeper, but leave him for two minutes to his wicked devices. Here we have the elephant's one little vice. He will hang about a



STOKING.

STOKING.

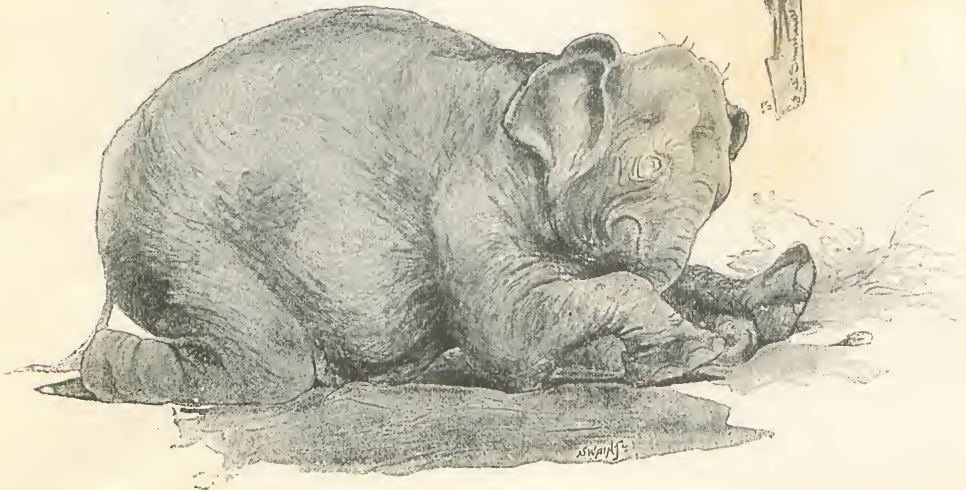
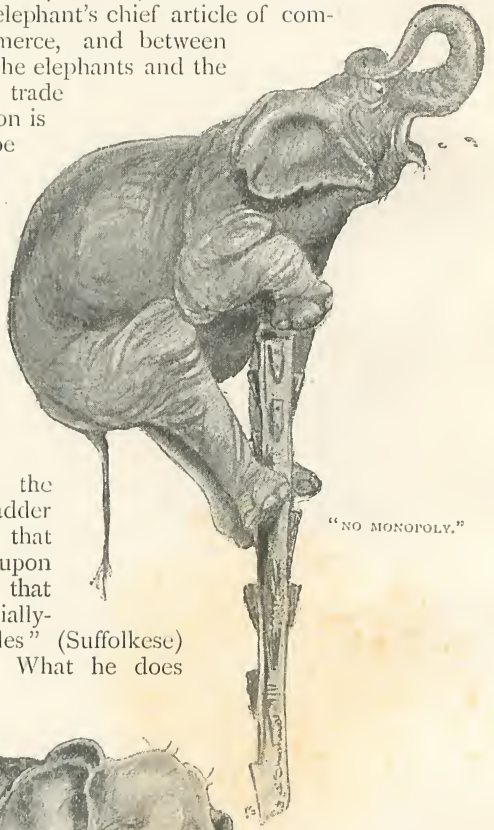


bar. See here, on summer days when all four leave their work of carrying childhood in two-pennyworths; just on the home side of the tunnel under the Outer Circle stands a refreshment bar. With any excuse whatsoever, but usually with no excuse at all, Jung Perchad, Suffa Culli, Jingo, and Solomon will linger wistfully about this bar. Buns are their ostensible object, but I know they covet beer. Even a bun, however, will be taken in good part, and it takes a vast number of buns to offend an elephant. Buns, indeed, are the civilized elephant's chief article of commerce, and between the elephants and the

bears is much trade rivalry. Solomon is understood to be

agitating for a pole, to place the establishment upon an equal footing with the opposition.

Bank Holiday is a terrible day for these elephants. No reasonable elephant can refuse a bun, or an apple, or a lead-pencil, or a boy's hat, when it is offered. It might hurt the donor's feelings; further, some day, in the winter, when nobody comes, he might want just such refreshment. But it is sad to think of the faithful elephant towards the end of the day, weighed down to the very earth with the offerings of an injudicious public, helplessly contemplating the last bun, with no inch of storage left. And sadder to know that, when the struggle is done, and that last bun deposited, with dolor and affliction, upon the varied accumulation which he envelops, that elephant will proceed indoors to face the officially-provided supper—a barn full of "cow's wittles" (Suffolkese) and a serried company of pails full of mash. What he does



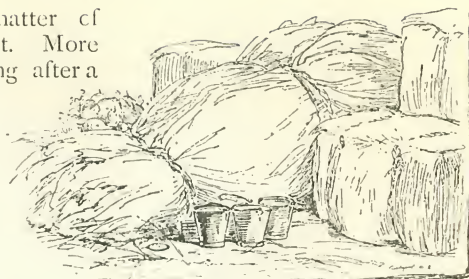
THE LAST BUN

with the supper in the circumstances is a matter of speculation, but none is ever left over for breakfast. More sadness, too, one might look for on the morning after a Bank Holiday, in the bilious and dissipated face, the boiled eye, of Jung Perchad, greatest of all the takers of the cake. But the bilious face, the boiled eye, is not there. No elephant has a liver. Anatomists may profess to have discovered a liver in a dead elephant, but that is only said to astonish the ignorant. Proof plain is there that no living elephant

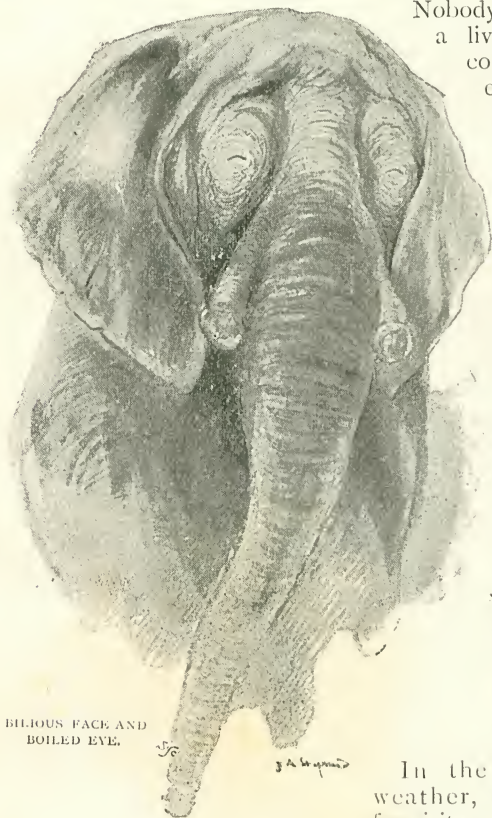
is so afflicted.

Nobody with

a liver may light-heartedly eat pencils and pocket-combs and purses and plum-cake as does an elephant. Suffa Culli has swallowed a purse with six guineas in it, gaining less discomfort by the transaction than the owner, who had to walk home. The lamented Jumbo once purloined and swallowed a box of blister ointment from the pocket of a veterinary surgeon with perfect impunity; anybody who has lunched off blister ointment might well spend the few remaining minutes of his life in admiration for Jumbo's digestive works. So that the excesses of Bank Holiday never leave any seeds of subsequent discomfort with either Jung Perchad, Suffa Culli, Jingo, or Solomon. Staggering outside a mammoth load of everything, either may lean pantingly against a tree for a few minutes—you may see their favourite tree between the elephant and parrot houses, forced from the perpendicular and bare of bark—but to-morrow he will be equal to beginning again.



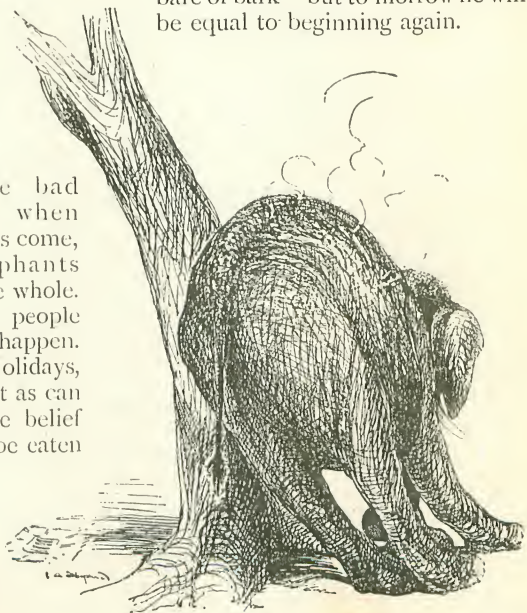
OFFICIAL SUPPER.



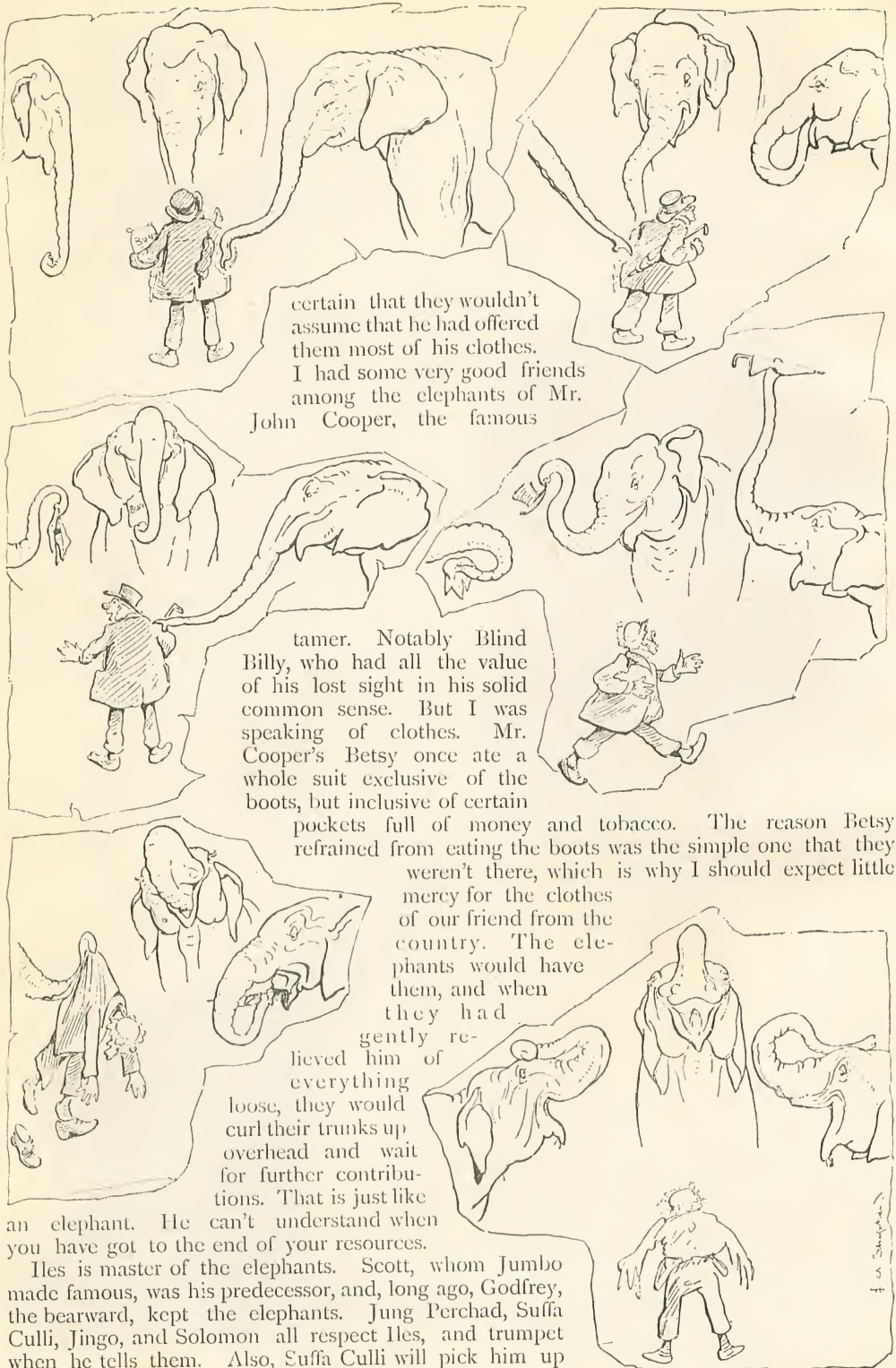
BILIOUS FACE AND
BOILED EYE.

In the bad weather, when few visitors come, the elephants

are kept indoors. This is as well, upon the whole. If they were all let loose, with very few people about the grounds, awkward things might happen. In the summer, and especially on Bank Holidays, there are quite as many offers of refreshment as can easily be attended to, and the elephantine belief that the entire outside world is intended to be eaten does not get free play. An unfortunate country visitor meeting several elephants at once after a long estrangement from buns, might have disconcerting adventures. His pockets would certainly be rifled and his umbrella eaten, at once; also his hat. I am not quite



OUTSIDE A LOAD OF EVERYTHING.



carefully with her trunk, and plant him on her neck; then—gentle soul!—she will pass him up the whip. Have I, or have I not, detected on these occasions a certain twinkle of the eye, and a certain playful flourish of that whip? I believe I have. “Here, take it, my friend,” Suffa Culli might be saying, “take it, and play with it as much as you like. It seems to please you, and it doesn’t hurt me. But if I began on you with it——” and she chuckles quietly. But she will obey the crack of that whip, and presently kneel down as gently as you please for Iles to alight. Moreover, on request, she will raise her voice (and her trunk) and trumpet most tremendously. I fear that the repetition of this sort of thing has



MASTER OF THE ELEPHANTS.

made Suffa Culli unwarrantably vain of her voice.

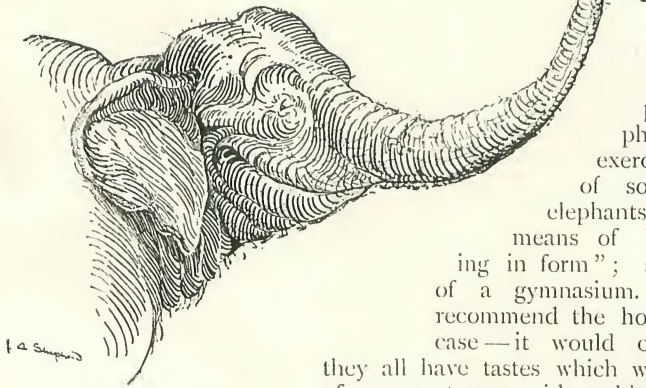
Now, their winter shutting-in may preserve these elephants from colds, and may preserve private property from the elephants; but it deprives them of exercise. I must make a suggestion of some sort on behalf of these elephants when next I see Iles—some

means of healthy recreation and “keeping in form”; something, in fact, in the way of a gymnasium. I do not go so far as to recommend the horizontal bar in Jung Perchad’s case—it would come expensive in bars. But

they all have tastes which would lead them to prefer a bar of some sort, even with nothing to drink on it.

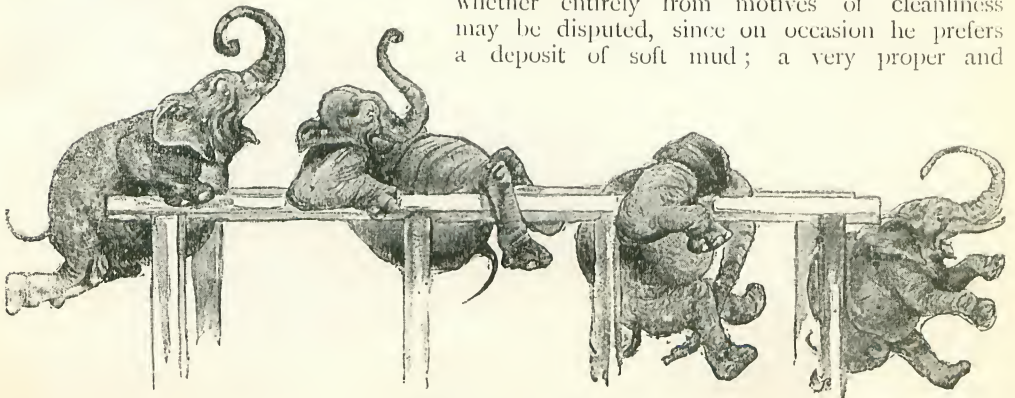
Even the swimming bath at the back, wherein is found much cool refreshment during summer, is largely out of the question in winter. Possible rheumatism and the chance of being frozen in makes that delectable pond useless till spring. An elephant has a great fondness for wallowing in water, although

whether entirely from motives of cleanliness may be disputed, since on occasion he prefers a deposit of soft mud; a very proper and



f a Sufferer

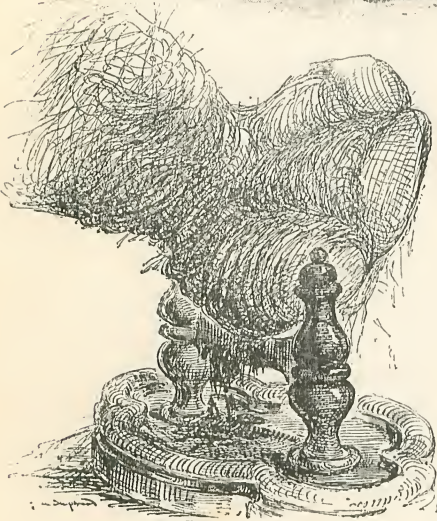
SUFFA CULLI CHUCKLES



KEEP THE POT A-BOILING.



THE BATH.



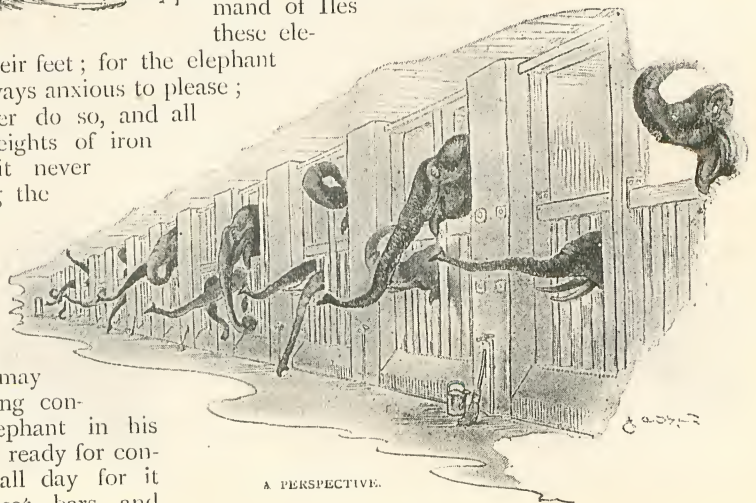
A SCRAPER.

natural preference, I believe, for any creature in a state of imperfect civilization, as may be judged from the tastes of the human boy. Mud, argues the human boy, is soft, mild, and soothing to the touch; also it is warm and comforting, equally in its liquid or semi-liquid state, and when forming a solid extra-cutaneous deposit. Wherefore the human boy, following his proper instincts, mudlarks. Is it this predilection for mud which leads all these four elephants persistently to ignore the foot-scrapers placed at the doors of the elephant-house for their accommodation? Look at them. They are obviously intended for the use of elephants, and for that of no lesser creature in this world. I have no doubt that at the absolute command of His

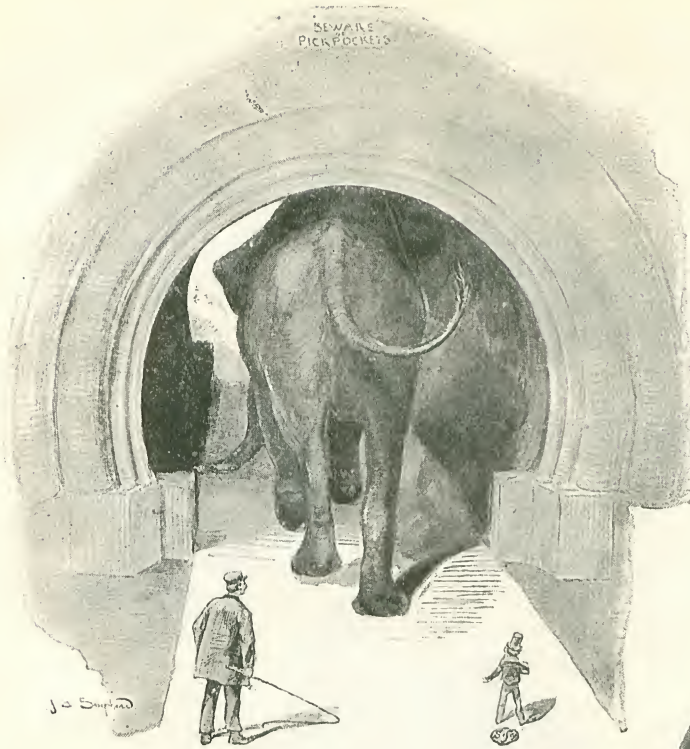
these ele-

phants would scrape their feet; for the elephant is a placable fellow, always anxious to please; but as it is they never do so, and all those many hundredweights of iron stand useless; for it never strikes a man entering the house to use an article of convenience so obviously intended for an elephant.

But in the winter, though one may not meet him outside, one may hold quite an improving conversation with the elephant in his house. He is always ready for conversation. He waits all day for it behind a row of great bars and



A PERSPECTIVE.

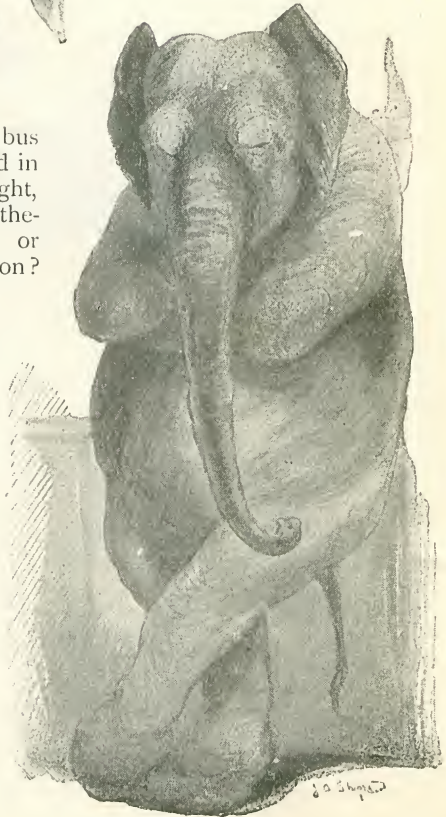


THROUGH THE GAUGE.

load under the impression that she was an omnibus carrying passengers to and from the Gardens; and in the manner of the historical gentleman of bad sight, who offered a biscuit to Jung Perchad's tail. By-the-bye, was this gentleman an historical personage or a mere figment of a funny man's imagination? I have heard of him, often—had heard of him before I knew Jung Perchad—but I cannot get Iles to admit having seen him.

The arch under the Outer Circle stands for ever a memorial of the stature of the late lamented Jumbo. Jumbo could just get through that arch, and then by aid only of a certain shrinking within himself—a sort of gigantic shrugging of the shoulders. If the Society had thoughtlessly repaved under that arch with thicker stone, Jumbo would have been kept out all night. Now, this arch and the constant talk of Jumbo is a lifelong grief and tribulation unto Jung Perchad. Nothing would please Jung Perchad so much as to get a sore back against the top of that arch. But he can't. He is exactly three inches too short. He might get the sore back, of course, by rubbing against the side, but Jung Perchad is an honourable elephant, and a sportsman—never condescending to a mean trick; besides which, nobody would accept

curling trunks. I do not know whether any nervous, short-sighted strangers ever at a first lengthwise glance take this elephant-house for the abode of serpents, all loose and looking for victims, but it might be excusable—especially if the house were made a great deal longer, and less well-lighted, and more elephants provided. But it is unlikely that this expense will be incurred for the purpose. Short-sighted people make enough mistakes about elephants already, in the manner of the American in blue spectacles who lately hailed Suffa Culli and her juvenile

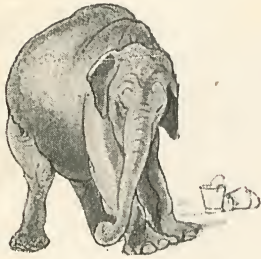


THOSE THREE INCHES.

any sore as evidence of record height except one at the very top. Those three inches make a gloomy creature of Jung Perchad—when there are no buns, and he has leisure to brood. The despicable atom of measurement is being continually hurled at his wrinkled head, and even Iles shows him no mercy. “Oh, dear,” says the young lady visitor, “what a great elephant!” And Jung Perchad feels the sinful pride rise within him. Then the young lady says, “Is he as big as Jumbo was?” and Jung Perchad’s heart is ready to break, for well he knows

Iles’s too truthful reply. *Three inches less.* Oh, that three inches! Where is the glory of being the biggest elephant in the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London only to be for ever reminded of an insignificant inferiority to a perfect stranger, who is dead?—and serve him right, probably. Jung Perchad grinds his teeth—lucky he hasn’t tusks—no matta—r—r, a time will come!

And he broods, and resolves to eat every earthly thing he meets, till he finds something that makes him grow; and matures mechanical plans for getting his back nearer the crown of that arch, until the last inquirer after those three inches has left, the gates are shut,



and night falls; and his legs grow unsteady beneath him, and give way; and poor Jung Perchad and all his sorrows sink into a grey, grunting heap of slumber.



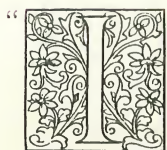
E. S. Sneyd

Sneyd

*Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.*³

XIII.—THE ADVENTURE OF SILVER BLAZE.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.



AM afraid, Watson, that I shall have to go," said Holmes, as we sat down together to our breakfast one morning.

"Go! Where to?"

"To Dartmoor—to King's Pyland."

I was not surprised. Indeed, my only wonder was that he had not already been mixed up in this extraordinary case, which was the one topic of conversation through the length and breadth of England. For a whole day my companion had rambled about the room with his chin upon his chest and his brows knitted, charging and re-charging his pipe with the strongest black tobacco, and absolutely deaf to any of my questions or remarks. Fresh editions of every paper had been sent up by our newsagent only to be glanced over and tossed down into a corner. Yet, silent as he was, I knew perfectly well what it was, over which he was brooding. There was but one problem before the public which could challenge his powers of analysis, and that was the singular disappearance of the favourite for the Wessex Cup and the tragic murder of its trainer. When, therefore, he suddenly announced his intention of setting out for the scene of the drama, it was only what I had both expected and hoped for.

"I should be most happy to go down with you if I should not be in the way," said I.

"My dear Watson, you would confer a great favour upon me by coming. And I think that your time will not be mis-spent, for there are points about this case which promise to make it an absolutely unique one. We have, I think, just time to catch our train at Paddington, and I will go further into the matter upon our journey. You would oblige me by bringing with you your very excellent field-glass."

And so it happened that an hour or so later I found myself in the corner of a first-class carriage, flying along, en route for

Exeter, while Sherlock Holmes, with his sharp, eager face framed in his earflapped travelling cap, dipped rapidly into the bundle of fresh papers which he had procured at Paddington. We had left Reading far behind us before he thrust the last of them under the seat, and offered me his cigar case.

"We are going well," said he, looking out of the window, and glancing at his watch. "Our rate at present is fifty-three and a half miles an hour."

"I have not observed the quarter-mile posts," said I.

"Nor have I. But the telegraph posts upon this line are sixty yards apart, and the calculation is a simple one. I presume that you have already looked into this matter of the murder of John Straker and the disappearance of Silver Blaze?"

"I have seen what the *Telegraph* and the *Chronicle* have to say."

"It is one of those cases where the art of the reasoner should be used rather for the sifting of details than for the acquiring of fresh evidence. The tragedy has been so uncommon, so complete, and of such personal importance to so many people that we are suffering from a plethora of surmise, conjecture, and hypothesis. The difficulty is to detach the framework of fact—of absolute, undeniable fact—from the embellishments of theorists and reporters. Then, having established ourselves upon this sound basis, it is our duty to see what inferences may be drawn, and which are the special points upon which the whole mystery turns. On Tuesday evening I received telegrams, both from Colonel Ross, the owner of the horse, and from Inspector Gregory, who is looking after the case, inviting my co-operation."

"Tuesday evening!" I exclaimed. "And this is Thursday morning. Why did you not go down yesterday?"

"Because I made a blunder, my dear Watson—which is, I am afraid, a more common occurrence than anyone would think who only knew me through your memoirs.

The fact is that I could not believe it possible that the most remarkable horse in England could long remain concealed, especially in so sparsely inhabited a place as the north of Dartmoor. From hour to hour yesterday I expected to hear that he had been found, and that his abductor was the murderer of John Straker. When, however, another morning had come and I found that, beyond the arrest of young Fitzroy Simpson, nothing had been done, I felt that it was time for me to take action. Yet in some ways I feel that yesterday has not been wasted."

"You have formed a theory then?"

"At least I have got a grip of the essential facts of the case. I shall enumerate them to you, for nothing clears up a case so much as stating it to another person, and I can hardly expect your co-operation if I do not show you the position from which we start."



"HOLMES GAVE ME A SKETCH OF THE EVENTS."

I lay back against the cushions, puffing at my cigar, while Holmes, leaning forward, with his long thin forefinger checking off the points upon the palm of his left hand, gave me a sketch of the events which had led to our journey.

"Silver Blaze," said he, "is from the

Isonomy stock, and holds as brilliant a record as his famous ancestor. He is now in his fifth year, and has brought in turn each of the prizes of the turf to Colonel Ross, his fortunate owner. Up to the time of the catastrophe he was first favourite for the Wessex Cup, the betting being three to one on. He has always, however, been a prime favourite with the racing public, and has never yet disappointed them, so that even at those odds enormous sums of money have been laid upon him. It is obvious, therefore, that there were many people who had the strongest interest in preventing Silver Blaze from being there at the fall of the flag, next Tuesday.

"This fact was, of course, appreciated at King's Pyland, where the Colonel's training stable is situated. Every precaution was taken to guard the favourite. The trainer,

John Straker, is a retired jockey, who rode in Colonel Ross's colours before he became too heavy for the weighing chair. He has served the Colonel for five years as jockey, and for seven as trainer, and has always shown himself to be a zealous and honest servant. Under him were three lads, for the establishment was a small one, containing only four horses in all. One of these lads sat up each night in

the stable, while the others slept in the loft. All three bore excellent characters. John Straker, who is a married man, lived in a small villa about two hundred yards from the stables. He has no children, keeps one maid-servant, and is comfortably off. The country round is very lonely, but about half a mile to

the north there is a small cluster of villas which have been built by a Tavistock contractor for the use of invalids and others who may wish to enjoy the pure Dartmoor air. Tavistock itself lies two miles to the west, while across the moor, also about two miles distant, is the larger training establishment of Mapleton, which belongs to Lord Backwater, and is managed by Silas Brown. In every other direction the moor is a complete wilderness, inhabited only by a few roaming gipsies. Such was the general situation last Monday night when the catastrophe occurred.

"On that evening the horses had been exercised and watered as usual, and the stables were locked up at nine o'clock. Two of the lads walked up to the trainer's house, where they had supper in the kitchen, while the third, Ned Hunter, remained on guard. At a few minutes after nine the maid, Edith Baxter, carried down to the stables his supper, which consisted of a dish of curried mutton. She took no liquid, as there was a water-tap in the stables, and it was the rule that the lad on duty should drink nothing else. The maid carried a lantern with her, as it was very dark, and the path ran across the open moor.

"Edith Baxter was within thirty yards of the stables when a man appeared out of the darkness and called to her to stop. As he stepped into the circle of yellow light thrown by the lantern she saw that he was a person of gentlemanly bearing, dressed in a grey suit of tweed with a cloth cap. He wore gaiters,

and carried a heavy stick with a knob to it. She was most impressed, however, by the extreme pallor of his face and by the nervousness of his manner. His age, she thought, would be rather over thirty than under it.

"Can you tell me where I am?' he asked. 'I had almost made up my mind to sleep on the moor when I saw the light of your lantern.'

"You are close to the King's Pyland training stables,' she said.

"Oh, indeed! What a stroke of luck!' he cried. 'I understand that a stable boy sleeps there alone every night. Perhaps that is his supper which you are carrying to him. Now I am sure that you would not be too

proud to earn the price of a new dress, would you?' He took a piece of white paper folded up out of his waistcoat pocket. 'See that the boy has this to-night, and you shall have the prettiest frock that money can buy.'

"She was frightened by the earnestness of his manner, and ran past him to the window through which she was accustomed to hand the meals. It was already open, and Hunter was seated at the small table inside. She had begun to tell him of what had happened, when the stranger came up again.

"Good evening,' said he, looking through the window, 'I wanted to have a word with you.' The girl has sworn that as he spoke she noticed the corner of the little paper packet protruding from his closed hand.

"What business have you here?' asked the lad.



"A MAN APPEARED OUT OF THE DARKNESS."

"'It's business that may put something into your pocket,' said the other. 'You've two horses in for the Wessex Cup—Silver Blaze and Bayard. Let me have the straight tip, and you won't be a loser. Is it a fact that at the weights Bayard could give the other a hundred yards in five furlongs, and that the stable have put their money on him?'"

"'So you're one of those damned touts,' cried the lad. 'I'll show you how we serve them in King's Pyland.' He sprang up and rushed across the stable to unloose the dog. The girl fled away to the house, but as she ran she looked back, and saw that the stranger was leaning through the window. A minute later, however, when Hunter rushed out with the hound he was gone, and though the lad ran all round the buildings he failed to find any trace of him."

"One moment!" I asked. "Did the stable-boy, when he ran out with the dog, leave the door unlocked behind him?"

"Excellent, Watson; excellent!" murmured my companion. "The importance of the point struck me so forcibly, that I sent a special wire to Dartmoor yesterday to clear the matter up. The boy locked the door before he left it. The window, I may add, was not large enough for a man to get through."

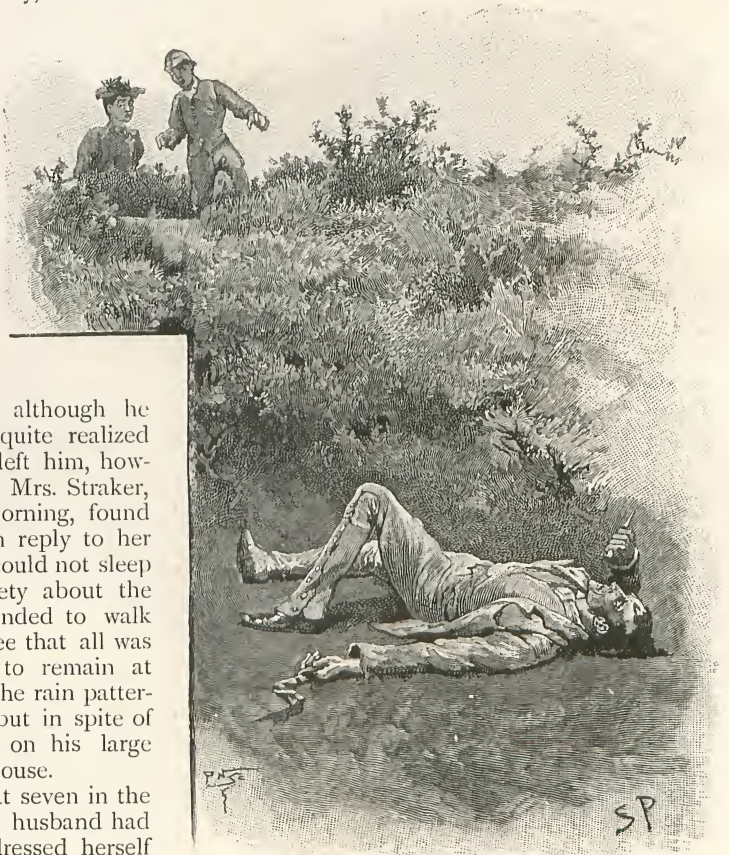
"Hunter waited until his fellow grooms had returned, when he sent a message up to the trainer and told him what had occurred. Straker was excited at hearing the account, although he does not seem to have quite realized its true significance. It left him, however, vaguely uneasy, and Mrs. Straker, waking at one in the morning, found that he was dressing. In reply to her inquiries, he said that he could not sleep on account of his anxiety about the horses, and that he intended to walk down to the stables to see that all was well. She begged him to remain at home, as she could hear the rain pattering against the windows, but in spite of her entreaties he pulled on his large mackintosh and left the house."

"Mrs. Straker awoke at seven in the morning, to find that her husband had not yet returned. She dressed herself hastily, called the maid, and set off for

the stables. The door was open; inside, huddled together upon a chair, Hunter was sunk in a state of absolute stupor, the favourite's stall was empty, and there were no signs of his trainer."

"The two lads who slept in the chaff-cutting loft above the harness-room were quickly aroused. They had heard nothing during the night, for they are both sound sleepers. Hunter was obviously under the influence of some powerful drug; and, as no sense could be got out of him, he was left to sleep it off while the two lads and the two women ran out in search of the absentees. They still had hopes that the trainer had for some reason taken out the horse for early exercise, but on ascending the knoll near the house, from which all the neighbouring moors were visible, they not only could see no signs of the favourite, but they perceived something which warned them that they were in the presence of a tragedy."

"About a quarter of a mile from the stables, John Straker's overcoat was flapping from a



"THEY FOUND THE DEAD BODY OF THE UNFORTUNATE TRAINER."

furze bush. Immediately beyond there was a bowl-shaped depression in the moor, and at the bottom of this was found the dead body of the unfortunate trainer. His head had been shattered by a savage blow from some heavy weapon, and he was wounded in the thigh, where there was a long, clean cut, inflicted evidently by some very sharp instrument. It was clear, however, that Straker had defended himself vigorously against his assailants, for in his right hand he held a small knife, which was clotted with blood up to the handle, while in his left he grasped a red and black silk cravat, which was recognised by the maid as having been worn on the preceding evening by the stranger who had visited the stables.

"Hunter, on recovering from his stupor, was also quite positive as to the ownership of the cravat. He was equally certain that the same stranger had, while standing at the window, drugged his curried mutton, and so deprived the stables of their watchman.

"As to the missing horse, there were abundant proofs in the mud which lay at the bottom of the fatal hollow, that he had been there at the time of the struggle. But from that morning he has disappeared; and although a large reward has been offered, and all the gipsies of Dartmoor are on the alert, no news has come of him. Finally an analysis has shown that the remains of his supper, left by the stable lad, contain an appreciable quantity of powdered opium, while the people at the house partook of the same dish on the same night without any ill effect.

"Those are the main facts of the case, stripped of all surmise and stated as baldly as possible. I shall now recapitulate what the police have done in the matter.

"Inspector Gregory, to whom the case has been committed, is an extremely competent officer. Were he but gifted with imagination he might rise to great heights in his profession. On his arrival he promptly found and arrested the man upon whom suspicion naturally rested. There was little difficulty in finding him, for he inhabited one of those villas which I have mentioned. His name, it appears, was Fitzroy Simpson. He was a man of excellent birth and education, who had squandered a fortune upon the turf, and who lived now by doing a little quiet and genteel bookmaking in the sporting clubs of London. An examination of his betting-book shows that bets to the amount of five thousand pounds had been registered by him against the favourite.

"On being arrested he volunteered the statement that he had come down to Dartmoor in the hope of getting some information about the King's Pyland horses, and also about Desborough, the second favourite, which was in charge of Silas Brown, at the Mapleton stables. He did not attempt to deny that he had acted as described upon the evening before, but declared that he had no sinister designs, and had simply wished to obtain first-hand information. When confronted with his cravat he turned very pale, and was utterly unable to account for its presence in the hand of the murdered man. His wet clothing showed that he had been out in the storm of the night before, and his stick, which was a Penang lawyer, weighted with lead, was just such a weapon as might, by repeated blows, have inflicted the terrible injuries to which the trainer had succumbed.

"On the other hand, there was no wound upon his person, while the state of Straker's knife would show that one, at least, of his assailants must bear his mark upon him. 'There you have it all in a nutshell, Watson, and if you can give me any light I shall be infinitely obliged to you.'

I had listened with the greatest interest to the statement which Holmes, with characteristic clearness, had laid before me. Though most of the facts were familiar to me, I had not sufficiently appreciated their relative importance, nor their connection to each other.

"Is it not possible," I suggested, "that the incised wound upon Straker may have been caused by his own knife in the convulsive struggles which follow any brain injury?"

"It is more than possible; it is probable," said Holmes. "In that case, one of the main points in favour of the accused disappears."

"And yet," said I, "even now I fail to understand what the theory of the police can be."

"I am afraid that whatever theory we state has very grave objections to it," returned my companion. "The police imagine, I take it, that this Fitzroy Simpson, having drugged the lad, and having in some way obtained a duplicate key, opened the stable door, and took out the horse, with the intention, apparently, of kidnapping him altogether. His bridle is missing, so that Simpson must have put this on. Then, having left the door open behind him, he was leading the horse away over the moor, when he was either met or overtaken by the

disappearance of the favourite, he lies under the suspicion of having poisoned the stable boy, he was undoubtedly out in the storm, he was armed with a heavy stick, and his cravat was found in the dead man's hand. I really think we have enough to go before a jury."

Holmes shook his head. "A clever counsel would tear it all to rags," said he. "Why should he take the horse out of the stable? If he wished to injure it, why could he not do it there? Has a duplicate key been found in his possession? What chemist sold him the powdered opium? Above all, where could he, a stranger to the district, hide a horse, and such a horse as this? What is his own explanation as to the paper which he wished the maid to give to the stable-boy?"

"He says that it was a ten-pound note. One was found in his purse. But your other difficulties are not so formidable as they seem. He is not a stranger to the district. He has twice lodged at Tavistock in the summer. The opium was probably brought from London. The key, having served its purpose, would be hurled away. The horse may lie at the bottom of one of the pits or old mines upon the moor."

"What does he say about the cravat?"

"He acknowledges that it is his, and declares that he had lost it. But a new element has been introduced into the case which may account for his leading the horse from the stable."

Holmes pricked up his ears.

"We have found traces which show that a party of gipsies encamped on Monday night within a mile of the spot where the murder took place. On Tuesday they were gone. Now, presuming that there was some understanding between Simpson and these gipsies, might he not have been leading the horse to them when he was overtaken, and may they not have him now?"

"It is certainly possible."

"The moor is being scoured for these gipsies. I have also examined every stable and outhouse in Tavistock, and for a radius of ten miles."

"There is another training stable quite close, I understand?"

"Yes, and that is a factor which we must certainly not neglect. As Desborough, their horse, was second in the betting, they had an interest in the disappearance of the favourite. Silas Brown, the trainer, is known to have had large bets upon the event, and he was no friend to poor Straker. We have, however, examined the stables, and there is nothing to connect him with the affair."

"And nothing to connect this man Simpson with the interests of the Mapleton stables?"

"Nothing at all."

Holmes leaned back in the carriage and the conversation ceased. A few minutes later our driver pulled up at a neat little red-brick villa with overhanging eaves, which stood by the road. Some distance off, across a paddock, lay a long grey-tiled out-building. In every other direction the low curves of the moor, bronze-coloured from the fading ferns, stretched away to the sky-line, broken only by the steeples of Tavistock, and by a cluster of houses away to the westward, which marked the Mapleton stables. We all sprang out with the exception of Holmes, who continued to lean back with his eyes fixed upon the sky in front of him, entirely absorbed in his own thoughts. It was only when I touched his arm that he roused himself with a violent start and stepped out of the carriage.

"Excuse me," said he, turning to Colonel Ross, who had looked at him in some surprise. "I was day-dreaming." There was a gleam in his eyes and a suppressed excitement in his manner which convinced me, used as I was to his ways, that his hand was upon a clue, though I could not imagine where he had found it.

"Perhaps you would prefer at once to go on to the scene of the crime, Mr. Holmes?" said Gregory.

"I think that I should prefer to stay here a little and go into one or two questions of detail. Straker was brought back here, I presume?"

"Yes, he lies upstairs. The inquest is to-morrow."

"He has been in your service some years, Colonel Ross?"

"I have always found him an excellent servant."

"I presume that you made an inventory of what he had in his pockets at the time of his death, Inspector?"

"I have the things themselves in the sitting-room if you would care to see them."

"I should be very glad."

We all filed into the front room and sat round the central table, while the Inspector unlocked a square tin box and laid a small heap of things before us. There was a box of vestas, two inches of tallow candle, an A.D.P. briar-root pipe, a pouch of sealskin with half an ounce of long-cut Cavendish, a silver watch with a gold chain, five sovereigns in gold, an aluminium pencil-case, a few papers, and an ivory-handled knife with a

very delicate inflexible blade marked Weiss and Co., London.

"This is a very singular knife," said Holmes, lifting it up and examining it minutely. "I presume, as I see bloodstains upon it, that it is the one which was found in the dead man's grasp. Watson, this knife is surely in your line."

"It is what we call a cataract knife," said I.

"I thought so. A very delicate blade devised for very delicate work. A strange thing for a man to carry with him upon a rough expedition, especially as it would not shut in his pocket."

"The tip was guarded by a disc of cork which we found beside his body," said the Inspector. "His wife tells us that the knife had lain for some days upon the dressing-table, and that he had picked it up as he left the room. It was a poor weapon, but perhaps the best that he could lay his hand on at the moment."

"Very possibly. How about these papers?"

"Three of them are receipted hay-dealers' accounts. One of them is a letter of instructions from Colonel Ross. This other is a milliner's account for thirty-seven pounds fifteen, made out by Madame Lesurier, of Bond Street, to William Darbyshire. Mrs. Straker tells us that Darbyshire was a friend of her husband's, and that occasionally his letters were addressed here."

"Madame Darbyshire had somewhat expensive tastes," remarked Holmes, glancing down the account. "Twenty-two guineas is rather heavy for a single costume. However, there appears to be nothing more to learn, and we may now go down to the scene of the crime."

As we emerged from the sitting-room a woman who had been waiting in the passage took a step forward and laid her hand upon

the Inspector's sleeve. Her face was haggard, and thin, and eager; stamped with the print of a recent horror.

"Have you got them? Have you found them?" she panted.

"No, Mrs. Straker; but Mr. Holmes, here, has come from London to help us, and we shall do all that is possible."

"Surely I met you in Plymouth, at a garden party, some little time ago, Mrs. Straker," said Holmes.

"No, sir; you are mistaken."



"HAVE YOU FOUND THEM?" SHE PANTED.

"Dear me; why, I could have sworn to it. You wore a costume of dove-coloured silk, with ostrich feather trimming."

"I never had such a dress, sir," answered the lady.

"Ah; that quite settles it," said Holmes; and, with an apology, he followed the Inspector outside. A short walk across the moor took us to the hollow in which the body had been found. At the brink of it was the furze bush upon which the coat had been hung.

"There was no wind that night, I understand," said Holmes.

"None, but very heavy rain."

"In that case the overcoat was not blown against the furze bushes, but placed there."

"Yes, it was laid across the bush."

"You fill me with interest. I perceive that the ground has been trampled up a good deal. No doubt many feet have been there since Monday night."

"A piece of matting has been laid here at the side, and we have all stood upon that."

"Excellent."

"In this bag I have one of the boots which Straker wore, one of Fitzroy Simpson's shoes, and a cast horseshoe of Silver Blaze."

"My dear Inspector, you surpass yourself!" Holmes took the bag, and descending into the hollow he pushed the matting into a more central position. Then stretching himself upon his face and leaning his chin upon his hands he made a careful study of the trampled mud in front of him.

"Halloa!" said he, suddenly, "what's this?"

It was a wax vesta, half burned, which was so coated with mud that it looked at first like a little chip of wood.

"I cannot think how I came to overlook it," said the Inspector, with an expression of annoyance.

"It was invisible, buried in the mud. I only saw it because I was looking for it."

"What! You expected to find it?"

"I thought it not unlikely." He took the boots from the bag and compared the impressions of each of them with marks upon the ground. Then he clambered up to the rim of the hollow and crawled about among the ferns and bushes.

"I am afraid that there are no more tracks," said the Inspector. "I have examined the ground very carefully for a hundred yards in each direction."

"Indeed!" said Holmes, rising, "I should not have the impertinence to do it again after what you say. But I should like to take a little walk over the moor before it grows dark, that I may know my ground to-morrow, and I think that I shall put this horseshoe into my pocket for luck."

Colonel Ross, who had shown some signs of impatience at my companion's quiet and systematic method of work, glanced at his watch.

"I wish you would come back with me, Inspector," said he. "There are several points on which I should like your advice, and especially as to whether we do not owe

it to the public to remove our horse's name from the entries for the Cup."

"Certainly not," cried Holmes, with decision: "I should let the name stand."

The Colonel bowed. "I am very glad to have had your opinion, sir," said he. "You will find us at poor Straker's house when you have finished your walk, and we can drive together into Tavistock."

He turned back with the Inspector, while Holmes and I walked slowly across the moor. The sun was beginning to sink behind the stables of Mapleton, and the long sloping plain in front of us was tinged with gold, deepening into rich, ruddy brown where the faded ferns and brambles caught the evening light. But the glories of the landscape were all wasted upon my companion, who was sunk in the deepest thought.

"It's this way, Watson," he said at last. "We may leave the question of who killed John Straker for the instant, and confine ourselves to finding out what has become of the horse. Now, supposing that he broke away during or after the tragedy, where could he have gone to? The horse is a very gregarious creature. If left to himself his instincts would have been either to return to King's Pyland, or go over to Mapleton. Why should he run wild upon the moor? He would surely have been seen by now. And why should gipsies kidnap him? These people always clear out when they hear of trouble, for they do not wish to be pestered by the police. They could not hope to sell such a horse. They would run a great risk and gain nothing by taking him. Surely that is clear."

"Where is he, then?"

"I have already said that he must have gone to King's Pyland or to Mapleton. He is not at King's Pyland, therefore he is at Mapleton. Let us take that as a working hypothesis and see what it leads us to. This part of the moor, as the Inspector remarked, is very hard and dry. But it falls away towards Mapleton, and you can see from here that there is a long hollow over yonder, which must have been very wet on Monday night. If our supposition is correct, then the horse must have crossed that, and there is the point where we should look for his tracks."

We had been walking briskly during this conversation, and a few more minutes brought us to the hollow in question. At Holmes' request I walked down the bank to the right and he to the left, but I had not taken fifty paces before I heard him give a shout, and

saw him waving his hand to me. The track of a horse was plainly outlined in the soft earth in front of him, and the shoe which he took from his pocket exactly fitted the impression.

"See the value of imagination," said Holmes. "It is the one quality which Gregory lacks. We imagined what might have happened, acted upon the supposition, and find ourselves justified. Let us proceed."

We crossed the marshy bottom and passed over a quarter of a mile of dry, hard turf. Again the ground sloped and again we came on the tracks. Then we lost them for half a mile, but only to pick them up once more quite close to Mapleton. It was Holmes who saw them first, and he stood pointing with a look of triumph upon his face. A man's track was visible beside the horse's.

"The horse was alone before," I cried.

"Quite so. It was alone before. Hal-loa, what is this?"

The double track turned sharp off and took the direction of King's Pyland. Holmes whistled, and we both followed along after it. His eyes were on the trail, but I happened to look a little to one side, and saw to my surprise the same tracks coming back again in the opposite direction.

"One for you, Watson," said Holmes, when I pointed it out; "you have saved us a long walk which would have brought us back on our own traces. Let us follow the return track."

We had not to go far. It ended at the paving of asphalt which led up to the gates of the Mapleton stables. As we approached a groom ran out from them.

"We don't want any loiterers about here," said he.

"I only wished to ask a question," said Holmes, with his finger and thumb in his waistcoat pocket. "Should I be too early to see your master, Mr. Silas Brown, if I were to call at five o'clock to-morrow morning?"

"Bless you, sir, if anyone is about he will be, for he is always the first stirring. But here

he is, sir, to answer your questions for himself. No, sir, no; it's as much as my place is worth to let him see me touch your money. Afterwards, if you like."

As Sherlock Holmes replaced the half-crown which he had drawn from his pocket, a fierce-looking, elderly man strode out from the gate with a hunting-crop swinging in his hand.

"What's this, Dawson?" he cried. "No gossiping! Go about your business! And you—what the devil do you want here?"

"Ten minutes' talk with you, my

good sir," said Holmes, in the sweetest of voices.

"I've no time to talk to every gadabout. We want no strangers here. Be off, or you may find a dog at your heels."

Holmes leaned forward and whispered



"BE OFF!"

something in the trainer's ear. He started violently and flushed to the temples.

"It's a lie!" he shouted. "An infernal lie!"

"Very good! Shall we argue about it here in public, or talk it over in your parlour?"

"Oh, come in if you wish to."

Holmes smiled. "I shall not keep you more than a few minutes, Watson," he said. "Now, Mr. Brown, I am quite at your disposal."

It was quite twenty minutes, and the reds had all faded into greys before Holmes and the trainer reappeared. Never have I seen such a change as had been brought about in Silas Brown in that short time. His face was ashy pale, beads of perspiration shone upon his brow, and his hands shook until the hunting-crop wagged like a branch in the wind. His bullying, overbearing manner was all gone too, and he cringed along at my companion's side like a dog with its master.

"Your instructions will be done. It shall be done," said he.

"There must be no mistake," said Holmes, looking round at him. The other winced as he read the menace in his eyes.

"Oh, no, there shall be no mistake. It shall be there. Should I change it first or not?"

Holmes thought a little and then burst out laughing. "No, don't," said he. "I shall write to you about it. No tricks now or——"

"Oh, you can trust me, you can trust me!"

"Yes, I think I can. Well, you shall hear from me to-morrow." He turned upon his heel, disregarding the trembling hand which the other held out to him, and we set off for King's Pyland.

"A more perfect compound of the bully, coward and sneak than Master Silas Brown I have seldom met with," remarked Holmes, as we trudged along together.

"He has the horse, then?"

"He tried to bluster out of it, but I described to him so exactly what his actions had been upon that morning, that he is convinced that I was watching him. Of course, you observed the peculiarly square toes in the impressions, and that his own boots exactly corresponded to them. Again, of course, no subordinate would have dared to have done such a thing. I described to him how when, according to his custom, he was the first down, he perceived a strange horse wandering over the moor; how he went out to it, and his astonishment at recognising from the white forehead which has given the

favourite its name that chance had put in his power the only horse which could beat the one upon which he had put his money. Then I described how his first impulse had been to lead him back to King's Pyland, and how the devil had shown him how he could hide the horse until the race was over, and how he had led it back and concealed it at Mapleton. When I told him every detail he gave it up, and thought only of saving his own skin."

"But his stables had been searched."

"Oh, an old horse-faker like him has many a dodge."

"But are you not afraid to leave the horse in his power now, since he has every interest in injuring it?"

"My dear fellow, he will guard it as the apple of his eye. He knows that his only hope of mercy is to produce it safe."

"Colonel Ross did not impress me as a man who would be likely to show much mercy in any case."

"The matter does not rest with Colonel Ross. I follow my own methods, and tell as much or as little as I choose. That is the advantage of being unofficial. I don't know whether you observed it, Watson, but the Colonel's manner has been just a trifle cavalier to me. I am inclined now to have a little amusement at his expense. Say nothing to him about the horse."

"Certainly not, without your permission."

"And, of course, this is all quite a minor point compared to the question of who killed John Straker."

"And you will devote yourself to that?"

"On the contrary, we both go back to London by the night train."

I was thunderstruck by my friend's words. We had only been a few hours in Devonshire, and that he should give up an investigation which he had begun so *brilliantly* was quite incomprehensible to me. Not a word more could I draw from him until we were back at the trainer's house. The Colonel and the Inspector were awaiting us in the parlour.

"My friend and I return to town by the midnight express," said Holmes. We have had a charming little breath of your beautiful Dartmoor air."

The Inspector opened his eyes, and the Colonel's lip curled in a sneer.

"So you despair of arresting the murderer of poor Straker," said he.

Holmes shrugged his shoulders. "There are certainly grave difficulties in the way," said he. "I have every hope, however, that

your horse will start upon Tuesday, and I beg that you will have your jockey in readiness. Might I ask for a photograph of Mr. John Straker?"

The Inspector took one from an envelope in his pocket and handed it to him.

"My dear Gregory, you anticipate all my wants. If I might ask you to wait here for an instant, I have a question which I should like to put to the maid."

"I must say that I am rather disappointed in our London consultant," said Colonel Ross, bluntly, as my friend left the room. "I do not see that we are any further than when he came."

"At least, you have his assurance that your horse will run," said I.

"Yes, I have his assurance," said the Colonel, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I should prefer to have the horse."

I was about to make some reply in defence of my friend, when he entered the room again.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "I am quite ready for Tavistock."

As we stepped into the carriage one of the stable-lads held the door open for us. A sudden idea seemed to occur to Holmes, for

he leaned forward and touched the lad upon the sleeve.

"You have a few sheep in the paddock," he said. "Who attends to them?"

"I do, sir."

"Have you noticed anything amiss with them of late?"

"Well, sir, not of much account; but three of them have gone lame, sir."

I could see that Holmes was extremely pleased, for he chuckled and rubbed his hands together.

"A long shot, Watson; a very long shot!" said he, pinching my arm. "Gregory, let me recommend to your attention this singular epidemic among the sheep. Drive on, coachman!"

Colonel Ross still wore an expression which showed the poor opinion which he had formed of my companion's ability, but I saw by the Inspector's face that his attention had been keenly aroused.

"You consider that to be important?" he asked.

"Exceedingly so."

"Is there any other point to which you would wish to draw my attention?"



"HOLMES WAS EXTREMELY PLEASED."

"To the curious incident of the dog in the night-time."

"The dog did nothing in the night-time."

"That was the curious incident," remarked Sherlock Holmes.

Four days later Holmes and I were again in the train bound for Winchester, to see the race for the Wessex Cup. Colonel Ross met us, by appointment, outside the station, and we drove in his drag to the course beyond the town. His face was grave and his manner was cold in the extreme.

"I have seen nothing of my horse," said he.

"I suppose that you would know him when you saw him?" asked Holmes.

The Colonel was very angry. "I have been on the turf for twenty years, and never was asked such a question as that before," said he. "A child would know Silver Blaze with his white forehead and his mottled off fore leg."

"How is the betting?"

"Well, that is the curious part of it. You could have got fifteen to one yesterday, but the price has become shorter and shorter, until you can hardly get three to one now."

"Hum!" said Holmes. "Somebody knows something, that is clear!"

As the drag drew up in the inclosure near the grand stand, I glanced at the card to see the entries. It ran:—

Wessex Plate. 50 sovs. each, h ft, with 1,000 sovs. added, for four and five-year olds. Second £300. Third £200. New course (one mile and five furlongs).

1. Mr. Heath Newton's The Negro (red cap, cinnamon jacket).
2. Colonel Wardlaw's Pugilist (pink cap, blue and black jacket).
3. Lord Backwater's Desborough (yellow cap and sleeves).
4. Colonel Ross's Silver Blaze (black cap, red jacket).
5. Duke of Balmoral's Iris (yellow and black stripes).
6. Lord Singleford's Rasper (purple cap, black sleeves).

"We scratched our other one and put all hopes on your word," said the Colonel.

"Why, what is that? Silver Blaze favourite?"

"Five to four against Silver Blaze!" roared the ring. "Five to four against Silver Blaze! Fifteen to five against Desborough! Five to four on the field!"

"There are the numbers up," I cried.

"They are all six there."

"All six there! Then my horse is running," cried the Colonel, in great agitation. "But I don't see him. My colours have not passed."

"Only five have passed. This must be he."

As I spoke a powerful bay horse swept out from the weighing inclosure and cantered past us, bearing on its back the well-known black and red of the Colonel.

"That's not my horse," cried the owner. "That beast has not a white hair upon its body. What is this that you have done, Mr. Holmes?"

"Well, well, let us see how he gets on," said my friend, imperturbably. For a few minutes he gazed through my field-glass. "Capital! An excellent start!" he cried suddenly. "There they are, coming round the curve!"

From our drag we had a superb view as they came up the straight. The six horses were so close together that a carpet could have covered them, but half way up the yellow of the Mapleton stable showed to the front. Before they reached us, however, Desborough's bolt was shot, and the Colonel's horse, coming away with a rush, passed the post a good six lengths before its rival, the Duke of Balmoral's Iris making a bad third.

"It's my race anyhow," gasped the Colonel, passing his hand over his eyes. "I confess that I can make neither head nor tail of it. Don't you think that you have kept up your mystery long enough, Mr. Holmes?"

"Certainly, Colonel. You shall know everything. Let us all go round and have a look at the horse together. Here he is," he continued, as we made our way into the weighing inclosure where only owners and their friends find admittance. "You have only to wash his face and his leg in spirits of wine and you will find that he is the same old Silver Blaze as ever."

"You take my breath away!"

"I found him in the hands of a faker, and took the liberty of running him just as he was sent over."

"My dear sir, you have done wonders. The horse looks very fit and well. It never went better in its life. I owe you a thousand apologies for having doubted your ability. You have done me a great service by recovering my horse. You would do me a greater still if you could lay your hands on the murderer of John Straker."

"I have done so," said Holmes, quietly.

The Colonel and I stared at him in amazement. "You have got him! Where is he, then?"

"He is here."

"Here! Where?"

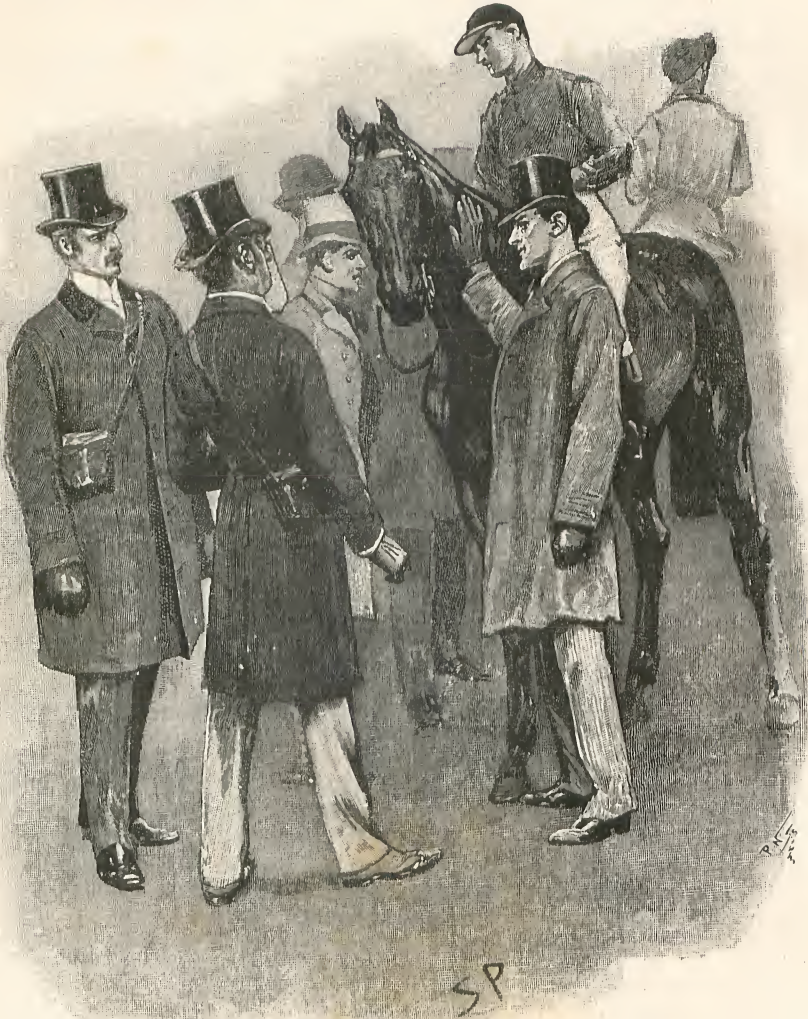
"In my company at the present moment."

The Colonel flushed angrily. "I quite recognise that I am under obligations to you, Mr. Holmes," said he, "but I must regard what you have just said as either a very bad joke or an insult."

Sherlock Holmes laughed. "I assure you that I have not associated you with the

entirely unworthy of your confidence. But there goes the bell; and as I stand to win a little on this next race, I shall defer a more lengthy explanation until a more fitting time."

We had the corner of a Pullman car to



HE LAID HIS HAND UPON THE GLOSSY NECK.

crime, Colonel," said he; "the real murderer is standing immediately behind you!"

He stepped past and laid his hand upon the glossy neck of the thoroughbred.

"The horse!" cried both the Colonel and myself.

"Yes, the horse. And it may lessen his guilt if I say that it was done in self-defence, and that John Straker was a man who was

ourselves that evening as we whirled back to London, and I fancy that the journey was a short one to Colonel Ross as well as to myself, as we listened to our companion's narrative of the events which had occurred at the Dartmoor training stables upon that Monday night, and the means by which he had unravelled them.

"I confess," said he, "that any theories

which I had formed from the newspaper reports were entirely erroneous. And yet there were indications there, had they not been overlaid by other details which concealed their true import. I went to Devonshire with the conviction that Fitzroy Simpson was the true culprit, although, of course, I saw that the evidence against him was by no means complete.

"It was while I was in the carriage, just as we reached the trainer's house, that the immense significance of the curried mutton occurred to me. You may remember that I was distraught, and remained sitting after you had all alighted. I was marvelling in my own mind how I could possibly have overlooked so obvious a clue."

"I confess," said the Colonel, "that even now I cannot see how it helps us."

"It was the first link in my chain of reasoning. Powdered opium is by no means tasteless. The flavour is not disagreeable, but it is perceptible. Were it mixed with any ordinary dish, the eater would undoubtedly detect it, and would probably eat no more. A curry was exactly the medium which would disguise this taste. By no possible supposition could this stranger, Fitzroy Simpson, have caused curry to be served in the trainer's family that night, and it is surely too monstrous a coincidence to suppose that he happened to come along with powdered opium upon the very night when a dish happened to be served which would disguise the flavour. That is unthinkable. Therefore Simpson becomes eliminated from the case and our attention centres upon Straker and his wife, the only two people who could have chosen curried mutton for supper that night. The opium was added after the dish was set aside for the stable-boy, for the others had the same for supper with no ill effects. Which of them, then, had access to that dish without the maid seeing them?"

"Before deciding that question I had grasped the significance of the silence of the dog, for one true inference invariably suggests others. The Simpson incident had shown me that a dog was kept in the stables, and yet, though someone had been in and had fetched out a horse, he had not barked enough to arouse the two lads in the loft. Obviously the midnight visitor was someone whom the dog knew well.

"I was already convinced, or almost convinced, that John Straker went down to the stables in the dead of the night and took out Silver Blaze. For what purpose? For a dishonest one, obviously, or why should he

drug his own stable-boy? And yet I was at a loss to know why. There have been cases before now where trainers have made sure of great sums of money by laying against their own horses, through agents, and then preventing them from winning by fraud. Sometimes it is a pulling jockey. Sometimes it is some surer and subtler means. What was it here? I hoped that the contents of his pockets might help me to form a conclusion.

"And they did so. You cannot have forgotten the singular knife which was found in the dead man's hand, a knife which certainly no sane man would choose for a weapon. It was, as Dr. Watson told us, a form of knife which is used for the most delicate operations known in surgery. And it was to be used for a delicate operation that night. You must know, with your wide experience of turf matters, Colonel Ross, that it is possible to make a slight nick upon the tendons of a horse's ham, and to do it subcutaneously so as to leave absolutely no trace. A horse so treated would develop a slight lameness which would be put down to a strain in exercise or a touch of rheumatism, but never to foul play."

"Villain! Scoundrel!" cried the Colonel.

"We have here the explanation of why John Straker wished to take the horse out on to the moor. So spirited a creature would have certainly roused the soundest of sleepers when it felt the prick of the knife. It was absolutely necessary to do it in the open air."

"I have been blind!" cried the Colonel. "Of course, that was why he needed the candle, and struck the match."

"Undoubtedly. But in examining his belongings, I was fortunate enough to discover, not only the method of the crime, but even its motives. As a man of the world, Colonel, you know that men do not carry other people's bills about in their pockets. We have most of us quite enough to do to settle our own. I at once concluded that Straker was leading a double life, and keeping a second establishment. The nature of the bill showed that there was a lady in the case, and one who had expensive tastes. Liberal as you are with your servants, one hardly expects that they can buy twenty-guinea walking dresses for their women. I questioned Mrs. Straker as to the dress without her knowing it, and having satisfied myself that it had never reached her, I made a note of the milliner's address, and felt that by calling there with Straker's photograph, I could easily dispose of the mythical Darbyshire.

"From that time on all was plain. Straker

had led out the horse to a hollow where his light would be invisible. Simpson, in his flight, had dropped his cravat, and Straker had picked it up with some idea, perhaps, that he might use it in securing the horse's leg. Once in the hollow he had got behind the horse, and had struck a light, but the creature, frightened at the sudden glare, and with the strange instinct of animals feeling that some mischief was intended, had lashed out, and the steel shoe had struck Straker full on the forehead. He had already, in spite of the rain, taken off his overcoat in order to do his delicate task, and so, as he fell, his knife gashed his thigh. Do I make it clear?"

"Wonderful!" cried the Colonel. "Wonderful! You might have been there."

"My final shot was, I confess, a very long one. It struck me that so astute a man as Straker would not undertake this delicate tendon-nicking without a little practice. What could he practise on? My eyes fell upon the sheep, and I asked a question

which, rather to my surprise, showed that my surmise was correct."

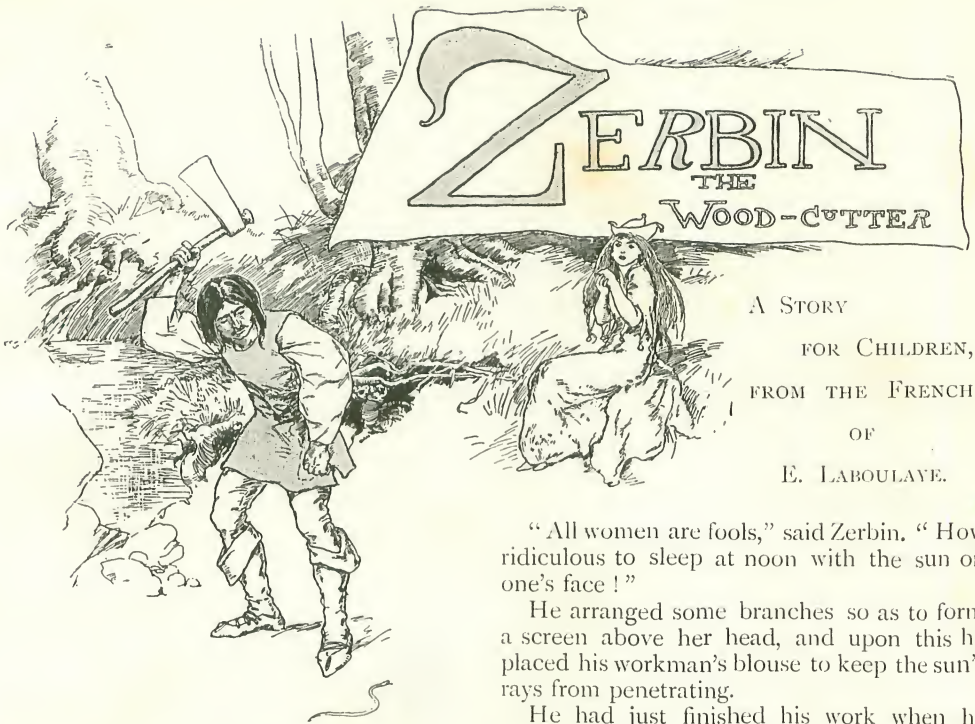
"You have made it perfectly clear, Mr. Holmes."

"When I returned to London I called upon the milliner, who at once recognised Straker as an excellent customer, of the name of Darbyshire, who had a very dashing wife with a strong partiality for expensive dresses. I have no doubt that this woman had plunged him over head and ears in debt, and so led him into this miserable plot."

"You have explained all but one thing," cried the Colonel. "Where was the horse?"

"Ah, it bolted and was cared for by one of your neighbours. We must have an amnesty in that direction, I think. 'This is Clapham Junction, if I am not mistaken, and we shall be in Victoria in less than ten minutes. If you care to smoke a cigar in our rooms, Colonel, I shall be happy to give you any other details which might interest you."





A STORY
FOR CHILDREN,
FROM THE FRENCH
OF
E. LABOULAYE.

"All women are fools," said Zerbin. "How ridiculous to sleep at noon with the sun on one's face!"

He arranged some branches so as to form a screen above her head, and upon this he placed his workman's blouse to keep the sun's rays from penetrating.

He had just finished his work when he was startled by perceiving near the fair sleeper a viper, with protruding tongue, crawling towards her.

"Ha!" said Zerbin, "so small and already so venomous." And with two blows from his hatchet he slashed the serpent into three pieces.

The noise of this awoke the fairy, who started to her feet, her eyes sparkling with delight.

"Zerbin!" she cried. "Zerbin! you have saved more than my life."

"I have done nothing at all," replied Zerbin, with his usual courtesy. "Take my advice, another time be careful not to sleep upon the grass without looking for serpents. Now leave me in peace, I am going to sleep."

He then stretched himself upon the grass and closed his eyes.

"Zerbin," said the fairy, "have you nothing to ask of me?"

"Nothing, except to leave me alone," said Zerbin. "When people have no desires, they have everything they want; when they have what they want, they are happy. Good-night." And the boor began to snore.

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I.



At one time there lived at Salerno a young wood-cutter of the name of Zerbin. Poor, and an orphan, he had no friends; sullen and uncouth, he shrank from all observation. As he

held himself so much aloof from the concerns of others, he was generally taken for a fool. He had been nicknamed the "Savage," a name that suited him well.

At daybreak, when all in the town were still asleep, he started off for the mountain with his hatchet on his shoulder; he spent the whole day alone in the woods, returning only at dusk, dragging after him a wretched bundle of wood, which he sold for a supper.

One day, after cutting down the branches of an old tree, Zerbin became so exhausted that he was glad to take a rest beside a pool fringed with fine trees. To his surprise, he saw lying upon the grass a young girl of most exquisite beauty, whose robe was composed of the plumes of the swan. Her face looked troubled, and she moved her hands restlessly as if some frightful dream were oppressing her.

"Poor fellow," said the fairy, "your soul is still sleeping; but whatever you may be, I will not be ungrateful. If it had not been for you I should have fallen into the hands of a cruel genie, my bitter enemy; if it had not been for you I should have become a snake for a hundred years; it is to you I owe one hundred years of youth and beauty. In future, Zerbin, all your wishes shall be gratified, and you shall have reason to bless the water fairy."

She then made three circles in the air with her wand, and entered the pool with a step so light that the surface was not even ruffled. The reeds bowed their heads at the approach of their Queen, and the water-lilies opened their loveliest buds; the trees and even the wind seemed to participate in the joy of the fairy. She raised her wand for the last time, and the sparkling waters parted to receive their young Sovereign, who slowly sank, illuminating the depths like a golden shaft of light. Then the surface grew dim and shadowy, and silence reigned once more.

The sun had reached its height when the wood-cutter awoke from his slumbers. He quietly resumed his task of cutting down the tree he had been working at in the morning. The hatchet struck the wood with great force, until the blows rang again and the perspiration ran down Zerbin's face, but all his efforts were in vain.

"Ha!" he said, looking at the blunted edge of his hatchet, "what a pity no instrument has been invented that can cut wood like butter. I wish I had one like that."

He drew back two steps, and swinging his hatchet above his head, he let it fall with such force that he lost his balance, and fell forward on his face with outstretched arms.

"By Bacchus!" he exclaimed, "my aim was crooked."

But Zerbin was soon reassured, for at the same instant the tree fell, and so close to him that he narrowly escaped being crushed.

"What a fine blow!" he cried. "That is a wonderful help. How beautifully it is cut. After all, there is not another wood-cutter to equal myself."

Upon which he gathered together the branches that he had cut in the morning, and taking a cord he had fastened round his waist, he sat astride upon the bundle to draw the ends closer together.

"What a pity it is," he said, "that fagots have not four legs like horses. I should prance into Salerno like a handsome cavalier who rides at his leisure. How delightful that would be."

At the same moment the fagot rose and began to trot at a good pace. Without showing the least astonishment, our worthy Zerbin let himself be carried along by this new steed, pitying as he went those wretched creatures who had to walk for lack of a fagot.

II.

IN the time of which we speak there existed in the centre of Salerno a large square, on which stood the King's palace. As everyone is aware, this monarch was the famous King Honeybee.

Every afternoon the King's daughter Aleli might have been seen seated pensively upon the balcony. In vain her attendants endeavoured to divert her by their songs, their tales, or their flatteries; Aleli was absorbed in her own thoughts. For three years the King had been trying to wed her to some of the barons of the neighbourhood, but Princess Aleli refused all suitors. Upon the

afternoon of which we speak, Aleli, yet more dreamy than usual, was startled by the sudden apparition of Zerbin riding his fagot



"THE FAGOT BEGAN TO TROT."

across the square with all the majesty of an imperial Cæsar. At this sight the two attendants of the Princess burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, and having some oranges at hand, they pelted the rider so adroitly that he received two straight in his face.

"You may laugh," he cried; "I only wish you might never cease laughing." And here the two women began to laugh immoderately in spite of the commands of the Princess, who had taken pity on the poor wood-cutter.

"What a charming Princess!" said Zerbin regarding Aleli; "so lovely, yet so sad. I wish you every blessing, Princess, and may you love him who is the first to make you laugh, and may he become your husband." Upon which he bowed most graciously to the Princess.

As a rule it is better to salute no one, not even a Queen, when riding a fagot; but, unfortunately, Zerbin forgot this. In order to bow to the Princess he had unfastened the cord that bound the branches together, whereupon the bundle burst apart and the worthy Zerbin fell backwards in the most ridiculous fashion, with his legs in the air. He picked himself up by turning head over heels as he did so.

Philosophy has not yet explained why people laugh at seeing others fall. Princess Aleli did as everyone else did, and burst into a loud peal of laughter. Soon after she rose, glanced at Zerbin with a strange expression, and, pressing her hand to her heart, entered the palace in great agitation.

In the meantime Zerbin picked up his branches and returned home on foot, like an ordinary wood-cutter. Prosperity had not dazzled him; misfortune troubled him as little.

Whilst these grave events were taking place, four o'clock struck in the Salerno

Tower. The heat was stifling, silence reigned in the streets. King Honeybee, in a chamber far removed from the heat and noise, was sleeping and dreaming of the welfare of his people. He awoke suddenly with a start; the fair Aleli, in an access of tenderness, was clinging round his neck, whilst burning tears fell upon his face.

"What is this?" asked the King, surprised at this unwonted show of affection. "What are all these tears and kisses? I suppose there is something you wish me to do for you."

"Nothing of the kind, my dear father," said Aleli; "I wish to do whatever pleases you. I have found the son-in-law you have been longing for, and I am ready to give him my hand."

"Oh," said King Honeybee, "is that the end of your obstinacy? Who is it to be? Is it the Prince of Cava? No? The Count of Capri, then, or the Marquis of Sorrento? No? Well, who is it, then?"

"I do not know who he is, my dear father."

"You do not know him? How is that? You must have seen him."

"Yes, I have seen him—a little while ago, on the palace square."

"And did he speak to you?"

"No, father. When hearts understand each other, is there any need to speak?"

King Honeybee made a grimace, scratched his ear, and, looking fixedly at his daughter, said: "Of course, he is a Prince?"

"I do not know; it matters little," replied Aleli.

"It matters much, my daughter; you understand little of politics. Where is this fine lover hidden, whom you have never spoken to and who adores you?"

"I do not know," said Aleli.

"This is too much," cried King Honeybee. "My time is too precious to be wasted in listening to such nonsense! Slaves! call



"SHE ENTERED THE PALACE IN GREAT AGITATION."

the attendants of the Princess to lead her back to her apartments."

At these words Aleli threw up her arms and burst into tears. Then she fell sobbing at the King's feet. Shortly after, the two maids of honour appeared, still in peals of laughter.

"Silence, fools, silence!" shouted King Honeybee, indignant at this lack of respect. But the more the King shouted "Silence!"



"THE TWO MAIDS OF HONOUR."

the more the two ladies laughed, regardless of all etiquette.

"Guards," said the King, beside himself with anger, "seize these insolent creatures, and off with their heads."

"Sire," cried Aleli, clasping her hands, "remember, you have made your reign illustrious by abolishing capital punishment."

"You are right, my daughter. We are civilized people. These women shall be spared; we will content ourselves by having them shut up in a dungeon, and they will then be sure to die a natural death, weary of hearing no other tongue but their own."

"Oh, my father!" sobbed poor Aleli.

"Mercy, sire! We will cease laughing," cried the two ladies, falling upon their knees. "We implore your Majesty to pardon us; we are the victims of a sorcerer who has bewitched us."

"A sorcerer in my kingdom," said the King; "that is impossible. How can there be any when I do not believe in them?"

"Sire," said one of the ladies, "is it natural for a bundle of wood, ridden by a wood-cutter, to trot and prance like a circus horse? We have just seen one do that on the palace square."

"A bundle of wood!" replied the King; "that certainly looks like sorcery. Guards, seize the man and his fagot, and burn both of them together. And then, I hope, I shall have a little peace."

"Burn my beloved!" cried the Princess. "Sire, that noble cavalier is to be my husband. If a hair of his head were touched, I should die."

"My house is possessed," said poor King Honeybee, in dismay. "What is the use of being King if I cannot even rest in peace? But what is the good of tormenting myself? Call Mistigris. Since I have a minister, the least he can do is to tell me what I think and what I wish to do."

Mistigris soon appeared. He was a little, fat, round man, who seemed to roll along like a ball rather than walk. He had eyes like a ferret's, a low forehead, a hooked nose, fat cheeks, and three chins; such is the portrait of the celebrated minister of King Honeybee. He appeared smiling and puffing, with mincing steps.

"Here you are at last," said the King. "How is it that unheard-of things happen in my empire, and I, the King, am the last to hear of them?"

"Everything is in proper order," replied Mistigris. "I have here the police reports;

the kingdom is peaceful and contented as usual." And unfolding a huge parchment, he read as follows:—"Town of Salerno,—Prosperity and morality continue to improve. Two women died of starvation; ten children forsaken; three husbands have beaten their wives; ten wives have beaten their husbands; thirty robberies; two murders, three cases of poisoning. Nothing new."

"Is that all you have to tell me?" said King Honeybee, in a tone of irritation. "Well, I know much more, though I do not profess to know State affairs. A man has crossed the palace square, riding a fagot, and he has bewitched my daughter. She wishes to marry him!"

"Sire," replied Mistigris, "I was aware of this little event—a minister knows everything; but why trouble your Majesty with these petty details? The man shall be hanged, and that settles the matter."

"And can you tell me where this rascal is?"

"Of course I can," answered Mistigris. "A minister sees and hears everything, and is everywhere."

"Well, sir, if this rogue is not here within a quarter of an hour, I will give your place to someone who will not merely see, but act. Now you may go."

Mistigris left the room smiling, but when he reached the ante-chamber, he turned purple with rage, and was obliged to seize the arm of the first friend he met. This happened to be the town magistrate. Mistigris grasped him by the collar.

"Sir," he said, "if within ten minutes you do not bring me a rogue who rides about Salerno on a bundle of sticks, you

shall suffer for it. Remember this. Now you may go."

Leaving the magistrate to carry out these orders, the clever Mistigris returned to the King's chamber, resuming as he went the perpetual smile that played about his lips.

III.

GLORY is a splendid thing, but it has its inconveniences. Farewell to the pleasure of being unknown. Zerbin's triumphant entry into Salerno had hardly been accomplished before every child in the place knew all about the mode of living and the abode of the wood-cutter, so that the officials had little trouble in finding the man they were looking for. Zerbin was kneeling in his yard, sharpening his famous hatchet, when he felt himself suddenly seized by the neck, and a powerful hand lifted him upon his legs by main force.

Zerbin, as unconcerned as ever, was proceeding to the palace, when on the square he was met by a long procession of gentlemen in embroidered coats and knee-breeches. These were the King's valets, who had come to escort the *fiancé* of the Princess to the King's palace. Having received orders to be polite, each held his hat in his hand and smiled amiably. They bowed to Zerbin; the wood-cutter, like a well-bred man, returned the bows. Again more bows from the valets, and more bows from Zerbin. This was repeated eight or ten times



"NOW LET ME SEE YOU DANCE."

with great solemnity. Zerbin, not having been born in a palace, was the first to weary of these ceremonies.

"Enough," cried he, "you have done enough bowing, now let me see you dance." And the valets began dancing, and thus they all entered the palace, giving him a welcome worthy of a King.

Wishing to look particularly majestic, King Honeybee sat solemnly gazing at the end of his nose. Aleli was sighing, and Mistigris seemed racking his brain for an idea to give himself the air of a diplomatist, when at last the big door opened and, to the great surprise of the Court, the whole procession came dancing in.

The wood-cutter walked behind the valets, as little astonished at the Royal magnificence as if he had been born in a palace. On seeing the King, however, he stopped short, took off his hat, and bowed three times. He then replaced his hat upon his head and calmly took possession of an armchair, where he sat rocking his foot up and down.

"Father," cried the Princess, throwing herself into her father's arms, "here is my husband. How handsome, how noble he is! You will love him, will you not?"

"Mistigris," whispered King Honeybee, "question this man very cautiously. Remember, it concerns my daughter as well as myself. What an adventure, to be sure! How happy fathers would be if they had no children!"

"Your Majesty need not fear," said Mistigris. "Humanity is my duty and my pleasure. Get up, rascal, and answer at once if you wish to save your skin," he said to Zerbin. "Are you a Prince in disguise? You are a sorcerer. You are silent."

"I am no more a sorcerer than you are, old fellow," replied Zerbin, without rising from his chair.

"Knave!" cried the minister, "your silence proves your guilt."

"If I admit it I shall then be innocent," answered Zerbin.

"Sire," said Mistigris, "let

justice pursue its course. Rid the earth of this monster. Death is too good for such a miscreant."

"Go on; snarl as much as you like, old chap, but do not bite," said Zerbin.

"Sire," cried Mistigris, breathlessly, "humanity demands that you should protect your subjects from this sorcerer. Let him be hanged or burned. You are a father, but you are a King, and the father must give place to the King."

"Mistigris," said the King, "you speak with great ease, but your manner is odious. Not so much affectation, please. Conclude."

"Sire," gasped Mistigris. "Death, rope, fire!"

Whilst all this was going on, Aleli quitted abruptly her father's side and placed herself close to Zerbin.

"Give your orders, sire — this is my



"SIRE," SAID MISTIGRIS, "RID THE EARTH OF THIS MONSTER."

husband. His fate shall be mine," she said.

The ladies of the Court were scandalized at this, and hid their faces in their hands; even Mistigris felt obliged to blush.

"Miserable being," cried the furious King. "In dishonouring yourself you have pronounced your own condemnation. Guards! arrest these two persons, and let them be married without further delay; then take possession of the first boat you see in the port, and after placing the guilty couple in it, abandon it to the mercy of the waves."

"Oh, sire," cried Mistigris, whilst the Princess and Zerbin were being dragged away, "you are the mightiest monarch in the world. Your kindness, your mildness, your indulgence will be an example and astonishment to posterity. As for ourselves, we are dumfounded at such magnanimity; we can only admire it in silence."

"My poor daughter," said the King, "what will become of her without her father? Guards! seize Mistigris and put him also on board the boat. It will be a consolation to me to know that this clever man is near my dear Aleli. Besides, the idea of a new minister is rather pleasant—it will divert my thoughts from my troubles. Good-bye, my good Mistigris."

Mistigris stood gaping with astonishment; he had barely recovered breath to rave against monarchs and their ingratitude, when he was borne out of the palace. In spite of his tears, threats, and prayers, he was cast into the boat, and the three friends soon found themselves alone in the midst of the waves.

As to good King Honeybee, he wiped away a tear, and retired into his chamber to finish the nap so unpleasantly interrupted.

IV.

THE night was fine and calm; the moon shed its pale beams across the ever-restless sea; the wind blew from the land, and soon

carried the boat far away. Capri was soon in view, rising from the waves like a garden of flowers. Zerbin held the rudder and sang in a minor key some plaintive wood-cutter's or sailor's song. At his feet sat Aleli, silent, but not sad; she was listening to her lover. The past was all forgotten, the future did not trouble her; she was with Zerbin, and that satisfied her.

Mistigris, less sensitive, was also less philosophical. Impatient and furious, he was restless as a lion in its cage. Zerbin sat with bowed head, unconcerned as usual at the sermons Mistigris preached for his benefit. Not being used to official orations, so much talking wearied Zerbin and made him sleepy.

"What will become of us?" cried Mistigris, at last. "If you have any power, wretched sorcerer, now is the time to show it. Can't you make yourself a Prince somewhere, and make me your minister? I must have something to rule. What is the good of your power if you do not make your friends' fortune?"

"I am hungry," said Zerbin, opening one eye.

Aleli rose at once and looked about her.

"Dear Zerbin," she

said, "what should you like?"

"I should like some figs and raisins," said the wood-cutter.

Mistigris uttered a shriek; for a barrel of figs immediately rose between his legs and overturned him.

"Oh!" thought he, as he picked himself up. "I have found your secret, wretched sorcerer. If you have whatever you wish for, my fortune is made; I have not been a minister for nothing, my fine Prince. I will soon make you wish for whatever pleases me."

While Zerbin was eating his figs, Mistigris came forward bowing, his face beaming with smiles.

"Lord Zerbin," said he, "I crave from your Excellency your most esteemed friendship. Perhaps his Highness had not discerned all the devotion that I had hidden under the severity of my words; but I can assure him



"MISTIGRIS."

I have done everything in the interest of his happiness. It was I who hastened his happy marriage."

"I am hungry," said Zerbin, "give me some figs and raisins."

"Here are some, my Lord," said Mistigris, with all the grace of a courtier. "I hope his Excellency is satisfied with all my small attentions, and that he will often put it in my power to serve him. Great boor," he murmured to himself, "he does not understand what I mean. I must get Aleli on my side. The great secret of diplomacy is to please the ladies."

"By the way, my Lord Zerbin," he continued, with a smile upon his lips, "you seem to forget that you are newly-married. Would you not like to make your Royal Princess a wedding present?"

"You bother me, old man," said Zerbin. "A wedding present! Where do you expect me to get it from? From the bottom of the sea, perhaps! Go yourself and ask the fish for it and bring it back to me."

At that instant, as though an invisible hand had knocked him over, Mistigris jumped overboard, and disappeared beneath the billows.

Zerbin continued quietly munching his raisins, while Aleli kept her eyes fixed fondly upon him.

"There is a porpoise coming out of the sea," said Zerbin.

But it was not a porpoise, it was Mistigris, who, rising to the surface, was struggling with the waves. Zerbin grasped him by his hair, and dragged him into the boat. The little fat man held between his teeth a carbuncle as brilliant as a star. As soon as he had recovered his breath, he said:—

"Here is the wedding present that the King of the Fishes offers to charming Princess Aleli. Lord Zerbin, you can see that I am your most faithful and devoted slave. If ever you are in need of a minister——"

"I am hungry," said Zerbin. "Give me some figs and raisins."

Mistigris was in despair, and broke in adroitly.

"My Lord Zerbin, look over there in front of you; how splendid!"

"What?" said the Princess. "I see nothing."

"Nor I," said Zerbin, rubbing his eyes.

"Is it possible?" continued Mistigris, looking very astonished. "You do not see that marble palace glittering in the sun; that great staircase with one hundred steps, on each side of which stand beautiful orange

trees, and which reaches majestically down to the sea?"

"A palace?" said Aleli, "where we should be surrounded with selfish courtiers and valets! I do not wish for that."

"Nor I," said Zerbin; "a cottage would be nicer—we should have more peace."

"But this palace is unlike any other," cried Mistigris, whose imagination was stimulated by fright. "In that fairy dwelling there are neither courtiers nor valets; everything is done by invisible hands. The furniture has hands, and the walls have ears."

"Have they a tongue?" said Zerbin.

"Yes," said Mistigris, "they speak, but they are silent at command."

"Well," said the wood-cutter, "they have more sense than you, then. I should like a palace like that. Where is that wonderful place? I do not see it."

"There it is before you, dear Zerbin," said the Princess.

The vessel was making for the land, and the anchor was about to be cast in a harbour where the water was shallow enough to allow of a safe landing. Before them rose a wide staircase which led to a terrace; upon this stood the most enchanting palace that can be imagined.

The three friends ascended gaily, Mistigris leading the way and puffing at every step. On arriving at the palace gate he wished to ring, but he could see no bell, so he shouted and the gate itself replied.

"What do you want, stranger?" it asked.

"I want to speak to the owner of the palace," said Mistigris, rather taken aback at being spoken to by an iron gate.

"The owner of this palace is Lord Zerbin," replied the gate. "When he arrives I shall open."

And at the sight of Zerbin, having on his arm the fair Aleli, the gate opened to let the bridal couple, followed by Mistigris, enter.

On finding herself upon the terrace, Aleli gazed upon the splendid view which extended before her eyes; the mighty ocean lay sparkling in the morning sun.

"How beautiful it is here," she said, "and how nice it would be to rest under these laurels in full blossom."

"Yes," said Zerbin, "let us sit down."

"But there are no armchairs," said Mistigris.

"Here we are, here we are!" cried the armchairs, and they came running up as quickly as their four legs would allow.

"It would be nice to breakfast here," said Mistigris.

"Yes," said Zerbin, "but where is the table?"

"Here I am, here I am!" replied a mellow voice. And a fine mahogany table marched in with all the dignity of a matron, and placed itself before the guests.

"This is charming," said the Princess, "but where are the plates?"

"Here we are, here we are!" cried the little tinkling voices, as thirty dishes, with their sisters, the plates, and their cousins, the knives and forks, and their aunts, the salt-cellar, all took their places in admirable order round the table, upon which stood already game, fruits of all kinds, and flowers.

"My Lord Zerbin," said Mistigris, "you see what I have done for you. All this is my work."

"Story-teller!" cried a voice.

Mistigris looked around, but could see no one; it was the voice of one of the pillars.

"Your Highness," he said, "I think no one can accuse me of insincerity. I have always spoken the truth."

"Story-teller," said the voice.

"This palace is hateful," thought Mistigris. "If walls speak the truth I shall never be minister. I must alter this."

"My Lord Zerbin," he continued, "rather than live in this lonely place, would you not prefer to be surrounded by people who would be your devoted soldiers, and upon whom you could levy taxes."

"What! be a King!" said Zerbin.

"What for?"

"Dear Zerbin," said Aleli, "let us remain here; we are both of us very happy."

"All of us," said Mistigris. "I am the

happiest of men; when I am with you, I wish for nothing better."

"Story-teller," said the voice.

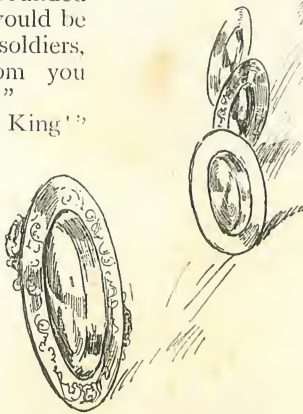
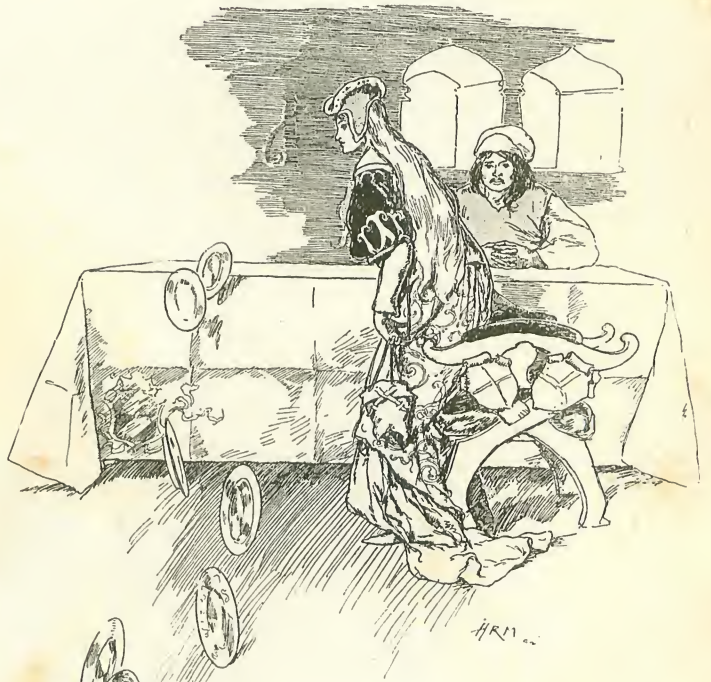
"Do not listen to this, my Lord," cried Mistigris. "I esteem and respect you, believe me."

"Story-teller," replied the voice, relentlessly.

"Oh, if all you say is untrue," said Zerbin, "be off to the moon, it is the country of lies."

These words were no sooner uttered than Mistigris flew up in the air like an arrow and disappeared above the clouds.

We do not know whether he has ever returned, though certain historians assure us that he has, under another name. One thing



"HERE WE ARE!"

is certain, and that is, that he has never been seen in a palace where even the walls speak the truth.

V.

THEY were now left to themselves. Zerbin folded his arms and gazed upon the sea, whilst Aleli gave herself up to sweet day-dreams and castles in the air. What dream can be sweeter than to live in an enchanted solitude by the side of one whom you love? Aleli took Zerbin's arm, and set off to inspect her new home. The palace was surrounded with beautiful meadows, through which flowed sparkling

brooks. Mossy oaks, purple beeches, feathery larches, and plane trees with their golden leaves cast their long shadows upon the grass. From the foliage came the song of a finch, whose melody expressed joy and peace. Aleli smiled with pleasure, and turned to Zerbin.

"Dear Zerbin," she asked, "are you not happy here? Could you wish for anything more?"

"I never wished for anything," said Zerbin. "To-morrow I shall take my axe and I shall work hard; there is some fine wood here. I could make at least a hundred fagots."

"Oh!" said Aleli, with a sigh; "I see you do not love me."

"Love you!" said Zerbin; "what does that mean? I would do you no harm, certainly—rather the contrary. We have a palace which appears to have fallen from the clouds; it is yours; send to your father, and ask him to come; I shall be glad. As for me, I was born a wood-cutter—a wood-cutter I will die. That is my sphere—in it I will remain. Do not weep; I do not wish to grieve you."

"Oh, Zerbin," cried poor Aleli, "why do

you treat me thus? Am I then so disagreeable and ugly that you cannot love me?"

"Love you? That is not my business. Do not weep; be reasonable. What! Fresh tears! Well then, if it gives you any pleasure, I will wish to love you."

And poor Aleli raised her eyes dimmed with tears to his face, and in the eyes which met her own she beheld the reflection of her strong and deep love, which would endure for ever. At this sight she smiled through her tears.

Then appeared the water fairy, leading by the hand the worthy King Honeybee, who had been very unhappy since the departure of his daughter and his minister.

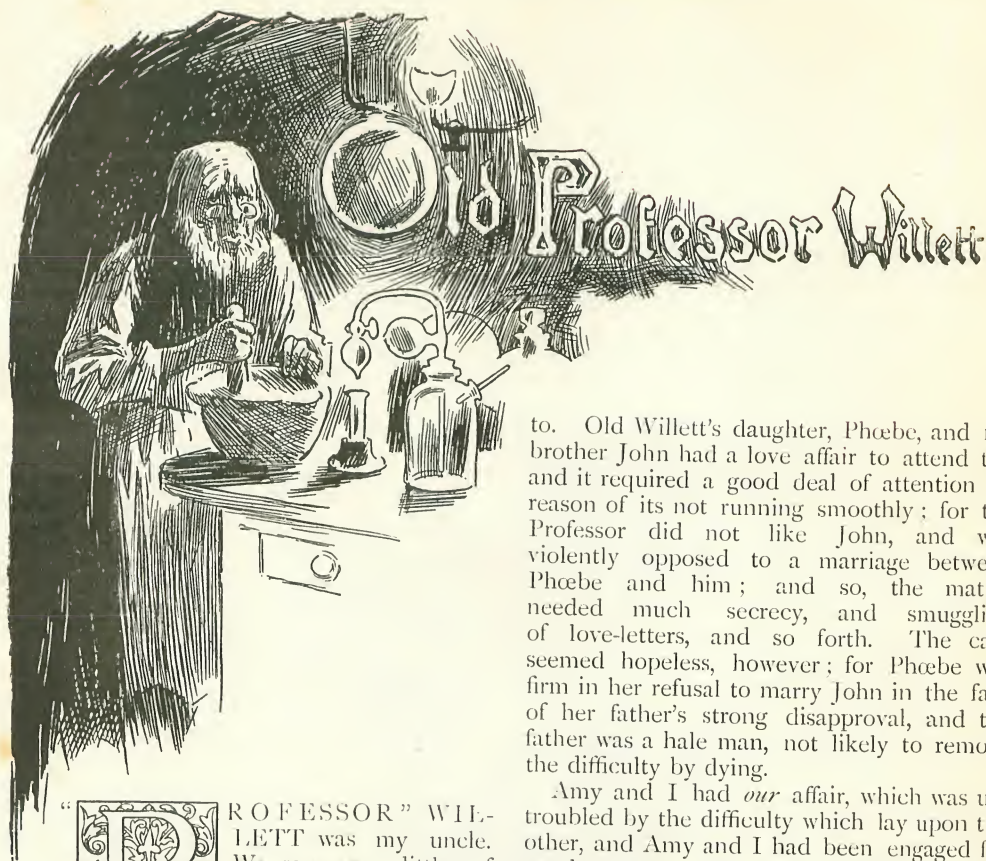
He tenderly embraced his children and gave them his blessing, and then returned to rule over his own kingdom.

The water fairy continued to watch over the welfare of the happy couple, who dwelt long in their beautiful palace, content to forget the world, and still more content to be forgotten by it.

Zerbin's want of sense completely disappeared; or if it did not it was little matter, for in the case of every married couple the wife has always wit enough for two.



The Queer Side of Things.



PROFESSOR" WILLETT was my uncle. We saw very little of him, for he practically lived in a laboratory which he had fitted up for himself, and was devoted to some mysterious experiments which were to bring him fame and fortune at the hands of the Government. He allowed no one to enter his laboratory except a confidential assistant, who was supposed to share many of his secrets. For some time my uncle had been giving us to understand that he was perfecting an invention which he intended to offer to the Government for an enormous sum—an incredible sum, which varied on different occasions from half a million to five millions. He did not enlighten us as to the nature of the invention; and, as we had not much belief in the results which he anticipated, we were not sufficiently curious to ask about it; nay, if we had, he, being a very uncommunicative man, would probably not have told us.

Besides, we had our own affairs to attend

to. Old Willett's daughter, Phœbe, and my brother John had a love affair to attend to; and it required a good deal of attention by reason of its not running smoothly; for the Professor did not like John, and was violently opposed to a marriage between Phœbe and him; and so, the matter needed much secrecy, and smuggling of love-letters, and so forth. The case seemed hopeless, however; for Phœbe was firm in her refusal to marry John in the face of her father's strong disapproval, and the father was a hale man, not likely to remove the difficulty by dying.

Amy and I had *our* affair, which was untroubled by the difficulty which lay upon the other, and Amy and I had been engaged for nearly a year. Amy was old Willett's other daughter—*was*! That terrible word "*was*"—it is the keynote of my whole story; there's no present tense to it.

One of the Professor's crazes was dress-sanitation: he would have none of the all-wool system, nor any other system save his own pet particular system. This system consisted of a mixture of Vicuña wool and the fibre of some South American trailing plant; and the Professor was so persuaded of its being the *only* material in which man could dress himself and live, that he went to a great expense in importing the materials and having them woven into stuffs of various thicknesses and textures for family use. He had a stock of this stuff: most of his own clothes were made of it, as well as such of those worn by his wife and daughters as he could persuade them to have fashioned from it. To tell the truth, these latter articles were not very numerous, as the stuffs were necessarily rather "dowdy" for overwear; while, as underwear, they became impossible, except to cover the

toughest and most callous skin—a skin more correctly described as a hide. These stuffs of his, for all that, permeated the house, and cropped up everywhere; they were of a peculiarly glistening grey colour, and had a very curious odour—another objection to them for clothing in the eyes of the ladies.

Among the few articles of clothing, made of the stuff, which the two girls could be persuaded to wear were hats and long cloaks for wet weather, and for this purpose the material was suitable enough; but when he suggested ball dresses of it, the girls just shuddered and became stonily obdurate. The old gentleman prevailed upon my brother and me to adopt the material for our overcoats and lounge caps, and such-like.

One evening my uncle was in high spirits—quite feverishly jubilant. He had perfected his invention and thoroughly tested it, and on the morrow he intended opening communications with a Government department on the subject. I had never seen him in such high spirits; with a heightened colour, he talked incessantly and at random. He launched into the delights and potentialities of fame and affluence, prattled about the mansion which his daughters should live in and the carriages they should ride in, assured Phœbe (in jest, which was surely not all jest) that she should marry an earl, and much more in the same strain.

While the earl talk was going on, I glanced at John. He did not try to conceal the fact that this talk was distasteful to him, and I contrived to divert the conversation; but the Professor would return to it; and at length John suddenly rose and, excusing himself, left the circle. I soon followed him home with an idea of cheering him up, but the trial was a complete failure. I fancied I had never seen John in so gloomy a mood before; and, when we had parted for the night, I heard him descend the stairs and go out—an unusual

thing for him to do so late at night. Next day my uncle the Professor could not be found. He had come down to breakfast as usual, and then, as usual, had retired to his laboratory; his lunch was placed on a table outside the door, according to custom; the dinner hour came, and my uncle did not go down to the dining-room; but, this being no uncommon thing, his dinner had been kept warm for him.

But when it came to 9 p.m., my aunt went to the laboratory door and knocked. She was answered by the assistant, who said that the Professor was not there; nor had the assistant seen him on arriving at one o'clock that afternoon, nor subsequently.

He was under the impression that the Professor had gone, according to his intention, to Pall Mall in connection with his invention.

They sat up for his return; but 2 o'clock a.m. struck, and he had not returned. Then they sent the boy to call me up; and I did what I could, but failed to find him. He was never found.

There certainly could be no reason for his either committing suicide, or leaving his home; on inquiry at the Government offices, we found that no one answering to his description had been there; ad-

vertisements and inquiries had no fruit whatever. It looked as if he had been made away with; and the question was, "by whom?"

Looking dispassionately at the situation, one could think of but two persons who could possibly have any interest in the removal of my uncle; and these were the assistant and—my brother. Now, the assistant, being presumably a sharer of a secret which *might* be worth many thousands of pounds, would certainly have an incentive to make away with the only person who stood between himself and the reward. No one but my uncle and his assistant knew of this great secret, that was quite certain. But this mere fact of an incentive was hardly sufficient,



"JUBILANT."

when unsupported by any kind of evidence, to warrant a reasonable person in forming suspicions against the man.

My brother—still arguing by cold, stony logic—had an interest in my uncle's removal, inasmuch as the wealth which the Professor felt so confident of attaining could not fail to place an impassable gulf between John and Phœbe; but to suspect my brother of murder on such wildly insufficient grounds as that!

The contents of the laboratory revealed nothing, only a few letters of no importance being found in an old desk which stood in the corner; and the room was locked up and left as it stood.

My brother and I had had some notion of arranging with the assistant on a plan for carrying out our uncle's designs in connection with his invention, the Professor's family and the assistant to divide any profits between them; but to our surprise the assistant denied all knowledge of the nature of the invention, stating that my uncle, although communicating to him many smaller

tion, and had never made any experiment in connection with it in his presence.

This surprised us, and we decided to speak to him again on the subject; but the next week, when we called at his lodgings, he had disappeared.

The search for him was as fruitless as that for my uncle had been. He had gone out after breakfast—the landlady was certain of that, as she had noticed the peculiar texture of the overcoat he was wearing, made of my uncle's pet health-material. The assistant had never returned; and his property was in his room as he had left it. He had gone off, then! This circumstance seemed to give a shadow of plausibility to the unsupported theory of his having made away with the Professor. We made every effort to find him, in vain; and we came to the conclusion that he had resolved to carry the invention to some foreign Government, and secure the entire reward to himself.

The mysterious disappearance of my uncle was a terrible shock to his family. Phœbe in particular appeared to be affected by it,

for she wrote to John a most unhappy letter, in which she said she felt so keenly her disobedience to her father in connection with her engagement that she could not bear to see my brother for a while, if ever again. We decided that it was hysteria caused by the shock; but, nevertheless, John could not get to see her, although he repeatedly called and wrote. She would see no one but her mother and sister.

John grew gloomy and moped, which was not unnatural, perhaps. He took to mooning about by himself—just wandering out for solitary walks—until he was obviously losing flesh and colour; but he *would* do it.

One morning he came home with a wild, haggard look, and sank into a chair. I had never seen him like *that* before, and I asked him what had happened.

"I have seen her—her——"

"Yes," I said, "I am glad of that, but——"



"HE HAD DISAPPEARED."

secrets of little value, had always kept him in entire ignorance of this particular inven-

"Glad?" he echoed, dreamily. "Glad! I have seen her ghost!"

"Pooh, man—don't be foolish!" I said. "Come—you must make an effort, and throw off this childishness. You're getting positively hysterical, too!"

"I have seen her ghost," he repeated, slowly. "I am *not* hysterical. I was crossing the common, in the bright sunshine, and I saw her in the distance; she was coming towards me; she was wearing that grey health-waterproof and hat of hers. She continued to advance until she was as near to me as that table in the next room—and then she was gone!"

"Gone?"

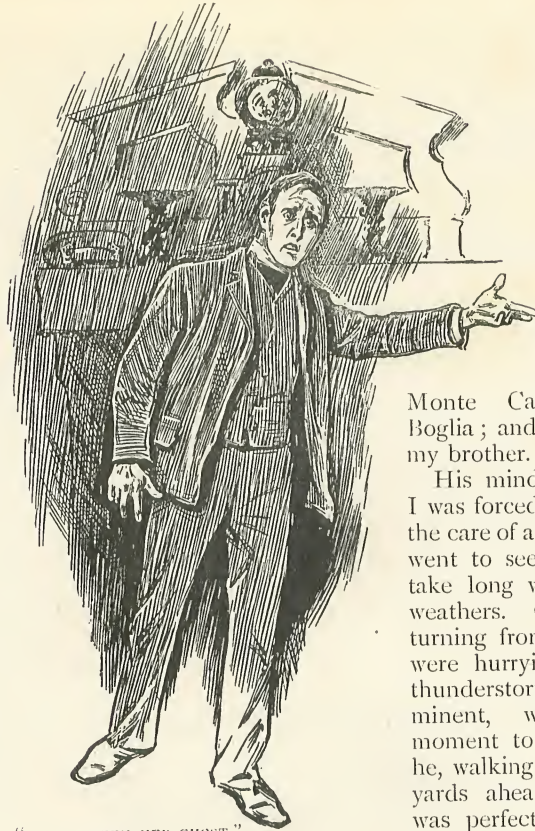
"Vanished—disappeared—gone! Harry, she did not fall down a pit (she was on the hard road), nor jump behind a tree. There was no object larger than a tussock of grass within fifty feet of her, all round. She *vanished*!"

"I shall get the doctor to come and see *you*," I said, putting on my boots.

"Go to him, if you like," said my brother. "On the way you will pass her house. Go in and ask after her."

I went. Amy told me that Phoebe had gone by herself for a walk on the common, and was not in yet, although it was past lunch-time.

Phoebe was never seen again. We



"I HAVE SEEN HER GHOST."

searched for her for five months, and then I insisted on my aunt's shutting up the house and going, with Amy, to Switzerland. I took them to Lugano, settled them in a villa with a lovely view over the town and the valley and lake, and away to

Monte Caprino and Monte Boglia; and then I returned to my brother.

His mind was unhinged, and I was forced to place him under the care of a doctor. I constantly went to see him, and we would take long walks together in all weathers. One day we were returning from a long tramp, and were hurrying home to avoid a thunderstorm which was imminent, when I stopped a moment to light my pipe, and he, walking on, got some twenty yards ahead of me. The light was perfectly clear yet, and I was starting again with my eyes fixed upon his back, when—*he was not there!* I stopped with a jerk and rubbed my eyes; then I ran to the spot where he had been walking a moment ago. There was no



"I RAN TO THE SPOT."

cover; there was only a wide road bordered by short turf; there was no hole in the earth; but John had gone, and I never saw him again.

For days I sat in my room, or paced about it, waiting for the moment when my brain should give way and leave me a muttering idiot; but I must have a strong brain, or a lethargic one, for I retained my reason. Then I *determined* to fathom this horrible mystery; and until that moment I had never known the real meaning of the word "determination."

I went straight to my uncle's house and let myself in; and I went straight to the laboratory and unlocked the door. Dust was upon everything, and I shuddered so as I looked round the place that I had to go away into the dining-room and sit down for a time. Then I returned to the laboratory.

I had come to examine that old desk; for I felt a conviction that it contained a secret drawer, and that this secret drawer contained the clue to the mystery. I may have heard of a secret drawer in the desk in my boyhood; that is quite possible, although I did not remember the circumstance.

Anyhow, I took up that desk and removed its cover, made of a piece of my uncle's craze—the grey cloth—and I pushed and pulled at it on every side, until a faint recollection seemed to come to me, and I pulled out and forcibly depressed the sliding stamp-box in the corner of the desk; and the secret drawer flew open. There was a sheet of foolscap in it, covered with writing in my uncle's hand.

It described the composition of an explosive (many times more potent than dynamite), the rapidity of whose action caused it to be, firstly, inaudible to the human ear by reason of the number of the resultant air-waves; and, secondly, to be extremely local in its action. Another

peculiarity was the centripetal direction of its lines of energy, by means of which the violence of its particles would be exerted towards a common centre. Thus, if an object should be surrounded with a layer of the explosive, the object would be wholly destroyed, while objects in actual contact with the outside of the layer would remain absolutely unaffected. Further, the violence of the inaudible explosion was so intense as to reduce the object surrounded to a gaseous state, and its action caused no visible flash. The process would, therefore, in any place sufficiently open to allow of the free expansion of the destroyed object

into a gaseous state, be absolutely undetectable by the senses of a person a little distance away.

Then were jotted down some convenient methods of using the stuff; and one of these was to saturate any material partly woollen with the explosive in solution, and, having wrapped the material round the object to be destroyed, to explode the substance either by friction, or concussion, or electricity. The writing went on to say that for some weeks, or even months, after being applied to the material, the explosive might be handled, or subjected to shocks,

with impunity, its explosive qualities being slowly developed by exposure to the air.

In certain cases, after a lapse of time, the composition might become so sensitive as to be exploded by an electric condition of the atmosphere, or by a touch even. The solution would in no way affect the colour of a material chemically adapted to receive it, provided that material were frequently exposed to the light; but that, if kept in the dark, the material would soon become yellowish and acquire a pungent odour.

I ran upstairs to the press where, as I knew, a stock of the "health-material" used to be kept, and threw open the door. A strong pungent odour came out; and there



"A SHEET OF FOOLSCAP COVERED WITH WRITING."

lay the remains of a roll of the cloth, quite yellow. Then I went down again to a cupboard in the laboratory where I remembered to have seen some of the cloth; and there was the greater part of a roll, retaining the original grey colour as fresh as ever. My uncle had given out the wrong roll for family use—the roll which he had prepared for his experiments!

I think I must have shrieked as I bounded to the street door, tore it open, and, leaving it so, rushed out towards my own house. I ran all the way as hard as I could go, wild-eyed and hatless; and, bounding up to my room, snatched up a few bank-notes that were in my desk; and then, still running, made for Victoria Station. Such was my state of mind that I had run nearly a mile before it occurred to me that such things as cabs existed; then I hailed one and shouted to him to drive—drive—drive like mad!

As I might have known, there was no Continental train for nearly two hours; and I paced round and round Victoria Station like a caged beast, gnawing at my nails. *Amy had taken that grey waterproof and hat of hers with her to Lugano!*

I was fairly on the way at last; but, from the moment of the train's steaming out of Victoria Station a strange change came over me; I was no longer mad to get forward—I was mad to get back—back to my house, and to the

cupboard where my clothes were hanging, and to the grey overcoat which hung among them. Several times I half opened the door of the flying railway carriage, in a mad impulse to jump out and run back; but

I clenched my teeth and forced myself back into my seat.

All the rest of the journey my thoughts were fixed upon London, and my house, and the grey overcoat hanging in the cupboard; at times I was seized with an insane dread that my housekeeper was at that very moment selling the coat—making away with it in some way or other—and at those times I would find myself in a cold perspiration.

I reached Lugano and dashed down the steep grassy bank where the fireflies gather on warm evenings, and through the open gate of the villa garden. My aunt was sitting on a seat by the house. I stood before her, but she never changed her stare into space; she looked through me and made no sign. Whether she knew I was there or not I cannot say; I knew she was there—and *alone!*

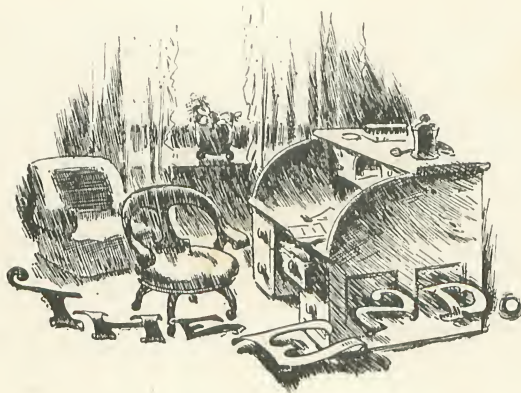
I left her there without a word, and came back here to my own house; I had no mad longing or uneasiness on the return journey—I *knew* my grey coat was here, and ready for me; and here it is, hanging as I left it. Yes, it fits me as comfortably as ever—as

comfortably as ever. "Either by friction, or concussion, or electricity." I wonder at what hour Amy—

JAS. F. SULLIVAN.



"SEVERAL TIMES I HALF OPENED THE DOOR.





"PA, WHAT DOES THIS PICTURE MEAN?"
 "THAT REPRESENTS DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN, MY SON!"



"ARE THE LIONS GOING TO EAT HIM, PA?"
 "CERTAINLY THEY ARE, MY SON—ER—THAT IS, OF COURSE NOT; OF COURSE NOT!"



"WHY AIN'T THE LIONS GOING TO EAT HIM, PA?"
 "HE WAS TOO TOUGH—TOO GOOD, I MEAN!"



"HOW GOOD WAS HE, PA?"
 "VERY GOOD, INDEED!"



"WOULD A LION EAT ME, PA?—I'M GOOD!"
 "OH, THUNDER! THIS IS TERRIBLE! I DUNNO, MY SON; I'M BUSY!"



"BUT, PA, WHAT MADE DANIEL GO INTO THE——"



[By Gordon & Co., Alton Road, N.]

PREPARING FOR THE PANTOMIME AT DRURY LANE.

From a Photograph from Life]

Club Types.

By H. MAXWELL BEERBOHM.



GARDENIA.



UNION.



BROOKS'S.



THE ALBEMARLE.



MAISON DORÉE



JUNIOR
ATHENÆUM.



TURF.



GUARDS'.



FRESS.



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